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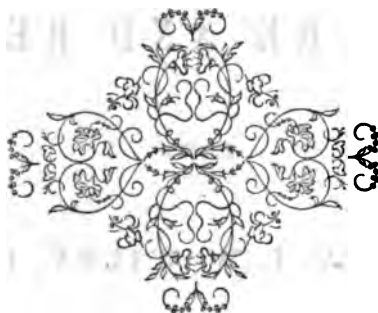
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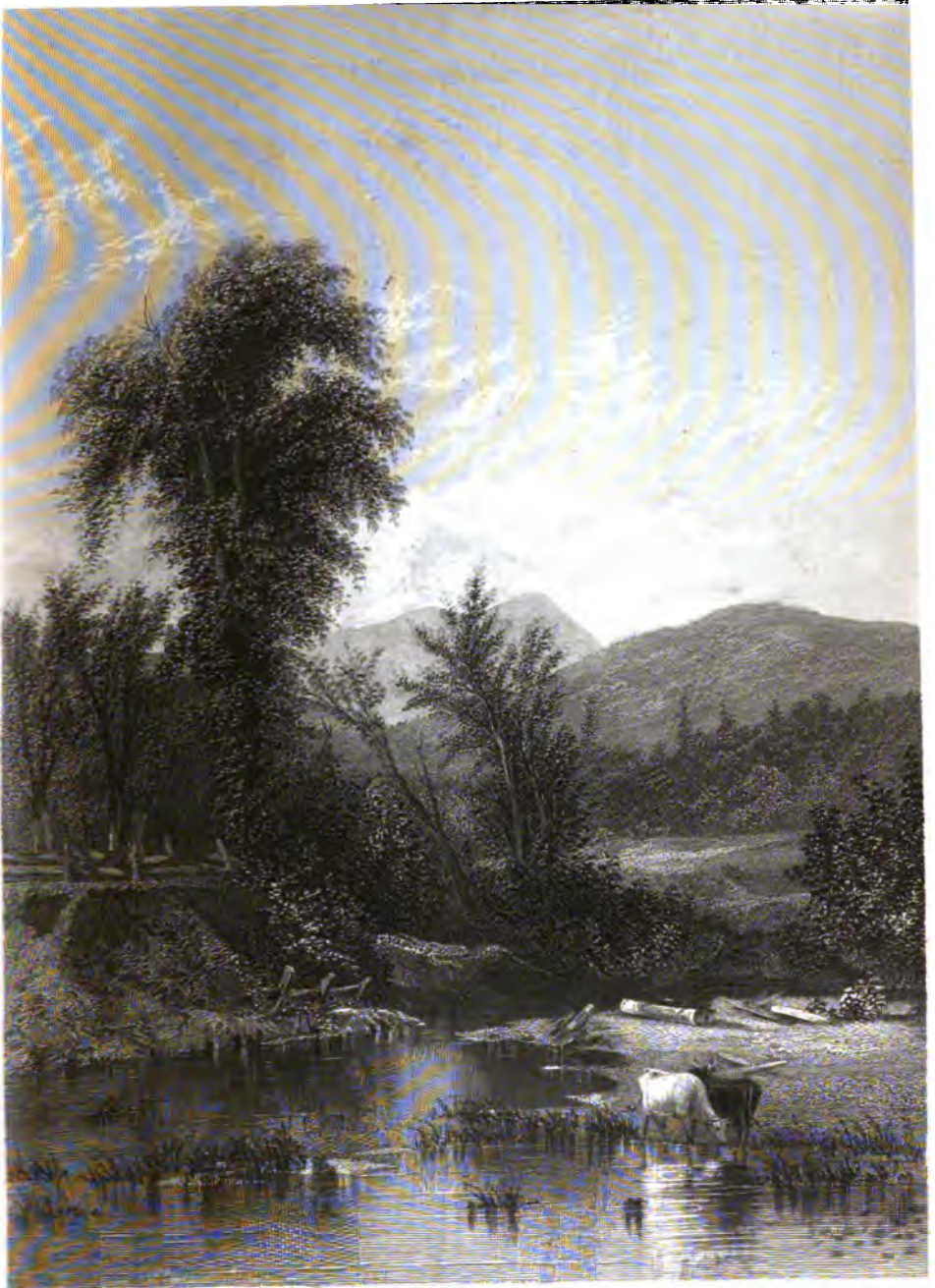
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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1866.

THE CHURCH OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY REV. M. L. SCUDDER, A. M.

AN aged man, whose life had borne him past fourscore years, is standing on the hill-side that overlooks one of the Western cities of this Western World. Leaning on his staff, he looks on the marks of industry, enterprise, and progress that spread out before him. He sees the rising smoke of many furnaces; the spires and towers of a score of churches; the piles of houses that line the outstretching intersecting streets; the river covered with watercraft, bringing and conveying the production and population of the busy humanity of the city. He is startled by the unearthly scream of the steam-whistle leading the rushing railway train. The scene of activity and wealth wakes up with intense vividness the memories of years long past. The events of former days are before him, and he breaks out into an irrepressible soliloquy:

"Sixty years ago I piled up in this valley the logs that made the first dwelling-place for civilized man. The river was then unruffled by the motion of the paddle-wheel. The only worship from Christian lips was the simple family prayer from my father's cabin. The silence of the place, now broken by the perpetual strokes of the artisan and the hum of machinery, by the noise of the loaded dray-cart over these paved streets, and by all these conflicting and aiding efforts of human life, was then only disturbed by the song-bird, or the wild deer that drummed his vigil as he came to drink at the river-side, or by the busy ax of the emigrant clearing the field for the crop that would feed his small rustic household. The few that first settled here had their chief hopes in the prospect that the tide of emigration would turn hither enough to form a settlement sufficient to protect them from Indian violence, and make

society enough to break the lonesomeness of pioneer life. What I now see appears as the marvelous magic of an Eastern tale. And yet it is real."

Such an instance of material progress, as we have described, is a true type of what is already common, or soon will be, overspreading the vast domain of this great country—the wonder of the present generation, and the hope of developing greatness to the future.

But the material prosperity of this country, though more visible, is not more real than the religious. It is like the fruit that is *seen*, while Christianity has been the hidden sap and life of the tree that bears it. The enterprise and activity of the citizen that have caused such monetary and social advancement in the communities, have not surpassed the zeal of the Christian in establishing religious institutions, and in diffusing through these communities the influence of Christian life. In truth, these outward signs, of what is commonly called the work of civilization, are the best evidence of what Christianity has done for those who have wrought them. The religion of Jesus has inspired the energy, and given direction and balance to the efforts; it has touched up with beauty the individual or corporate labors that have made and will make this nation opulent in prosperity. This is the salt that has seasoned and preserved us. Who have been the chief instruments in diffusing it?

The founder of American Methodism can not, with mortal eyes, look on the scene of his earthly labors and witness their results in the greatest exhibition of progressive religious influence that the world has known since the days of the apostles. The life of Philip Embury was brief, and the work he had the honor only to begin has been continued, extended, and matured by others; but the fruit of it is not less wonderful than the great material prosperity of

the nation. Is it too much to suppose that he has, from a better stand-point than mortal vision could give him, a view of what American Methodism now is; and that he recalls the circumstances of his first sermon on this continent? If he may, and the past and the present are the subject of his soliloquy, what will he say? "One hundred years ago I was aroused to duty by the quickening exhortations of a holy woman, and preached the first sermon of a follower of Wesley in the New World. It was addressed to an extemporized audience of five persons, poor emigrants from the Emerald Isle. It was delivered in a humble, retired dwelling of the future metropolis of the land. My hearers and the preacher were without influence or rank in the country of their adoption. The restraints of religion were so weak on the lives of the people of the colonies that they were generally demoralized in manners. The witnesses to a pure evangelical piety were very few, and their testimony was, at the best, equivocal and hesitating. My preaching was only the new teaching of a working layman of an unknown sect, without position, without prestige, without ecclesiastical organization, and without recognition by the Churches of the land. How unpromising the field for cultivation, how many and great were the hinderances to success! The few that were soon gathered into a class were like sheep scattered upon the mountains without a shepherd. Their faith and hope of the future appeared strong if they only contemplated bringing to their fold the poor, and religiously neglected by others, and by mutual watch-care and protection to save them from the contaminations of a demoralizing world. Often, as I looked around me on the corruptions of society, or on the bigotry and formalism, and, not unfrequently, the skepticism of the professed Christianity about me, I asked, Can these dry and withered bones live? And now, 'What hath God wrought?' 'The handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains is shaking like Lebanon.'"

How soon that private room of the first sermon became too small for the company that assembled to hear! How soon the more commodious rigging loft proved too strait for the crowd! How soon the faith and zeal of the saints had laid the foundations of their *first* church, and from it sounded out the word of the Lord to all the inhabitants of the land! "Who shall count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel! Behold the people shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion." That mother Church has multiplied itself till the same songs

that echoed from its walls are repeated from ten thousand Churches scattered in every city, town, and village of the land, and twenty thousand ministers, the successors of that first lay preacher, minister at their altars, proclaiming the same free, present, and full salvation to millions of attentive hearers. That little class of five members has duplicated and reduplicated itself, till scores of thousands of these social guardians of spiritual life keep alive the religious fire in the hearts of nearly two millions of devout Christians. The bigotry, formalism, and skepticism of the Churches then existing, have given place to the truths of the itinerant's message, and these Churches have been permeated and invigorated by a measure of his spiritual power. The intrepid evangelist of Methodism has proved himself equal to every demand on his ministry. He has entered every open door, and he has gathered to his Master's garner from every ripening field. He has gone out with the countless emigrations, and in the rude cabin of the pioneer, or to the rustic assemblage of the settlers of the prairie, has spoken words that infused a Christian quality in the citizenship of the great Western States. He has found out the abodes of poverty and depravity in the full city, and, through the word of the Lord, lifted up their wretched victims to a plane of comfort and purity. Wherever wickedness has consorted, in high places and in low, his warning voice has been successfully heard crying, "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways!" He has set his face like a flint against the gigantic forms of social and confederate crimes, and become a leader in reforms from national sins. He has lifted up the cross of Christ in every place and to every class, as the remedy for every woe, and declared it to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Hundreds of thousands have received the truth from his lips, and are now reaping its fruition in an endless life, and hundreds of thousands more are now living epistles and witnesses to their fellow-men of its renewing and saving energy. "The little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

The formation of that small class was only initiative and experimental. What will come of it? said every one of its members. Behold it now, an ecclesiastical establishment with ever-increasing means for conquests for Christ throughout the world! All that composed that class were poor: they cried to the mother-land, "Come over and help us." They needed ministers and money. Their successors, through the profitableness of godliness, are now rich in this world's goods, and are sending out missionaries

to every clime. Then the walls of the first church were built by contributions, chiefly from those without its communion. Now, from its own resources, Methodism is dedicating to God's worship a new church on every day of the year. Then we had no specially-organized efforts to save the young—the day of Sabbath schools had not come. But the new Church was ready to take the front in that great work, and now a million children, instructed each Sabbath in the truths of Christianity, and becoming the subjects of its power, are making the Sabbaths and the temples vocal with the praises of the Most High. Then the country was only sparsely settled, and the dwellers in provinces were only along the Atlantic coast. Now the provinces have become a great nation, reaching from sea to sea, and with a domain and wealth greater than empires. But its character, its institutions, and its greatness have been molded, and its prosperity and order have been greatly secured by the bold, vigilant evangelism of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The judgment that men will give respecting the past and the future of Methodism, will chiefly depend on their opinions whether it is of man or whether it is of God. The Jewish doctor of laws gave a wise decision, and one historically true, that whatever is of man will come to naught, and whatever is of God will triumph. This is not superstition, but a rational Scriptural faith. It is reasonable to expect that whatever is of God, when applied to religion more than to the ordinary affairs of life, will bear distinctive marks of the Divine hand; that, as it is developed, it will show his designing purpose, and his controlling intervention in its instrumentalities and its results. These are the signs that Methodism claims to give to prove that it is more than of man. The spirit manifested by its disciples in its approaching centennial services will be a test by which they will show how much they believe it to be of Divine appointment. Their thanksgivings and liberality, their confessions and covenants will attest how much they partake of its spirit, and how far they acknowledge in it the work of its great Author.

A limited acquaintance with the history of American Methodism is enough to teach us respecting the remarkable *status* of those who were called to be its first ministers, and of those who for fifty years succeeded them in their office, that they were men without the influence of high social rank, and making no pretensions to great human learning. In these respects they contrasted with the other relig-

ious teachers of their times. We think that in these, especially considered in connection with the great success that attended them, we have proof that they were called of God to their work.

In the days of Christ, and in the days of Asbury, those who assumed to instruct in religion based their authority on superior social position, and on their liberal education. They virtually denied the necessity of a preparation that is chiefly from above. He who intended to set at naught the arrogant pretensions of the scribes and Pharisees by choosing men for his apostles from their nets and from the seat of the publican, had the same design in calling Embury from the carpenter's bench, and Webb from the soldier's barracks, and Asbury from the humble peasantry of Staffordshire. Not that he would make learning a disqualification for the sacred office, for he added a learned Saul of Tarsus to the college of apostles, but that he would show it to be subordinate to the higher gift of Divine instruction, and confound the assumption that human wisdom was the chief endowment for the ministry of reconciliation.

"Are not all these which speak Galileans?" Shall these half-civilized, uneducated, and despised men presume to be teachers of religion? So said the multitude that heard the apostles at Pentecost. So have thousands said since then, as they have heard the Methodist preacher proclaiming the same Gospel that Peter did. The learned have indignantly said with the Pharisees, these itinerants were wholly born in sins, can they teach us? The unlearned have stood amazed that those like themselves have spoken in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Yet this is God's order. He puts the treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of himself. If in olden times he chose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, shall he not follow the same order in later times? It is remarkable that for the former half century of its history, American Methodism had scarcely one in all its itinerant host to the manor born who was liberally educated. They were all from the humblest avocations of life, "thrust out" to do the Lord's bidding. This is no reproach to the Church. It should never be forgotten, but cherished, as a fact in connection with their success, "The Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes."

Their preaching, however, if not in the words that man's wisdom teacheth, was not foolishness. They were qualified for the work they were called to do. They fully comprehended the subject of their message. They confounded

gainsayers with convincing speech. They uttered boldly and clearly the whole counsel of God, commending themselves to every man's conscience. And when interrogated, "Whence have you this wisdom, having never learned?" they replied, "Our doctrine is not ours, but his that sent us."

The impulse that quickened, prepared, and directed the minds of the leaders of the great religious movement of the last hundred years was a *real inspiration*. To him who denies the supernatural, and refers all the phenomena in human history to natural causes, this declaration will appear only a speculation. But to the Christian it will be a truth that his faith will readily embrace, and that his heart will love to cherish. This doctrine distinguishes a ministry that is from God from one of merely human appointment. The inward moving of the Holy Ghost to preach the Word is something more than a belief in a common Divine supervision of our calling, or a complaisant belief that preaching is a profession that God approves. It is a Divine *afflatus* that reveals truth to the mind, and moves the heart of its subject to feel it, and impels him, with a spiritual power, to declare it. This was the inspiration that moved Moses to preach to Pharaoh, and Nathan to preach to David; the same that directed Philip to preach to the Ethiopian, and stirred Paul's spirit within him to preach to the Athenians. This inspiration sent Captain Webb to the rigging loft in New York, to say to the people, "To you is this salvation sent"—the same that "thrust out" Benjamin Abbott and his associates and successors through all the land, to cry, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon us, because he hath sent us to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord"—an inspiration that would not be repressed, that defied dangers and difficulties, and that only gave rest to the itinerant when he had fulfilled its commands. That was the secret of his success in bringing the multitudes to Christ.

But we shall fail to fully apprehend the work of God in Methodism if we only see him calling its individual ministers to preach the Word, or see him making that call more signal because he chooses those who are humble and unlearned. Methodism is to be considered as a means of evangelization through a system adapted by Divine Wisdom to its end—small and feeble in its beginnings, but extending and spreading under his supervision, and having now only attained to where its great mission is but just begun. The wisdom of the architect of the temple was seen as each stone was prepared for the place it was to fill. But every stone found

its place of beauty or strength as it formed a part of a comprehensive plan of the whole building. So it is with each one that has wrought his part in this ecclesiastical structure. It is not the work of one man or of one generation, and when in this centennial year those who have been nurtured within its walls sit over against it and admire the beauty of the stones, so long in building, they will most admire the perfection and harmony of its whole, and the wisdom that arranged each part in its order, and brought on the laborers in turn for the appropriate work they were severally prepared to perform.

A century is too long to be the measure of one man's life. It is usually short enough for only a division of the cycle that measures the completion of a religious movement among a people; and what one man begins that affects society must be finished by those who come after him. Luther only initiated the Reformation. John Wesley only began to spread Scriptural holiness over the land. Embury and Webb only sowed the seed that Asbury and Garrettson gathered as it ripened, and resowed for others to gather, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. And as we study the peculiar qualifications of the men who were chief instruments in the establishment of Methodism for the work required of them, the great diversity of their gifts, adapted to the special wants of their times, and the varied wants of the Church as it progressed, we shall be impressed that God himself called these men at the right time and endowed them with powers fitted for the demands upon them. Nor will it detract from the praise of each of them that he was not permitted to finish the work he had begun. It will not lessen the fame of John Wesley, that after having organized an evangelical movement that renovated the whole religious character of his nation, he dies just as he sees a branch growing out of its roots, that would rival the parent stock itself in strength and fruitfulness. Nor will it diminish our honor of the first preachers of Methodism in this country, that after having compassed, again and again, the length and breadth of the land, and after having given form and consistency to the new and rapidly-increasing Church, they fall asleep in Christ just when that Church is putting on greatness, and other men, not less gifted, enter into their labors. These men can never be forgotten. Their names will be household words wherever a pure Christianity is known. They will be remembered as men who were true to the noblest mission that God appoints. They will be honored for their abandonment of them-

selves to their holy work, and for their readiness to dare and to do, when perils and opposition would have made others, less courageous, to cower and to fail. But the centennial services will call forth, above all honor to the instruments, the hearty acknowledgment that to God belongs the glory; that in the conception of its plan and in the direction of its progress, Methodism is of God; and this will make our monumental offerings more cheerful and liberal, and our thanksgivings and worship more devout. The cheer of our songs will swell out with joyful harmony when the East shall say to the West, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to his name be the praise," and the West shall shout back to the East, "His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

The most remarkable characteristic of Methodism is that which affects all its members. It is the profession of a *Divine renewing power upon the hearts of its subjects*. In this it claims to be more than a mere educator of truths Scripturally orthodox, or of forms Scripturally consistent; that it is more than an organization, well adapted to preserve and extend a system of faith, and adequately supplied with instruments to work the organization effectively. These it regards as the effects, not the cause of its vitality. When John Wesley, speaking of his own conversion, says, "I felt my heart strangely warmed, I felt an assurance that Christ did take away my sins," he was only stating an experience that was to be a type for all his followers to know and to profess; an experience that is a radical quality in every Methodist, and that has introduced with their adaptations the variety of agencies in organized Methodism. Whoever fails to appreciate this fact, that it is a religion of sanctification, will also fail to apprehend what it had to do, and to comprehend the great work it has accomplished.

One hundred years ago the preaching that the Spirit of God dwelt in and renewed the hearts of believers, and gave them assurance of sins forgiven, found but few in this country to welcome it, and scarcely a witness to profess it. If Christians published it as true in the liturgy or catechism, they were generally infidel in respect to the knowledge of it. To the unbelieving, it was a doctrine that savored both of enthusiasm and pretension. When, therefore, it was boldly professed by the disciples of the Wesleyan school, as that which they had "felt and seen," and when the itinerants declared it as that to which all who believed were eligible, both the preaching and the profession were commonly treated as "wild fanaticism." Nev-

ertheless, this was the doctrine they preached, and this was the experience they professed. It was the confession of a Divine life in their religion; of "Christ in them" as the root of Christian character, and the impulsion of their Christian life.

What were the results that followed? One was, that it wrought another standard of religious experience in the existing Churches. At first the doctrine was opposed and its disciples persecuted. But the opposers were arrested in the way, and saw a light, and heard a voice saying, "Why persecutest thou me?" And the Methodist Ananias came to them and laid his hands on them, and prayed for them, and the scales fell from their eyes, and they went forth and preached the doctrine they had sought to destroy. Another effect was, it saved the irreligious. To them was the message of the new teachers principally directed. They went to the scattered and lost sheep without the fold. And to them a salvation that might be known and felt was both "a hammer and a fire." It broke in pieces their hard hearts of unbelief and wickedness, and melting in penitence they cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" It lifted before them the Cross of Christ, and, believing, they were transformed by a supernatural power. The Word grew and converts were greatly multiplied. There was another result. It reformed the lives of all who professed it. The tree was made good, and the fruit became good. Had they been vicious, they became virtuous. They insisted as much on blameless living as fervent praying. They professed an inward, they practiced an outward holiness. The teaching that required of them a new heart to enter the kingdom, wrought out for them a practical godliness; and thus Methodism became a reformer of the manners and a purifier of the morals of the people.

There were other results not less wonderful than those to which we have referred. These were the production of those efficient and systematic agencies of Methodism by which its spirit and its influence have been extended. Men profess to admire its wonderful economy, but they err who suppose that this economy originated in mere human wisdom. It was the offspring of the heart more than of the head, and Methodism, organic or instrumental, is the *fruit of a spirit awakened in the hearts of its subjects by the renewing of the Holy Ghost*. It was this Spirit that moved their minds to seek legitimate means to accomplish an end—the creating of man anew in the image of God—and to adopt appropriate agencies to produce that end. Would it have men converted?—

this Spirit thrust out the thousands who could not and would not repress the message it inspired, and who, in chapels or private houses, in school-houses or barns, in the fields or on the highways, lifted up their voice and preached to the people a religion that might be felt. The same Spirit wrought out for them a system to make their labors more effective, whether local or itinerant, supervisory or pioneer, aggressive or defensive. It taught them wisdom, inspired them with courage, and hardened them for endurance. Would they preserve their converts in the Divine light? this Spirit taught them to gather these, as it would the converts themselves to unite together for mutual counsel and instruction, and so were introduced the great social life-preservers of the Church, the class meetings. It was this Spirit, fruitful in its expedients to reach every mind, that brought to its aid the agency of the press, and with tract, and sheet, and volume called on men to repent and "taste and see" that the Lord is good. Here originated the great "Book Concern" of the Church. It was this Spirit—the same that inspired Peter on Pentecost to declare that the promise was "unto the children"—that called the children together by multitudes on the Sabbath to be instructed in the Word of the Lord, and early to be partakers of these promises. And it was this Spirit, enlarged by their faith, that organized the whole Church into a system for missionary effort, and sent out its messengers to regions beyond. Whatever there is or has been great or good in the position or extent in the organization or quality of Methodism, is to be ascribed, through Divine help, to the spirit it has possessed from the renewing power of the Holy Ghost on the hearts of its disciples; that it has been a religion of *experience* more than of *forms* and *opinions*.

The centennial year of American Methodism is at hand. *How ought it to affect us? How ought it to be observed?*

Let it not be supposed that only those who are members of this branch of the general Church should be interested in its services. All the people should unite in them. If it is asked, What has Methodism done for others? the answer is plain. It has been a savor of life to the whole nation. The evangelical Churches of the land have had an infusion of spiritual life from it. Every lover of good morals ought to recognize the work it has done in preserving or improving the manners of the communities, and every citizen should feel that it has acted an important part in forming the character of the

civilization, and in increasing the material prosperity of the country. Its great jubilee should not be exclusively denominational.

There are special reasons, however, why every Methodist should regard this year with peculiar interest; why it should awaken in him the *noblest emotions*, and lead him to make *appropriate demonstrations*. *Gratitude* for what he has himself received from this form of Christianity will naturally be his first emotion. He will see the wonderful work it has wrought in him by Divine grace, and that it has made him fellow-citizen with the saints and heir of eternal life. He will see how it has given him a character, respected and honored in the world, and how, most likely, it has been the indirect instrument in giving him comfort, perhaps affluence in temporal things. He will see that it has made his social and domestic life honorable and pleasant, and, not least, it has surrounded him with the truest kind of Christian friends, watchful for his religious life and helpful to him in all Christian progress. And he will feel, as a grateful child, toward the mother that bore him, and nursed him in infancy, and watched his youthful steps, and continued to have a loving solicitude for him, even in his manhood and strength.

This commemorative year will inspire the disciple of Methodism with increasing *faith* in the quality of the Church itself. A part of the work of this year will be to learn more what has been the mission and means of Methodism, too little understood and valued. As he looks from one stand-point and sees what it has done, compared with other religious denominations, or from another, and studies the fitness of its economy to save men, and the most of them, or from a still higher point sees that it is of God, and its effectiveness has been chiefly through his power, his faith in it as a Divine instrumentality to bring men to Christ will be greatly strengthened.

But the duties of the follower of Wesley this year will not be only retrospection, or in contemplating the present. The mind will naturally attempt to lift the vail and look into the future, and ask what is yet to come. He will see in its spirit, its resources, and its purposes a bright prospect before the Church of his love, and *hope*, joyful and strong, will anticipate the greatness of its future history.

His *love*, too, for the Church and its ordinances will this centenary receive new life. Like to one who admires the gallant craft that bears him safely through storms, every spar and sail, every timber and plank, will be endowed with a special charm. So will the com-

munion and fellowship, the altars, and class, and prayer-room, the ministrations and the songs of his beloved Zion be more lovely to him than ever before, and he will exclaim with intense delight, "How amiable are thy tabernacles!" "I love the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

This jubilee year will do more than excite noble emotions—it *will be demonstrative*. The feelings of the heart will find ways to show their impulsions. The first of these will be the *united thanksgivings* of the whole Church for what the Lord hath done. Before the designated month for general service, some one will be found to give to the Church an inspiring lyric. And then will be heard from every tongue, as the sound of many waters, "Sing unto the Lord a new song." It will ring through the valleys and sound along the hill-sides; the cities will catch the strain and shout it back to the prairies; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, sweeping over the Lakes and by the river courses, will be heard the glad anthem, "Come let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation, let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, let us make a joyful noise to him with psalms. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand."

The centennial year will have but little moral influence if it does not awaken earnest desires in the Church for an increase of spiritual life, or if these desires are not followed by a new dedication of its members to the service of God. This should be a chief object in the arrangement for centennial services. The experience of a spiritual life has been the secret of the prosperity of Methodism; it will be a condition to determine its power in the future. Who can tell the result if, from the secret closet and the public altar, from the pulpit and the pew, from child and sire, with heart and voice there shall be a *common consecration* of the Church to God?

It is natural for gratitude to be not only demonstrative but monumental. God made great promises to Jacob, and the grateful patriarch set up a pillar of stones, and called the place Bethel. God heard the prayer of David and staid the plague, and the grateful King said, I will build a temple for the Lord. True gratitude is more than declarative; it delights in using the gifts received to please and honor the giver. So the love of a great Church will conspire and delight to bring its offerings in abundance, and build some God-honoring monuments and write on them, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The true spirit for a centennial will insist on some demonstrative plans to accomplish great things in the future. Methodism is aggressive. It provides for gathering and garnering that which it has sown and cultured, but it stretches forth to occupy and improve the "regions beyond." Its resources of every kind, available for doing good, are greater to-day than ever before. Its influence in community; its material wealth, the talents of its ministers and laymen, and all its agencies for educating and teaching the people were never so great as now. Add to these the experience of renewed hearts, through the Spirit, to sanctify and direct these agencies for usefulness, and the Church finds itself possessed of strength that should savingly affect the future interests of the world. And the centennial year should tell to future generations how large were its provisions in "devising liberal things, that by liberal things it might stand."

RELIEF.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

RELIEF? Yes, so he said, for sure
I caught the words aright;
Relief—bear up, my precious one!
To-night, he said, to-night.

And yet why spoke he it so sad,
With such a softly breath
And manner? did he mean—O God!
Relief he said—not death.

Thus murmuring, knelt she where the child
Upon its tiny bed,
With the blue tracery of veins
Along its temples spread—

Lay, like a drooping, stricken bird
Within its downy nest,
So still, you would have thought it dead
But for the heaving breast.

And o'er the wan and wasted face
So pure, and pearly white,
Mingled with death's baptismal dews
A sweet, unearthly light,

Falling, had bathed each lineament,
And tinged the lustrous eyes,
With that great peace which appertains
To life's deep mysteries.

O, was it life, or was it death,
That gave such radiant sign,
And touched the drooping eyelids with
A beauty half divine?

Not death, but life—a glorious life
To that frail infant given,
Which, as the morning stars burned out,
Just melted into heaven.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF CHRIST.

EDITORIAL.

NUMBER I.

THE true Christian is a disciple of Christ; he bears his name, he believes in his character and mission, he rests on him for present grace, and trusts in his infinite merit for eternal life. To him no character is so perfect, no life so beautiful, no work so profoundly interesting as those of Jesus, the Savior of mankind. His love of Christ and his deep admiration of the character and work of the Redeemer are the tests of his discipleship, and distinguish him from the unregenerate world. The ungodly man whose soul has not been touched with the world-redeeming realities in the life and work of Jesus, sees nothing in the Savior of mankind but the ordinary attributes of a good man. He may, indeed, contemplate him as a remarkable philosopher of Judea, or as a philanthropist who devoted his life to the work of instructing his countrymen and of elevating them into a higher moral and social condition, paying, as many good men have paid, the forfeit of his life as the penalty for his attempted innovations. But to the Christian, one who has indeed entered into communion with Christ, who has drank deeply into his spirit, and who in his own consciousness has realized his saving power, the character and work of Jesus are vastly more significant. To the Christian he is God manifested in the flesh, becoming the teacher, the pattern, the Redeemer of the human race. He is Immanuel—God with us—and in us, elevating our fallen humanity from its deep degradation, and purifying it so as to bring it into union with himself, and so ennobling it as to render it meet for a place in a home of perpetual blessedness, prepared for it from the foundation of the world.

To the Christian, Christ is an inexhaustible fountain, from which he may drink forever—a vast realm of loveliness, whose beauties, ever outspread before him, he may contemplate without satiety and study without exhaustion. Christ is the Christian's science, his world of knowledge, which he may explore with holy ardor, into the study of which he may enter with all his heart, confident that each day will bring him a rich harvest of fruit; that each effort will expand his intellect and enlarge his heart; that the more deeply he extends his researches in this vast sphere the more profound will it become before him, constituting a theme ever expanding and ever inexhaustible—vast as the Deity itself. To the child of God

who has just passed from death unto life, Christ, in the many aspects in which he may be viewed, presents a vast, unexplored field, peculiarly interesting and inviting to the new affections of the heart which have just been developed by the wonderful process of regeneration. Into that new field the young Christian may enter with all the ardor of his first love; in the study of Jesus he may follow the impulse of his ardent affections, and day after day as he progresses in knowledge he will find the character and the perfections of Christ still unfolding before him, bringing within his grasp new beauties and new truths, as though each acquisition brought with it new powers with which to continue the delightful research. And so expansive is this theme that when he has grown old in the Christian life, and his Christian graces have become ripened for that better world, Jesus will still appear before him as the fairest among ten thousands, the one altogether lovely, an ever-enlarging theme which he may still study with rapture when he shall have gone to his reward, and shall see him as he is.

The contemplation of Christ in the manner above indicated is peculiarly the privilege of a mind brought into communion with him; it is to the mind in this condition only that he reveals himself as he does not to the world. In many aspects he may be contemplated with admiration by the unregenerate heart; indeed, we believe that none can look unmoved on the wonderful life of Christ, and that even the skeptic heart, however much in some instances it may endeavor to conceal its admiration by the artifices and external show of infidelity, can not but see superhuman excellencies and beauties in the life of him who claimed to be the Redeemer of mankind; and sometimes it is even led to what seems like an involuntary confession of the inimitable character of Christ.

Such was the case with the famous Jean Paul Rousseau, a writer whose mind was strangely at variance with his heart. We can not refrain from recording the eloquent and beautiful testimony he has borne to the character of Christ in a letter to a friend. Referring to the oft-repeated and as frequently abortive attempt to draw insidious parallelisms between the life of Jesus and that of Socrates, the great philosopher of Greece, he uses the following beautiful language: "What prepossession, what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned

his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only, therefore, to say what others had done and reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his competitors that pure and sublime morality of which he only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating torments, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the mark of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it; it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

And what is more sublime and beautiful, or what could better indicate a more keen perception of the excellencies of the character of Christ, than the following from the same pen? "I confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and so sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumes the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What earnestness, what purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind

in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance is so striking that all the Christian fathers perceived it."

It is grateful to the Christian heart to hear acknowledgments of the superior excellencies of Christ even from the lips of unbelievers, while it demonstrates the reality of those excellencies and proves the attractive power of the life and character of Jesus on the human heart; and we will introduce still another beautiful testimony from the pen of an avowed skeptic. "In Christ," says Chubb, in his "True Gospel of Jesus Christ," "we have an example of a quiet and peaceable spirit, of a becoming modesty and sobriety; just, honest, upright, and sincere, and above all, of a most gracious and benevolent temper and behavior; one who did no wrong, no injury to any man, in whose mouth was no guile; who went about doing good, not only by his ministry but also in curing all manner of diseases among the people. His life was a beautiful picture of human nature in its native purity and simplicity, and showed at once what excellent creatures men would be when under the influence and power of that Gospel which he preached unto them." We need not quote from more recent skeptics, such as Strauss and Renan, with whom this admiration of the exalted human character of Christ is so common as to be characteristic of the infidelity of the age.

But, however fine may be the conceptions found in these skeptic minds of the character of Christ as a thing of beauty, or as an admirable illustration of exalted human nature, and notwithstanding the eloquent language with which they speak of these excellencies, even in these confessions there is evidence of an inability to comprehend the sublime character of Christ, to realize the vast significance of the life and work of Jesus, so that the humblest child of God, whose soul has been brought into union with Christ, has a more profound and soul-affecting conception of his character than can possibly be formed by these mighty but unbelieving intellects. "He that believeth shall *know of the doctrine*," says Christ, "whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." While we can not but admire the sublime beauty of the portraiture of Jesus which Rousseau has given us, yet when we become

acquainted with the life of the writer we are not astonished to find him subjoin to this eloquent description the sentence, "I can not believe the Gospel."

The ever-careful providence of God, designing the redemption of fallen man, has mercifully kept the human heart from total degeneracy, and has preserved within it the power to perceive and the necessity to admire the works of God and the excellencies of virtue, while God manifested in the flesh to call back the wandering human heart, adapted his life, his character, his labors, and his death to these rescued powers of the soul with the view of winning the affections of that soul to God and virtue. Thus the ungodly man who studies the Gospel not only may but does perceive in that illustrious life attributes more godlike than human, and feels upon his heart the attractive influence of that sublime character gently drawing his affections toward truth and purity, and he has only to yield to this new influence and to follow this impulse, which the contemplation of Christ gives to the affections of his heart, in order to believe, love, and obey Christ, and through him become a child of God. This truth is clearly conveyed in that half-philosophical and half-prophetic sentiment of our Savior—"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me." Rousseau went no farther than all men may go; he stopped far short of that position which the heart must attain before it can not merely perceive and admire, but also realize and adore the excellencies of the character of Jesus. Thus the great infidel admired and eloquently described the character of Christ, while his whole life, as he unblushingly avowed in his "confessions," was one continued series of falsehood and profligacy. Had he followed the impulse given to the affections of his heart toward purity by the study of the Gospel, he would have been brought into a new position from which to contemplate the character of Jesus, and where, instead of admiring in unbelief what his mind perceived worthy of admiration, his heart would have believed and adored.

It is evident, then, that while all men in contemplating the character and life of Christ may discover in that character many striking excellencies and see many convincing proofs of the divinity of Jesus, and feel, like the infidel of France, the gently-drawing influence of the Gospel on his heart, yet it is the privilege of the Christian only to penetrate into the unsearchable riches of Christ, to grasp the sublime beauties of his illustrious life, and to comprehend and realize the vast significance

of the labors of the Redeemer of mankind. This is the prerogative of the mind in union with Christ—the privilege of him who has passed from death unto life, and who, in the wonderful transformation, has acquired either a new faculty of the soul with which to contemplate divine things, or has had developed into activity a latent power of the heart, which, crushed beneath a weight of guilt and sin, has lain dormant in his nature.

It may be impossible for one mind to convey to another an exact idea of this new or newly-developed power, but the existence of the faculty is known in the experience of every genuine Christian, and enables the humble and illiterate child of God to perceive the beauties and adore the excellencies of Christ as clearly and as profoundly as the strong and cultivated intellect, and develops in his heart a love for the Savior of mankind as deep and pure as may exist in the Christian of refined taste and cultivated manners. A village blacksmith may equal a Newton in his lofty admiration of Christ, and a dairyman's daughter may love as deeply and obey as devotedly as a Lady Huntingdon. We may view this ability of the Christian soul as a development by the power of the Holy Spirit of a faculty natural to the human mind, or we may consider it as a high development of that wonderful principle which lies at the basis of the Christian life which we call faith, and which is, when directed toward Christ, the first motion of the soul toward God; or we may call it a newly-acquired spiritual perception by which we are enabled to discern spiritual things; or we may view it as an intuitional power, and as the first development of that faculty of the soul by which, when it shall be freed from the incumbrance of a fleshly body, we expect to see Jesus as he is, and to comprehend by sublime intuitions the perfections of the Divine Being to an extent immeasurably beyond any thing we can reach in this life. We may take either of these views of the Christian's power to behold Christ and to discern spiritual things, but we can not deny the existence of such a power without bringing into suspicion our own Christian experience.

The professing Christian who has never felt himself in possession of this power, who has never felt the revelations of Christ to his own heart, awakening within it sublime and soul-stirring conceptions of his excellence and his glory, and attracting to the Redeemer the deepest affections of his heart, whatever his pretensions to Christian experience may be, has great reason to suspect the reality of his re-

ligion and to examine with care the grounds on which he has supposed himself a Christian.

We may say, then, that while this precious gift is peculiar to the Christian, it is a gift found in the possession of every true child of God, though, of course, not in an equal degree of power and development, qualifying each disciple of Christ for the contemplation of the Redeemer, preparing him for daily growth in the knowledge and love of God, and enabling him to discern those deep things of God which can only be discerned by the spiritual mind.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

THE year was dying; each gasping breath
Rustled the leaves in his scar brown wreath,
And heaved the robe which Winter, the King,
Had coldly spread as a covering,
A spotless robe of snowy white,
To veil his expiring life from sight.
'T was hard to die all alone, alone!
All his youth, and freshness, and grandeur gone,
His beautiful children all gone before;
None, none to weep when his life was o'er.
How tenderly Spring would have bathed his brow
With her tearful showers; but now, but now,
His beautiful darling was cold and dead!
How tenderly Summer would have spread
Her broad green mantle above his rest,
And have warmed his heart on her fervent breast,
And have twined a garland of rarest bloom
To wreath about the dead year's tomb!
And now, alas! the great, rich life,
With its wondrous sweetness and promise rife,
Was past, and only the memory came
To madden the dying year with pain.
How gorgeously Autumn would have spread
A cushion of wonderful hues for his bed,
And have lavished gifts from his bountiful store
To gladden the life that would soon be o'er!
But that generous life now, too, was spent,
And a shudder through all the old year went
As he thought of these children all dead and gone,
And he so feeble now left alone,
With no one to mourn when his race was run,
Save his reckless, stormy-browed, youngest son,
Whose wayward course wrang each strained heart-
string,
And made him grieve sadly—Winter, the King.
And the old year sobbed and moaned in his pain,
And cried for his darlings to come again;
But only the voice of the storm-fiend replied,
And Winter swept on in his cruel pride.
So with no Summer bloom for his joy brow,
No sweet Spring showers nor Autumn glow,
The brave old year lay lonely and worn,
And sobbed, "Is there no one who for me will mourn?
No one? No one!" A fierce cry went
Through my heart—"Shall I live till my life has spent

All its freshness and warmth for the selfish world?
And then when my bark with its sails all furled
Lies rocking all helpless on life's rough sea,
Slowly drifting out to eternity,
When I fold the hands that can strive no more,
When I break the harp chords whose task is o'er,
When my life ebbs out and my heart grows chill,
When my pulse is hushed and the wheels stand still,
O, will I die like the sad old year,
Bewailing the lost bloom and stolen cheer?
Will there be no warm breast to lean upon?
Will no fresh heart weep that I am gone?
Will no loving hand wreath my bier with bloom,
And plant green myrtle upon my tomb?"
So I watched and wept by the dying year,
And the angels laid him upon his bier,
When he folded his hands from his work and died,
And the tomb of the Ages opened wide
To receive to the silence of eternity
The grandest year of the century.
And then through the sounding halls of Time
Rolled a hymning anthem grandly sublime,
An anthem of praise for the dead old year,
Who had brought to the world such promise of cheer;
And I folded my hands as it rolled along,
For my heart was too full to find voice in song;
And I listened and drank in each wondrous strain
Till my very soul throbbed with sweetest pain;
For the whole world joined in an anthem that rolled
Like the voice of the ocean from pole to pole,
And told of a land redeemed again
From the scourge of war and slavery's chain;
How the altars of Peace had been rebuilt,
How the saber was broken at the hilt,
And the cannon's iron mouth was dumb,
And the bayonet rusted upon the gun;
How Truth had triumphed over wrong,
And the cause of the nations was marching along;
How the bondmen were shouting the jubilee,
And the home of the brave was the land of the free;
And they said the dead year had brought it all,
And strewed immortelles upon his pall.
The hymning anthem died softly away,
And I looked to where the old dead year lay:
Lo! a glory rested upon his brow
Outshining the Summer's brightest glow.
And I said, as I laid my flower in his wreath,
"The old year is honored and loved in death.
Be it so; the love that lives after life
Is worthy of labor, and care, and strife.
Let me live so that when death shall come,
Like this loved lost year with my work all done,
I may go from the world, but leave behind
A memory in all true hearts enshrined."
And I counted the strokes of the midnight bell
That tolled the old year's solemn knell.

MORTALITY.

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE

IT is not the most perfect in outward form who usually inspire the deepest love. History shows us that the most lasting and profound attachments were lavished on women possessing but a moderate share of personal attractions. Beauty in itself is so alluring and captivating, that it is worth our while to consider in what consists the mysterious and subtle charm which has the power to enchain the heart in spite of the eye's criticism. Women have, in all ages, regarded beauty as the most effectual weapon to conquer and subdue man: and the desire to possess it, we beg to suppose, results not from any passion for domination, but from a laudable desire to influence him for his own comfort and happiness. However this may be, well-intentioned or not, their solicitude for the possession of beauty has induced women of all times and nations to search after those things which seem to offer a chance of concealing imperfections, and enhancing or embellishing their natural attractions. This has led them into numerous follies and extravagances, and given encouragement to a crowd of charlatans, who have known how to speculate upon a woman's anxiety to appear beautiful. If the hours expended in contrivances for the adornment of the casquet were employed for polishing the jewels within—if half the time consumed in the consideration of a *coiffure*, or even in the arrangement of a *corsage*, were devoted to the moral training of the heart which beats within, and the developing the vast capabilities of that noble portion of the human frame which renders it the most beautiful and intelligent of created beings, woman would find her influence more powerful and unailing; the admiration she would excite would be a sentiment compounded of esteem, respect, and love; and in rendering herself worthy of these, she would attain what the toilet, with all its attendant mysteries, is of itself insufficient to accomplish. That woman should derive satisfaction from believing herself an object of man's homage, is a natural feminine instinct; and we would not quarrel with it if she would be a little more fastidious as to the kind of admiration that is awarded to her. She should reject that which seems paid to the mere material combinations of form, color, style, and elegance, and learn to value only the far more flattering tribute which seems called forth from a just appreciation of those noble and tender qualities of the mind, whose intrinsic beauty neither plain features nor an ill-dressed figure can destroy. This discrimination would tend to crush vanity and conceit; co-

quetting, with its selfish heartlessness, and the many frivolous cravings after beauty, all of which arise from a wrongly-based ambition. The impress of these vicious sentiments defeats their object; the temper becomes sour and irritable, the expression of the features at once silly and anxious, and the mind degenerates into a state approaching depravity.

The loftier ambition to be admired for the graces of the mind more than for those of the person would suggest the habitual practice of the social virtues of amiability, kindness, and good temper, as well as the careful culture of all the faculties which refine the taste, elevate the soul, and ennoble the heart. Intelligence, unlike the fashions of a day, becomes all countenances; and sweetness of temper has the inestimable advantage of making ugly women appear pretty, and elderly ones youthful.

It is a responsible duty woman owes to herself, as well as to her family and society, to render herself pleasing and agreeable. Her person claims a certain degree of attention; she has a right to study the art of dress, and to avail herself of the legitimate appliances for the improvement of her appearance; but the most scrupulous attention to the toilet will never make her sufficiently attractive to be lovable or estimable. Rich, well-chosen apparel will not compensate for a cold heart; a glowing cheek does not neutralize the effect of a freezing, supercilious manner; nor a bright smile soften the severity of an uncharitable word. The eye soon turns away uninterested and indifferent from mere animal beauty, unillumined by good temper and intelligence.

Woman is happily endowed with qualities of a gentle and endearing nature, which are often suffered to lie dormant or run riot. She is eminently qualified to be a worker of benevolence—an instigator of noble deeds; let her not sink into the thralldom of vanity; let her not be what we are told some sagacious sage defines her—"an animal that delights in finery." Let her awake to her own responsibilities, and feel conscious that her influence, well-intentioned and wisely directed, is a regenerating principle; that it is not the well-dressed beauty, but the woman of high intelligence and sweet temper, who becomes the theme of general admiration and individual attachment—the inspiration of the hour—the good genius of every scene. Let woman, then, perceive that there exists a charm superior to beauty to attract and subdue all hearts; let her cultivate her intellect, and, true to her own feminine attributes, prove herself the kind, gentle, intelligent creature man needs, cherishes, and esteems.

A CHAPTER ON THE HUMAN HAIR.

BY HON. G. F. DISOWAY.

THE human hair is the subject of my chapter. Among the Jews it was worn long, just as it grew, except by the priests, who had theirs cut every fortnight while waiting at the temple. But they used scissors instead of razors, and the Nazarites were forbidden to touch their heads with a razor while their vow continued. After this the priest shaved the head of the Nazarite at the door of the tabernacle, and threw the hair upon the altar to be burnt. Black hair was esteemed the most beautiful. Absalom's was cut once a year, and is said to have weighed two hundred shekels, or about thirty-one ounces.

Among the Jewish and Grecian women the hair engaged a principal share of their attention, nor were the Roman ladies any less curious, they ornamenting it with gold, silver, and pearls. The Grecian, Roman, and Jewish men, however, wore short hair, and this was a principal distinction of dress between the sexes. Both bridal parties among the Greeks, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated it as an offering to their favorite deities. They also cut off or shaved the hair when mourning for the dead, laying it upon the corpse or threw into the funeral pile. It was customary to hang the hair of the deceased before interment on the doors of their houses. The ancients imagined that no person could die till a lock was cut off, which act they believed was performed by the invisible hand of death, or *Iris*, a messenger of the gods. This hair, they imagined, consecrated the person to the deities, whose jurisdiction extended over the dead.* In the Grecian States slaves were forbidden to imitate the freemen in the fashion of their hair. Among the Lacedemonians boys were not allowed to wear their hair, but when grown up they never cut it. On the contrary, the Roman youth wore theirs in ringlets over the shoulders, but when they put on the *toga virilis*, in their seventh year, cut it short to distinguish themselves from the *maccaronies* and effeminate *cozcombs*. The locks thus obtained were consecrated to Apollo, who had flowing hair, or to some other divinity, under whose protection they placed themselves. Mothers dedicated a curl from their infants' heads to the protecting deities. The great rage seems to have been for light hair, and doubtless because Venus was always spoken of as the *golden-*

haired, and represented with gilt or actually gold locks.

Some similar superstitions exist in our day. What a precious pledge of tender or parting vows is a lock of the hair! Once separated by the fatal blade, it is cut off forever, becoming an ominous and valued gift. In Paris impostors, pretending a state of ecstasy, place their hands on the hair of deceased persons and then pronounce a prophecy or a prescription for the benefit of the living inquirer. It is a well-known fact that large quantities of dead human hair are sent from England to the Parisian fortune-tellers for this silly purpose.

The hair of the English and American women is said to be the finest in the world, but most of the false in trade comes from France, Italy, Spain, and Germany. In France it is common to sell the crop of hair, and agents regularly travel to purchase it. They pitch their tents at the fairs, and many luxuriant tresses are thus obtained from the rustic beauties for money, trinkets, or trumpery jewelry. A good head of hair will weigh one and a half or two pounds, and its wholesale price varies from \$150 to \$300, but very fine, glossy sorts and of rare color become much more valuable.

There are some curious tricks in the trade of manufacturing false hair. The curls are actually made into a regular pie, with a crust of paste, and then baked in an oven, as if a dainty morsel for the table; the locks, wound on little earthen rollers, are stewed for two hours before being made into the pie. This baking secures the proper curl of the hair.

It has always been considered a disgrace to have the hair cut short—a mark of slavery and submission. Cæsar compelled the Gauls to cut theirs, allowing the mustache only to be worn. When Sir Thomas More laid his head on the fatal block he carefully placed his beard out of the ax's way, telling the executioner not to wound it. "My beard," said he, "has not been guilty of treason; it would be injustice to punish it." The Archbishop of Canterbury went so far as to pronounce excommunication against all who wore long hair. It was found necessary, also, to admonish the nuns at times for dressing their hair in an objectional style, and St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, always carried a sharp knife with him to cut off improper locks, telling the offender to go home and repeat this operation all over the head.

The short hair and long beards of the Swiss and the Italians was a custom adopted in France under Francis I, and lasted till the reign of the young Louis XIII, when the curled style

*See Virgil, *Æ.* 4, 694.

was introduced. Dandies and exquisites then wore curled wigs of women's tresses, which relieved them from the trouble and torture of the barber's heated tongs. Then came *peri-wigs*, with enormous *perukes*, powder, and pomatum, reaching their hight in England during the time of Charles II. Gentlemen then carried carved pocket combs, and it was fashionable to comb the wig in the mall, theater, or at court. Wigs were *la grand mode*, and those whose brains refused these monstrous deformities compromised fashion by adopting sham corkscrew curls reaching to their waist. In James II's time the price of a gentleman's wig was \$150, and the French "*fontange*" of the ladies was a frame of wire two or three stories high, covered with silk, and fixed on the hair.

With the first royal Georges came the striking novelty of the "*Ramitie tail*"—a plaited tail to the wig, having an immense bow at the stump and a smaller one on the tip. To Lord Bolingbroke, it is said, the "*elegans*" were indebted for this elegant improvement. The well-known "*pigtail*" was a modification of this style, and naval officers thus using their own hair, it became a favorite fashion with the jolly tars on Lord Nelson's day. Who has not seen living specimens of the pigtail among old sailors? They are rare, but we have met with them, and especially among the venerable inmates of our Seamen's Retreat.

Shaving and barbers are very ancient trades. They came from Sicily into Rome about the year of the city, 450. Till then, Pliny informs us, it was not the custom to cut the hair or to shave. Julian once called a barber, and when he appeared in a dress far above his condition, the Emperor, earnestly gazing upon him, said, "I called for a barber, not for a governor or senator." Among the Hebrews shaving was usual in times of mourning and great calamities, and the Greeks shaved their heads before they married, consecrating the hair to their guardian gods.

But the *beard!* the *beard!* this is the thing with the fashions of our times. All now wear them, from Presidents down to the Ethiopian melodists, reverend men and waiters in the restaurants, gold-laced soldiers, with lawyers, doctors, and conjurers. The revolutions of countries have hardly been more striking and famous than the changes of beards. Moses forbid the Jews to cut off entirely the extremities of their beards. To this day they wear them on the chin, having their upper lips and cheeks clean shaved. Sometimes the whole beard was shaved by way of insult. At other

times half of the beard, hair, with half of the clothes, were cut off. Thus Hanun, King of the Amorites, shaved the ambassadors of David. The Romans did not begin to use the razor till they were twenty or twenty-one, and the day of shaving was a time of rejoicing. They put the hair of their beards in a silver or gold box, dedicating the sacred treasure to their guardian divinity. The Greeks wore their beards till Alexander the Great's time, when that king ordered the Macedonians to be shaved for fear of giving a handle to their enemies.

It is not very long since that the ladies adopted the present style of hair, which is most classical in simple elegance, most natural, and doubtless the most becoming. As for the "lords of creation," they may be styled a hairy race—Esaus—and many of them strongly remind us of Lord Monboddos's theory, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says "that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts."*

"T is strange how men and things revive,
Though laid beneath the sod, O!
I sometimes think I see alive
Our good old friend, Monboddos!
His views, when forth at first they came,
Appeared a little odd, O!
But now we've notions much the same—
We're back to old Monboddos!"

One of the most remarkable traits of the human hair is the fact of its not dying when life is extinct in the body. It is certain that the hair, and especially the beard, continues to grow after death, generally for some days, but a considerable time in rare instances. That of the woman in Nuremberg is well known, whose coffin, some forty years after her death, was found to be actually forced open from the hair springing through its joints. When opened the sexton found it filled with long, curled hair, and touching the curious remains, still retaining the human form, they all crumbled—"dust to dust and ashes to ashes"—but left the immense crop of human hair perfect and strong as if the woman was alive. How shall we explain this strange case? The roots may have remained and sustained their growth from the damp air of the tomb, like the lower order of vegetation in mold upon organic matter. We see something very similar in vegetable life when the trunk of a tree, cut down to its roots and completely severed from the ground, dead as the Nuremberg woman, puts forth green and fresh shoots for months afterward. Shakspeare seems to have in view this peculiar

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. IV, p. 73.

life of the beard when he makes Gloster say to Lear's daughter Regan, when she plucked him by his beard,

"Naughty lady!

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee."

EXPERIENCES WHICH ARE SELDOM TOLD.

BY EUGENIA STANLEY.

A WAY from the busy cares of domestic life, from all the noise and turmoil of my children, I wandered, solitary and thoughtful. O, what a delicious feeling! All the cares and perplexities, the toil and trouble left behind at the house, where I had been busy all that long, hot day. God forgive me, but it had been such a day of trials to me! I had not felt well, and my temper, never one of the best, had been sorely tried. It was so hard to live in this stern, unromantic way; never a moment from one week's end to another that I could call my own to read or dream; no time for books or music. I must work in the hot, odorous kitchen from morning till noon, and after my hands had cooked the dinner I must wash the dishes, clean the knives, sweep, dust, wash, iron, and make beds. I must then mend and make, patch and darn. The children also must be attended to; they must be kept neat and tidy. And these two hands must do it all!

Where was the "poetry" of such a life? Love in a cottage may be very well to read about, or nice to encounter, if the cottage happen to be a two-story one with all the modern improvements; with wide, pleasant verandas, green blinds, and a variety of elegant furniture; a library and plenty of leisure to read; with flowers and birds; servants to run at your bidding, and money enough to keep up such a state of things. But life in a little brown cottage, scarcely large enough for a play-house, was a very different affair, let me tell you, kind reader—a wee bit of a cottage, whose kitchen served for a dining and sitting-room, and the parlor scarcely larger than a bedroom, furnished with a rag carpet, a seven by nine looking-glass, rude wooden chairs, and one corner sacred to the occupancy of the "spare bed." Yes, this was quite a different life.

As I walked along, thinking how hard was my lot, thinking how faded and worn I was getting to be, how rough and brown my hands were, I know I had some bitter reflections and

harsh and ungrateful feelings. God help me! In the darkness and blindness of my proud, resentful heart, I entertained rebellious feelings and revengeful thoughts against my noble, self-denying husband. I blamed him that I could not live in luxurious idleness. The soft blue sky, the joyous notes of the birds, the rippling of the brook, all the purity and gladness of that Summer afternoon were unheeded by me. I might as well have been deaf and blind, been bereft of all my senses, for all the pleasure afforded me by these lovely sights and sounds.

Seated at length beneath a tree, I reviewed my conduct, comparing it with that of my noble, patient husband, and I asked myself why I was not like him; why, when he had so many discouragements, so many hours of hard, unremitting toil, he was not ill-tempered, as I was; how it was that he always greeted me with smiles and loving words in return for my grumbling, fretting, and ill-humor; why he was never cross, never met me with bitter upbraidings, as too many men would have done, and which I owned now I deserved; why he never was impatient with the children, as I was, O! so often; and I thought of poor Nellie, how her lip had quivered and the great brown eyes filled with tears that very morning when I shook her! Ah, what was the difference! I studied long on this question, and the answer was made clear as noonday to my heart. It was this: "Your husband loves God, and, loving him, strives to honor him, serve him, and glorify him by a life of patient self-denial, by meekness, by good works, and above all by being contented with the station in life in which God has placed him." I walked home, determined to go and do likewise.

APPLICTION.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!"

LONGFELLOW.

"TO suffer and be strong" is indeed "sublime;" it is the very perfection of human virtue. Life in its noblest sense is not only a scene of holy activity in behalf of goodness and purity, but it is often one of suffering and endurance in order to the evolvment of the highest virtues of Christian character. Virtue must be severely tested that we may see its inherent moral energy, its divine quality. Life is full of oppositions and trials in order to this

end. Job never exhibited such sublime moral qualities as when, in the hight of his suffering, in the crucible of trial, he said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Paul never gave such relief to the proportions and symmetry of his character as when, over a record of hunger, thirst, nakedness, imprisonment, peril by land and sea, and among false brethren, he exclaimed, "We *suffer* all things lest we should *hinder* the Gospel of Christ." One has well said that

"Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,
Not amidst joy."

Affliction comes to the trial of virtue in various forms. Sometimes it assumes the garb of poverty, as in the case of Lazarus, "who sat at the gate of the rich man." Poverty severely tests the strength of the good man's religious character, but as in the case of pure gold in the crucible, it but reveals its intrinsic purity and beauty. Hard as the trial may be, the true soul is equal to it in its silent strength and majestic repose. Some of the world's best worthies—characters that have left behind them the purest models of piety and moral excellence—learned in the vale of poverty the secret of their own strength and the source of their own highest good. Who so poor and yet so morally strong as Lazarus? Cowper says:

"No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest mine."

Affliction not unfrequently assumes the form of bodily suffering. Some of our Heavenly Father's best children have known but little else than long years of suffering and pain. Why is this? Surely not because He has pleasure in such severe physical dispensations. O, no. His very nature—for "God is love"—forbids the idea. In such apparently harsh discipline he seeks their spiritual and eternal good. In fact, this is an evidence of his love, "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Our Lord in heaven, who was himself "made perfect through suffering," knows what is best for his children; hence in his providence he allows them to be afflicted. David acquired strength and purity from his affliction, for he says, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes." Paul when he thrice prayed that "the thorn in his flesh" might be removed, heard the voice of Infinite Love whisper in his ear, "My grace is sufficient," and that was enough, whether the thorn in the flesh was removed or not. If

yours, reader, be the lot to spend long nights and wearisome days upon a bed of affliction, recollect that such is the ordering or permission of your Heavenly Father to discipline your virtues and train your affections for the skies. In advance you have the assurance that "He doth not afflict willingly," but does so in pursuance of your own best good. In the hour of bodily pain, when the tempter would have you "murmur and wish your suffering less," remember, as Francis Quarles has expressed it, that He

"Who sends affliction¹ sends an end, and he best
Knows what's best for him, what's best for you."

Affliction often comes to us in sore bereavements, in the loss of near and dear friends. All other forms of affliction seem less to our hearts than that which consigns our loved ones to the grave. To Him whose solemn decree says, "Earth to earth and dust to dust" to the bodies of those we love, it is hard for poor human nature, even under the influence of grace, to say, yet we must say it, "Thy will be done." But harsh as is the discipline to flesh and blood, bereavement has a kindly, heaven-sent mission to our hearts. Natural enough is it that we should keenly feel over the empty voids made by death in our households. We would be worse than stoics did we not. But we know not the ministry nor the design of bereavement if we learn not to acquire strength and purity therefrom. If God takes a part of our family to heaven, gathers our jewels there, is it not done to train us by this discipline for the blessed reunions and companionships of the skies? Stricken one, look up amid thy tears and heart-griefs. Your loved ones are in heaven that they may attract you thither.

"Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die;
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?"

Affliction in some form must needs come. So the kind Father above orders, and orders for our good. Be it, then, our wisdom, reader, to seek that grace which transmutes all our afflictions into blessings, all our sorrows into joys, and then shall we commence to know what hereafter we shall more perfectly know, that this "affliction, which is but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

—♦—

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

MY WIFE AND I.

BY BRODIE NEWMAN.

"It was forty years ago, was n't it, wife?"

"Forty years since when, Henry?"

"Forty years since we first met."

"Let me see; Harry was born—"

"No, no, wife, do n't reckon."

"Yes, I remember now; it was about forty years ago; you were twenty-one, I was just eighteen."

"True, wife, you were just eighteen; I was twenty-one."

Forty years ago; I remember it well. It was in a little village nestling among the mountains, looking down from the slopy hill-side on which it sat into the clear waters of the Venango, on the surface of which it cast another village in shadow while the sun was going down. It was in this wise. I had gone to this little village from my noisy city life to commence the study of my profession. I was a Methodist, but Methodism was very small and feeble there. A little abandoned frame school-house, sitting on the hill quite apart from the rest of the village, had been bought by the handful of men and women who composed the Church there, and was used for worship. I wonder why we used to get so far out of the way with our meeting-houses in those days? Was it that we might feel more free in the manifestations of the earnest experience we then enjoyed? or was it because we were despised by the people and abused by the preachers of other denominations, and wished to get as far as possible away from this contempt?

In the little school-house the circuit preacher preached once in two weeks; on quarterly meeting occasions the elder preached in the court-house, for M. was the county seat. On that Sabbath that I speak of there was no preaching. A venerable man with silver locks, the class-leader of the little band, exhorted and led the prayer meeting. I was there—she was there. She led in prayer in that little chapel, for women, you remember, publicly prayed in those days. Touchingly tender was that prayer. I had never heard a young girl pray in a public congregation. How sweetly fell that voice on my ear! When the prayer was over I tried to see the face, but it was covered still with a white handkerchief. I saw part of the form; it was tall, slender, lady-like. The dress was scrupulously neat and plain; the hair was pressed closely down over the temples. When the meeting was

over I again tried to catch a glimpse of the face. Her modest retirement prevented this, and I only saw the full form moving off toward home.

In the afternoon the young brother who had led the singing, and whose acquaintance I had just made, called to see me and proposed a walk along the river bank. We walked till the dusk of the evening, when, as it drew near the time for the evening meeting, we returned by a way which led us by the house in which she lived. We stopped to accompany them to meeting. It was a little cottage on the river side. In it dwelt her mother, a widow, a feeble woman, much broken under the weight and toils of life, a brother when he was at home, for he was the main dependence of the family, and his labors called him frequently away, and herself, who aided in keeping the wolf from the door by her needle.

There was no light in the house; they were enjoying the cool air of a June evening, and avoided lights to keep away the insects. Then I was introduced to her. She gracefully arose and took my hand and welcomed me to M. I could not yet see her face. She spoke, and it was the same rich, gentle, tender voice, with a strange, touching tremor in it, and it had a strange power over me. What was it that I felt when I first touched the hand and heard the voice of that young girl? What was it that instantly made me feel that she was dear to me, and that somehow our destinies were to flow together? I felt that moment that she was to be my wife, though six hours had not passed since I first heard her voice, and I had not yet seen her face, and had come to the quiet little village purposely to avoid society and give myself up entirely to study. What would I have given then to see her face! But no; at meeting-time she retired into an adjoining room, put on her simple dress, and in the dark we walked together to Church, she and I, my new friend, and the old mother. That night I dreamed what kind of a face might accompany such a voice and form, and when about two weeks afterward I saw it, it was nearly as I had dreamed it. Then I loved, as I thought, face, voice, form, and all.

Three months later I left the village and returned to my city home. We were "engaged," but as she was still young, and I had yet my profession to study, we were in no hurry, and three years passed before we were married. During those three years we met but three times; nor was our correspondence very extensive or very tender. I was studious and much absorbed in my books; she was

timid and reserved; a love-letter, properly so called, never passed between us. Reader, I am about to tell you the story of our married life, and I must tell you the whole truth. Several times during the three years that preceded our marriage I almost wished myself free from my engagement. Not that I discovered any thing wrong in her. She was always the same—modest, quiet, gentle; I can hardly say loving, for she seemed to avoid manifesting that. But I could not but note the difference in our circumstances. She was a plain, uneducated, poor, village girl, making her own living and helping in that of others by her needle. I had been brought up in the city, was of a good family, had some means in my own right, had received a collegiate education, and was about graduating as a physician. Other girls, my equals in all respects, I knew I could easily win, and I thought that she was determined to hold me to my hastily-made engagement. In that thought I now know I did her injustice, and that if she had known that I had such a thought she would have spurned me from her. Still I thought so then, and it made the engagement that I had so freely made seem like a bondage to me. I determined, however, honorably to fulfill it. The fact is, reader, we had too little intercourse before our marriage, and that little was cold, formal, and unloving. We did not know each other.

We were married. Our honeymoon passed pleasantly enough. I upbraided myself frequently with having done her great injustice in my thoughts. True, I still saw that she was greatly deficient in education and in the little arts and accomplishments of good society; but she had a good heart, and I felt she would make me a good wife. I had commenced the practice of medicine in a moderate country town, and was rapidly growing into a large practice. To this I gave great attention, and soon finding no particular entertainment or attraction in my wife, I confined myself almost entirely to my office and my visits. In one year after our marriage, reader, we were estranged from each other.

How did it happen? How does the tree grow crooked and gnarled? How do children grow up wickedly in Christian families? It was not done in a moment; it was not the result of any one thing. We had not quarreled; not a hard word had passed between us. I felt tenderly toward her; I knew she loved me. Yet we were apart—not separated by law, but separated, as I thought, by our natures. We had but little intercourse with each other. She was not in sympathy with my

pursuits; I had no sympathy with hers. She could do any thing in the world with her needle; she could do nothing with her books. She was perfectly at home in housekeeping; she knew nothing of the world in which she lived. She could talk about the ordinary affairs of domestic life; she knew nothing of the ideal world in which I lived. I was ambitious; she was plain and contented. I loved books; she cared nothing about them. I was intellectual; she had no intellect. I was dreamy and speculative; she was common-sense and practical. I tried—I believe we both tried—to find some cord of sympathy between us, but in vain. At the end of the first year of our married life, as I have said, I was painfully conscious of an impalpable gulf between us. I believe she was too. I never said so much to her; she never spoke of it to me.

We settled down quietly into our state of separation. Many a meal we took together without scarcely a word passing between us. We shared the same bed night after night without speaking. We sat hour after hour in the same room, she with her needle, I with my book, without noticing each other. At ten o'clock she would quietly retire; at twelve or one I would lay aside my book and follow her. We were not angry with each other, reader; there was no dispute between us. I simply followed my nature; she followed hers. I read; she sewed. How many times I wished there were no needles in the world! I presume quite as many times she wished there were no books. I kept all the time charging these difficulties to the difference in our education and culture. I felt that I had made a mistake, that in the momentary passion inspired by the fresh beauty, gentle voice, and innocent manners of a country girl I had made an engagement which my sense of honor compelled me to carry out, but which had now fastened unhappiness on both of us for life. She was unhappy, I knew that; I was unhappy, and she knew it; but it seemed impossible for either of us to break down the barrier which separated us.

Two years after our marriage our baby Harry was born. I call him baby Harry; wife so named him. I wished to call him Charles, after my father. Henry is my name, and wife insisted on Harry. She had no relative by that name, so that I knew that it was intended for me.

"We will call him Harry while he is young," she said, "and Henry as he grows older."

I confess that I was touched a little by the tender compliment. Far as we were apart, im-

passable as seemed the gulf between us, I knew by this act that she was endeavoring to reach across the gulf and love me still. I tried also to reach out of my cold selfishness and meet her kindness. I thought of her many good, homely qualities, of her gentleness, patience, submissiveness, and most of all her evident love for me. I stooped down and kissed her as she lay upon the bed. Her face was radiant with delight, and I felt a strange warmth in my heart and a moisture in my eye. I thought, now we will know and love each other. This child, *our* child, will be the bond between us.

I was attentive and kind during her illness. I saw how well she understood and how much she appreciated it. Things went better with us for a few months; but then I began to grow weary of this mere play of affection around a wife and child. I turned again to my books and she to her baby and needle.

My practice was large and kept me out of the house much in the day-time. I cared but little for this, since I found, as I thought, but little to attract me at home. Do not understand me, reader, that Molly—that is my wife's name—neglected her home. On the contrary, I blamed her for devoting too much care to it. Neither of us was very fond of company, and therefore she was nearly always at hand, and our home from the attic to the cellar was always neat and clean. She had a place for every thing, and every thing was in its place. All my little conveniences, too, were always in order. I could lay my hands on any thing I needed in a moment. My office, too, which was in the basement of the house, I regularly found once a week in the neatest of order, and I very well knew whose hand had done it. No, Molly never neglected her house. I often wished she would. I thought all our difficulties would be healed if she would only work less and think more, if she would cease improving her house and turn to improving her mind. I do not mean that Molly was ignorant, or awkward, or unlady-like. Her very quiet, easy, gentle manners made her a lady always, and her good, practical common-sense made her the friend and adviser of many ladies in the town. But I always felt she was not company or society for me; she could enter into no sympathy with my studies, plans, thoughts, ambitions. There seemed to be nothing in common about which we could talk and be mutually interested in. Do you see the rock on which we split, reader? Perhaps not exactly. I did not then, but do now, but only learned it through a stern and sorrowful lesson.

For five years after the birth of our boy—for nearly seven years after our marriage—thus we lived. During those five years she pursued her own quiet way, I pursued mine. She was devoted wholly to her house and her boy, I to my practice and my books. "Her boy," I have written above. Did I not love my boy, then? Reader, I hardly know. I think I did. I did not give him much attention; I was so much absorbed in my thoughts and pursuits I did not often see him, and his mother was so entirely devoted to him that I used to think that he, too, stood between us, and that if he had not so entirely monopolized his mother's time and care, perhaps we could have found some way to meet and understand each other. But yes, I must have loved our baby Harry, for in after years, when Harry filled an early grave, a sad grave, reader, as I may tell you some day, it nearly broke my heart, and sometimes now I go to the church-yard where is written on a marble slab, "To the memory of Harry, only son of Henry and Mary Miller, aged 21 years," and, brushing away the tears from my eyes, say, "Poor Harry, had I been more attentive to you and less devoted to my own dreams and ambitious pursuits, perhaps you would not be sleeping here, or, at least, not in a dishonorable grave."

But to return to "my wife and I." How often I thought there surely must be some middle ground on which she and I could meet; that if she would give up somewhat of the practical and I somewhat of the ideal we could certainly come nearer together! But during those years we did not find the middle ground. We were unhappy and apart. For full three years we had scarcely any society with each other. My practice made me very irregular at meals, and therefore we seldom met at table. All the long day she would sit in her chamber with her boy, caring for him with too scrupulous anxiety while he was a baby, and sewing, stitching, embroidering for him as he grew older. When my day's visits were over I would enter the office, take to my books to read or to my pen to write, and when the small hours would come would noiselessly enter my own room, several days sometimes passing without even seeing my wife.

"We never quarreled, did we, wife?"

"Quarreled! Why, certainly not."

Molly speaks very confidently on this point, and speaks truly. We never quarreled; I was too proud for that, she was too good. Perhaps not even a severe word ever passed between us. I remember occasionally to have spoken sharply, not angrily, when at table, the

place where we were most likely to meet, she would differ from me in judgment. I was sensitive on that point. I could not bear the idea that she should call in question my knowledge on any subject, or urge an opinion different from my own. She soon discovered this, and seldom crossed my way in that respect.

She knew nothing of my business. I never told her any thing about it. She did not know whether we were really rich or poor, in easy or in straitened circumstances. My income was more than sufficient for all their wants, and she had but to make her wishes known to have them gratified, while I always kept a pleasant surplus in her private purse. She was in no sense extravagant. I made investments according to my own pleasure, never consulting her.

It can be easily inferred that in such a life our religious character greatly suffered. We both were members of the Church. At first I endeavored to erect our family altar, but soon made the excuse of frequent professional interruptions to lay it aside. The same excuse served me also for absenting myself from religious service on the Sabbath. As a very natural thing I became skeptical. I doubted the whole subject of revelation, and lost nearly all faith in a Christian life. I never, however, lost my moral character, nor, strange as it may seem, did I often retire at night without prayer, and my prayer was occasionally warm and with good feeling. But I only prayed at night; not through fear, I am sure; perhaps simply from the force of habit. I can not say that she lost her religious life nearly so much as I did. Moving into a new place, she never took the same active part in religious services as she did before our marriage. I never heard her voice in public prayer but once; that was the time, you remember, when her singularly sweet voice first fell on my ear. She punctually attended service every Sabbath morning, but seldom, I think, during the week. I know that she read much in the Bible, and often prayed in secret.

Thus, as I have said, passed seven years of our married life. Husband and wife, yet strangers to each other! That each was dear to the other I know, but it seemed impossible for us to make it mutually manifest and contributive to our mutual happiness. I would not have been separated from her or have her die for the world. I know I was dear to her as her own life. Words of love and tenderness never passed between us; for five years I am sure we never kissed each other. Cold, quiet, unsocial; respectful, considerate, kind; separate,

unloving, miserable; such was our life. Thank God, at length there came a change, but it was through tears and suffering. I suppose there was no other way, and God in pity sent the blow upon us.

Some of my readers will perhaps remember the great financial crash of '37. I believe I said I made investments according to my own pleasure. I had all my earnings invested in various ways, some in loans, some in companies, some in stocks. I was generally involved in financial claims and liabilities when the crisis came. I saw for several months ahead that the embarrassment was coming. Full three months in advance I knew I must fail. They were three months of crucifixion. I did not tell her. Why should I? I had never told her any thing about my business. How could I? I had always felt proud of my superior intelligence; how could I now tell her all had failed and we were bankrupt? I knew she perceived in my countenance and manner that something was wrong. Two or three times she asked me tenderly and anxiously if I was ill. I was ill; I was suffering in body and spirit; I was being crucified on a cross of pride and chagrin. I think she did not suspect what was the real cause.

At length it came. One day in July I failed to meet a note in bank of considerable amount. Two days afterward a large note on which I was indorsed failed, and I received notice of protest. A week later a note that was due me suffered the same fate, and the next day a large house considerably my debtor failed. I was bankrupt. My head was reeling under the excitement of three months of anxiety; my heart I found was beating rapidly, and sent the blood throbbing through my temples; my mouth was dry, my skin hot and feverish. That evening as I entered the front door of my house I met Molly in the hall. She was startled at my appearance, and exclaimed, "Husband, do tell me what is the matter."

"Nothing, Molly, nothing. I am only a little ill."

I spent a sleepless night in my own room. Twice during the night she stole quietly into my room and softly asked, "Are you asleep, Henry?"

"No, Molly, I am a little restless."

"Can I do any thing for you?"

"Nothing."

Within a week I had called my creditors together and had assigned over to them all my property, papers, and books, and all the valuable part of my furniture. When this was done, on the night of the first of August, I entered her

room and abruptly announced to her that we were beggars. I expected a scene. I looked for a flood of tears, for nervous spasms; at least, for cruel upbraidings, which I felt I richly deserved. Reader, I found nothing of the kind. She sat for a moment quietly on her chair. I stood wildly excited on the floor. She arose and approached me, put her arms around my neck, rested her head on my shoulder for a little while, then lifted her large, dark eyes, slightly moistened with tears, up to mine and said, "Thank God, Henry, thank God! I feel that this will bring our hearts together, and in our united poverty we shall be happier than in our divided wealth and pride."

I thought she was an angel that moment. I folded her to my heart, a thing I had not done for six years, and I felt that I had not paid dearly for the blessedness of that hour even by the loss of all my property.

Next day a large printed bill was posted on our house, announcing the sale of our property for the benefit of my creditors. I went to the door and saw it, and then returned into the house and went out no more till after the sale. The sale over, my property and most of my furniture gone, my pride and mortification led me into another mistake. I determined to gather together the little that was left and move away. Had I remained I know the friends I had made, the families in which I had practiced would at least not have allowed me to suffer. But my pride urged me on. I could not bear the thought of remaining. I told her my determination. She said not a word, but quietly acquiesced. Perhaps God saw that we needed much more yet to break my cold, proud, selfish heart.

We moved several hundred miles away and located in a little growing village of the West. It has become a large city since then. When we reached it I was completely prostrated in body and spirit, and our little purse was about exhausted. We secured a little cottage-house in the suburbs of the village and moved in. Our little stock of furniture was not sufficient even to supply this little house. I remember our first scanty meal in our new home. It had been cooked on the hearth; we had no stove. Then comes a blank. My next recollection is of awaking one warm, sultry evening late in September, as if out of a wild dream, to find myself in bed unable to move, scarcely able to speak, with a tearful face beaming with love and tenderness looking into mine. It was Molly; she was fanning me.

"Do you know me, dear?" For seven years she had not called me "dear."

"Certainly I know you, Molly; but where are we, and what is the matter?"

"You have been very sick, Henry. For three weeks you have known nothing, and I have watched over you almost hourly expecting you to cease to breathe. But, thank God, you are spared to me yet."

"Thank God, Molly," I said, and as I looked into her pale, thin, wan face and saw the tender love that beamed upon me from it, my heart swelled with love toward the good angel, and I felt the moisture gathering in my eyes.

For two weeks more I was unable to leave that bed. Molly was my nurse, and most tenderly and lovingly did she care for me. Every day I felt my heart kindling toward her; every day I saw more plainly the mistake I had been making; how, through my pride of intellect, I had been underestimating the worth of that noble woman; how, because I could not find in her a lofty mind dwelling in a world of thoughts and dreams, I had thrown away from me a pure and loving heart, the full wealth of whose affections she would have given me any time I had sought and accepted it.

One day, before I was yet able to get up, I awoke out of an afternoon sleep and found Molly at the side of the bed, occasionally using the fan to drive away the flies, and then laying it aside and busily plying her needle. I watched her for a little while. I felt hurt.

"Molly," I said, "can you not even lay aside that awful needle while I am sick?"

She raised her head slowly, and when it turned toward me I saw tears glistening in her eyes.

"Henry," said she, "to-morrow is the Sabbath; we have no bread in the house; I am making this dress for a neighbor who will give me for it enough to provide our necessary food."

God of mercy, had it come to this! I had forgotten that we were bankrupt. In my weakness I had not appreciated the reality of our poverty. I groaned and turned my face toward the wall. God was humbling me indeed. That poor girl, that seamstress, that awful needle was now to be our savior from want.

For six months I was unable to leave the room. Not, indeed, till late in the following Spring, almost a year after our sorrows began, was I able to do any thing toward our support. Poor, dear, patient Molly did it all; all without a murmur, most tenderly, quietly, and lovingly. After awhile I was able to sit up and read. I read aloud, read to Molly while she sewed, and when I grew weary of reading and she of the

needle, Molly would read to me and I would make explanations to her. Thus through the weary months—strange secret we had discovered—the needle and the book after all were not enemies; the scholar and the housekeeper, the man and the woman, the intellect and the heart after all could meet together and harmonize. The family altar was reared in our little cottage again. When I was strong enough I prayed, when I was too weak she prayed. On Sabbath mornings we went to the village church, I in my weakness leaning on her, and little Harry trotting by her side. We both leaned on her, Harry and I—on dear, patient, industrious Molly. O, those were precious months, reader, with all their trials and sufferings. We knew and loved each other.

"It was thirty years ago, was n't it, Molly?"

"Thirty years since when, Henry?"

"Ah, yes; I thought I had been talking to you, Molly, but I was only thinking. Thirty years since we moved to C. and I was so sick."

"Let me see; Mary was born in 1840, Anna in 1843, we moved into our new house in Grand-street in 1850, and poor Harry died in—"

"There, wife, that will do. It was about thirty years ago. You are not so handsome as you were then, Molly. You did not need glasses when you were sewing by my bedside; your large dark eyes are failing in their brightness. There are wrinkles on your cheeks, Molly, and many silver streaks through your dark hair; the skin hangs loosely on your hands, and the mellowness has gone out of your voice; but I love you yet, Molly, dearer than all the earth beside. I am tired writing, Molly; shall I read to you while you sew?"

ON THE BRIDGE.

BY PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.

THROUGH a village in the mountains,
Where my boyhood days were passed,
Rushing down from far-off fountains
Runs a river clear and fast.
O'er a chasm, deep and narrow,
Just below the whitened fall,
Where the torrent like an arrow
Shoots along the spray-wet wall,
There a rustic bridge is hanging
With its airy, swaying floor
High above the waters, spanning
All the gulf from shore to shore.
Bending there low o'er the railing,
In my boyhood days of dream,
I have spent the hours in sailing,
Sailing up the hurrying stream;

For to wayward fancy's seeming,
Gazing on the flood below,
Through the air I flew in dreaming,
While the waters ceased their flow;
Yet forever when I landed
From my voyage from up the flood,
There my phantom ship lay stranded
Where the bridge had always stood.

And the old bridge still is hanging
On its pillared walls of stone,
With its massive, mossy timbers
Hear and worn as years have gone;
But the restless, rushing water
Still beneath is hurrying past,
And it never halts nor loiters
With its current clear and fast.

Such is life. Across Time's river
Thus for each a bridge is thrown;
Bending o'er the railing ever,
Each enraptured, gazes down,
And with 'withered sense believing
That we fly past vale and hill,
In our dreams ourselves deceiving,
In our places stand we still.

Thus "the thing that hath been shall be"—
Only man grows old and gray,
And when death shall close our dreaming
Only we shall pass away.

DREAMING.

BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I SOMETIMES think the morn will break
In eastern skies with quick'ning beam,
And I shall from my slumbers wake
To find my life a fancy dream;
That while my form unconscious lies,
My restless spirit in disguise,
And with a wand of smiles and tears,
Bright joys, dark sorrows, hopes and fears
Doth turn my seconds into years
Of dreaming;

That through the homestead lattice low,
With rose and honeysuckle twined,
The olden nursery rhyme shall flow
Again upon the Summer wind—
"Wake, little girl, you sleep too long,
The birds have sung their morning song."
Ah, shall that dear voice never break
My slumbers more? For pity's sake,
Tell me, my friends, am I awake
Or dreaming?

Yet would I like to live again
The long, dark years of sorrow o'er?
Ah, no; thank God, past years of pain
Are gone forever more.
I may not bring my childhood back,
Nor blot the cares from girlhood's track,
Nor woman's sins or griefs forget;
But reason warns me not to let
The moment fly that's left me yet
In dreaming.

THE BEAUTY OF GODLINESS.

BY M. JANE SHADDOCK.

"**B**LESSED is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is." So God's eternal truth declares, and who is able to contradict it? None; not the mightiest, although some of earth's towering intellects have spent themselves in endeavoring to overwhelm and batter down this glorious bulwark of human hopes, yet it stands, and shall stand while God is God.

Knowing, then, the stability of this foundation, it is amazing to see so many passing to the dark unknown beyond, leaning only upon a doubt. A true trusting in God gives the perfect peace which passeth understanding—gives sweet rest even in the midst of storms, gives a supporting assurance of "green pastures" and "still waters" beyond, when our feet press heavy upon thorns in the life-path. How can we know anxious care when we are assured that "He careth for us?" How can we complain, and weep, and sorrow when we know that the "steps of the good are ordered by the Lord," and that all our times are in his hands?

When we consider that he spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, shall we think that he would dispense lesser gifts with a parsimonious hand? O, no; freely he giveth unto us whatsoever we have need of—not as we see, but as he sees; not, perhaps, at all times as we could wish, but always as his superior wisdom dictates, for as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, and his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them.

Does the world look with suspicion upon religious people? On the contrary, they are far more readily trusted than if their character of godliness were not known. Such is the purity and beauty of the principles of which they are exponents, that with the mass to know a person is a Christian is a sufficient guarantee of character.

Does godliness debar its friends from partaking the pleasures of earth? Does it cause them to look gloomy and miserable? No, O, no. Every pure joy, every real pleasure is open and free to the Christian; they are bidden "rejoice" and "rejoice evermore," and it is declared of the Eternal that no good thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Said a friend to me the other day, "I have known many of life's changes since I learned the beauty of godliness, but when I accepted

Christ I accepted a great joy, a fountain of peace, a world of light; an eternal sunshine was above me, for an eternal God was my shield. And to-day that joy, that peace, that light exists for me. I delight in God; to me it is beautiful to know that whatever changes and vicissitudes are yet hidden in the future, God, my Savior, shall lead with a loving hand. I discern God in the events of every day. I know of his presence and see his guiding care. I feel that he doeth all things well, and am glad. I look back with wonder to the days when I refused all that God has given in such rich abundance. I wonder that I refused the light so long. I wonder that I followed the counsels of my own heart so long. I am amazed that I was willing to brave the wrath of Him who is a 'consuming fire,' willing to risk the immortal intelligence, the soul, when I as firmly believed, as now, that my eternal happiness hung upon the accepting of Christ—willing to run the risk when I knew the uncertainty of life. 'T was consummate folly and mad presumption. There is a thrill of deep gratitude in my heart because now Christ is my Savior."

Godliness was to him an every-day joy; 't was a pure happiness." Not as the world giveth; 't was more than wealth, and luxury, and honor joined—'t was life, eternal life, 't was a glorious heirship to the kingdom of God. In the performance of our life duties we all need the aid of the Infinite. Reason at best is but a frail, uncertain guide. Dr. Young calls it "a baffled councilor," and tells us it but adds the blush of weakness to the bane of woe. We would not despise its feeble light, but we would always see added to it the rare, rich blaze of God-given wisdom.

A Christian does not limit God, but feasts upon his promises with the perfect assurance that they will be fulfilled, for since the world was not one has failed or ever can fail. Our God changes not, but we, creatures of frailty, very often change, and what God promises to-day to a pure soul, the sinning soul of to-morrow can no longer claim.

"Beautiful are thy ways and fair, O Zion, mountain of holiness, and perfect peace have they which walk in thy paths." Therefore, trust ye in the Lord forever, for the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to thine own understanding, for they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever. For them there is no darkness, but the day about them is full of light.

EARTH'S MECCA.

BY WELLES M. SOULE.

I HAVE been reading of Arabia's prophet; of the wild, strangely-beautiful language of his sacred Koran, and the myriads of deluded followers who, moth-like, fluttered around the lamp of hope he held to lighten the darkness of their pagan superstition; of Mecca, the home of the prophet in his early years, with its lofty domes and minarets cleaving the ambient air; of the temple of Mohammed, with meaningless crescent gleaming in the white moonbeams; of the far-famed fountain, whose silvery spray fell in blessings on gorgeous flowers—that fountain in which, so the legend relates, if the faithful Moslem bathe, all his sins and weaknesses shall be washed away, and youth, grace, and beauty be his forever.

We wonder at the strange infatuation which led so many to expend their treasures and suffer untold privations only to reach the heaven of their religion, to bow at the shrine of that temple whose very name was hallowed in each heart, to bathe in that fountain whose drops were to them more precious than pearls. As we glance at the road to their holy city and see through the dim haze that past years have cast over it thousands struggling through pain and anguish to catch one glimpse of its sacred walls, bringing their all of earthly good—a paltry sum compared to the rich treasures they seek—to lay upon the altar where the shadow of the holy crescent falls, we almost smile at the wild enthusiasm which spurs them on, and weep that they perished in so ignoble a cause, far, far away in the mazes of error, victims of so strange a delusion.

But ah, is there only one Mecca in this world of ours, one temple, and one pearly-dropped fountain? Glancing at the eager faces of the crowd surging by my window as I think these thoughts the answer comes, We all are striving to reach some goal in the fancy-tinted future, are dreaming that unseen hands are waiting to encircle our brows with the glittering aureole.

There is a city whose shining pinnacles and burnished parapets are sparkling and beckoning ever before the rapt gaze of myriads who pant to reach its portals. The city of gold! Do you dream that its bright turrets and massive arches are all unmingled with the dross of folly, the dust of grief? Do you think those storied walls conceal no sackcloth and ashes for those who covet their imagined treasures? Listen, then. There is no mansion on this

broad earth where the reaper does not come, no palace where your jewels can be stored which the hand of Time will not demolish. So it is all in vain that you pass the bright flowers and murmuring streams and forget the beautiful in nature's realm in your eager search for the never-to-be-attained goal you seek.

But some of us, perhaps, are toiling up the steep of knowledge and turning our eye when the body faints to the gorgeous temple far up, up above the rugged crags of doubt and difficulty, whose "walls are scarred with tokens of old wars," and flaming with names carved through earnest determination by the noble and great of all ages. And what if we reach this goal? What if earth's millions should bow at the shrine of our genius and vainly grope for the key to mysteries we have solved? Many of the massive stones which once formed the coveted summit of that temple have little by little crumbled away, and with the names inscribed upon them, sunk deep in the sea of oblivion. We might not hope for a more enduring renown, and our great achievements and noble deeds would, beneath the hurried tramp of coming ages, at last be crushed from sight, and others as great, as noble, rise, phoenix-like, from their ruins.

Yet it is glorious to labor, to know that we have lofty, God-given powers which will, if the Sacred Chart guides them, with prayer at the helm and faith the anchor, at last bring our life-bark to that port where storm-clouds never lower. If we but use as we ought the "talents" lent us here, what matter to us if our names are not clothed by future generations with the royal purple and gold of renown, and hung in the corridors of the flaming temple of fame?

But O, are we seeking to quench the thirst of immortal souls at the fountain of worldly pleasure? The gaudy, glittering flowers of pomp and pride may hang their fairy petals till they catch the sparkling bubbles; the humming-bird of fashion may sport its gay plumage and fill the perfumed atmosphere with its alluring, bewildering hum; very, very bright and pure may seem the rippling, crystal waters, but the cypress of disappointment lurks beneath those flowers; the bubbles as we grasp them dissolve in vapid air, the thrill of the humming-bird drowns the hisses of rage and envy, and the draught we quaff, intoxicating at first, is tainted with the dregs of remorse from the bottom of the deceitful fountain of pleasure.

"Then where shall we go? What is our life-work?" I can only point to the "narrow way" which leads to the city of our Prophet,

Priest, and King. Not the vanity of the Arabian imposter nor brilliant imaginations kindled beneath an Orient sky could paint Mecca, the Moslem's holy city, with tints so bright, with temple so sublime, with fountain so fresh and sparkling as those of the "New Jerusalem" standing disclosed in the clear light of faith to the Christian's earnest gaze. Here, then, is the true city, where the beams of the Sun of Righteousness gild, not the unmeaning crescent, but the glorious cross, and where those who drink of the waters of "life everlasting" shall never thirst. Up there beneath the shadow of that temple whose chief corner-stone is our Redeemer, close by the fountain of infinite joy, whose spray falls on flowers of perennial bloom, are mansions for you and me. Shall we strive less to reach our "Aiden" than the blinded, deluded victims of the false prophet?

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

BEFORE Luther came to preach the great Reformation monasteries were to be seen on the sides of all the hills in Germany. They were large buildings of a tranquil appearance, with a slight steeple which rose above the trees, and around which flew flocks of doves. They were sometimes the homes of those vices which are engendered by the combination of ignorance and idleness. Often, however, there were to be found there men careless of the pleasures of earth—holy misers, whose minds were only busied about the inheritance promised by Christ.

At Olmutz especially there was one who had become famed throughout the country for his piety and learning. He was a man of great simplicity of mind, like all who know much, for knowledge is a sea the farther we advance on which the wider the horizon appears and the smaller we feel ourselves.

Yet brother Alfus had had his times of doubt, but after his forehead had grown wrinkled and his hair blanched in the search after useless knowledge, he had called to his aid the faith of a little child. Then, confiding his life to prayer as to an anchor of mercy, he was satisfied to rock gently on the waves of pure love, religious dreams, and celestial hopes.

But evil winds still blew and troubled the holy sailor. They came from the temptations

of awakened intelligence, and reason, and pride struggling with faith. Then brother Alfus became sad, dark clouds veiled his inward sun, his heart was cold and he could not pray. Wandering through the country he seated himself on the mossy rocks, paused beneath the foaming torrents, walked through the murmuring forests. In vain, however, did he question nature. To all his entreaties the mountains, the waves, and the leaves answered but one word—God! Brother Alfus had come out victorious from many of these conflicts. Each time he was strengthened in his faith, for temptations are the gymnastics of the soul—when they do not crush they strengthen it.

But a more poignant trouble had for a long time disquieted this brother. He had often noticed that all that is beautiful loses its charm through habit. "The eye wearies of the most wonderful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the truest love, and he asked how we could find even in heaven food for eternal enjoyment. What would become of the nobility of our soul amid endless magnificence? Will immutable enjoyment never tend to weariness? Eternity! What a word for a being who knows no other law than that of change and variety! Who would wish his deepest joy to last forever? O, my God, no more past nor future, neither memories nor hopes! Eternity! eternity! O, dreadful word! O, word which terrifies us and makes us weep on earth, what wilt thou mean in heaven?"

So thought brother Alfus, and every day his trouble increased. One morning he left the monastery before his brothers had arisen and went down into the valley. The country still bathed in dew, sparkled beneath the first rays of the sun like a woman smiling through her tears.

Alfus slowly followed the shady paths of the hill. The birds which had just awakened flew through the branches, shaking down on his shaven head a shower of dew. A few butterflies, still half asleep, hovered idly in the sunbeams to dry their wings. Alfus stopped to look at the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed to him the first time he saw it, and with what ecstasy he had thought of spending his life there. To him the child of the city, accustomed to dark alleys and the dull walls of the citadel, the flowers, the air, the trees were entrancing novelties. How delightful had been the year of his novitiate! What long walks in the valleys! what charming discoveries! Brooks singing through the groves, glades haunted by the nightingale, rosy eglantines, wood-strawberries, O, what delight

to find you for the first time! How enchanting is it to explore unknown paths shaded by the thick foliage, to find at each turn a fountain where you have not drank, and moss on which you have not yet trodden! But, alas! these pleasures soon pale. Soon one knows all the paths of the forest, has heard all the birds, has plucked all the flowers, and then farewell to the beauties of the country. Habit which falls like a veil between you and creation makes you deaf and blind.

Brother Alfus had reached this point. Like those men who, from having abused intoxicating liquors, no longer feel their power, he looked with indifference at the spectacle formerly so enchanting to him. How, then, could celestial beauties occupy forever the soul which the works of God on earth could only charm for an instant?

As he asked himself the question Alfus had descended into a valley. His head drooping on his chest and his arms hanging, he went forward without seeing any thing, traversing the brooks, the woods, the hills. Already the monastery bell had disappeared. Olmutz was lost in the fogs, with its churches and its fortifications. The mountains themselves only showed like blue clouds against the horizon.

Suddenly the monk stopped. He was at the entrance of an immense forest in which his gaze was lost as in an ocean of verdure. A thousand delightful sounds murmured around, and a fragrant breeze sighed through the leaves. After gazing with amazement into the soft obscurity of the woods, Alfus entered hesitatingly, as if he feared that he were committing some forbidden act. But as he advanced the forest became greater; he found trees loaded with flowers which exhaled an unknown perfume. This perfume had about it nothing enervating like that of earth. It seemed like a sort of moral emanation which affected the soul. It was at once strengthening and delicious, like the sight of a good deed or the approach of a holy and beloved man.

Soon Alfus heard a harmony which echoed through the forest. He advanced farther, and saw in the distance an open glade flooded with dazzling light. What surprised him above all was, that the perfume, the melody, and the light seemed to be but one and the same thing. All was communicated to him by a single perception, as if he had ceased to have distinct sense, as if he had become merely a soul.

He reached the opening and sat down, the better to enjoy these wonders, when suddenly a voice was heard, but such a voice that neither the sound of oars on the lake, nor the breeze

laughing through the willows, nor the breath of a sleeping child could give an idea of its sweetness. All that earth, water, and air have of enchanting murmurs, all that human tongues and music contain of fascination seemed to be blended in this voice. It was not a song, yet it seemed like floods of melody. There were no words, and yet the voice spoke. Science, poetry, wisdom it contained all in itself. Like a heavenly air it elevated the soul and bathed it in I know not what unknown region. Listening to it, one knew every thing, one felt every thing, and as the world, while thought can embrace it in entirety, is yet infinite in its secrets, so the voice, always the same, was yet always varied. One might have listened to it for centuries, and yet it would have been ever new.

The longer Alfus listened the greater was his inward joy. It seemed to him that every instant ineffable mysteries were revealed to him. It was like an Alpine horizon when the mists are rising and lakes, valleys, and glaciers are gradually unfolded to view.

But at last the light which illuminated the forest grew dim. A long murmur echoed through the trees, and the voice was hushed. Alfus remained motionless for some time as if he had just awakened from an enchanted sleep. At first he looked around him in a sort of stupor, and then endeavored to rise and retrace his steps, but his feet were numb, his limbs had lost their agility. He followed with difficulty the path by which he had come, and soon emerged from the woods. Then he sought the road from the monastery. Thinking that he had found it, he hastened his steps, for night was coming on. But as he advanced his amazement increased. Every thing seemed to have changed since he had left the convent. Where he had then seen saplings now rose hoary oaks. He sought on the bank of the stream the little wooden bridge garlanded with wild roses by which he was accustomed to cross. It was gone, and in its place sprang a solid stone arch. As he passed a pool some women, who were drying their clothes on the bushes, stopped to look at him, and said to each other, "There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but yet we have never seen him before."

"The women are crazy," said Alfus, and passed on.

But when the bell-tower of the monastery appeared amid the foliage he began to be uneasy. He hastened onward, climbed the little path, crossed the field, and advanced toward the door. But, O surprise! the door was no

longer in its accustomed place. Alfus raised his hands and remained speechless with stupefaction. The appearance of the monastery of Olmutz was totally changed. The inclosure was larger, the buildings more numerous, a plantain which he himself had set out near the chapel a few days before now covered the holy abode with its heavy foliage. The monk, beside himself, turned to the new entrance and rang gently. It was not the same silvery bell whose sound he knew. A young brother opened to him.

"What has happened?" asked Alfus. "Is Antonie, then, no longer the porter of the convent?"

"I do not know Antonie," replied the brother.

Alfus struck his hands on his forehead in affright.

"Have I gone mad?" he cried. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz which I left this morning?"

The young monk looked at him.

"I have been door-keeper here for five years," he answered, "and I do not know you."

Alfus looked around with bewildered eyes. Monks were passing back and forth through the cloisters. He called them, but no one replied to the names he pronounced. He went up to them and looked in their faces, but he knew none of them.

"Has God worked a miracle?" he cried. "In the name of Heaven, my brothers, look at me. Have none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know brother Alfus?"

All looked at him with amazement.

"Alfus?" at last said the oldest of the monks. "Yes, there used to be a monk of that name at Olmutz. I have heard my seniors speak of him. He was a learned and thoughtful man, who loved solitude. One day he went down into the valley and he was lost to sight in the woods. They long awaited him in vain, and no one ever knew what had become of this brother Alfus; but a century has passed since then."

At these words Alfus uttered a cry, for he understood all. He fell on his knees and clasping his hands fervently,

"O, my God," he cried, "thou wouldst prove to me my folly in comparing the joys of earth to those of heaven. A century passed to me like a single day in listening to thy voice. Now I understand Paradise and its eternal joys. I bless thee, O, my God! Pardon thine unworthy servant."

As his voice ceased, brother Alfus extended his arms, embraced the earth, and died.

THE LAST REVEILLE.

BY MERRIA A. BARCOCK.

Headley states, in his History of Napoleon and his Marshals, that M'Donald, while crossing the Splügen Pass with his army of fifteen thousand men, lost nearly two hundred of them, many of whom were swept away by the avalanches. A drummer, whose fall over the precipice was broken by masses of snow, reached the bottom unharmed, and for one hour beat his drum rapidly for relief. But all in vain, and he survived his fall only to die a more cruel death of cold, famine, and despair.

OLD Splügen's brow grew dark with storms

As brave M'Donald's staggering line—

A mass of weary, war-worn forms—

Her snowy heights began to climb.

Still boldly pressed those columns on,

While storm and wind swept fiercely past,

And "Vive l'Empereur" rang out anon,

As if to taunt the Alpine blast.

But suddenly an awful form,

Like some snow-demon hidden there,

Plunged down the mountain 'mid the storm,

While shrieks of terror rent the air.

"An avalanche!" and with the word

Each struggling column felt the blow

Which fell unaimed, which struck unheard,

And hurled them to the gulf below.

From out the drifted mass of snow

A youthful drummer feebly crept,

For he unharmed received the blow,

While low in death his comrades slept.

Down deep amid those lifeless forms—

Alas! what power could aid him there?—

And 'mid the thunder-crash of storms

He beat his drum in wild despair.

The muffled sounds went ringing up

That awful precipice of snow,

While o'er despair a gleam of hope

Rose in the throbbing breast below.

Ah, how that desperate, vain appeal,

That touching, pleading, stirring call,

Went piercing like a blade of steel

To hearts whose aid was powerless, all!

And still he beat the hurried roll,

Still upward turned his pleading eye,

For hope yet breathed within his soul,

"They will not leave you here to die."

With eager gaze he scanned the steep,

While fearful anguish rent his soul,

And then more loudly rang the beat

Of that long, earnest, solemn roll.

But soon the rapid strains grew less,

And then, without one pitying eye,

Without one heart to cheer or bless,

The poor boy lay him down to die.

His dying strains more faintly rang,

His wail of hopeless agony,

Then Alpine blasts his death-dirge sang—

He 'd beaten his last reveille.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

"The king of light, father of aged Time,
Hath brought about the day which is the prime,
To the slow gliding month when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity,
And every hand is ready to present
Some service in a real compliment."

THERE is noise in the street; guns are being fired, and sounds of light-hearted merriment come ringing from the merry groups that are passing to and fro, bent on enjoyment at least for one day. Joy and content seem universal; pastime is the avocation of the hour; sorrow, poverty, and tribulation are mercifully permitted for a season to be out of the mind, and though they can not be wholly forgotten, are unconsidered for the time. And why? do we ask. Because another of life's milestones has been passed; 1865 has been buried in the tomb of foregoing years, and on this morning we hail the birth of 1866, and joy and good-cheer are mostly the accompaniments of a birth. All nations have had their annual festivals, held at determined periods, and these festivities derive their interest as much from the memory of the past as the time present. Annual festivals of ancient institution, by perpetuating old customs and observances, form one of the strongest connecting links between living men and those of former ages. In the life of individual man they also constitute epochs on which memory loves to dwell, affording pleasant prospects on the way, and sunny spots and green glades where we may stop and rest, beguiling the journey with profitable musings or innocent mirth—wayside inns for refreshment, through whose invigorating influence we march along the journey we must make, cheerfully and with a brave heart. Even Christmas itself, with all its dainty cheer, is perhaps never fully enjoyed till man has become reflective and can look back as well as forward. The young enjoy that genial festival chiefly in anticipation, and childhood, ere Christmas day is well over, longs for its next return, and chiefly in view of its accompanying gifts. The more aged think less of its approach, but under the influence of the social cheer and hearty greetings to be met with every-where, the current of genial feeling is quickened even in them, the traces of memory are renewed, the cup of good-nature overflows, and the pleasure of each former "merry Christmas" or a "happy New-Year" become so many accessories to the enjoyment of the present.

Over twenty-five hundred years ago the wise

and virtuous Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, appointed the first of January for a grand festival. He also dedicated the day to Janus, from whom the month takes its name, and who was supposed to preside over the destinies of the whole year. A lover of peace, he gave every possible encouragement to the useful arts, and sought to win his people from rudeness by instituting periods of harmless recreation.

In the ecclesiastical calendar—as we are told—the day was celebrated as the "Feast of the Circumcision," to commemorate the economy under the Jewish law, to which the Savior submitted on the eighth day after his birth. By the primitive Christians it was called "The Octave of Christmas," and kept as a solemn fast in opposition to the pagans, whose ceremonial festivals differed greatly from those had in honor of the Prince of Peace. There is, however, no mention made of it as a *festival* till near the close of the fifth century.

The Temple of Janus was built with four sides, with a door and three windows on each side. The four doors were emblems of the four seasons of the year, and the three windows in each of the sides, the three months in each season, and all together symbolized the twelve months of the year. He was represented as a young man with two faces, holding the number 300 in one hand and 65 in the other, to show that he presides over the year as numbered by days. The gates of his temple, which were always open in time of war and shut in time of peace, were closed but twice in 700 years, during which long period of time the Romans were continually employed in war; first under Numa 234 B. C., and for the last time under Augustus, about the period when Christ was born. The first of January was one of the most popular holidays held by the Romans, for then they sacrificed to Janus in order to propitiate his favor. The most superstitious of all nations, they held New-Year's day as the most auspicious time for the commencement of any important work, and the successful accomplishment of any thing between sunrise and nightfall—no matter how trivial it might be—was regarded as an omen of good for all undertakings for a twelvemonth to come. The author exulted in his good fortune if he could fix upon nothing more than the title of a forthcoming essay or poem. The magistrates, who had been previously elected, on that day, for the first time, entered on the performance of their official duties; while the Senate was obliged annually to renew their oaths of allegiance to the Emperor. Nor to the higher classes only was the

day one of importance. Historians tell us that the streets of Rome were filled with citizens; the surrounding country poured forth its wealth of peasantry from the lowly cottages, and that individual felt poor indeed who was not able to celebrate this popular day by appearing in some new article of dress. When friends met, each one was anxious to be first to utter the customary salutation of "a happy and prosperous new-year to you," as the children in the present day, who consider half the pleasure lost if they "do n't get it out first." Those stern old Romans seemed like other folks on that day, and throwing aside all care and vexation of spirit, forgetting the things which were behind they looked forward with cheerful spirits and trusted confidently to the future. But the most beautiful feature of their ceremonial observance of New-Year's day, was their giving up of old animosities, a custom still in use among the Scandinavian nations. Old and bitter enemies met on good terms; each was willing to bury, along with the departed year, all remembrance of past feuds, and pass the new milestone of life as brethren. Smiles wreathed every face, and as "iron sharpeneth iron, even so does the countenance of a man his friend;" throughout the crowded city naught could be heard but the expressions of mutual love and esteem.

The custom of making gifts on New-Year's day is of remote origin, being generally ascribed to Titus Tatius, who reigned in Rome for six years, conjointly with Romulus. The year at that time commenced on the first day of March; on the first day of his assumption of the regal power he was presented with some branches from a grove, sacred to the goddess Strenua, who was supposed to have the power of bestowing strength and vigor. Considering this circumstance as an omen of good fortune, which the chroniclers of that day tell us he had reason to do, he recommended the general interchange of gifts on each recurrence of the festival. Thus the practice soon became firmly established, and followed the festival after Numa transferred it to the 1st of January, and the custom being popular, it has continued till the present day. Not only those bound together by ties of blood or interest, but friends and even mere acquaintances thought it necessary to manifest their good-will or secure favor in this way. The presents at first were usually of little value, such as fruit covered with gold-leaf or small fancy articles ornamented with the image of Jupiter. They were intended more as evidences of good-will than of munificence or ostentation; but where a client wished to make

interest with his patron, the gilt figs were frequently filled with a few rare coins or valued medals.

There is, however, no custom, however simple and beautiful in its first observances, that is not liable to perversion and abuse, and so with this; at first a peace-offering, it became at length a State duty, if not a tax—at first a free-will gift, it degenerated into a demand. In the time of the Roman Emperor Augustus, the Senate and chief men of the city were required to bring him presents on New-Year's day, or if he were absent, to deposit them in the Capitol, where they might be seen by him on his return. This at length grew into an onerous tax to the people, and provoked loud murmurs threatening the public peace; so that Claudius, however unwilling he might be, found it the part of wisdom to abolish the practice. The early fathers of the Church were loud in their censures, and wrote several learned treatises on its evil tendency. At the time of the Roman invasion the custom of giving "duty gifts" was introduced into England, and after their departure the Saxon kings claimed it as their right. It continued long after the Norman conquest; for we find that it was followed as an exaction by Henry III and several of his successors on the throne.

The tyrannical Henry VIII demanded the "New-Year's dole" as the right of the Crown: the courtiers and common people might give what they pleased, but the gift of the bishops was usually a purse of gold. Although they murmured at the exaction, not one of them had the courage to resist, save the sturdy Hugh Latimer, one of the early reformers who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Mary I. Instead of a purse of gold, he presented the fierce monarch with a copy of the New Testament, with the leaf turned down at the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews. Henry did not resent this act of daring, but whether he took the admonition in good part, or deemed it prudent to conceal his displeasure, history does not tell us. But no English sovereign realized so much from these extorted contributions as did the great Queen Bess. The Archbishop of Canterbury once brought her forty pounds in money as a New-Year's present, while others gave articles of wearing apparel, jewelry, sweetmeats, or whatever "follicie it might be that tickled her royal fancie." She even *expected* donations from the servants about the place, and one year the dustman of the royal establishment bought a whole piece of cambric, which he laid at her feet. It was thus that the size and richness of her wardrobe, at the time of her death, was as

much a wonder to the public as that of George IV, the finest gentleman in England.

In those primitive old times, pins were considered very suitable for New-Year's gifts—they being excellent substitutes for the thorns or wooden skewers that were in use till the end of the fifteenth century. A compensation, however, in money was frequently made, and hence is said to have originated our common expression of "pin-money."

When Sir Thomas More, one of the most incorruptible judges that ever administered the law in England, was Lord Chancellor, he decided a suit so much to the satisfaction of one of the parties, a rich lady, that on the following New-Year's day she sent him a pair of gloves containing forty angels. He said in reply that "it would be against good manners for a gentleman to forsake a New-Year's gift coming from a lady, and I accept the gloves; but the *lining* I return, begging you to be pleased to bestow it otherwise."

The Druids of ancient Britain held New-Year's day in great respect. At the time of the Winter solstice they were accustomed to gather, with much ceremony, the branches of the sacred mistletoe. This plant, not springing from the earth, but existing solely by its own strength and vigor, they regarded as a type of a self-existing Divinity, and held it in such reverence that in the ceremony of separating the branches from the tree, they never touched them with their hands, but used a golden sickle for the purpose. After the sacrifice of two white heifers, the priests divided the boughs into portions and gave them to the people with great solemnity; and this ceremony being over, the festivities commenced. The opening of the New-Year was the occasion of a grand merry-making among the Saxons, Gauls, and other Gothic nations, when a part of the ceremonies was a general exchange of gifts, and the custom is still largely in use in Russian Poland.

Of the ancient festivals of Yule—or Jol of the Danes—we shall say but little, but refer our readers to the Repository, No. 4, 1861. What is now Christmas Eve with us, was in fact the last day of the year with our Gothic ancestors; and it may here be remarked that, according to the venerable Bede, the oldest English historian, about the time of the birth of Christ, the Winter solstice which they celebrated would be on the 24th or 25th of December, and not on the 21st. In the gradual progress and improvement which took place when the Gothic nations of Europe became converted to Christianity, the old pagan festival of Yule has become merged in that of the more rational

pleasure-time of Christmas. The Yule log indeed still burns all night on many a hearth in England and Scotland—and well do we remember when long ago the custom was observed by their descendants here—though the origin of the custom as an emblem of the sun being about to return from the southward being no longer heeded.

But although the Christmas ceremonies are every-where practiced, the New-Year's festival is at present but little regarded in England. There is no open demonstration of joy except in the merry peals of the bells, which "ring the old year out and the new year in," but still they pay some solemn reverence for this admonition of old Time. On the bended knee they wait in silence the approach of the New-Year, and as soon as the clock strikes the last stroke of twelve, they rise on their feet and pour forth a psalm of thanksgiving in humble acknowledgment of the Divine mercy.

Since the Reformation these annual festivals have been much less strictly observed by Protestants than by Catholics, even where the former have preserved in their ritual a commemoration of the day. In Scotland, according to the rules of the Kirk, all holidays, except the Sabbath, have been discarded. Christmas, as a religious festival, has become obsolete, while several of the customs originating in the ancient Gothic custom of celebrating the New-Year are still observed. There are no mince-pies in Edinburgh on Christmas day; but the coming of the New-Year is welcomed by what are called "first foot visits of New-Year's morn."

The French, however, are said to outstrip all other nations in the spirit with which they celebrate the day. Very early in the morning they set out upon their rounds of visits, calling first upon their relatives, then upon friends, and last of all upon mere acquaintances. The members of families who have been scattered are again united around the well-laden table, and they occupy the evening with amusements of various kinds. The amount of money spent in New-Year's gifts almost exceeds belief. Several years ago it was stated that in the city of Paris alone over \$100,000 was laid out in confectionery within two or three days, and that the sales of jewelry and other fancy articles during the holiday week were one-quarter of those for the whole year. The 3d of January is celebrated at Paris with some pomp as the festival of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of the city; and in England it has been observed that on this day the ground is either covered with snow or that snow falls. "As the day lengthens, so the cold strengthens," is an old proverb,

and with a limitation experience has found it to be true. After the shortest day the cold generally increases till about the 14th of January, when it remains nearly stationary for about a week, and then begins to decrease.

The 6th of January is observed as a festival both by the Church of Rome and the Church of England, in commemoration of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, or the visit of the Eastern Magi under the guidance of a star. The word Epiphany, derived from the Greek, literally signifies *an appearance from above*, in allusion to the star which led them into his presence. The Greeks call this the "Feast of Lights," because some of the fathers of the Church asserted that our Savior was baptized about this time, and with them baptism is figuratively termed "illumination." By the Western Churches it was, however, originally called the "Festival of the Kings," in accordance with a very ancient legend that the three wise men were kings. In Germany and France the day is yet so styled, but after the Revolution of 1700, when monarchy came to be at a discount in the latter country, the Reformers changed the name from "*la fete des rois*," to that of "*la fete des sans culottes*." In England the ecclesiastical title of Epiphany was, at an early period, dropped for that of Twelfth Day—meaning the twelfth after Christmas, which was more popular, because more easily understood.

In the Romish Church Epiphany is the commencement of the Carnival, and was formerly observed by the execution of some noted criminal. This custom, however, is long since exploded. The domestic festive rites were to commemorate the supposed regal character of the Magi, and seemed to be partly borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia, when slaves were waited upon at the table by their masters, and when the governor of the revels was chosen by drawing beans in a lottery. Thus in France it was customary for a courtier to play the part of monarch while the real sovereign honored him with a mock homage. A similar practice is kept up to this day among the students of the German universities.

In England before the Reformation Twelfth night was among the most important of the annual festivals. The priests, on the morning of that day, performed a drama illustrative of the Epiphany—which is still done in some parts of Germany—this being over, the people gave themselves to the enjoyment of rude mirth and activity. Every social gathering had its Twelfth-night cake, compounded of flour, honey, ginger, and pepper, with a couple of beans thrust into the dough in such a manner that one would

fall to a gentleman and the other to a lady. When the loaf was equally divided among the company, the two persons who were so fortunate as to draw the prizes, assumed the dignities of royalty for the evening. In Normandy, when the cake is to be dealt out to the guests, a child is put under a table concealed by a cloth falling to the floor, and as each slice is held over the table, he designates the person to whom it shall be given. Only one bean is given, and whoever finds it in his or her slice, at once selects a partner from the opposite sex to share the responsibilities of the office. In modern Twelfth-night parties other characters are frequently introduced, the names being written on small slips of paper with an appropriate verse of poetry attached to each, and drawn by lot.

Twelfth-night is celebrated in London principally by the pastry cooks. Their windows are handsomely decorated with evergreens and brilliantly illuminated. The boys in the streets have a queer trick of fastening together the clothes of those who incautiously stop to look at the display. Sometimes seven, eight, or nine persons will be found thus pinned together, and the first intimation received of the joke will be a great rent in the skirts of the dress on an attempt to move forward.

In the very early times the English farmers had a custom of "wassailing" their fruit trees on the vigil of the Epiphany in order to insure their productiveness in the coming season. So lately as 1791 this singular ceremony was observed in Devonshire, and considered absolutely essential to the health and vigor of their fruit gardens. The farmer and his laborers would go out into the orchard late in the evening, and making a circle round one of their best bearing trees, would drink the following toast three times:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree!

Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!

Hats full, caps full!

Bushel, basket, and sacks full,

And even my pockets, well filled let them be,

And—huzza—I will wassail my good old tree."

On returning to the house they were sure to find the door locked, no matter what the weather might be, and admittance was denied unless they could guess what was on the spit for supper. This was always some nice bit, difficult to be thought of, and was to be the prize of the guesser, who then divided or kept it as he pleased.

In our own land, although in some of the

old-fashioned towns many festive customs are still kept up, yet no where is New-Year's day so strictly observed as in New York. The stores are generally closed, and all public business nearly suspended. The merchant leaves his desk, the mechanic forsakes his work-bench, and the happy children, freed from the restraint of school, exult in the freedom it brings; and even the poor author, as well as the printer and editor, feel that New-Year's day comes but once a year, and that they have a right to forget pens, types, "copy," and presses for a little space. How the butchers, bakers, and milkmen, and all others who are compelled to pass through a certain routine, hurry through their duties with strange activity, that they may snatch a few hours of personal amusement! The newspaper carrier—ah yes—it is his good day, for has he not composed or found a poetical address, which he presents as a New-Year's gift to his patrons, and in return receives a small gratuity in acknowledgment of his "regularity through Summer's heat and Winter's cold," and serves well to "help the day along." But the enjoyment is not confined to the industrial classes. It is also the gentlemen's day. Look out about nine o'clock and you will see them "spruce as larks" in new kids, and freshly-ironed beavers, each with a shining morning face, hurrying to different parts of the city. But where are the women? The streets are full of men, but the gay butterflies have all vanished from the promenades, and a stranger would be surprised at the mystery of such a disappearance, which is, however, easily explained. Every lady keeps open house and entertains her gentlemen friends, and the invitations to her next party are regulated by the list of callers on New-Year's day. To this custom much objection has been made, and it must be confessed it has serious drawbacks; nevertheless, it likewise has its uses, for many are thus brought together who have not met for a twelvemonth, and thus these meetings, at which all are sure of a welcome, and every thing wears a holiday aspect, when a smile beams on every face and a kindly salutation hangs on every tongue, serve strongly to remind each one of the claim of universal brotherhood. But a few minutes can be spent in one place, because out of three hundred and sixty-five days so many are chained down to the ledger, work-shop, or counting-room, or domestic cares, that they can give no more than one day to the interchange of these simple courtesies. In the observance of this old Dutch custom pedestrians are greatly in the majority; but as it is every one's object to economize time, all the public and private

carriages are brought into requisition. Much, too, may be said, and with truth, of the abuse of this festive occasion, "hallowed by time," and intended "to be salutary in its consequences." Without the drawback of the demoralizing excess and tempting wine-cup, how kindly might those annual festivals operate in bringing together those who have been estranged without the intervention of others, or the awkwardness of explanation, and restoring the tarnished chain of friendship to its original polish!

But if the celebration of this annual festival—the commencement of a new portion of time, the closing of another that, freighted with its account of good or evil, is joined forever to the "years beyond the flood," affords to the unthinking space for revelry and idle amusement, it is to many a season of solemnity. It comes sadly to those for whom the vacant chair tells of one departed; and when diminished comforts remind of loss and bereavement, and while worldless memories come thick and fast, and ring back the echoes of happy times gone by forever, it is hard within the deep darkness of the shadow thus cast to rejoice with the rejoicing, and yield to the contagion of general gladness.

But who would be so given up to the contemplation of their own griefs as to wish that in the progress of refinement and intellectual improvement, this time-honored festival may be dropped from the calendar! For ourselves, although never participating in its festive ceremonies, we must say we hope not. Apart from historical associations, a few of which we have brought before our readers, it has many claims upon our favor. The festival of the new year coming in the midst of Winter, when the bosom of the earth lies cold and torpid, it imparts a vivifying influence, permeating the whole being, and filling the heart with sympathy and kindness for others. Even the sorrow-laden for a brief season puts aside its burden of grief—its anxieties and temptations; and although not sharing in the prevalent feeling of hilarity, yet returns the cordial greeting, heard on all sides, of "a happy New-Year to you," echoed as it is from the lips of the lowly, the melodious tones of youth, or feeble accents of age, reciprocating that which costs so little and is worth so much. Looking beyond his own narrow domestic circle, whether there he is surrounded by smiling faces, or countenances veiled in sadness, each one can take pleasure in bestowing a gift—if of nothing more substantial, a gift of gladness, by lighting up with the glow of sympathy the dwelling of some one poorer than

themselves. Let the revel, "wherein is excess," and the inebriating wine-cup—relics of barbarous usages—be abolished, and let the social cheer, which in our country most can have around their own hearth-stones, remind of those whom Providence has made dependent on the bounty of others, and with a community of enjoyment draw each one nearer to his neighbor in the bonds of universal brotherhood.

In conclusion, may we ask in the words of another, Can the observance of such a festival—if conducted on Christian principles—be without happy results? Does no good spring from occasional relaxation, or shall the right-hand of fellowship be offered in vain? This jubilee of the heart is no unmeaning ceremony. It is, as we have previously said, a milestone in the pathway of life, indicating how far we have progressed in the journey of life graveward, and what distance yet lies before us. To some, indeed, it is the moment in which "throbs eternity," but to all it is a point of great importance, for the coming year may produce great results. But while we approve of the perpetuation of these annual festivals, and confess that we are not of the spirit which forbids innocent recreation and condemns to toil every moment of our brief existence, we would express our sincere wishes that on those festive occasions all might be done decently and in order. Meetings such as these might be made, if hallowed by the Gospel rule for social intercourse, "should be cherished as a lamb found in the wilderness, or a flower blooming amid thorns and briers." And so, dear reader, while we take our leave by wishing you "a happy New-Year," together with "many returns of the same," we also with our whole heart say of New-Year's as well as of the Christmas season, "*Esto perpetua*"—be thou forever.

WAITING BESIDE THE SEA.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Waiting beside the sea,
Where rocks and quicksands are;
Where waves rush foaming high
Over the sandy bar.

Waiting beside the sea
Until her hair turns gray,
For a token never sent,
With a hope that will betray.

Waiting beside the sea,
Until her sight grows dim,
And her white form wastes away
With the hunger pain for him—

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Till her wishful eyes no more
Can gaze across the flood;
Watching for his return,
Who seemed so true and good.

Waiting beside the sea—
Leoni bade her "wait;"
She, faithful to his word,
Waits, though the hour is late—

Waits still beside the sea—
O! would he know her now?
With the dim and hollow eyes,
And stony cheek and brow,
With bowed and trembling frame,
With thinned, neglected hair;
All lost but that one hope,
Now strangely like despair?

Waiting beside the sea,
While tides run in and out;
While storms and calms go by,
And the wild waves dance and shout.

She heeds not tides nor waves,
They whisper, rave, or moan—
She walks beside the sea,
Thinking but of Leoni.

Ah! once she sailed with him
Over that Summer sea,
When he wooed her for his own,
When he loved her tenderly.

Warm, gentle breezes blew
Amid his curling hair,
And his long beard's silken flow
Swept o'er her shoulders fair,
As she nestled in the fold
Of his strong and loving arm;
Her refuge from distress,
Her shield from every harm.

O, his sweet, bewild'ring smile!
O, his low, beguiling voice!
O, the happy, blessed hours
With the darling of her choice!

How the blue sky smiled above,
How the blue sea smiled below,
As the thrilling words were said
That make happiness or woe!

Ah, the wild, sweet pain of love,
And the joy of being loved;
Ah, the rapture deep and keen
That with Leon she had proved!

And Leoni bade her "wait;"
"I do not change," he said,
When he left her on the shore,
And anon his love was dead.

But she waited by the sea—
Now her life's sad day is past,
The tide is out again,
And her watch is out at last.

Sleeping beside the sea
She waits and weeps no more;
But resteth peacefully
In her grave upon the shore.

LAST WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

"NOW for the grand secret," said the divine Dr. Dodd as the pearly gates of the Eternal City loomed up before his radiant vision. The last Saturday night had come, and on the morrow his ransomed soul will shout the glad tidings before the golden throne. The good angel has penciled down for all time his worthy deeds, while another has registered the unworthy. They are now to confront this veteran, who hath braved life's battles so manfully, but as the mighty monarch of death met him with his legion his soul grew strong, and proudly he said, "Now for the grand secret." How vast the thought! How sublimely beautiful the expression of fathoming the great unknown, the heavenly catacomb; of visiting that beautiful clime, dressed in living green, and reveling in those joys that David sang upon his heavenly harp, and gazing also upon the divine beauty of God himself. Now he may test the truth or falsity of the philosophy and science he had taught and worshiped.

What wondrous volumes he expressed in his last sentence ere his soul took its upward flight! Commensurate with his long and useful life, which had risen in unclouded splendor to its full meridian and slowly sunk away in the evening zenith, like the bright sun, leaving a soft and roseate tint of beauty long after the mighty luminary has passed from view, pure, clear, and cloudless—a sweet and pleasant dream! A Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, endowed with wonderful powers of intellect, which long years of close study had matured, the hidden lore of the ancient fathers, together with all theologians of past centuries, were familiar to the mind of this eminent divine. But now he folds the pages together and smiles a sweet, sad smile of triumph as he feels his hour has come. His snow-white locks float around his ethereal face, emblematic of his pure and holy life; his soul trembles, vibrates, and quivers on the threshold; wonder, joy, and rapture irradiate his countenance at the beautiful celestial vision before him. The glorious light of the unknown day sheds its effulgent rays on his calm, pale face.

Only an arch of the rainbow separates him from the grand army of martyrs who had passed before and heard the glad welcome from "Christ, the Lord," "well done," and crowned them with immortal glory. Thou benign and holy giver of life and light, receive this, thy most gracious servant, who hails thee with, "Now for the grand secret."

"O, Lord God, have pity on my soul!"

sighed the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn as the executioner with his sword severed the head of England's anointed queen. History furnishes no record of a more tragic event, awakening in the hearts of all commiseration for her mournful death. All hope failed. She could look for no mercy from her cruel king, and even in her last mortal agony she cried alone to the "King of kings and Lord of lords." After the fatal blow fell those beautiful lips and mournful eyes breathed, "Pity, Lord." Her weeping ladies bowed in reverence before that lifeless head. They had followed their beloved mistress to the scaffold, witnessed her sad demise, but could go no farther. Alone she must cross the dark river. No king or courtly train to follow the herald's notes as she glides down the troubled stream. But Katherine of Arragon had crossed before, and the bridge remained for aye.

"All my possessions for a moment of time!" cried a daughter of the unfortunate Boleyn as her life fast ebbed away. What bitter, remorseful anguish do these her last words imply! Her body and mind a perfect chaos, reclining upon cushions, refusing all food and medicine, she died as she had lived, a reigning mystery. Nursed in tragedy, cradled in royalty, she ascended the throne at one of the most remarkable eras in the history of England. A zealous Protestant, the Reformers looked to her for support. Men who flourished during her reign had never been surpassed for high intellectual powers of mind and courage. Amid untold rejoicing she was crowned queen. The reeking scaffold, the loathsome dungeon, and the assassin's knife had left her ancestor's name illustrious. Religious fanaticism and political ambitions had rocked the throne to the center. Swayed by two powerful factions, Catholicism and Protestantism, she wielded the scepter under no common crown. The victims of St. Bartholomew cried to her from over the water to avenge them. The assassin's knife already was uplifted over the head of the brave Henry of Navarre.

Dauntless, brave, and determined, she united the heroic daring of the soldier with the strong party ambition of a civilian. Over them both she threw a mantle of female conceit and vanity which rendered her one of the most egotistical queens since Cleopatra's time. Seated upon one of the proudest thrones in Europe, surrounded by thousands of loyal subjects eager to do her behest, with every luxury and elegance the heart of woman could crave; ships floating the seas from clime to clime, bearing spices, with perfume, jewels, and laces to deck

and adorn her vain person—ought she not to have been happy? Upon her domains the sun never set, and yet the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, languished long years in the tower of Lockleven, and was released but to share the fate of her own unfortunate mother. This act alone leaves a cloud upon her memory that her most learned biographers can not dispel.

How fearfully she abused that sweet symbol of her name—"God's truth," or the truth of God! As she felt the awful and sublime presence of death, before whose power even she must bow, her past life arose in quick and vivid colors before her. A long life had been spent for gratified vanity, but now the evening had come—the dark night of eternity was at hand. She must sleep the dreamless sleep that knows no waking, where pomp, power, and earthly glory fade in the mysteries of the dim and shadowy lake. She might well exclaim, "All my possessions for a moment of time!"

"It is well, I must sleep now," and Washington, the warrior, statesman, and patriot, closed his eyes in death. How peaceful and beautiful the thought of a well-spent life and a calm and holy rest! Pain, care, sorrow, and disappointments are no more, but a hushed, unbroken alumber till the resurrection morn.

When the weary body seeks the couch we feel we shall rise refreshed. O, but this sleep of the grave, how different! We awake to solve the great and mighty mystery of which the old Greek philosophers with all their knowledge knew as little as the sleeping infant of to-day. No matin-bells as they ring their glad anthems on the clear, still air, or chant their vesper chimes, can arouse the hero from his dreamless sleep, "nor the rhythmic pulsation of jubilant youth" can awaken him to life's pleasure more. "It is well!" How holy the expression! A quiet satisfaction beams in his calm, clear eye and lights up his pale, passionless face as he feels he has finished his course, has "fought the good fight and kept the faith." The gates of the New Jerusalem are thrown open at his approach, and the awaiting angels about the glad welcome. A crown everlasting awaits thee, thou immortal Washington!

"Josephine," breathed Napoleon when, away on his rock-bound fortress, the grim monster, Death, scaled the rough battlements, passed the stern soldiers who guarded their prisoner with glittering swords and bristling bayonets. Before his power the British lion must cower in the dust. Although there seemed but one spot capable of holding this one little man, and that the stormy rock of St. Helena, thousands of miles from any coast, whence the burning

sun of the tropics poured its fervent heat, Death forced the passage and secured the vast and mighty pride of the nation, whose every pulse quivered and throbbed with pain and woe for this prisoned monarch. But where wandered that mighty mind now? Was it at Austerlitz, Marengo, or Arcoli? amid the frozen snow of Russia or the burning sands of Egypt amid pyramids? or while measuring swords with the Ayab prince? Did the fatal Waterloo, with its Marshals, Ney and Cambronne, recall his troubled soul? The army, the army; but after all Josephine, the beautiful embodiment of woman, the Empress Queen of the French, "the star of his destiny," which shone with such undimmed luster through the many years of his prosperity.

When the Corsican soldier donned the eagle of France, victory crowned his brow, but when the royal Austrian crossed his vision from that hour his star faded in the zenith to rise in triumph no more. "St. Helena was written for him." There lingered the spirit of this beautiful being, who had been his good angel, his faithful guiding star that had illuminated the European heavens with a brilliancy of power and glory that had never been equaled since the Reformation. How came she there at the bed of the dying warrior and emperor? The tenderest, the truest, and most exemplary of wives and queens, her presence shed a halo of light wherever she moved, and her woman's love had guided this mighty soul through all his triumphal marches with a devotion without precedent. Before his conquering footsteps thrones, empires, and kingdoms tumbled and fell. Did her angel spirit descend to breathe a prayer of forgiveness for her cruel wrongs and offer a benediction to his troubled soul? "Josephine," was the last echo of his mighty soul—an answer to her call of Napoleon.

As the film of death settled upon her tender, loving eyes, her beautiful lips moved in an audible whisper, "Napoleon," and then closed forever. The remembrance of his once pure and holy love calmed her last hour. The lingering name still vibrates on that poor soul in her abandoned and cruel bereavement. It was for him she still prayed. And in his lone and barren cell, barred from all that life holds dear, forsaken by her who should never forsake, had poor Josephine been forgotten? Ah, no; his dying words proclaim to all the world she still reigned in his heart.

"Thou spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
For, like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won."

A TALK ABOUT HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. T. M. GRIFFITH.

"POOR Nellie Dougherty!"

A little fluttering sigh accompanied the words, and the fair Annie Benton leaned over her sewing to hide a tear, which, despite her effort at concealment, fell on the little dimpled hand, telling its own tale. Mollie Loftin looked up anxiously, and then the impulsive nature of the girl gleamed out. She rushed to Annie's side, kissed the tearful eyes, her own filling all the while, and in a moment after broke into a light laugh. Annie's look of surprise only seemed to increase her merriment; but after a struggle she sobered down enough to explain her meaning.

"O, it's so funny you should pity our pretty Nell when she has such a love of a husband! Now, if you were to expend your pity on me it would be worth while. Here I am with not more than half a dozen suitors, so that there is no possibility of my being married. I shall have to live and die an old maid, dear me!" and the young fairy tucked herself up on the ottoman at Annie's feet with a most demure expression on her bright face. A faint smile came to Annie's lips, but it went again as she ran her fingers through the shining hair and held it back that she might trace the veins in the white forehead, moving her long taper fingers back and forth with a nervous motion. Mollie drew suddenly back.

"See here, you are reading my destiny, which I can not allow at all, for I am sure you will appoint me to a widower with six children, and I do n't want him nor his numerous responsibilities. Give me instead a husband such as Nellie Lemon won when she drew Frank Dougherty to her side."

"Heaven forbid it, Mollie, dear!"

Annie Benton's face grew white, and she put her hand to her head as though it ached. The little fairy was thoroughly frightened now. She sprang up.

"See here, Annie, you have one of those terrible headaches again. I'll get you the cologne," and she flew for the bottle and almost emptied its contents in her impetuosity over Annie's face.

"There, you feel better, I know you do."

Annie's only reply was, "Cure this," as she took Mollie's soft hand and placed it on her heart. Instantly an arm stole round her waist, and the shining curls fell over her shoulder.

"Surely, Annie, *you* are happy in your married life!"

"O, yes, so happy. Ambrose is a man among a thousand; but poor Nellie's fate makes me so sad."

"Why, is n't Frank kind to her?"

"O, yes, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. He does some of her errands, brings up the coal, and attends to the fires when he feels like it. Perhaps some women might be content with that; but Nellie is sacrificed. I feel it too truly. Mollie, would you believe it? I have been in their house for weeks, and have never seen one earnest kiss placed on her brow or heard one loving expression drop from his lips."

"But Frank is peculiar in that respect. He never can bear to show to the world how much he loves those dearest to him."

"I was not the *world*, Mollie. Before their marriage he did not hesitate to kiss her in my presence, to draw her to his knee and press her to his heart; much less should he now. Her heart is dying within her for want of affection. I see it, but am powerless to help. O, if husbands only knew how the hearts of their poor wives were aching for one fond word surely they could not, if they have any love for them, withhold it! I know it is not the disposition of all to be demonstrative, but all could conquer their dispositions enough to drop one sweet word occasionally, which would take all the bitterness away from the cup their wives are trying to drink for their sakes without murmuring. I have seen Nellie work from morning till night without one word of encouragement. Frank would pass in and out without uttering a syllable unless spoken to. They would sit down to the table laden with viands she had toiled so hard to prepare to suit his appetite, and he would swallow them as indifferently as though her life was not being frittered away in them. I thought if he had only said, 'How nice this is,' or, 'Nellie, what a dear little cook you are!' how it would have rested her, and how she would have felt that toil was sweet for him; but could she feel so when on asking him if they suited him he gave her some such answer as, 'O, they'll pass?' He might regard it as jocose, but such joking is crushing out the life. On the other hand, he is by no means equally silent if a dish is at fault. He will descend to his poor, tired wife upon its failings till he draws the tears to her eyes, and then he will tease her for crying."

"He is a cruel, cruel man, and not fit to have a wife."

Mollie started up defiantly. It was well for Frank that distance was between them, or he

would have been in danger of being utterly demolished.

"Yes, he is fit to have *some* kind of wives," replied Annie quietly; "and O, I so often wish our sweet Nellie was in her old home again, and he married to one who in turn would make *him* feel!"

"One with red hair, sharp nose, green eyes, and thin lips; would n't it be grand?"

Mollie clapped her hands in her childish way and waltzed around the room as gleefully as though she really saw Frank unite his destiny with such a one; and then as the truth flashed upon her that it was only imagination after all, she flung herself upon the ottoman, buried her head in Annie's lap and sobbed, "Poor Nellie!" Then she gave her curls an angry toss, and sitting erect broke out, "How mean Frank must be to take our Nellie away from such a dear home, where she was so much loved and had every wish gratified, and settle her down in a place without society, and then, as if in such a place the separation from friends is not enough, he must add the greater burden of his own indifference. I suppose she spends most of the time alone?"

"Yes, alone with her children. Frank is out a great deal, unless he has company, and then he generally takes them to some part of the house where they can be secluded, never seeing Nellie except when they come down to get their meals; so that Nellie has no enjoyment of the company except to work for them till nature is exhausted, and then no word of kindly sympathy greets her. And just as likely as not, when thus worn out, and a sick or fretful babe claiming her attention, he will take a notion to have some invited company, and will tell her as he leaves the house with an indifferent air to 'fry some chickens and make some biscuit.' Would you wonder if, ere his footsteps died away, his young wife would burst into tears, and could you blame her if uppermost would come the bitter thought, 'He only married me to get a housekeeper?' But even after all this, if he would come to her sometimes and just whisper, 'Nellie, darling,' the young creature would forget it all. But instead of this, after a toilsome day, and Nellie is far from being strong, and has never been accustomed to labor, when her nerves are all aquiver from want of rest, and his seeming indifference to her presses heavily upon her because she is tired and weak, then, when words of sympathy and kindness are so much needed, she meets a teasing manner and jesting words, which he can not see are ill-timed. Perhaps he does not think this unkindness; truly he must be thrice

blinded. I can't help questioning if he loves Nellie, for if he truly loved her could he bear to pain her? And this he does do daily, and then laughs at the tears she is fast learning to conceal. Yes, she conceals them from him, but her happiness is oozing away, and Frank Dougherty had better have a care that her life go not with it, and he waken to her virtues when it is too late. And yet when I think of her future I almost wish she were sleeping where the willow would wave and the birds sing above her, for I see little before her but toil unending, and no romance thrown into her life. Poor Nellie! Don't you remember, Mollie, how she used to paint pictures of their life when she and Frank should be united? how she, seated by his side, would sew while he read aloud, each looking up at times to cast sweet glances of love? Alas, poor child! it was not to be realized. Frank never reads aloud. He will take a book or a paper and sit the whole evening, if he chances to be in that long, reading to himself and leaving her to entertain herself as best she can."

"I did n't think Frank could be so utterly selfish."

"Nor I. He gives as an excuse, when he thinks worth while to offer any at all, that he never could bear to read aloud. But he should conquer that aversion; it is a cruel neglect. She has conquered many of her prejudices and given up many preferences for his sake; if he had any manliness he would not let her have all the sacrifices to make."

"O, Annie, this makes me shudder. When Frank was courting Nellie he would not have dared to treat her so; if he had he never could have won her. Does he not think a love that is worth winning worth retaining?"

"His actions do not indicate it if he does, as he gives her none of his confidence. No matter what may occur he do n't seem to think it worth while to tell her. She feels this so keenly, for it looks as though he thought her unworthy of his confidence. He rarely tells her where he is going when he starts out, even if she asks him, but will indicate as much as that it does not concern her to know. He never seems to think that these leisure hours belong to her, and she has a right to know how they are bestowed. She scarcely ever asks him now, but takes the derangement of her affairs quietly when he comes into dinner after she has ceased looking for him and has dined alone. I have seen her moving about her work when her eyes, that were meant to be the light of his home, were filling with tears, which she was constantly struggling to sup-

press, and then if, after any act which seemed more than usually unkind, her agony found vent in words, she got no consolation from him, except that it was all her own fault; and so he would sink to sleep in his chair while she would weep and work, carrying about a heart of leaden weight."

"And that is conjugal love, is it, Annie? May my stars deliver me from it and lead me in a greener path!"

"You must not think, my pet Mollie, that all marriages are like Nellie's. There are men who love their wives as their own souls, and do not think it unmanly to tell them so and to show it."

"Annie, I have often wondered why married couples do not show more affection for each other."

"They are afraid of appearing silly, I suppose; but there is a happy medium. They need not be fawning or foolish and yet not act as though they had no interest in one another, and thought the greater their indifference the greater virtue it would be. To treat each other with deference and consideration shows true nobility of soul; neither can be happy where these are not evinced. Then, too, if there is true love between a married pair each will consult the taste of the other and esteem it more highly than his own."

"Annie, I have thought sometimes Nellie consulted Frank's taste too much."

"Not too much, Mollie; she is right in deferring to Frank, but he should do the same. I felt so sorry for her one evening. We had gone out to get a new coat which she was having made. As we came home the burden of her talk was, 'I do hope Frank will like it. I shall not care for it if he does not like it.' When he came in she hastened to try it on, but in reply to her inquiries she only elicited, 'Women are never so happy as when trying on finery.' I saw the disappointment that passed over the girlish face as she folded it up and put it away, and I said to myself, 'Cruel.' It would have been such a trifle for him to have said, 'It is very pretty,' or 'very becoming,' or simply, 'I like it,' a trifle to him, but it would have made her heart bound with gladness. Still this is not all Nellie has to bear; she is made to have the feeling of dependence which too many husbands force upon their wives. Frank never gives her a cent of money she can call her own, and yet she earns it as justly as he. Every cent she desires she must ask him for. It is true, he never refuses her, but it makes her feel like a menial; it places her in a subordinate position, and she

with her keen sensibilities deeply feels the humiliation. Before she was married she had money at her own command; now, when her time is so taken up with him and their children as to prevent her engaging in any thing to make her own spending money, she is obliged to go to him like a beggar and to give an account of every thing she has purchased. There are many little things a woman absolutely needs that a wife's delicacy makes her dislike to mention; but Nellie must either do this or else do without them. Even if their income is small, she has as much judgment as he, and is as desirous to economize, and deserves to be trusted. A mere housekeeper would be paid her wages, but Nellie gets not even that, but has the money doled out to her only upon naming each individual article she wishes to get."

"Annie, I have made up my mind I'll never be married."

"Do n't draw hasty conclusions, Mollie; you might have to repent them to your dying day, and your six lovers become disconsolate old bachelors."

"I shall send them to you for consolation, as you alone will be to blame. One by one my idols have been swept away, and I clung to Frank, who would surely be, I thought, a model husband, and you have demolished him. Ambrose is left yet, but I am afraid to have you lift the curtain lest I find him also dissolved in air."

Annie laughed. "I am willing to raise it; he will stand your closest scrutiny."

"I have often wondered how it was you have always preserved the freshness of your early love. I have often noticed you in company. There was no excessive display of fondness to disgust a carping crowd, but there was such a deference to each other, and little politenesses were given and returned, which, though unnoticed by many, must have made your own hearts happy. You are lovers still. Tell me the grand secret, that if I should accept the sixth love may not be knelled out with the marriage bells."

"The only secret, my petite friend, lies in this: I love Ambrose better than all the world, and Ambrose loves me just as much. The highest aim of each is to make the other happy, and so we are. I consult his tastes, he consults mine; he yields his preferences to me, I yield mine to him. If either has dropped a word, thoughtlessly done an act which seems to wound we hasten to ask forgiveness, and each is more anxious to take the blame than to place it on the other."

"But is n't money a terrible trouble? What do you do about that?"

"Ambrose is as considerate in that as in every thing. He divides it equally with me. We make an estimate of how much, if any, we can save from the income of the week or month; that is laid aside as a separate fund, the rest is divided for our mutual expenses. If I want more I *borrow*, not *beg*, of him; if he needs more he borrows of me. By this means I have a feeling of independence. Still I never think of making an extensive purchase without consulting Ambrose, and he unfolds all his plans to me as if I were his own heart. He says 'a husband and wife should be a complete unit, and this can not be without a mutual confidence in small as well as in larger matters.' That is the way we manage, Mollie; and not from any previous arrangement, but from the promptings of love. Deep, earnest love has a wonderful faculty for making the rough places smooth, my pet. Love is considerate of little griefs and little joys. Why, Mollie, it might seem foolish to some, but I never enjoy an apple or a peach unless he pares it for me. We imagine any little delicacy seems so much sweeter when the one has prepared it for the other. Thus we share our simplest pleasures. And this is the reason, Mollie, why the bird of love is with us still, and the charming warbler trills a sweeter song now than when we kneeled at the marriage altar."

"Truly that is a beautiful castle you have been building me. Are you sure it is not all a sentimental erection?"

"No, Mollie, the building is sure."

"I am glad to think so, yet, lest my heart be endangered by its enchantment I will hasten away."

"O, yes, I see the attraction crossing the lawn; more fear for your heart there, Mollie. Is that 'the sixth?'"

But Mollie was gone, and Annie saw her promenading with her little hand laid suspiciously on broadcloth. A year afterward Annie twined orange blossoms in the shining curls, and Mollie whispered as she bent her head to hide the blushes, "Edward has heard of our talk about husbands, and promises to be a second Ambrose."

THE concupiscences of man are naturally dry powder, easily apt to take fire; but tears damp them and give them a little more leisure and us intermission and consideration.—*Donne.*

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER I.

CONCERNING EGOISM.

A RARE family were the Morlands. Not money-getters: they knew a better use for the handbreadth of time allowed them on this little planet. Not scramblers after position, straining nerve and brain to make the puny pigmies about them stare and wonder. They had sure hope of being one day crowned and consecrated "kings and priests unto God," so they could afford to work their little waiting-while, in the place where the good God put them. Albeit, a right happy family were the Morlands. Theirs was a Christian home. Not a place where a set of people are held together by convenience or necessity, but a living, loving, growing place.

A domestic canon of immemorial date gave the evening time to family sociality.

"What are we going to do now, mother?" asked Fannie, as they shoved back from the tea-table one bright June afternoon.

Mrs. Morland turned toward Harry, the merry college boy, home for his Summer rest. An interrogation point upon her kindly face glanced the question in his direction.

"Why, mother, do n't you know we want you all to go down to the lake to try our new reading-room? Good as new again, is n't it, Jem?"

"Unquestionably," responded the quiet, young captain.

"We have n't had a reading since the boys came home," said Mary, the elder sister—"the boys have had so much to talk about."

Mrs. Morland smiled toward her two sons, as one may who has invested years of work and prayer, and sees so fair a prospect of good returns. "Exciting topics—college and army news."

"What is before the house?" asked Mr. Morland, with his pleasant, old-time dignity.

"Why, sir, James and Harry have been repairing the old arbor down by the lake, and want us to spend the rest of the afternoon there."

"Listening to Enoch Arden," threw in Fannie. "It's been waiting for two or three weeks for a chance to be heard."

A few minutes later they were all *en route* for the arbor. A charming nook it was, among the great old trees, looking out upon the wide, restless waters. It had been a family reading-place ever since the children were "toddlin' wee things."

So familiar was each wave-glance and leaf-whisper, insect-chirp and bird-note, they seemed all woven through the happy lives that had here grown rich and strong. Mr. Morland was a working-man—the care of a large farm upon his hands. James and Harry had had a busy day of it, so they could well enjoy the soft turf and rustic lounges. Mary read aloud. Mrs. Morland and Fannie plied busy fingers while they listened. At the close of the pretty poem the conversation rippled off easily upon books and authors, soul and mind growth. At length there was a prospect of a bit of controversy by way of enlivenment. Harry's sophomorical love of argument gave him a keen eye for a logical slip and a rare relish for the negative.

"A splendid theory, Miss Imaginative," reaching up to tweak Mary's crochet cord, "though it's quite like that pretty thing Gail Hamilton says about the fairies hanging out their washing and forgetting to take the jewels out. That was Gail, was n't it? Pretty, any way, only it's nothing but cobwebs and dew after all. What do you think of it, father?"

"I do n't know, Harry, as I understand Mary's position. You young folks make such crooked work chopping logic, it's hard to keep track of you."

"Why, sir, she will have it that the acme of human culture consists in merging self in a right cause. Now, sir, ladies and gentlemen," rising and squaring himself for a harangue, in which "individuality," "incompatibility," and kindred resonant polysyllables should figure grandly.

James broke in upon him with, "A truce to this confabulation." Harry was determined to go on with his speech. "The Water-Witch," persisted James, "I must call attention to the Water-Witch," and giving Harry a sudden jerk of the shoulders and a dextrous trip of the feet, he sent him backward full length upon the grass. Mother and sisters joined the laugh at Harry's expense. "Since I have floored my opponent," James began again with a grand flourish, "I beg leave to state, ladies and gentlemen, that the Water-Witch is just re-launched, and you are all invited to an evening sail. By way of pacifying these young people for putting so abrupt a period to their discussions"—

"A dash, I should call it," laughed Harry, shaking his coat.

"I move that they be invited," James went on, "to give us their thoughts on the ego—Harry in an anticipatory college piece, and Mary in an essay."

"The essay to come first," cried Harry, springing down the bank toward the boat.

"A good theme for you, daughter," smiled Mrs. Morland, as she adjusted a light shawl about her shoulders. "You know you asked me for one this morning."

An explanatory note here. It was an article of the family *credo* that girls, as well as boys, should have a trade or profession as a means of independent support. Mary graduated in the same college class with James. Having shown a decided predilection for authorship, she was placed under drill for usefulness in that direction. Hence these home essays.

One chill, rainy evening, while the family were sitting before a light, cheery fire, the promised production was forthcoming, and here you have it.

EGOISM.

I suppose I may as well begin by defining my theme. Looking for its etymon takes us back to the wise, motherly old Latin. The little word *ego*—shorter but no less significant in the Anglo-Saxon pronoun *I*—so erect and consequential. Webster defines egoism "a passionate love of self, leading a man to consider every thing as connected with his own person, and to prefer himself to every thing in the world."

Man has been sagely called a microcosm—a little world. This ridiculous passion makes every "little world" the center of the universe; as if each planet, and satellite, and speck of star dust should glance grandly around through the infinite spaces, and stretch its tiny rays to enlighten all, feeling its wonderful self the central point, the main-spring, the moving power of the whole.

Naturally, and of necessity, each man is more important to himself than any other can be. Each feels keenly the hunger that gnaws his life—faintly, if at all, that that saps the strength of another. His joys and agonies are to him tangible and acute, another man's only dully imagined. His sensibilities go round and round till they wear deep grooves, and it takes a heavy lift of a power out of himself to bring them up where they can move strongly in sympathy with another's pleasure or pain.

Every human soul is a grand temple, built by the holy and good God for his worship. Wonderful, ornate, glorious, but in ruins. Gates broken, avenues hedged in, choked up, walls prostrate, arches fallen. When the cultured man walks over this rubbish of wrecked powers, stumbling upon fragments of rarest architecture, bits of richest carving and gilding, and jewels that might blaze in a seraph's crown, he can but feel the wonder and glory of the probable past, the possible to come. Crippled, help-

less—language a rough causeway, fit only for baggage trains, laden with animal needs, he can bring no one into this shattered splendor. He can carry few specimens out. He can not go into the inner sanctuary of any other life. So he comes to think, ruined as it is, *this is the temple, par excellence*. He works at it to clear the avenues, set up the arches, polish the gems, and as he grows enthusiastic, unless law checks his careless hand, he may wrench the guards from other lives, and tear them to pieces to build up his own. Thus did that prince of egotists, Napoleon *le grand*.

Egoism is the disordered, exuberant growth of a right faculty. As if a tree should throw out a limb near the ground and force its strength into it, to the hurtful neglect of the spindling shoots, struggling to preserve symmetry, or reach away skyward. Without a due regard for self-needs the world would be a wretched chaos of disjointed, unkempt, uncared-for individualities. As a *lusus naturæ* we stumble, once or twice in a lifetime, upon a man altogether deficient in this faculty. Take him piece by piece, he seems all right. Indeed, he may have some fine traits; but as a whole he is an unqualified failure. Characterless—running at every man's beck—drudging at every man's dirty work.

Egoism is the diseased action of a right principle. It steals in so stealthily upon the young, unguarded life, we hardly note its incipency till it has strengthened itself beyond our skill to cure. We dawn upon ourselves so gradually, and so many of the early entries are written over and rubbed from the record, we can not decipher the date of the birth of our intellects. Richter is the only one I know who gives the when and where of his entrance upon consciousness of self—his discovery of the *ego*—“*Ich bin ein Ich*.”

Want and wonder are the first words written on a baby's face. Passion and pain soon dimly trace their autographs. If the luckless little one has to clinch his fists and go into a hand-to-hand struggle for a chance to be, Egoism will scrawl scowlingly her hateful characters on the poor pinched face right early. Under the hot-house development process all the pert sayings and pretty doings rehearsed before the child, the changes rung on them, while the helpless innocent is subjected to an infinity of adulation and flatteries, it shall go hard but you can see the self-smirk in his eye about as soon as he can go alone.

Some men call a field “cleared up” when they have cut the trees down. Others are not satisfied till the stumps are dug out. It is a

rare farmer that takes away, not only the outer hinderances to culture, but goes down into the soil and tears out the tissue of roots. Children are cultivated very much as farms are. Perhaps you can count on your fingers the human culturists you know, who go into the tender young soil, by God's help, to root out the harmful weeds, and plant good seed in their stead. I think such will tell you no growth gives them more trouble than egoism.

According to the old Greek proverb, “the knowledge of ignorance is the beginning of knowledge.” Modern teachers seldom work by this rule, however. Look over a large school. Any sophomore can expatiate grandly upon the possibilities stretching before each restless, idle-brained, busy-fingered urchin; but so perverse is humanity, even in its “dewy morning-time,” there seems only one avenue open to the place where the lazy, lumbering, mental machine is kept. That name is egoism. “Emulation,” minces the teacher. “Leaving off head!” shout the boys. All the same. A resonant reverberation of the reiterated “O how pretty!” of the nursery. A fixing of each boy's *self* in the center of the universe. A working up to the sage Websterian definition—“leading a man to consider all things as connected with himself.” Thus, from the cradle all through the school years and on, egoism is pampered and cultured. Its fibers become so inwoven with the tissue of being, its removal is like cutting a great tumor from a vital organ—about equivalent to taking the life of the patient.

Not only is egoism sadly in the way of mental culture, it greatly hinders spiritual development. Self-denial is one of Christ's first terms of discipleship: “If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself”—“renounce self fully,” interprets Clarke. Self sits enthroned an autocrat, a deity. Don't you believe it? Study your own mental operations one half day. Are there facts relating to self not altogether creditable, how carefully you hide them! Are there other facts that reflect honor upon self, how ingeniously you parade them! You meet a stranger. How much rather you would have him think you richer and more intelligent than you really are, than the reverse! You do n't mean to deceive. O, no. But the habit of exalting self is so strong, you move in that direction without a noticeable volition. If a man touches *your self*, how you resent it! He may injure the selves of ten other men just as deeply, and you can find a palliation of his offense, but one blow at *your self* hides a host of good traits and makes him a downright sinner.

Those diseases are most dreaded that skulk like an Indian enemy, or creep and glide like serpents through the byways leading to the life. One is not certain of their presence till too late. It is so with egoism. Many who are most victimized by it think themselves safest from it. "I know I'm not an egotist," says a reticent, sharp-browed man. "I seldom speak of myself, but the truth is I've felt a hundred times like shooting myself because I'm such a dunce." You no egotist! Why, my friend, you have a determination to be first and foremost in all things, as inveterate as that that nerved Alexander to mow down human opponents as men cut grain, that he might stand head and shoulders above the race. You have not the brain power to bear out this mighty egoism; hence your falling out with self. You are provoked that a Newtonian or Napoleonic brain was not crowded into your cranium. Every now and then you set your will as a flint to be somewhat in the world yet, and a failure leads you to the shooting point. Your egoism is ten times deeper and more dangerous than that of your braggadocio brother. His bubbles to the surface, yours seethes and burns like a pent volcano. All your reticence and disparagement of self are bolts and bars, that your conscience whispers necessary to keep the giant down.

"True, true!" sighs a sad-faced Christian—the minor of meekness in his tone covering the major of self-assertion, like a wet cloth on a dead man's face—"there is great danger; but I'm thankful I'm safe. I always feel to mourn over my own unworthiness." And yet yours, friend, is one of the most inveterate cases of spiritual egoism—if there can be such a thing. Half your moping over your narrow usefulness—as you cheat yourself to think it—is really dissatisfaction that you are not more prominent. Ten chances to one I shall fail of making you see this. Egoism is like consumption. Usually the patient clings to the hope that it is a mistake up to the last hour. But do you go to the good Physician, and listen intently for the whispers of his Spirit: look, as for life, into his Book, and see if these things are not so. Then, while you trust him for a cure, let me advise you to do, to the top of your ability, the thing—be it ever so humble—that lies nearest your hand, leaving the results to your Master.

Would I put down all laudable ambitions? By no means. Boot-black or president, be the best you can, and do n't hang back foolishly when circumstances would bear you to a higher place. Just here comes in one of Christ's par-

adoxes, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." The men whom God trusts with success are those who forget self. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon were men of measureless mind, masters of all forces that might insure success to their stupendous plans. But egoism was the central thought of each scheme, and its ruin. Their names were on all lips, synonyms of power. A wave of their imperial hands sent thousands of common men to common dust. But no grand thought of God vitalized their projects. Only *self*—hence the failure. The men are many who have gained all by giving all. Such were Moses, Elijah, Paul, Luther, Columbus, Newton. Rich through self-poverty, their thoughts, born of God through self-surrender, have swayed and will sway men as long as men are.

The climax of self-abnegation is reached in Jesus the Nazarene. A Galilean peasant, he died a felon's death. Eighteen long, leveling centuries have passed, and yet to-day his power is felt the world over—molding, civilizing, saving men.

In Christ, the conquering Galilean, we find the only salvation from egoism. Men can not fortify against this insidious enemy, *self*. It holds the inner fortress. They can not drive it out. The very pean of victory may herald its re-enthronement. They can not starve or scourge it out. Papists have practiced unsuccessfully upon this problem for ages. Only a Power above self can go into this idol temple and bring the dagon down. Many good people expect Christ to work the miracle of getting them ready for heaven *some time*, but they hardly dare trust him to save them from self now. Such need remember that he gives no command without a promise of Omnipotence back of it, making its obedience possible. When he says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," unless the command is an absurd flourish we may claim the promised help of the infinite Helper and obey.

When men understand and practice this, the brotherhood of man shall become more than a mere theory—a living, loving, throbbing fact. Money, muscle, nerve, brain, given now to self, shall go to the evangelization of the world. Then shall He reign whose right it is. Then shall the chimes of eternity

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace,
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE GERMAN VERSAILLES.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

A SLIGHT weariness of the intolerable dust which infests the streets of Berlin late in Autumn just before the damp weather sets in, induced us to resolve on an excursion to Potsdam. Had we lacked, however, this occasioning motive we should by no means have neglected to visit a place about which is clustered so much of historic interest. We had read that a great many memorials of a certain Friedrich to whom history has decided to suffix the title *Great*, were there to be seen. We wished also to see the chirography and apartments of a certain curious Frenchman, who was the author of more than eighty octavo volumes, and had spent several years in this place in the society of this Friedrich. And there were, furthermore, dangling on the outskirts of our memory a few lingering shreds of a very dull French poem which we had read in our youth concerning a very stubborn miller and his windmill at Sans Souci, which windmill we wanted to see. These and perhaps other considerations induced us to enter upon the journey.

The German Versailles, as Potsdam is often called, lies on the right bank of a little stream called the Havel, about twenty miles southwest of Berlin. The railroad thither passes through sandy plains, which are partly cultivated and partly covered with forests of firs. Forty minutes bring us to the city. But what is Potsdam? Its history, like that of the ascendancy of Prussia, is of modern date, but is of greatest interest during the reign of Friedrich the Great, who erected in and about it several magnificent palaces, and otherwise spent on its ornamentation immense sums. Its present population is 41,824. The attractions of Potsdam are the royal palaces and the parks and gardens which lie between and around them. Endeavoring to make the best use of our six hours' stay, we immediately passed over the Havel on the long bridge, and, without stopping in the Pleasure Garden, entered the residence Schloss, the only palace within the city, and the oldest of all of them, having been erected by the Great Elector during the last half of the seventeenth century. Its architecture is Corinthian. It is kept in good order, and is esteemed chiefly as a monument of the past. Its apartments are kept nearly as they were at the death of Friedrich the Great. Among the other relics shown us in this palace were the six-foot scale used by the father of

Friedrich the Great in testing the suitableness of candidates for his corps of tall soldiers, the plain, ink-blotted writing-table of Friedrich the Great, his piano and flute, his music sheets, covered with notes composed and written by himself, his heavy boots, his tobacco-box still containing the tobacco from which he was using at the time of his death, his eye-shade, and a case of favorite French works. In a small room near his bed-chamber we saw his celebrated private dining-room. A small family table is provided in its center with a circular trap-door, which could be let down by machinery into a lower apartment to receive the food and then again elevated. At the side is another and smaller trap-door, through which single plates were lowered and elevated. In this chamber the king could dine with one or two friends without the annoyance of the over-hearing of their conversation by servants.

Leaving the royal palace, we passed to the Garrison Church, that of Krummacker, in the northern part of the city. The church is very poorly adapted to public speaking. Its elaborately-carved pulpit is very high, and is surrounded with banners which the Prussians have taken from the French and other nations. In a little chamber behind the pulpit lies the zinc sarcophagus of Friedrich the Great, and by its side that of his father. Friedrich's sword formerly rested on his coffin, but it is said to have been stolen by Napoleon. Proceeding west we entered the royal gardens. These border the city on the west, and stretch out nearly three miles toward sunset, and are about half as wide, so that the whole makes a pretty large garden, or park. A large *allée*, or shrubbery-bordered road, stretches out from the Brandenburg gate on the east to the New Palace in the west. The Brandenburg gate consists of a vast arch supported by a number of Corinthian columns, and is an imitation of the arch of Trajan in Rome. About a quarter of a mile from this gate we came to a cross *allée*, leading on the right, through statues, and fountains, and shrubbery, to the foot of a series of steps, beyond which stood a palace surrounded by every variety of rural attraction. This was the celebrated Sans Souci, a palace finished by Friedrich the Great in the year 1747, early in his reign, and which he inhabited the greater part of his reign. It is situated on a slight elevation, is only one story high, and has quite an antique appearance. On ascending the steps we found ourselves on the immediate court of the palace, and were surrounded by all of the beautiful which nature and art could furnish. The walks were bordered by scores

of large orange trees, some of them two centuries old, and by other foreign shrubbery, which in Winter are preserved in a very large building provided for that purpose. The flowers and smaller shrubbery are still kept in the sharp mathematical trim which was the fashion in France a century ago, and which then ruled in the Prussian court. In the multiform statuary in and around Sans Souci the reader of the classics will remember scarcely a fable or mythological being which is not here represented. How well it is done is another consideration. At the end of a terrace to the east, in a charming bower in which Friedrich loved to sit and study, are the graves of his favorite dogs. It is generally confessed that this great king and true hero was an avowed despiser of revealed religion, and perhaps of all religion. Whether he meant to express his scoffing spirit by giving to his dogs the honor of a regular burial and of stone monuments is perhaps doubtful. The burial, however, and the gravestones are a fact. There they lay, eleven of them, with the names of each several dog sculptured in the stone. Into this bower Friedrich used to have himself carried during the closing days of his life, that he might here while away the Summer afternoons. He is said to have requested in his will to be buried in this spot among his favorite dogs; but his friends saw fit to dispose of his body otherwise. Passing to the west of the palace we took a look at the historical wind-mill. When Friedrich was enlarging his gardens he encountered an obstacle in a small mill belonging to a common peasant. This mill he wished to purchase, but the miller refused to sell, whereupon the king sued him in court, I presume on the plea of nuisance, but the court sustained the miller. Subsequently he offered to sell it, but Friedrich would not purchase, saying that the mill had become a monument of Prussian justice, and should not be removed; and there it stands to this hour, stretching out its broad arms within a few rods of the palace. A little distance west from this spot we passed through a picture gallery and ascended a tower, from which we had a fine prospect of the city and gardens. To the left lay Sans Souci, to the south-east the city and royal palace, to the south the villa Charlottenhof, and to the right, in the west end, the new palace. The splendor and beauty of the vast space inclosed by these distant points, with its long carriage drives through straight or curved *allées*, its little forests and thick copses of foreign and native trees, its unnumbered flower-bordered, serpentine paths, its grottoes, and busts, and foun-

tains, and miniature temples—all this may well be imagined, but my poor staggering pen refuses to say any thing more on the subject.

Taking a principal *allée* in the northern part of the garden we started toward the south-west, and after something less than two miles of walking finally reached the Antique Temple, a small copy of the Rotunda at Rome, containing a statue of Louise, Queen of Prussia, which is said to have caused the sculptor, Rauch, fifteen years of study. Standing before this temple in the midst of what may be imagined to be similar to the oaks of Dodona, the question arose, "What is this, on the whole, other than a modern reproduction of the ancient heathen custom of deifying noted personages?" but was not decided.

A few hundred yards west of this temple stands the new palace, a magnificent Corinthian structure, containing two hundred sumptuously-furnished apartments, and exhibiting everywhere the marks of a purposely-profuse expenditure. It was erected by Friedrich the Great immediately after the close of the Seven Years' War, to show to his enemies that his finances were not yet exhausted. Among the noteworthy apartments which we saw was the Shell Saal, a very large chamber, every part of which is ornamented with sea shells, so distributed as to form images of flowers and mythological beings, and to give to the whole a very uncommon appearance. Interspersed among the shells are bands of minerals and precious stones, so set in the walls as to be ornamental and at the same time also of scientific interest. Among the minerals are some of great value, which Humboldt brought from America. English travelers say that the ornamentation of this Saal is in very bad taste. I presume, however, every one is at liberty to decide for himself.

In another room we saw Friedrich the Great's private library, containing fine copies of the French classics. Among the rest is a copy of his own voluminous works under the following title: *Les œuvres mêlées du Philosophe de Sans-Souci; avec privilège d'Apollon*. This copy contains many notes in the writing of Voltaire, some of them bitter and cutting, some approving. We saw here a manuscript letter of Friedrich in the French language. His chirography is small and very easily read. It seems that this great man, whose name we have so often written, was an aspirant after almost every kind of cultivation. He was not content to be merely a conqueror, a legislator, a philosopher, a historian, a poet, and a musician; he tried his hand also at painting. As a fruit of his

skill in this direction we saw a curious pencil profile of Voltaire, which he, no doubt, drew while their friendship was so intimate, and before it was broken off and changed into mutual contempt.

But bidding adieu to this bewildering succession of splendid apartments, we were glad to wander again in the evening glory among the falling leaves of the truly royal gardens. Taking the main central *allée* we went eastward toward Potsdam. Of the countless works of art which we passed we will only mention a fine equestrian statue of Friedrich the Great by Rauch. It stands close by the great fountain, which as we passed was in full play. Its jet rises to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

But our six hours had elapsed, and we passed out through the Brandenburg gate and out into the city. The lonely solitude of the streets contrasted strangely with the magnificence of the private and public buildings which were every-where to be seen. The explanation of this lies in the fact that Potsdam was built mainly by royal munificence, and is larger than its population requires, and also in the fact that many of the splendid mansions are owned by the wealthy in Berlin, and are only inhabited during the warm months. Coming to the long bridge and turning back for a moment to look at the palaces, and towers, and clouds as they were wrapped in the golden splendor of sunset, we took our seat in the cars and were soon in the midst of the glare and life of the capital.

ANNA THE PROPHETESS.

BY JULIA DAY.

ANNA worshiped God. Angels saw her "hoary head" a "crown of glory," and watched her feeble steps as if waiting to welcome a soul which had ripened into fitness for the scenes of heaven. She had known sorrow. The blessings of many years never crowned a human brow which did not also bear the marks of suffering. She was early called to taste the bitter anguish of bereavement. No doubt she was sometimes sad and lonely, sometimes trudged wearily along beneath a weight of care. As the years rolled by her early friends left her one by one to lie down in the grave, and all the world was changed around her. But when the battle of life was raging, often when the heart was faint, Anna took refuge in God's house.

As she entered the temple gate she threw

aside her anxious fears and cares. The solemn sacrifice waked reverential thoughts, and succeeding hours were borne along, calmly and silently, upon the train of holy associations. How sublime and awful were the threatenings of the law! what sweet devotion breathed in the psalms of David! and, more than all, how wonderful were the prophecies which, pointing to the Promised One, cheered the heart and gave exhaustless food for sacred reveries! Then she said joyfully, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Her heart did not grow old; its life-blood beat in every loving sympathy. Objects to which affection clung turned to dust and crumbled away; but each deserted tendril took hold upon the forms of Hebrew worship, and through these sacred rites on Israel's God. Anna could not be unhappy; it is not so hard to lose earthly hopes and joys when the soul has outgrown them. It was not enough for her to enter the temple on the great feast days when the assembled nation came, nor on the Sabbath, when, from the blue upon the fringes to the broad phylacteries of the Pharisees, every thing spoke of the sacred laws. With advancing years life's active duties ceased to claim her care. The chief concern of every day was pure devotion; and so Anna became a constant worshiper. Every day she witnessed the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice.

Did it never occur to her that she was making herself rather conspicuous by so doing, and that she might be thought overmuch pious? She was of the tribe of Asher; if she had been the wife or daughter of a priest there might have been some explanation on account of her early associations. Did not some of her acquaintances, looking upon her excessive devotion to the temple service, consider it as the harmless whim of a childish old woman? If they did she loved "the temple gates of the daughter of Zion" more than she feared the contempt of the ungodly.

Hers was a patient, humble spirit. She must have discovered that some of the priests did not strictly observe the law in all things. She may have witnessed the extortion and noisy bartering of those who sold doves, and no inspiration portrayed to her the whip of cords with which the Sinless should one day drive them from the temple. She must have known that many of the Pharisees were hypocrites, and that many who taught the people from the Scriptures gave interpretations not in harmony with the prophecies. Yet she did not

forsake the temple. While she mourned the sins of the nation she waited for the "consolation of Israel." She lived in communion with types and shadows, but looked beyond them to the great atonement. She was in "the city of the Great King;" she walked upon "Mount Zion the joy of the whole earth," too greatly blest, too fully clothed with silent awe to reflect that her presence in the temple was not strictly necessary, or to despond and complain that she was doing nothing.

She was great in her humility. Her eye was fixed upon the glory of the upper light, and its reflection wakened in the breasts of men a faith in goodness. In sight of the temple roof were living Pharisees and doctors of the law, old men, who spent their time in trivial arguments and captious criticisms, peevish, exacting. There were women, too, younger than Anna, whose childish petulance made them a burden to their friends. But the young loved Anna. Looking at such a picture of devout old age, their hearts were lightened from the fear of growing old, a burden sometimes greater than the fear of death.

One day a child was carried to the temple, and the young mother brought her offering of doves. Anna came too. She had witnessed such scenes a hundred times; but to her no precept of the law was old or trifling. In this simple, quiet ceremony she could feel as deep an interest as when some wealthy lady came with pompous retinue to offer both a lamb and dove for sacrifice.

As she approached the temple did angels whisper that the Prince of Peace was there? Did overflowing rapture make all nature vocal with new melodies? No; all was silent as the finger of Time when it points to the fulfillment of prophecy in the ruin of some ancient city. She came just as Simeon was holding in his arms the child whom he declared "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel." She who loved God's holy temple was permitted to see the day when "the glory of the latter house" was greater than the first. She who "served God with fastings and prayers night and day" was rewarded and soul-satisfied in the morning of this new and glorious era, and she "gave thanks likewise unto the Lord." *Likewise*—that is, as Simeon did, at once, in the temple, vocally, devoutly. Having renounced every thought of restless ambition, selfish anxiety, and worldly fear, having learned to be thankful, loving, and holy, she had at last a glorious work to do. "She spake of Him to all who looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

WORK AWAY.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

WORK AWAY!

For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lies wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm that has to last so long!
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wide and tangled glade;
Jungle swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind,
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the promised land,
Hearken us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scann'd,
Far away!

Work away!

For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and work the fleetest
Will ascend upon their way!

Live in future as in present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as Summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday;
Work away!

HAPPINESS.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow—
From our ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home. CORTON

The Children's Repository.

MAUD MELVILL'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY REV. A. D. FIELD.

MAUD MELVILL was one of those honest, frolicsome, good-hearted, pleasure-seeking, careless young ladies we see so often in life. On receiving Kitty's letter she hastened up to Glendale and entered into a bargain with Kitty for a New-Year's ride. The agreement was that she was to be charitable in her own way. She had, she said, no heart in the work specially. She was not going to set up for a deaconess, but she wanted fun.

I shall not give the incidents of that day as a model of good doing, nor am I prepared to say whether Kitty did exactly right to join in what may appear to some to be a frivolous half-day's work. But, right or wrong, it is no harm, I think, to relate the doings. I think you are aware that with the wealth of the Melvills Maud would have money to spend.

The same sleigh was out that day—James Harman, driver; Kitty and Maud the only other occupants. Under the seats Maud piled almost every thing that could be bought at a store. We are to give her little credit for charities. To use her own words, she was in for a frolic, and meant in a jesting way to burlesque the prim Kitty. I suppose girls must have their sport sometimes.

The bay horses with their jingling bells took the main road. The party came upon a boy ten years of age, bareheaded and cold, carrying a cheap beef bone. The little fellow was seen to change hands often, putting the empty hand into his pocket to keep it warm. Maud, in a commanding tone, made the little fellow get up into the sleigh, and while they were dashing on toward the boy's home, she thrust a pair of mittens on to his hands, and putting him out near his mother's cabin, Maud hallooed after him, "New-Year's gift—happy New-Year!"

They met a girl going to Rockville with a basket on her arm, clothed in a ragged dress with an apron pinned over her shoulder.

"See here, Susie, or whatever your name is, what makes you go into the street with such a shabby dress on? You look like a fright!"

"Hain't got no better," said the girl.

"Why do n't your mother make a better dress, then?"

"Mother hain't got no money to buy with, and father ain't at home."

"Where is your father?"

"Do n't know; been gone a year."

Upon this Maud caught up a folded piece of calico, and, throwing it to the wind, wrapped it around the girl till she looked like a mummy, and, bidding the driver go on, shouted out, "New-Year's gift—happy New-Year!"

Soon they came to a hovel. Out-doors on the boards and wood squatted a snarly-haired little fellow picking up chips and whimpering as his bare feet ached with the cold.

"See here, little chap," said Maud, "why do n't you put on your shoes?"

"Hain't got any," the boy replied.

"Why do n't your father buy you some?"

"'Cause."

"Come here, you little whimperer," said Maud, bursting with laughter.

The little fellow was suspicious, and started for the cabin. Maud measured the bundle of shoes with her eye, and, guessing at the size, caught up a small pair and flung them after the boy just as he escaped over the fence, and cried, "New-Year's gift—happy New-Year!"

They returned homeward. As they came near the cabin where the little fellow lived to whom Maud had given the mittens they saw a care-worn woman standing by the road-side. She beckoned. The sleigh stopped, and she commenced pouring her thanks upon the young lady. Maud marked the deep seriousness of her tone, and with it grew serious herself, and led the woman into conversation. Found she was a Christian woman, who was for the first time coming to want. A better house in which she had lived had been burned down with nearly all in it but a week before, and she had found shelter in the cabin to which she pointed. Maud did not wish to make serious work of her day's labor, and as cheerily as she could she passed out a pair of women's shoes, some tea, sugar, and a ham. Tears of gratitude fell down the cheeks of the poor woman as her little boy, clad with new mittens, carried the things into the house. Just as they were ready to drive on Maud saw a load of wood coming down the road. She quickly inquired the price, and ordered the man to unload by the poor woman's door, and ere the woman could understand what she was doing Maud threw back, as the horses flew on, "New-Year's gift—happy New-Year!"

They met a boy wearing an old, cast-off pair of men's boots, out at the toes and the snow filling the holes. They took the boy up. Maud inquired his name, and, quickly wrap-

ping up a pair of shoes, she requested the boy to hand them to the person whose name was on them. Quickly thrusting the boy into the road, they drove on. The boy could not read. He met a man and asked him to read the writing. It was: "To James Harris. New-Year's gift—happy New-Year!" It is needless to say the boy's own name was upon the paper.

Thus for the forenoon Maud rode on, playing her pranks. But the day's experience sobered her. She had seen a new side of life; she had experienced a new emotion, and her very frolicsome ride led her to one of the most happy New-Year's evenings of her life. It was a new way of spending New-Year's, and she felt that every gift of that day she had flung out had rebounded upon her own heart, and there came whispers of pleasantness upon her soul as that evening she laughed over the events of the day. She missed a ball to win a day of joy.

Besides these thoughts there were others making a deep impression upon her mind. One of these will find an explanation in the following story: Several years before the time of which we are writing Herman Graham was one of the most popular men in Albany business life. Mr. Graham was a brother of Maud Melvill's mother, and often on going to New York joined the circles in which the Melvills and Winslows moved. When Maud was between eight and ten years of age her uncle and his beautiful wife spent a week at her father's house on a visit; and one day when Maud fell down stairs her aunt caught her up, and, carrying her to the sitting-room, bathed her bruises and chatted cooingly to the sobbing girl as she sighed with pain.

But after a time, through some slight misunderstanding, Maud's father and her uncle fell out with each other, and from that time the two families met no more. Casual letters passed between Mrs. Melvill and her brother; but these at last ceased altogether, and some years had now passed since the Graham family had been heard from.

Mr. Graham failed in business and went into the country to try his hand at farming. From better to worse he went on till he lost all but a homestead, in which he died, leaving a wife and one boy. This mother struggled for a year, and then through a calamity lost the last she possessed on earth.

The New-Year's morning of which I have spoken Mrs. Graham and her boy ate the last morsel of provisions in the house, and, leaving the table as it stood, she sent young Henry to

the village to see if he could not in some way get something to eat. For a little job the market man gave him a beef shank. The mother did not clear away the few dishes, but sat down with her Bible, which she had taken to reading since her troubles had come upon her. Through her mind there passed all those promises which are applicable to those that put their trust in Him who careth for the very sparrows, and kneeling all alone she prayed: "O, Lord," said the woman in her anguish, "thou seest my want; I know not what to do! Canst thou not help me? O, thou God of the widow, help me and save my child from want, and through Christ give me thy peace and resignation."

Through that New-Year's night Maud lay waking. The poor woman to whom she gave the wood had awakened a remembrance in her mind that troubled her. She had seen the woman and heard that voice before, but she could not tell where. She could hardly wait till morning, she was so anxious to go and solve the mystery. Breakfast was no sooner over than she ordered the sleigh and set out for Glendale. There Maud took up Kitty and flew on to the cabin of the poor widow.

"After leaving you yesterday," said Maud, "I began to think I had seen you somewhere. Did you ever live in New York?"

"No, I never did," the woman replied.

"Have you never been in New York?"

"Many years ago husband and I used to go down there to visit relatives. It must be ten or eleven years since we were there."

"What were your relatives' names?"

"One family bore the name of Fitzgray."

"Ah, indeed! What other relatives had you?"

"My husband's sister married a Melvill."

"And your name is Miriam Graham?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"And mine, dear aunt, is Maud Melvill!" and Maud fell upon her aunt's neck, and the tears ran down Kitty's cheek as, dumb, she looked upon the curious meeting. The little fellow upon whose hands Maud so rudely thrust the New-Year's mittens was Harry Graham, Maud's own cousin!

You may be sure Henry and his mother were never in need of New-Year's gifts after that. Maud ever felt thankful to Kitty for suggesting so pleasant a way of spending the first day of the new year.

CALL not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

THE REJECTED OFFERING.

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

A STRANGE silence was settled down upon the little Sabbath school room, through which usually a very decided undercurrent of noisy life ebbed and flowed. Death had been brooding over them, and they felt now the shadow of his black wings. Miss Moore, a dearly-loved teacher, was with them the Sabbath before, but on this one she was lying very still in a darkened room of her father's house—the gentle voice that had so often in this place spoken of holy things stilled by death.

Very quietly sat the class that once was hers. Mechanically they recited to the new teacher, but they were not thinking of her, but of the old one so suddenly gone from them. Kitty Morgan did not notice that she was sitting near Mary Brown—so near that the folds of her purple silk swept the faded skirt of Mary's pink calico; and poor little Mary's brown eyes were so filled with tears that she did not know that the proud, scornful glances of her classmates were not to-day directed toward her.

At last the weary task of reciting was done. The teacher turned away, and a few moments before the bell rung, the time that remained before the school closed was left unoccupied. After a long pause Julia Raymond whispered, "I am going over this afternoon to put some flowers in her coffin."

"I think we all ought to place flowers there," said Frank Lawrence. "I have got some beautiful white roses; I will carry some, and some wax flowers."

"And mamma will give me some moss-rose buds," said Kitty Morgan.

All the girls promised to carry flowers—all but Mary Brown. Her classmates never thought of asking her to join them in any of their plans, and she, poor child, never said any thing to them of her own accord.

As Mary walked home from Sabbath school the desire to do something for her dead teacher became stronger and stronger with every step she took. "Why can't I put flowers in her coffin, too?" she murmured. "I am sure I loved her as much as they did."

After a long walk Mary opened the door of a large, old house, whose whole appearance spoke of poverty. Up a long flight of stairs, then she opened the door of a little room which was her own and her mother's home. Mrs. Brown was sitting in a large arm-chair, her eyes closed, but she was not sleeping. A very tired expression was on her face. The Sabbath was a

day of rest for Mrs. Brown—not for the soul, but for the body.

As the little girl opened the door Mrs. Brown closed her eyes more tightly as she said, "Don't make a bit of noise, child, I have got a dreadful headache."

The only ornament of the room was a small monthly rose plant, which stood in a little papered box on the window sill. Mary went up to it and looked for a while very earnestly upon it. It was not very pretty, but to her eyes it seemed the perfection of loveliness.

At length Mary went up to Mrs. Brown, and touching her shoulder very softly said, "Mother, the girls are all going to carry flowers to put in Miss Moore's coffin—can't I carry mine and put in?"

Mrs. Brown opened her eyes now as she said, "Why, child, you have only a few buds, and if you pick those you will never have any flowers; besides, do you want to go to Mr. Moore's with those old clothes on?"

This was something Mary had not thought of; but love conquered pride, and she said, "I do n't care; I won't stay but a minute."

"Well, do as you please, only do n't bother me," and Mrs. Brown closed her eyes again.

Mary soon stripped the little plant of all its beauty. To the lonely child it had been like a dear friend; she had watched its unfolding day by day; its buds and blossoms were her pride and joy; but now she felt no regret at thus spoiling it, for her love for Miss Moore consumed all lesser loves.

A very light heart beat time to the quick footfalls down the stairs and over the long pavement that led to Mr. Moore's house. Nevertheless, as she reached it and saw how large and stately it was, she shrunk from asking admittance there; but love again conquered, and she rung the door bell.

A lady with a very sad, sweet face was passing through the hall when the servant opened the door, and after she had heard Mary's request she said, "John, tell Sarah to show her up."

At another time Mary would have wondered at the costly things around her, but now her mind was too much occupied to notice them. She was led into a large room; on a long table rested the coffin. A feeling almost of fear came over her as the servant removed the cloth, but it was gone as the sweet, white face smiled up upon her. A few flowers scattered over the pillow and in the folded hands, showed that some of her classmates had been there before her. Reverently Mary placed her offering on the pillow, so that the crimson buds might

shadow the marble cheek, then with a last look, which told how dearly she loved that beautiful clay, she was turning to go when she heard low voices on the stairs; she knew them well. It was Bitty Morgan and Mattie Burt.

Mary, in her eagerness to carry her flowers, had not thought of the possibility of meeting any of her classmates. "What would they say to see her there?" and she glanced down to her faded dress, then shrunk back to the end of the long table.

As the girls entered the room their looks showed first surprise then scorn at Mary's presence. As they bent over the coffin Bitty soon noticed the humble little buds, and she said, "I wonder where these flowers came from, they are not fit to be here."

Mattie looked at Mary as though she understood very well the connection between her and the buds, but she said nothing. Bitty took them up, and, tossing them on the table, placed her own hot-house offering in their place.

It was the work of a moment for Mary to bend down and snatch up her flowers, which had fallen to the floor, hurry out into the hall, down the stairs, and over the long walk that led her home. Could she be the same child who had been over it a few moments before—so happy then, so miserable now? Her flowers were crushed in her hand; the sight of them was hateful.

When her mother's room was reached she sank down upon the floor, and, resting her head in a chair, wept and sobbed as if the poor little heart was breaking.

A half hour later Mrs. Brown lifted her upon the bed, for she had wept herself to sleep. Her cheeks were flushed and wet with tears; the flowers were still crushed in her hand. As Mrs. Brown raised her in her arms, the unconscious child murmured, "They would n't take my flowers."

Poor little Mary, yours is not the only voice that gives utterance to this complaint. Many times the best gifts that we can offer are rejected, but take courage! if given in a right spirit they will be just as acceptable to God; they will send up as sweet a perfume before his throne as though they were more beautiful and costly ones.

THE ELM AND THE CLOVER.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

AN elm-tree stood in a meadow,
And, underneath, in its shadow,
Some lovely white-clover was growing;
The scythe had missed it in mowing;

And it flourished the Summer' long,
So its stems grew green and strong,
And its blossoms filled with honey;
For half the day it was sunny,
And half the day cool where it grew;
And every clear night the dew
Came glistening down in the dark,
And the sweet-singing meadow-lark
Had her nest so near in the grass,
That her wings brushed its leaves to pass.

All the great, yellow bumble-bees round
Came flying, with flourish of sound,
To visit the sweet white-clover.
Bright humming-birds hovered over,
And, greeting it, flashed about
Into the sunshine and out,
And, all on a sudden, away,
But always to come next day.

But the clover looked up to the tree—
The elm so high and free—
With its great trunk, rough and brown,
And its branches bending down
And spreading such broad, cool shadow
Over the grateful meadow.
And the little clover could see,
When the wind swept through the tree,
How strong were its branches to wrestle—
How a whole flock of blackbirds could nestle
Under its leaves, where a storm—
The wildest—could do them no harm;
And the sweet blossom wondered why,
Since the elm was so near to the sky,
That, however much it might try,
It could never itself grow high.

And, from looking so much at the tree,
The clover no longer could be
Content with its life as before,
And it did not care any more
For the humming-bird's glad surprise—
And the bees and the butterflies,
And the soft, green grass below—
All for pining and fretting so
How high and strong it could grow.

While it drooped on its stem, one day,
A breeze, that was passing that way,
Lifted, and kissed it, and said,
"Little clover, look not overhead
Where the trees their high court keep,
Where the wings of the tempest sweep.
Some are made to be strong and brave—
To battle, to shelter, to save,
And some to be humble and sweet,
To dwell content at their feet,
Yet all for their mission are meet.
Some are meant to be tall, proud trees,
And some to make honey for bees,
Or to help make festive the ways
Of those who are wreathed with praise;
Yet the high and low at their feet
Are all for their mission meet."

The light breeze went on its way,
And the clover is blooming to-day.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

THE QUALIFIED HOUSEWIFE.—Many persons expect their daughters to marry and thus be provided for; the daughters themselves expect it. But it may be well for both parent and child to consider the chances against the provision. Marriage may come, and a life of pecuniary adversity, or a widowhood of penury may follow; or marriage may not come at all. As civilization—so called—goes on, multiplying wants, and converting luxuries into necessities, the number of single women fearfully increases, and is in greatest proportion where there is most refinement, whereby women are least qualified to take care of themselves.

In the simple lives of our ancestors, men were not deterred from marriage by the difficulty of meeting the expenses of their families. Their wives were help-mates. If they could not earn bread they could make it. If they could not comprehend the "rights of woman," they practiced her duties. If they did not study political economy and algebra, they knew the calculation by which "the penny saved is the penny gained." Instead of waiting to be served by costly and wasteful Milesians, they "looked well to the ways of their household, and ate not the bread of idleness." The Puritan wife did not ask her husband to be dressed in French gauds, but was truly

"The gentle wife who decks his board,
And makes the day to have no night."

In giving the reasons that restrain men from marrying at the present day, and thereby diminishing the chances of this absolute provision for woman, we beg not to be misunderstood. We would not restrict women to the humble offices of maternal existence. The best-instructed and most thoroughly-accomplished women we have ever known have best understood and practiced the saving arts of domestic life.

If parents, from pride, or prejudice, or honest judgment, refuse to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, by which their independence may be secured; if they persist in throwing them on one chance; if daughters themselves persevere in trusting to this "neck-or-nothing" fate, then let them be qualified in that art and craft in which their grandmothers excelled, and which is now, more than at any preceding time, the necessary and bounden duty of every American wife, whatever be her condition.

Never by women, in any civilization, was this art so needed; for never, we believe, were there such obstructions to prosperity and comfort as exist in our domestic service. And how are the young women of the luxurious classes prepared to meet them? How are the women of the middle classes fitted to overcome

them? And how are the poorer classes trained to rejoice in their exemptions from them?

If a parent look forward to provision by marriage for her daughter, she should at least qualify her for that condition, and be ashamed to give her to her husband unless she is able to manage her house, to educate her children, to nurse her sick, and to train her servants—the inevitable destiny of American housewives. If she can do all this well, she is a productive partner, and, as Madame Bodichon says, does as much for the support of her household as her husband.

It may or may not be the duty of a mother to educate her children in a technical sense. But if her husband is straining every nerve to support his family, it would be both relief and help if she could save him the immense expense of our first-rate schools, or the cost of a governess. If she be skilled in the art of nursing, she may stave off the fearful bill of the physician.

If she knew the cost and necessary consumption of provision, the keeping of accounts, and, in short, the whole art and mystery of domestic economy, she will not only preserve her husband from an immense amount of harassing care, but secure to him the safety, blessing, and honor of living within his means.

If she be a *qualified housewife*, the great burden, perplexity, and misery of housekeeping, from the rising to the setting sun, from our Canadian frontiers to far south of Mason and Dixon's Line, will be—we will not say overcome, but most certainly greatly diminished.—*C. M. Sedgwick.*

VENTILATE YOUR CHILDREN'S ROOMS.—Most parents before retiring to rest, make it a duty to visit the sleeping-rooms of their children. They do so in order to be satisfied that the lights are extinguished, and that no danger is threatening their little ones. But if they leave the room with closed windows and doors, they shut in as great an enemy as fire, although his ravages may not be so readily detected. Poison is there, slow, but deadly.

Morning after morning do many little children wake weary, fretful, and oppressed.

"What can it mean? What can it be?" the mother cries. In despair she has recourse to medicine. The constitution becomes enfeebled, and the child grows worse.

The cause, perhaps, is never traced to over crowded sleeping-rooms, without proper air; but it is, nevertheless, the right one. An intelligent mother, having acquainted herself with the principles of ventilation, will not retire to her own room for the night without

having provided a sufficiency of air for her own children in the same manner that she provides and regulates their night covering, or any other requisite for refreshing slumber. Sometimes, by judiciously lowering a window, and at other times by leaving a door wide open, this end may be attained.

In many houses the day and night nurseries communicate. When this is the case, the window of the farther room should be left open, and the door between the rooms likewise open. Even in severe weather young children can bear this arrangement, if they are not exposed to a direct draft.

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he can not support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order and regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to their excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Young ladies, if your minds are filled with sound views of life, and stored with that kind of reading that will exert a healthful influence upon your characters, you will shrink with instinctive delicacy from fulsome flattery or unnecessary personal freedom. You will have a consciousness of dignity and self-respect that will keep at a distance all impertinent acquaintances. You will scorn to be the toy, the mere plaything of those you associate with. Respect yourselves, consider your own persons sacred from the touch of the trifler, and you will be so considered by others. Let your most intimate associates of the other sex be your father, brothers, and those who are related nearly to you. Be more anxious to shine in their estimation than in that of strangers.

Throw aside sickly, pernicious story-reading. Life is too short, and the field of valuable knowledge too broad, and woman's responsibilities are too serious, to justify you in this waste of precious time. You that are novel-readers, have you not already devoured enough of this fulsome and disguised immorality? Have you not "fed upon the east wind," even to satiety? And you who, from youth, parental restraint, or in the absence of temptation, have never entered

into this course of reading, be persuaded by those who would advise for your good, to "touch not, handle not." It is easier to refrain from entering upon such a course of reading, than to break off after it is once commenced.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—When people understand that they must live together, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, the yoke which they know they can not shake off. They become good husbands and good wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duty which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of unreserved immorality. To be sure, if people come together in marriage with the extravagant expectations that all are to be halcyon days; the husband conceiving that all is to be authority with him, and the wife that all is to be accommodation to her; every body sees how that must end; but if they come together with a prospect of happiness, they must come with the reflection that, not bringing perfection in themselves, they have no right to expect it on the other side; that, having respectively many infirmities of their own to be overlooked, they must overlook the infirmities of each other.

CONVERSATION AT HOME.—Among the influences which shape the young people of a family, a most important place must be given to the tone of conversation that prevails in their home. Cecil says: "The opinion, the spirit, the conversation, the manners of the parents, influence the child. If he is a fantastic man, if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such a one, and so on, his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man, his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man, such will be his children." The coloring of his conversation permeates their minds like an atmosphere. If they hear nothing from father and mother, or talked of betwixt them, but the affairs of this life, how can they fail to become more or less materialists, and ready to believe this present world the all in all? "Bringing the eternal world into their view, planning and acting with that world before us," is the way to impress them with a sense of those realities which we desire should rule their lives.

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.—The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace," we are to believe that the fire is extinct; it burns with a steady flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

WITTY AND WISE.

THE WORD OF GOD.—Naimbana, a black prince, from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone, arrived in England in 1791. The gentleman to whose care he was intrusted, took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the Word of God, and he received it as such, with great reverence and simplicity. Do we ask what it was that satisfied him on the subject? let us listen to his artless words. "When I found," said he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the Word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men called it, the Word of God."

A GOOD REPLY.—Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady Huntingdon, how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the Divine will. "Very easy," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, I wish you to bestow on me such a favor; but your majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself, to grant my desire. I, therefore, content myself with humbly presenting my petition and leave the event of it entirely to you."

ART OF NOT QUARRELING.—Sensible husband: "How is it that we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe? Well, I will tell you. One person can not make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humor and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and does not say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as a monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to some heavenly song. *We only quarrel one at a time*, and is it astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out! That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you, and all Xantippes, to follow it."

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathanael said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.—When Judge Hale, who had been a fierce swash-buckler in his youth, sat in judgment upon one of his former boon companions, he took advantage of the retirement of the jury to ask the cul-

prit in the dock sundry questions touching their old associates. "They are all hanged, my lord," answered the knave, "except you and me."

READING THE SCRIPTURE.—An anecdote is told of the Bishop of Exeter, England. The scene is a church in Torquay; the Bishop is present, but not officiating, and he sits with the congregation. The officiating clergyman ventures to soften to ears polite the phrase "eat and drink their own damnation." He reads it "condemnation." A voice is heard energetically exclaiming, "Damnation!" The whole Church is startled. But it is not a profane epithet they hear; it is the voice of the Bishop in rebuke of the officiating minister.

RELIGION AND ILL-TEMPER.—A plain old clergyman was once applied to for advice on a very important matter. He was asked which of two sisters he had better pay his addresses to. One was very lovely in her disposition, but not a professor of religion. The other was a professing Christian, but very ill-tempered. "Marry the good-tempered one by all means," said the clergyman. "The Spirit of God can live where you can't."

NO WONDER.—One of the most fashionable hair-dressers tells the following good story:

An old Quaker lady was standing at the counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a hair-dresser for the evening. She gave her orders hurriedly, saying that she wanted half a dozen "rolls" and a butterfly on the top, a "Grecian" or "waterfall" on the back, with plenty of "puffs" and "curls," and ended with an injunction to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice," and "cataracts."

"Poor child," said the dear old lady compassionately, looking after her as she departed; "what a pity she has lost her mind!"

CROSS-EXAMINATION.—A lawyer, who prided himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had once an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir, because she confessed it." "And you also swear that she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then," giving a sagacious look to the Court, "are we to understand that you employ dishonest persons to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course; how else, pray, could I get assistance from a lawyer?" The witness was peremptorily ordered to "stand down."

NOT ENOUGH FOR TWO.—Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterward she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Just a little, ma'am; enough for one, but not enough for two."

TOO SMALL.—Thackeray, when in the United States, meeting a Western man who had been in England, asked him how he liked that country.

"Very well, in the day-time," was the reply.

"Why, what is the matter with it in the night?"

"O, I never dared to go out in England after night for fear I should step off the edge."

Scripture Sabbath.

PEACE IN GOD.—*"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."* Philip. iv, 6, 7.

1. There are two very striking features in the Word of God in its directions with regard to human life: first, while but very little is said in all the Scripture leading us to be at all anxious or careful about our worldly necessities, the Word of God abounds in dissuaves against all uneasy care or disquietude with regard to worldly things and events, and positive prohibitions against world-loving and world-seeking; second, while the Scriptures thus dissuade us from all anxiety about our worldly interests, they abound in proffers of the Divine protection and care over us, in solicitations to commit our ways and interests to God, and in injunctions to be happy, to be hopeful, to be confident, to be at rest in God. The Divine Father appears throughout his Word as anxiously solicitous that we should be free from care, distress, fear, and all unhappiness growing out of distrust of his providence and goodness. He places himself before us in all the glory and fullness of his infinite perfections as our rock of defense, our strong tower, our sure refuge, our help in time of trouble. He is willing to take into his hands and under his almighty protection and guidance all our interests for time and eternity.

2. The language before us is not a forbidding of all care or interest in the wants, circumstances, and events of our lives. This would be contrary to our Christian duty and character. Idleness and indifference are inconsistent both with our character as rational beings and our duty as Christians. The Savior himself has set before us an example of industry, carefulness, and economy. He that could multiply the loaves to feed the thousands also said, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." His life, too, was a beautiful exhibition of profound sympathy and interest for all human affairs. He learned and worked at the trade of his father. He was careful to provide for the wants of his disciples and friends, and discharged to his mother the duties of an affectionate son, and made provision for her after his death by commending her to the care of the beloved John. St. Paul labored with his own hands that he might not be burdensome to others, and has left on record his injunction to be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He has taught us that "if any one provide not for his own, especially them of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Carefulness, prudence, economy, judicious forethought, are all commendable, both in business, in our households, and with regard to our lives and health. To forbid these is not the object of the apostle.

3. His language is a prohibition of all harassing, anxious, and distrustful care about the things and events of time. It is the same word as that used by

the Savior in his Sermon on the Mount when he so strongly forbids all distressing care and anxiety about the future, and enjoins upon us to take no thought about the things of the morrow. It is that worldly care and "deceitfulness of riches" which the Savior says "spring up to choke the good seed." It is the same word as that used by Christ when he said to Martha, "Thou art careful about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that better part." St. Paul uses it again when speaking of the overanxiety of the Corinthian Church when threatened with persecution. From the nature and use of the word it is evident that it is intended to prohibit all anxious, repining, complaining, and heart-wearing thought about the things of the world, what we shall eat, or drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed, and makes, like the Savior, a clean sweep by forbidding it with regard to all things—"Be careful for nothing."

4. Be not overanxious about your business, about success or failure, about fluctuations in trade, changes in the market, the crops, the weather, the prices current, about laying up treasure on earth. Be not slothful, reckless, indifferent, prodigal, or extravagant, but be careful of world-loving and world-seeking. Do not forget that the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment, and that ye can not yield yourselves *servants* to both God and mammon, for you will love the one and hate the other, or cleave to the one and despise the other. Believe the apostle's inspired teaching "that godliness with contentment is great gain." "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment, let us therewith be content. For they who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some covet after, they err from the faith, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

5. Be not overanxious about your family, about present wants or future positions. Be wise, judicious as parents; watch over the moral and religious training of your children; do for them what present duty and ability enjoin and allow, and trustfully leave the future with God. Be not overanxious about laying up treasures for them when you shall have gone, nor distressed about their circumstances when God shall have called you away. God has taken care of you, and under his blessing you have worked your way through the world. The same God will take care of them. Give them while living and leave them when dying the example and legacy of a humble Christian life and triumphant Christian death. Depend upon it, such an example and such a death will be more dearly valued by both you and them in the solemn moments of separation, than earthly mansions and heaps of gold.

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family," said Patrick Henry in the closing paragraph of his will; "there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

6. Be not overanxious about your life, or health, or death. Do not, like those of whom the apostle speaks, "through fear of death, go all your lifetime in bondage." The ways of life and the issues from death are in the hands of the Lord. Satan could not touch the person of Job till he had gained the permission of God, and even then God retained the life of his servant in his own hand. Be prudent, be wise, be temperate, but fret not about your health, nor distress yourself about your death, or the circumstances in which others will be placed by that event. To die is the common lot of men; the years of God go on forever. Do your duty now and submit the future to Him that liveth for evermore. Serve your day and generation while you live, and leave the consequences with the Great Ruler and Director on high. Live soberly, righteously, and godly, and your work and your duty will be done when you die. Submit the matter to God and rest satisfied that you will neither die too soon nor live too long. Fear not for the companion to be left in desolate widowhood—Jehovah is the God of the widow. Be not distressed about the lonely orphan—Jehovah is the God of the fatherless. Remember, though you be dead, God, thy God, that kept, and guided, and watched over thee, still liveth to keep, and guide, and watch over those you shall leave behind.

7. To abstain from anxious and distressing care, to be calm, and trustful, and hopeful is good philosophy as well as good religion. It is the highest wisdom of man to commit his ways to God and to rest in him. It is wise as well as Christian to be at rest about those things over which we have but little or no control. And how little is our power to change or influence most of those things which often cause us so much uneasiness! This is the case with even our most careful forethought and most judicious plans; how much more is it the case with harassing thought and exhausting care! Tears, and sighs, and murmurings have no influence in changing our circumstances or altering events. In famine a nation's tears would not water the barren earth and make it bring forth. Sighs can not fill our sails and waft us on to prosperity. Years of repining will not mend broken health or restore a shattered fortune. Murmurings long and deep will not frighten away disease or stay the approach of death for a single hour. We are in the hands of God, and he careth for us.

Away, then, with all unavailing tears and sighs, all murmurings and complainings, all distrustings of the providence of God. Be careful for nothing. Ye can not make one hair white or black, nor by taking thought add one cubit to your stature. "If not able, then, to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?" Live one day at a time and tear up a thousand temptations, and trials, and sorrows by the roots. I show you, says the apostle, a more excellent way—"In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Library Notice.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Thomas Carlyle. In six volumes. Vol. V. 12mo. Pp. 515. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This volume continues this famous history from March, 1757, to the end of 1760. It carries us to the height of the "Seven Years' War. We read these volumes quite as much for the purpose of studying their versatile and prolific author, Carlyle, as their hero, Friedrich. Indeed, if we are ever to become acquainted even partially with the world's history, we can not afford to give six volumes to even the great Friedrich; but when we have Friedrich and Carlyle both to study in the same volumes there is ample compensation for the time and labor. The volume is embellished with a fine portrait of the hero from a picture by Franke, of Potsdam, and numerous maps illustrate the topography of the history.

HAND-BOOK OF THE STEAM-ENGINE, Containing all the Rules required for the Right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the Easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules, constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bowne, C. E., author of several works on the steam-

engine. 12mo. Pp. 474. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—We have given the full title of this valuable work, almost equal to a table of contents, to indicate its character. It is not the history but the science and mechanism of the steam-engine, and is so plain and practical in its arrangement and instructions that every one engaged in the manufacturing or working of these powerful engines can understand its lessons, and ought to possess it as a hand-book. It is amply illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, and tables, and examples, and is a thorough discussion of its subject.

ON RADIATION. The "Rede" Lecture, delivered in the Senate-House before the University of Cambridge, England, on Tuesday, May 16, 1865. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. 12mo. Pp. 48. Paper, 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A profoundly-interesting lecture. Prof. Tyndall is one of the great leaders in unfolding the new doctrine of the "conservation and transmutation" of force, and in applying the new philosophy to the phenomena of heat. In this lecture he admirably states and explains the facts of radiation in the light of the new principles.

THE TENTH AND TWELFTH BOOKS OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF QUINTILIAN. *With Explanatory Notes.* By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The editor of these books of Quintilian proposes them as a Latin textbook "for the junior class as a preparation for the more peculiar and more difficult writers of the 'silver age.'" In the German schools, Quintilian has been, of late years, extensively introduced. We can readily see many reasons why this would make an excellent textbook, and especially because of its admirable fitness to impart instruction at once by precept and example; giving the student at once an introduction to this great master of the rhetorical art, and at the same time an opportunity of attaining a higher scholarship in the Latin language.

VOICES OF NATURE. By William Cullen Bryant. *With Illustrations.* Square 18mo. Pp. 91. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This neat little book contains forty of the best short poems of Bryant, whom we consider the best poet of America. It is one of the "Companion Poets for the People," and all "the people" ought to possess it. It is most beautifully illustrated with some of the finest wood engravings we ever saw.

HOME-HEROES, SAINTS, AND MARTYRS. By T. S. Arthur. 12mo. Pp. 296. \$2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—T. S. Arthur is one of the purest writers of fiction in our country. In all the multitude of his productions there is nothing to offend, while there is much to please, to move, and to instruct. We have laid aside every story that we have ever read from his pen with better desires and better purposes. The present volume contains eleven stories, characterized by naturalness, tenderness, and purity. Some of them we know will moisten the eyes of the reader. The volume is issued in most beautiful style, with tinted paper, heavy beveled backs, and gilt tops.

MR. AMBROSE'S LETTERS ON THE REBELLION. By John P. Kennedy. 16mo. Pp. 246. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These letters of Mr. Ambrose were written at intervals from the close of the second year of the civil war down to the restoration of peace after the surrender of Lee. They are among the best letters produced by that great convulsion. Wise, sagacious, far-seeing, kindly in their spirit, it is well that they should reappear at this time; and we earnestly hope that they may have an extensive circulation in the South, where they are most needed. The topics they bring into discussion are those suggested by the principles involved in the great rebellion, and they are worthy of the careful perusal of all thoughtful Americans.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., Late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 352, 359. \$4. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We welcome these volumes as a well-merited tribute to the earnest, great, and

good Robertson. His character is one of the most beautiful; his reputation so early gained rests on a foundation so pure and true that it will be enduring; his active life, his earnest preaching, his independence of thought and expression are exemplary. His sermons are widely diffused in this country, and need the accompaniment of his nobly-truthful life. We do not indorse all his views, but find in his writings, as so many others have done, "a living source of impulse, a practical direction of thought, a key to many of the problems of theology, and, above all, a path to spiritual freedom." With a spirit so earnest and independent, leading him to modes of expression differing from the old technicalities, he could not pass through his mission without suspicion and opposition; and with a mind so inquiring he could not but pass through great mental conflicts, leading him often through "thickest darkness." The treatment of these internal and external conflicts is the staple of this interesting biography.

HELEN MAC GREGOR; or, Conquest and Sacrifice. By Mrs. C. Y. Barlow. 16mo. Pp. 328. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—This is the story of a Scotch orphan girl, whose early childhood was spent in a wild highland glen. She was at length brought to this country, where she passed her youth and early womanhood. The "conquest and sacrifice" indicated in the title, was all of herself. The work is written in good style; the story is well told; its conduct is natural, and its parts are consistent and harmonize with each other. Its moral and religious tone is commendable, and while it gratifies the literary tastes it does not corrupt the mind. The publishers have issued it in very handsome style, making it one of a series of interesting and unexceptionable books for the Sabbath school and for young people at home.

EARNEST CHRISTIAN'S LIBRARY. *Consisting of Plain Words on Christian Living, by Charles John Vaughn, D. D.; The Cross of Jesus, or Heaven on Earth to Me, by Rev. David Thompson; Sure Words of Promise; and The Soul-Gatherer.* 4 Volumes in a neat Box. \$5. New York: Carlton & Porter.—It would be difficult to surpass in any way this box of books. The books in their subject-matter are just what they ought to be for an "earnest Christian's library." The first "is alive with hallowed fire and vigorous religious thought," going to the root of the matter in an earnest Christian life. The second is full of healthful food for the soul leading it to delightful contemplation of the Cross. The third gives inspiration by drawing on the "exceeding great and precious promises." The fourth fills us with holy impulses to go forth in the blessed work of gathering souls. In mechanical execution they are very fine—printed on tinted paper and handsomely bound in blue cloth. The box would be a beautiful holiday present to the young people of the family, and the Church would be greatly blessed if her members would lay aside much worthless reading and turn to such nourishment for the soul as is furnished here.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF RATIONALISM IN EUROPE. By W. E. H. Lecky, M. A. 2 Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 405, 386. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This important and valuable work reaches us

at too late an hour before our issue to admit of that careful examination which we desire to give it before noticing it in the more extended manner which it well deserves. It is a work that called forth a large amount of notice and criticism in the English press, generally favorable to its spirit and doctrines, and universally praising the great labor and learning exhibited in its preparation. The reading of these criticisms created a great desire to possess the work, and we have no doubt they have prepared the way for a large demand for it in America. To no publishing house in this country are men of science, thinkers and students, and lovers of the higher orders of literature, more indebted for the prompt reproduction of the best issues of Europe, than to the enterprising house of the Appletons. It should become as settled a purpose with American scholars to sustain the efforts of these publishers, as it seems to be with them, to furnish the opportunity to American students to possess these works of the highest order of modern thought.

The volumes before us are of this class. It is a history of thought, not a mere relation of facts—the history of a mental tendency, not a mere statement or definition of doctrines which have prevailed. “My object in the present work,” says the author, “has been to trace the history of the spirit of Rationalism; by which I understand, not any class of definite doctrines or criticisms, but rather a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has during the last three centuries gained a marked ascendancy in Europe. The nature of this bias will be examined in detail in the ensuing pages, when we examine its influence upon the various forms of moral and intellectual development. At present it will be sufficient to say, that it leads men on all occasions to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason and of conscience, and, as a necessary consequence, greatly to restrict its influence upon life. It predisposes men, in history, to attribute all kinds of phenomena to natural rather than miraculous causes; in theology, to esteem succeeding systems the expressions of the wants and aspirations of that religious sentiment which is planted in all men; and, in ethics, to regard as duties only those which conscience reveals to be such.”

The work is issued in excellent style, and contains, as one of its admirable features, a copious index.

HALLOWED SONGS. *A Collection of the Most Popular Hymns and Tunes, both Old and New, Designed for Prayer and Social Meetings, Revivals, Family Worship, and Sabbath Schools.* By Theo. E. Perkins, Philip Phillips, and Sylvester Main. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Mr. Phillips

has placed on our table a beautiful copy of this admirable collection of hymns and tunes. We have already noticed the book, but very cheerfully again call the attention of our readers to it. It ought to be found in all the places indicated on its title-page, in the prayer meeting room, in the family, and in the Sabbath school. The copy before us is handsomely bound in embossed morocco, with gilt edges and back.

SHEET MUSIC.—*Prisoner's Return, or I am Coming, Dearest Mother.* Song and Chorus, by Frank M. Davis. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O. 30 cts.

Do we Love as we Loved Long Ago? Song and Chorus. Words by Miss Amanda T. Jones. Music by Harry Buckline. W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O. 30 cts.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, American Edition. Vol. LXI, No. 4. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Slavery and Southern Methodism: Two Sermons Preached in the Methodist Church in Newman, Georgia, by the Pastor, Rev. John H. Caldwell, A. M.

The Methodist Centenary Almanac, for 1866. New York: Carlton & Porter.

The Methodist Almanac, for 1866. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

Catalogue of the Wesleyan University, 1865–66. Middletown, Connecticut. Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., President. Students, 121.

Catalogue of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, D. D., President. Students, 87.

Newbury Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, 1865. Newbury, Vermont. Rev. Geo. Crosby Smith, A. M., Principal. Students, 421.

Fortieth Catalogue of Oneida Conference Seminary, 1865. Circular for 1866. Cazenovia, New York. Rev. Albert S. Graves, A. M., Principal. Students, 542.

Minutes of the Cincinnati Conference, for the year 1865.

Minutes of the Southern Illinois Conference, for 1865.

Minutes of the Genesee Annual Conference. Fifty-sixth session. 1865.

Minutes of the California Annual Conference, San Francisco, September, 1865. We are pleased to find in these Minutes a record of earnest action taken by the Conference in behalf of missionary efforts for the salvation of the Chinese on the Pacific coast.

Catalogue of the Genesee College, 1865–66. Lima, N. Y. President, Rev. John W. Lindsay, D. D. Students, 85.

Catalogue of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, 1865–66. Lima, N. Y., Rev. Charles W. Bennett, A. M., Principal. Students: ladies, 363; gentlemen, 275. Total, 638.

Biennial Record.

EXPLANATION.—For the year 1866 we open a new department. We design in these pages to present, during this year, a current record of the plans and doings of the Church in celebrating the hundredth year of her wonderful history. We shall endeavor

also to prepare accurate statistics of the various interests and departments of the Church, with a view of furnishing, as far as possible, an exhibit of Methodism throughout the world at this memorable epoch. We hope thus to be able to furnish to our readers a large

Editor's Study.

OUR SUCCESSION.—We take into our "Study" the magnificent Centenary picture which adorns this number; it contains too much for a mere passing notice in the Editor's Table; it is indeed a study. It is a miniature of a hundred years of Methodism; it carries us back to the beginning of this great religious movement in the person of our illustrious founder; it presents to us the whole line of our Episcopal succession, which, though not, as some pretended successions, sweeping visibly back through the ages, yet does reach the ages of the past and connects itself with the Head of the Church through the divine Spirit which flows through it and the apostolic labors which distinguish its evolution. Illustrious line of men! their position as "overseers" of the Lord's house is not characterized by honorable places among men, by affluence, by power, by lives of ease and splendor, but like the great apostle—nay, rather like the Master himself—their honor and the proofs of their apostleship lie in their labors more abundant, in perils, in sufferings, in self-denials, in lives of soberness, pureness, and godliness.

Even here we have not room to characterize individually these great and good men, nor is it needful. Their names, their characters, their labors are in all the Churches. The portraits of many of them have already been presented in the Repository, accompanied by sketches from able hands. In our picture we have wished to gather them in one group, not only in honor to the men themselves, but for a typical representation of a hundred years of our history, interweaving among the group of our successive leaders the origin and growth of various institutions and interests of the Church. So here we wish to preserve merely a grouping of outline facts of this same line of succession.

In the center we have the best authenticated and most correct profile of Mr. Wesley in existence. We can almost read the character of the man in the outlines of that well-marked face. We need not sketch the great man here. He was born at Epworth, on the 17th of June, 1703. His infancy and youth were spent in the atmosphere of that holy household over which presided SUSANNAH WESLEY. When about six years old he narrowly escaped death by fire. At thirteen he left the paternal home for the Charter House school in London, and at the age of sixteen entered Christ Church College, Oxford, and afterward became Fellow of Lincoln College. In 1729 he assumed the leadership of the "Holy Club" at Oxford. The term Methodist was very soon applied to them in jest. In October, 1735, he embarked on a missionary tour for America. He returned in 1738, and in a few days was proclaiming in the pulpits of London, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." In the same year he visited Herrnhut, and received new life and inspiration from the Moravians. Soon expelled from the pulpits of the Establishment, himself, his brother Charles, and Whitefield went to the "Societies," assemblies partly formed through the labors of the Mora-

vians, and to and fro in the country preaching almost daily. These "Societies" afforded a nucleus and form for the more thoroughly-organized Methodist societies, and the foundation of Methodism was laid. On the 11th of November, 1739, the foundery in Moorfields was opened for regular public worship. This date is considered the epoch of Methodism. Thirty years later, on the 3d of August, 1769, he recognized the new movement in America, and Richard Boardman and John Pilmoor were sent over the Atlantic as the first missionaries. In 1771 he sent the immortal Asbury, who proved not inferior to himself in zeal, activity, and perseverance. On the 2d day of September, 1784, he consecrated Dr. Thomas Coke as "Superintendent of the work of the ministry in America." Coke immediately embarked for America, and at the celebrated Christmas Conference, 1784, the American Church was organized, and Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were recognized as general superintendents, or bishops. Seven years later, on the 2d of March, 1791, the illustrious founder of Methodism died in peace, being in the eighty-eighth year of his age and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

The next four portraits in the order of time are Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, and William M'Kendree. We do not design to sketch them here, reserving these apostles of American Methodism for another place and a more extended treatment. Thomas Coke was ordained by Mr. Wesley in September, 1784, and after a laborious and most eventful life died of apoplexy on the Indian Ocean, May 3, 1814, and was buried in the sea. Francis Asbury was ordained during the Christmas Conference of 1784, and died near Fredericksburg, Virginia, March 31, 1816. Richard Whatcoat was ordained on the 18th of May, 1800, and died at Dover, Delaware, July 5, 1806, aged seventy years. William M'Kendree was the first native American bishop. He was ordained bishop on the 18th of May, 1808, and died on the 5th of March, 1835, having nearly attained the age of seventy-eight.

On the 14th of May, 1816, ENOCH GEORGE and ROBERT R. ROBERTS were elected bishops, and on the 17th were ordained to that office. ENOCH GEORGE was a native of Virginia, born in Lancaster county sometime in the year 1767 or 1768, the family records having been destroyed by fire, rendering the precise date unknown. He died at Staunton, Virginia, August 23, 1828.

The venerable father Boehm thus describes Bishop George: "He was a short, stout man. His chest was large, and this enabled him to speak easily. His face was bronzed, owing to exposure, but it was intelligent and expressive of benignity. His dress was plain and careless, and his hair was coarse and thick, and parted in the middle. He had quite a patriarchal appearance. His voice was peculiar for strength and melody. As a preacher he was surpassingly eloquent. He had unusual power over his audience, and took them cap-

tive at his will. At times he was perfectly irresistible. As a presiding officer he did not excel. He was a good companion where he was well acquainted, full of anecdotes; but he was diffident and avoided company, and had a perfect abhorrence of being questioned. He was very powerful in prayer. He would rise in the night, and, putting his cloak around him, would spend whole hours on his knees wrestling with the angel of the covenant." He would never permit his likeness to be taken, and in order to complete our Episcopal group our artist has done the best he could to reproduce the face of Bishop George from the descriptions of father Boehm, father John F. Wright, and others personally acquainted with him.

ROBERT RICHFORD ROBERTS was a native of Maryland, the son of a poor farmer, who, at the call of his country, shouldered his musket in the war of the Revolution. Robert was born August 2, 1776. At the age of ten he removed with his parents into Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and was converted at the age of fourteen. At the age of twenty he married, which created quite a difficulty in his reception into the Baltimore Conference, to which he was recommended in 1802. His talents and great promise, with the excellent character of his young wife, carried him through, and he was received and appointed to the Carlisle circuit. His marriage was still, however, an embarrassment to him, and he endeavored to eke out the scanty pittance received for his support by maintaining a mill. For this he was censured by a vote of the Conference. He was present at the General Conference of 1808. He preached in several of the churches with so much acceptance that by the urgent request of the people Bishop Asbury transferred him to the pastoral charge of the Church in Light-street, in the city of Baltimore. Here he maintained his reputation, and after two years was transferred to Fell's Point, thence to Alexandria, then to Georgetown, and in the years 1813 and 1814 he was stationed in the city of Philadelphia. The year following he was made presiding elder of the Schuylkill district, and there being no bishop at the session of the Annual Conference in 1816, he was chosen to preside over the deliberations of that body. In this position he first evinced his peculiar talent as a presiding officer. "Calm, courteous, and a perfect master of the rules for the government of deliberative bodies, all present, including many of the delegates from New York and New England, who were on their way to the General Conference at Baltimore, were perfectly charmed with him, so that at the meeting of that body he was elected to the office of bishop." He laboriously served the Church twenty-seven years in this office, and fell asleep at Lawrenceport, Indiana, March 26, 1843, aged sixty-seven. On a beautiful spot within the inclosure of the college grounds of Indiana Asbury University, his body awaits the summons of the last trumpet.

ELIJAH HEDDING, one of the mighty men of more recent times, was a native of Pine Plains, Dutchess county, New York. He was born June 7, 1780. His mother and other relatives were converted in 1789 through the ministry of Benjamin Abbott. When ten years of age the family removed to Vermont, and settled in the town of Starksboro, on the western slope of the Green Mountains. Here he was converted on

the 27th of December, 1798, and immediately gave his name as a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Spring of 1800, being not yet twenty years old, he received license to preach, and in November following left his home to begin the work of a Methodist itinerant, under the presiding elder, and was admitted on probation in the New York Conference in New York city the 16th of June, 1801. By changes of boundaries made by the General Conference of 1804, Mr. Hedding became a member of the New England Conference, with which body his membership continued till his election as bishop, in 1824. His labors in this holy office continued for about twenty-five years, and were arduous, trying, and exceedingly important in their bearing on the history of the Church. From whatever point he is observed, whether as a man, a Christian, a minister, or a bishop, he appears a man of might. "His mind, naturally clear and discriminating, had been well matured by reading and study, by intercourse with men, by a large and well-improved experience. He was possessed of great simplicity and sincerity of manner, a peculiar and confiding openness in his intercourse with his brethren, that at once won their confidence and affections. At the same time, his natural dignity and great discretion made him an object of interest as well as of affection. The soundness of his views upon the doctrines and discipline of the Church was so fully and universally conceded that in the end he became almost an oracle in these respects, and his opinions are yet regarded with profound veneration." He died at Poughkeepsie, New York, April 9, 1852.

JOHN EMORY was born on the 11th of April, 1789, at Spaniard's Neck, Queen Ann's county, Maryland. His parents were both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He completed his education at Washington College, Maryland. His father intended him for the bar, and he commenced the study of law at the age of seventeen. He was converted on the 18th of August, 1806. He was admitted to the bar in 1808, and opened an office in Centerville. "On the 9th of October, 1809," he writes, "I made a covenant on my knees, wrote and signed it, to give up the law, after much reading, prayer, and meditation, and on the 10th I did so." He was received on trial in the Philadelphia Conference in the Spring of 1810. From 1813 to 1820 he filled the most important pastoral stations in the connection, such as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc. At the General Conference of 1820 he was chosen delegate to the British Conference. At the Conference of 1824 he was elected Assistant Book Agent, with Rev. Dr. Bangs as senior, and in 1828 was elected Agent, with Rev. Beverly Waugh as assistant. In this position he rendered most efficient service to the Church. At the General Conference of 1832 he was elected bishop. His career in the Episcopacy was brief but brilliant. The appointment was hailed with joy through the Church. Great expectations were indulged, and in the three episcopal tours which he was permitted to make they were fully met. On Wednesday, the 16th of December, 1835, he was thrown from his carriage and so severely injured that he died at seven o'clock the same evening. He was in his forty-eighth year.

BEVERLY WAUGH, a native of Fairfax county, Vir-

ginia, was born on the 25th of October, 1789. He was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference in 1809. In 1811 he was admitted into full connection, ordained deacon, and stationed in Washington City. For nineteen years he continued in the regular work, filling some of the most important charges in the Baltimore Conference. In 1828 he was elected Assistant Book Agent, and in 1832 Principal Agent. He was a delegate to the General Conferences of 1816, 1820, 1828, and at the Conference in 1836, in Cincinnati, he was elected bishop. He filled that position nearly twenty-two years. The whole term of his itinerant ministry was nearly forty-nine years, and during that protracted period he never sustained any other than an effective relation. One of his colleagues writes: "In whatever position Bishop Waugh was placed he proved himself a working man. He shared with his colleagues the toil and responsibility of the general oversight, and of presiding over five sessions of the General Conference, some of which were the most laborious and stormy ever known in the history of our Church. He presided on an average over about seven Conferences in a year, or say one hundred and fifty in all. And so tenacious was he of performing his whole duty that, sick or well, he seldom called an elder to the chair to relieve him for a moment." He died in the city of Baltimore, February 9, 1858, of an affection of the heart. He expired in a moment and without a struggle. On the 10th his remains were borne to the Mount Olivet Cemetery, where also rest the ashes of Asbury, George, and Emory.

We have now reached the living and well known, whose portraits and sketches have been given in recent volumes of the Repository, and for this reason, as well as for want of room, we must give more brief records.

THOMAS A. MORRIS was born in Kanawha county, Virginia, April 28, 1794. Was admitted into the Ohio Conference in 1816, and appointed junior preacher at Marietta, Ohio. The next year he was in charge of Marietta circuit; in 1818, 1819, he was in charge of Zanesville circuit, with Charles Elliot as junior preacher the first year; 1820, stationed at Lancaster; 1821, 1822, Christian, in the Kentucky Conference; 1823, Hopkinsville; 1824, Red River; 1825, 1826, presiding elder of Green River district; 1827, stationed at Louisville; 1828, transferred to Ohio Conference, stationed at Lebanon; 1829, Lebanon; 1830, Columbus; 1831, 1832, Cincinnati; 1833, presiding elder Cincinnati district; 1834, became editor of Western Advocate—continued till May, 1836, when he was elected bishop.

LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE was born in the town of Canton, Connecticut, May 10, 1797, and was admitted on trial into the Ohio Conference in 1832. At the General Conference held in Cincinnati, May, 1836, Rev. William Phillips was elected assistant editor of the Western Christian Advocate, Dr. Elliott being editor. Mr. Phillips dying in the Fall of the same year, L. L. Hamline was chosen his successor. In 1841, on the issue of its first number, he became editor of the Ladies' Repository, holding the position till chosen bishop in 1844. Feeling his health insufficient for the duties of the Episcopacy, he tendered his resignation of the same at the General Conference of 1852. Since that time he has resided chiefly in his own dwelling, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He died March 23, 1865.

EDMUND S. JAMES was born April 27, 1807, in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, was admitted on trial into the Philadelphia Conference in 1830, and appointed junior preacher to Elizabethtown; 1831, the same; 1832, Orange, (this year his twin brother, Edward L. James, was received on trial and stationed in Philadelphia;) 1832, junior at Orange; 1834, 1835, Agent of Dickinson College; 1836, Fifth-street, Philadelphia; 1837, 1838, Nazareth, Philadelphia; 1839, transferred to New York Conference, stationed at Mulberry-street; 1840, the same; 1841, became Financial Secretary of American Bible Society, in which office he continued till 1844, when he was elected bishop.

LEVI SCOTT was born in New Castle county, Delaware, October 11, 1802. Was admitted into the Philadelphia Conference 1826, and appointed to Talbot circuit; 1827, Dover; 1828, 1829, to St. George's, Philadelphia; 1830, 1831, West Chester; 1832, supernumerary; 1833, Kent; 1834, 1835, Delaware district; 1836, stationed in Newark; 1837, 1838, stationed in Philadelphia; 1839 St. Paul's, Philadelphia; 1840 to 1843, Principal of the grammar school in Dickinson College; 1843, 1844, stationed at Union Church, Philadelphia; 1845, 1846, 1847, presiding elder of South Philadelphia district, and from this position was elected Assistant Book Agent at New York in 1848, and in which position he continued till elected bishop in 1852.

MATTHEW SIMPSON was born near Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1810. Joined the Pittsburg Conference in 1833, and was appointed junior preacher at St. Clairville; 1834, 1835, stationed in Pittsburg; 1836, Williamsport; 1837 to 1838, Professor in Alleghany College; in 1838, became President of Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana, and transferred to Indiana Conference. From 1848 to 1852, editor of Western Christian Advocate; 1852, elected bishop.

EDWARD R. AMES was born May 20, 1806. Joined the Illinois Conference in 1830, and was appointed junior preacher on Shoal Creek circuit; 1831, Vincennes. The Conference being divided in 1832 he fell into the Indiana Conference, and was junior at New Albany; 1833, Jeffersonville; 1834, stationed at Indianapolis; 1835, 1836, Agent Preachers' Aid Society; 1837, transferred to Missouri, stationed at St. Louis; 1838, back to Indiana, stationed at Madison; 1839, Greencastle district; 1840, elected by General Conference Secretary of Missionary Society, in which office he continued till 1844, when he resumed the regular work, and was presiding elder of New Albany district to 1846; 1846 to 1850, presiding elder of Indianapolis district; 1850 to 1852, Jeffersonville district; in 1852 elected bishop.

OSMON C. BAKER was born July 30, 1812, in Marlow, New Hampshire. Joined the New Hampshire Conference in 1839, and was Principal of Newbury Seminary, where he organized the theological class which was the nucleus of the first Biblical Institute. He continued at Newbury till 1844, when he was appointed to Rochester, New Hampshire; 1845, Manchester; 1846, presiding elder of Dover district; 1847 to 1852, Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord; 1852, elected bishop.

DAVIS WESGATT CLARK was born at Mount Desert, Maine, February 25, 1812.

EDWARD THOMSON was born at Portsea, Eng. 1810.

CALVIN KINGSLEY was born at Annsville, Oneida county, New York, September 8, 1812. The last three were elected at the General Conference of 1864. Excellent sketches of them were given in the last volume of the Repository.

Three other names appear on our plate:

JOSHUA SOULE was born in Bristol, Maine, August 1, 1781. When the separation occurred, in 1844, he went with the South. He still survives, in great feebleness.

JAMES O. ANDREW was born in Georgia, 1794. He entered the South Carolina Conference in 1813. Having married a wife with slaves, his case came before the General Conference of 1844, resulting in the "great secession."

FRANCIS BURNS was not in the regular line of General Superintendents, but was the first missionary bishop of the Church, elected for Africa in 1858. He was a native of the city of Albany, New York. An excellent sketch of him may be found in the number for March, 1859.

We have thus passed through a rapid sketch of the noble men constituting our "Methodist succession." Recapitulating, we have the following, the first column indicating when born, the second when elected

to the Episcopacy, and the third when died or left the office:

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|-----------|-------|
| Thomas Coke..... | 1747..... | 1784..... | 1814 |
| Francis Asbury..... | 1745..... | 1784..... | 1816 |
| Richard Whatcoat..... | 1736..... | 1800..... | 1806 |
| William M'Kendree..... | 1757..... | 1808..... | 1835 |
| Enoch George..... | 1767..... | 1816..... | 1828 |
| Robert R. Roberts..... | 1776..... | 1816..... | 1843 |
| Joshua Soule..... | 1781..... | 1824..... | 1844 |
| Elijah Hedding..... | 1780..... | 1824..... | 1852 |
| James O. Andrew..... | 1744..... | 1832..... | 1844 |
| John Emory..... | 1789..... | 1832..... | 1835 |
| Beverly Waugh..... | 1789..... | 1836..... | 1852 |
| Thomas A. Morris..... | 1794..... | 1836..... | |
| Leonidas L. Hamline..... | 1797..... | 1844..... | 1852 |
| Edmund S. James..... | 1807..... | 1844..... | |
| Levi Scott..... | 1802..... | 1852..... | |
| Matthew Simpson..... | 1810..... | 1852..... | |
| Edward R. Ames..... | 1806..... | 1852..... | |
| Osmon C. Baker..... | 1812..... | 1852..... | |
| Davis W. Clark..... | 1812..... | 1864..... | |
| Edward Thomson..... | 1810..... | 1864..... | |
| Calvin Kingsley..... | 1812..... | 1864..... | |

Interwoven among the ornamental work of the picture will be found a number of statistical items, giving quite a conception of the progress and present state of American Methodism. The plate has been a labor of love to Mr. Jones, the artist, and we feel that he has certainly laid ourselves and readers under a weight of obligation by producing with great toil and care a picture so beautiful, valuable, and appropriate.

Bierstadt's Table.

CHIMNEY ROCK.—In addition to the magnificent Centenary picture we present to our readers a charming scene from a painting by the eminent artist, Albert Bierstadt, in the possession of W. G. Blackler, Esq., of New Bedford, Massachusetts. It has been most delicately and accurately put on steel expressly for the Repository by Mr. S. V. Hunt, of New York, who is rapidly taking a high rank among the first engravers of the country. The subject is a camp of Ogalallah Sioux Indians, with the famous Chimney Rock, discovered by General Fremont, looming up in the distance. As the picture so well explains itself, we will occupy our space with a sketch from Watson's Art Journal of the eminent artist who painted it, first acknowledging our indebtedness to S. P. Avery, Esq., for his services in securing the engraving for us:

Albert Bierstadt was born near Dusseldorf, Prussia, in the year 1830. His parents came to this country before he was two years old. They were impelled to emigrate less by any actual necessity than by the desire to breathe a freer atmosphere than that which they enjoyed under the despotic institutions of the father-land. Young Bierstadt early exhibited a love for art, but was not encouraged in it from the belief entertained by his parents that it would always keep him poor. They continually impressed upon him the hard struggles which his cousin Hasenclever, the painter of "The Wine Tasters," had passed through before he was able to earn a livelihood. In compliance with their wishes the young man engaged for a time in mercantile pursuits; but finally, in 1852, he determined on following the bent of his own inclinations and became an artist. In 1853 he sailed for Europe, and after stopping in London a short time, proceeded to Dusseldorf, where he became a pupil of Mr. Whittredge, who occupied a studio adjoining Mr. Leutze's, then a place of constant resort for most of the leading artists of Germany. Here, guided by the friendly counsels of Whit-

redge and Leutze, his progress was rapid. After spending three years in Germany and a Summer in Switzerland, Mr. Bierstadt went to Italy, where he passed twelve months in close attention to his studies. He then returned to the United States, and soon after his arrival was induced to take a trip to the Rocky Mountains in company with the late General Lander. There he spent his Summer, making sketches of the scenery of that grandly-picturesque region. Last year he again visited the Rocky Mountains, California, and Oregon, going as far north as Victoria, Vancouver's Island. He remained several weeks in Colorado Territory, a couple of months in the Yo Semite Valley, with its stupendous mountains and wonderful waterfalls, and made the journey from San Francisco to the Columbia River on horseback, returning by steamer to Panama and New York.

With the preliminary training which he had undergone in Europe, it is not to be wondered at that a course of travel and observation such as this should produce important fruits. But few artists before his time had ventured to penetrate regions where the difficulties of communication were, if not insurmountable, at least such as to deter any but the most adventurous. Mr. Bierstadt, however, made light of the hardships and dangers by which his route was beset, and thought only of the great object which he had in view. To the happy facility which he possessed of ingratiating himself with the Indians, he frequently owed his safety. To it is also due that remarkable intimacy with their habits and modes of life which forms so interesting a feature in his pictures of those wild regions.

Mr. Bierstadt has not been as prolific as other artists of his standing, if we are to consider merely the number of works he has produced. He wisely preferred postponing present considerations for the prospective rewards attendant upon a great reputation. This is why all the works he has put out of his hands are so much thought of by the profession and the public. They are painted with a breadth and truthfulness which evince not only the highest order of manipulative skill, but a carefulness of consideration that is beyond all praise. When you look upon one of Bierstadt's landscapes

you feel satisfied that before a brush has been laid on the canvas its whole plan has been decided. He does not arrive at his results by accident or experiment as do many artists. An effect of atmosphere or remarkable configuration of mountain or rock is never forgotten by him. Once he has arranged the plan of his work in his mind he dashes it rapidly on to his canvas, and rarely or never has to correct his first sketch. He is slow to begin, but a commencement made he works with great rapidity. This accounts for the remarkable breadth and vigor of his style.

Of Mr. Bierstadt's works the best are his "Lake Lucerne," in the possession of Mr. Alvin Adams, Boston; "Capri, Bay of Naples," in the possession of the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts; "A Street Scene in the Jews' Quarter at Rome," owned by the Boston Athenæum; "Laramie Park," owned by the Buffalo Academy; and "Sunlight and Shadow," and the "Rocky Mountains." The two latter he still possesses, though he has had large offers for them. He has either such an affection for them that he can not bear to part with them, or he thinks that, like old wine, their value will be enhanced by keeping. Several others of his pictures have been sent to Europe. His finest work is, perhaps, that which he has just completed—"Mount Hood, on the Columbia River."

In addition to the two superior engravings already noticed, we present a beautifully-engraved title-page, prepared for us by the indefatigable Mr. Jones. Its principal feature is the little gem-like picture in the center of Sugar-Loaf Mountain on the Hudson. Reader, have we not redeemed our pledge that the engravings of the first number should be almost worth the whole subscription price for the year?

"LIFE'S DAY."—The Repository, we doubt not, has been instrumental in developing and cultivating a taste for the highest style of engravings. An excellent authority in the department of art, not of our Church, and by no means likely to speak from a too favorable prejudice, has said that "the Repository has done more to disseminate and cultivate throughout the West a love for the beautiful in art and nature than any other periodical in the country." If this be so our readers will thank us for directing their attention to a series of three engravings, the most pleasing, impressive, and instructive we have seen for many a day. Mr. Wellstood, of New York, who has made so many fine things for the Repository, has placed on our table this series. It is the Story of a Life—to the Font, to the Altar, to the Tomb; the Morning, and the Noon, and the Evening of a Human Life. The first picture gives us the happy infant in the protecting arms of its father just about to embark to be christened in the Church across the stream. In the second picture the year is ripe with Summer beauty, and the child, grown to womanhood, is represented as a bride led to the altar. In the third and last of the series, the funeral procession of this being, now an aged woman, lifeless and under a pall, moves before our saddened eyes. It is the evening of the day, it is the Winter of the year. There is something indescribably touching in this picture. The series was painted by A. F. Bellows and engraved by Mr. Wellstood for the famous house of Goupil, in New York, from which they may be ordered.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—A crowd of other matters filled up our space and occupied our time so much a month ago that we were unable to announce in the December number the disposition made of articles that had reached us. This leaves us quite a list to dispose

of at present. Our contributors will find several of them disposed of by being published in this number. The following we place on file: Day-Dreams; Aunt Debby; Edward Young; Savanarola; Fashionable Costumes, etc.; Religion on the Plantation; Out of Despondency; Unknown; At My Window; The Little Visitor; Margaret; Submission; Trust; Inconstancy; Our Life Cross; Prospicio; Midnight; Watching and Judging; Song of the Weary; The Inner Temple; and Our Life.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we will be unable to use. Some of them have merit, some fail through want of adaptedness; one is anonymous, and one or two accompanied only with a *nom de plume*—two kinds of articles we never use: Beneath The Cypress; Nature's Anthem; Thoughts; A Day's Experience; Christianity a Development; Rambling Letters; Prejudice; The Sabbath; Resurrection of Christ; Stanzas; Hope Ever; Weary; A Sabbath Musings; and At Eve it shall be Light.

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.—Having closed up our last necessary article for the number, we have still a little space left for friendly greeting to our readers. We come to you in the midst of your holiday enjoyments, wishing you a HAPPY NEW-YEAR, and desiring to contribute some little share to the intellectual and social pleasures of the season. To many thousands of you we come as an old friend to whom you will give a cordial welcome. We feel quite familiar with you; we have so often pictured to ourselves your quiet, loving homes that they seem like our own, and as if we had a prescriptive right to enter. Be assured, we bring you nothing but good-will, and will introduce to your homes nothing that will mar your pure pleasures or suggest one harmful thought. You need not fear to introduce us to your sons and daughters, and allow us to shake hands with the tender little ones. We will only speak to them words of wisdom and good counsel, and endeavor to inspire them with noble aims and generous purposes. We hope to continue our acquaintance and our visits throughout the year, and to bring to you, month by month, our gatherings of good thoughts, our treasury of valuable facts, our inspiring poetry, and our cheerful entertainment.

From indications in the newly-forming subscription list, we are assured that we shall be permitted to enter many new households and make the acquaintance of many new friends during the year. To you, also, we offer our cordial greetings. We welcome you into the circle of our friends, and trust that our acquaintance will be mutually profitable. Like the preacher, we gather inspiration from the largeness of our audience, and when we remember that we are preparing to address an audience of thousands, and that these thousands are still increasing, we are inspired by the magnitude of numbers, and the very sense of responsibility nerves us to greater zeal and carefulness. We enter hopefully upon the new year; we go out cheerfully on our first monthly visit, and trust in God and the generous appreciation of our friends for another successful year. May the richest blessings of the Heavenly Father rest upon you all, and may his good Spirit ever inspire and direct in the mission of the Repository!



EMILY STOWE

AND HER HOME



James Wesley
Charles Cowles
Nathan Aspinwall
Samuel May
24 Wm. Lusk
Wm. Brewster
Ernest Orange
P.R. Fieberle
Eli Hening

John Quincy
Beverly Waugh

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1856
Centenary
of
METHODISM
in
America
THE CHURCH

Methodist Episcopal Church
General Conference
1856

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

BY REV. J. A. ROOPE.

WHEN we look upon the stream of Christian piety as it glides along in its narrow channel, till, from the mere rivulet, it becomes the majestic river, deepening and widening as it sweeps onward to the ocean of Divine fullness, we naturally indulge the inquiry, whence it rose, and how in its progress it attained its present expansion? This article is intended to gratify such desires in relation to the subject of this sketch.

Phoebe Worrall was the fourth child of the late Henry and Dorothea Worrall, of the city of New York. Her father was an Englishman by birth, and when about fourteen years old joined the Wesleyan Society, then under the care of J. Wesley. At the age of twenty-one years he came to this country, and subsequently married Miss Dorothea Wade, a lady of American birth and pious parentage. She was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, possessed a "meek and quiet spirit," and was distinguished in her household by domestic discipline. The father of Mrs. Palmer held various official positions in the Church, and his name in New York, where, for many years, he lived, is as "ointment poured forth."

At an early age Phoebe became the subject of deep conviction for sin, and suffered from a sensitiveness of conscience, that hardly permitted her to assert as true the most undoubted facts for fear of falsehood. It became a proverb in the family, "*Phoebe knows nothing, she only thinks.*" Her filial devotion was such, and so true in her was the principle of obedience, that the known wish of her parents is said to have been as influential upon her conduct as an expressed command. She was unable to name the hour or the day of her conversion, but re-

marks in relation to the change, "Of the fact of my adoption and that I have been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, I am as confident as I can be of my own existence." In her experience at that period, faith, that is to her now so simple and easy an exercise, was difficult and inexplicable, and she did herself much harm by disparaging comparisons which she made of her own enjoyments with those of eminent Christians. What then marked her character was great conscientiousness, profound admiration of goodness, a longing after a higher life, and a wish to honor Christ that tempted her to envy the martyr's crown.

On the 27th of September, 1827, she was married to Dr. Walter C. Palmer, of New York. It was a happy union. They were one in sympathy, in tastes, in Church fellowship, and in Christian profession. With them life presented its true responsibilities, and they entered upon their domestic career with principles, and plans, and practices in harmony with the Divine will. From the first efforts of Mrs. Palmer in public she has lacked no aid that her husband could render. Of this she has had an appreciation, and her remarks are, "If, by my varied labors, I have been in any humble degree successful in serving my generation according to the will of God, much, under God, is to be attributed to my dear husband, who has ever been in heart with me in encouraging me in my work." No one familiar with facts will doubt this statement. While the Doctor was pursuing his profession he would leave home with his wife on a tour, that might continue for weeks, that by his presence and prayers he might help her in the effort to save souls. When it was determined she would visit Europe on that mission of mercy, he gave up a large and lucrative practice to accompany her; and since their return to this country, he has declined reëntering

his profession from an apprehension that in returning to it he might hinder her plans of future usefulness. Meanwhile, from their own resources, they have sustained the expense that such traveling and labor have involved.

The happy change that took place in Mrs. Palmer's experience, presenting so great a contrast to her early profession of religion, was brought about by a careful study of the New Testament, in which she saw that holiness to God is the high calling of the Christian. This she sought, found, and professed. In her work entitled, "The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way," she thus writes: "The Lord reigns unrivaled in my heart: he has my supreme affections: for some days past I have experienced such a heart-felt want of the assurance of being cleansed from all unrighteousness, to know that the motives influencing every thought, word, and action, originated from a pure fountain, that I last evening resolved I could no longer do without it. Between the hours of eight and nine—while pleading at the throne of grace for a present fulfillment of the exceeding great and precious promises; pleading also the fullness and freeness of the atonement, its unbounded efficacy, and making an entire surrender of body, soul, and spirit; time, talents, and influence; and also of the dearest ties of nature, my beloved husband and child: in a word, my earthly *all*—*I received the assurance that God the Father, through the atoning Lamb, accepted the sacrifice*, and my heart was emptied of self, and cleansed of all idols, from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and I realized that I dwelt in God, and felt that he had become the portion of my soul, my ALL in ALL." Life was new. From her spiritual eminence she saw that existence is fraught with an interest and glory that she had never before conceived. Her Christian character assumed a higher type; doubts were dissipated. Her activities multiplied in every direction. She welcomed the most difficult duty, and her whole being seemed aglow with the ardors of Divine love.

There are stages to be marked in our journey toward heaven. Uncertainty and doubt have often, for a season, disturbed the comfort and hindered the usefulness of the child of God, who, in after life, has become distinguished for the strength of his faith and the fullness of his joy. But in the language of an elegant writer, "However the soul, at its first rising from the ground, may flutter and mount heavily, yet when once it is thoroughly on the wing it flies along with an easy, and vigorous, and continued motion. Though the first dawn of

religion upon the souls of men may be as the wings of the morning spreading themselves upon the mountains, yet it gradually attains to a meridian altitude;" for "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more to the perfect day."

Though Mrs. Palmer is best known for her advocacy of entire holiness; her life has not justified the belief that she is a person of merely one idea. One idea, indeed, she has had. It has long been an idea of power; she has never lost sight of it. It has taken hold of her heart. It has kept up a constant fire in her zeal and cheerfulness in her spirit. It has raised her above the fear of a cross or the dread of any sacrifice. It has directed her labors and rendered them prompt, untiring, and successful. She has one idea, and so has God's great moral code one law. It is the royal one, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." But this law included all others. It is the scepter of authority that exerts its sway over all the domain of thought and feeling, and around the widest circles of our intercourse and influence. There is but one sun in the solar system, and it floods the day with its splendors; but who will deny that it lends its reflected beams to diminish the darkness of night? So does the light of holiness, that shines in the experience of the child of God, reflect its brightness on those "who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

Mrs. Palmer has one idea—it is supreme love to Christ, and this may well subordinate to itself every faculty, function, and force of intellectual and moral life. The mind, under the influence of a powerful truth—a deep conviction of duty, will, to a large extent, surrender itself to it. She does show great assiduity in inculcating the doctrine and in impressing the necessity of entire sanctification; but it may be said that few who decline such forms of labor as engage most of her time, have attempted or accomplished so much as she has in the more private but equally necessary departments of human, benevolent, and Christian effort. She was one of the founders of "The Five Points Mission," and labored for its establishment amid multiplied and painful embarrassments. She was among the first to create a mission in destitute portions of her native city. When, to establish a mission in China, it was necessary that a few individuals pledge themselves each for a thousand dollars, the Doctor and his wife took that sum, which they paid in annual installments. For years before she traveled so extensively, she was one of the

constant representatives of Methodism in the eleemosynary institutions in and around New York. She has had the happiness of seeing these organizations command great influence in society and bestow unspeakable good upon those that they were designed to benefit. "The Five Points Mission" has attained a character that renders it a glory to the Church that planted it. An infant society that grew out of her exertions in the neglected population of the city, she has seen take its place among the leading charges of New York. Her liberality offered the first hundred dollars to secure the ground where now stands one of the best churches in the Conference.

In the chamber of sickness, in the home of poverty, and as well amid humbling scenes of human depravity, she has exerted the power of a woman's tenderness and the benign influence of Christian piety. Thus has she made many a sad heart cheerful, and caused the depressed and degraded to rise to personal respect and social honor. Religion ever walks hand in hand with good order and carefulness.

What has been her conduct in domestic life may be judged from her own pen. She thus presents it: "From the time I first gave myself wholly away to God, I resolved all the minutiae of life and experience should be regulated by the Word of God. I felt the honor of God was as truly connected with judicious household arrangements as in closet duties;" that if "she would serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness," she "must not be indifferent to the various traits whose combination constitutes the symmetrical character in the Christian female." Her words are, "By the effective, pure, and lovely order pervading all the works of God, I felt I was being taught an ever-speaking lesson," and says, "In regard to household etiquette my natural temperament had inclined me to extreme carefulness;" but adds, "I now found a way by which much that had formerly augmented care might easily be dispensed with without infringement either on my happiness or the happiness of others. This was by resolving that I would not bestow my attentions on any project that would not bear in the sight of God, men, and angels the legible inscription, 'Holiness to the Lord.' The Author of our being, who inspired the Bible for our instruction in Divine things, and gave his Son for our redemption from sin, ignores not the claims of irrational creation, and is not unmindful of material attractions. He takes care of the sparrow upon the 'house-top' and clothes the lily in its beauty." If Mrs. Palmer loves holiness more it does not follow that she loves other interests

less. Subordination must be somewhere; she makes it in the inferior good.

The attention Mrs. Palmer has commanded in public labors justifies some notice of her powers in speaking. In addressing an audience her position is erect. In spirit, subject, and manner she indicates no confusion. Her intellect and action reveal discipline and self-control. She has enough gesture for either vivacity or effect, and it is easy and appropriate. She never appears to be in a hurry, though not tedious in any of her exercises, and feels that if eternity compensates the time consumed the outlay is not unwise. Her articulation is distinct and deliberate, and her voice, that is clear, has sufficient compass for the largest churches in which she officiates. She is calm and free from vociferation, and is rarely vehement. Her style is clear, concise, and colloquial. In the structure of her sentences there is nothing elaborate or involved. Her aim seems not to give roundness to her periods, but point and power to her expressions. In her communications there is more of logic than rhetoric. She does not, however, attempt any severe or protracted reasoning, but lays down her premises and reaches her conclusions in a way that is simple, direct, and vigorous. Her forms of speech are often axiomatic. With her "holiness is power." Her discourses are replete with Scriptural illustration, and her design is transparent.

Her spirit is intensely earnest, and in the strongest utterances, in the periods of her profoundest emotion, when compassion for the sinner and concern for the professor move her soul, her entire nature sways under the pressure. Her words, action, countenance disclose the struggle that is within. Her eye, not naturally large, almost closes. Her hands clasp in perhaps an ejaculation, in which she "darts a prayer to heaven." That is the prayer of faith. Then there is a holy boldness, a subduing power, a divine afflatus. "Face answers to face in water, so the heart of man." The people respond to the voice that God adopts, criticism is disarmed, prejudice yields. The wind of the Holy Spirit that "bloweth where it listeth" makes us conscious of its presence. Then is the "baptism of fire."

It is not the custom of Mrs. Palmer to name a text, but when the meeting is under her direction, she desires her husband to open the services with reading the Scriptures, from which, after a few easy and pertinent remarks by the Doctor, she derives her theme. She may occupy twenty minutes or even an hour. Circumstances influence the *matter* and the *length* of her discourse. Her prayers, exhortations,

experiences, and addresses all have the impress of her own individuality. Her character as a religious teacher is fixed, and her services are uniform.

She does not profess to teach any thing new in theology. Mr. Wesley is her standard of doctrine. She does believe that after we are "born again" there remains in us pollution that must be washed away, as "without holiness no one shall see the Lord;" that at any time after our conversion, if sensible of our want and willing to accept the terms and ready to exercise the faith, we may be "entirely sanctified." She does not deny that this work may be gradual, but believes that there is as truly a *moment* when we are *purified*, as there is when we are *pardoned*, and that the evidence may be as clear in the one case as in the other. Having obtained this grace, she teaches that for the honor of God, the encouragement of believers, and for the establishment of our own faith we ought to *profess* it. While she urges this upon others as a duty, she asserts her own experience of this great blessing.

It is upon the truth of inspiration that she takes her stand in her attempt to "spread Scriptural holiness." Her resources are in the Bible. It is the panoply with which she is constantly clothed. It is the sword of the Spirit that never loses its edge. She declares God has "magnified his word above all his name." She accepts every doctrine, and maintains the truth of every promise. She declares that not to appropriate any blessing that the Father of mercies offers us, is practically to disbelieve his Word. She seeks to impress her own conviction, that every promise of God to the Christian has the full weight of an eternal verity; that to doubt any one, or any part of any one of them, is an offense against "the Author and finisher of our faith." She asserts in hearing the Scriptures we do as certainly hear God as if his voice addressed us from the clouds. Nay, that if an angel were, while she is speaking, to come from heaven with the same message that the Bible gives us, we should not be so sure that it is from the Almighty. She assumes, from the unchangeableness and veracity of Jehovah, that nothing but unbelief or unwillingness to consecrate all to the Savior can keep us from the experience of any blessing that he has offered us. These great truths she evolves, illustrates, presses home upon the conscience, and then quotes the promises that are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." This she does in language that is close and compact. The thought pursues the hearer—takes hold of the soul—the grasp can not be broken. The

mind is unable to divest itself of the influence of the argument, and the believer trembles to find he is still in unbelief. Mrs. Palmer shows that faith is not *presumption*, but that it is the *right* of presumption to question God or deny the power of a confidence that his word and Spirit are given to inspire and sustain. The people wake to the sin that lies at the bottom of so many other sins—the sin of unbelief; "they have made God a liar." The fact confronts and confounds them. They see they must either question the thing taught, yield to the argument, or be indifferent to the claim. The inquirer is shocked at the enormity of the offense, and under the concentrated rays of truth the experience is burnt into the heart by the Spirit of God, and forth comes the definite and unqualified testimony, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin." Vinet remarks, "If a man is to find life, he must find it elsewhere than in a deceitful and sterile view of himself. A *look*, a simple look—I mean not an argument, a study, a toil—a simple look *converts*." A look sanctifies. A look at the brazen serpent healed; a look at the Antitype has equal efficacy. But this is rather a gaze than a glance. It is fixed—riveted. The whole soul concentrates in the eye of faith. The sight of God that is assimilating, is direct and full. As cleaves the ivy to the majestic oak, and in its *tenacity* finds its strength; as turns the flower to the rising sun, and by its *turning* absorbs his beams; as quivers the needle under the attraction of the magnet, and in its *pointing* tells the magnetic force, so does the trembling spirit, intent on holiness, as it *turns* away from every other help and hope, experience its highest joys by simply "looking unto Jesus."

There is often in the seeking soul an undetected reliance upon tears, and groans, and struggles. Saul of Tarsus, it is true, was three days in finding mercy, but we apprehend the time consumed in laboring for salvation is not a necessity of the economy of grace, but rather results from our own condition. "Faith," says R. Watson, "is from its very nature a pleasant exercise." Mrs. Palmer quotes with frequency and force the words of Mr. Fletcher, "Naked faith in a naked promise." This is a great power in the teachings of the subject of this sketch.

The public labors of Mrs. Palmer have been attended with wonderful success. In single charges, where her services and those of her husband have extended over three or four weeks, three or four hundred souls have professed pardon, and an equal number have asserted their experience of purity of heart. In

England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as their forthcoming volumes will show, about twenty thousand persons declared, through their instrumentality, the remission of their sins, and ten thousand made a profession of the blessing of perfect love. This work was not confined to any class of society or denomination of Christians. Ministers and members alike testified their experience of the deep things of God.

Like all laborers in the vineyard of the Lord they know their success is not always equal. It is never up to their wishes. It is constantly below the world's want. Nor is their zeal ever greater or their faith more active than when they are in the midst of a powerful revival. Their victories do not enervate, but inspire.

For nearly thirty years they have held at their house, on Tuesday afternoon, a meeting for the "promotion of holiness." Of this, in his latter days, Dr. Bangs was a constant attendant. How much the hearts of Mrs. Palmer and her husband were concerned for the interest of this service, might be judged by their effort when change of residence was deemed necessary to secure a new home in a locality that would be favorable to the meeting, and when, having found the place and prepared it for the purpose, they formally dedicated their dwelling to this object. As the modern navigator, when he finds himself in a new country, unvisited and unknown, unfurls the banner of the prince or power that sent him forth and takes possession in the name and for the service of him under whom he made the voyage, so did these servants of Christ enter upon their new possessions with humble acknowledgments of Divine guidance and claim. "Holiness to the Lord," which is the motto of their lives, is in legible characters upon the walls of their habitation. The offering was accepted. The meeting long held in Rivington-street, and for the last six months conducted at her residence No. 23 St. Mark's Place, was never a greater power than to-day. It is one of the greatest spiritual centers in any land. It is attended by professors of religion without regard to sex or denomination. A better intercommunion of Christians we may not hope to see in this world. Probably in no church will there be found, from week to week, so many earnest believers drawn together from different evangelical bodies. We doubt whether under any pulpit of our country there sit as many ministers for the single purpose of spiritual help. For successive weeks we have seen there from twenty to thirty preachers of the Gospel. Among these are found Baptists, Congrega-

tionalists, Dutch Reformed, German Reformed, Presbyterians, Protestant Episcopalians, Methodists, and they mingle in the assembly, engage in the exercises, and assert their profit by the means. The privilege to speak extends to all, and is as promptly embraced by some that are not of our Church as by any that are in it.

One of the most eloquent testimonies we ever heard was that given by a Protestant Episcopal lady. One of the most thrilling accounts of the attainment of holiness was from a Congregational pastor. One of the most convincing experiences of the power of "perfect love" to sustain us in the most fiery trials that are to try us, was from the minister of a Church that does not accept the doctrine.

In this meeting are persons from all parts of the United States and the British Possessions; and from England, Ireland, Scotland. Of these many have read the books, or through her labors become familiar with the name of Mrs. Palmer. Professor Upham, generally present when in the city, is said to have been brought into the enjoyment of holiness through her instrumentality. Mrs. Palmer, when there, uniformly speaks, though she consumes no more time than would be allowed to another. It is not an unfrequent thing for a half dozen, and sometimes double that number, to profess to find the blessing for which they sought the place. Strangers in the city will declare the mercy they have found of God, and the edification they have secured at the meeting, or returning to their lodgings continue to seek the Divine fullness. One case may illustrate many. It was a lady of Richmond, Virginia. She was stopping at the "St. Nicholas." While in attendance upon the meeting she was deeply exercised for purity of heart. Burdened with desire she went back to the hotel at the close of the services. There she struggled in prayer. Her desire was granted her. "The St. Nicholas became the "gate of heaven." The next week she gladdened the meeting with her narrative of mercy.

Mrs. Palmer is well and widely known as an authoress. Her earliest efforts with the pen were in poetry. She wrote many pieces in the "Christian Advocate and Journal" and other periodicals, over the signature of "Shepherdess." She also prepared pieces to be sung at the anniversaries of the Sabbath schools and Missionary Society, and those of benevolent institutions. We have recently heard verses from her pen that we deemed worthy a place in the sacred songs of the temple. Of poetry she has written enough to make quite a volume. About the time she began to indulge this taste, she pub-

lished in our religious papers a number of articles in prose. When she obtained the experience of holiness she began to write upon the subject. It resulted in the production of "The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way." She did not give her name as the authoress, nor was it her design to be known. It was her wish simply to serve the cause. When, however, circumstances presented it in the light of a cross, and it became a *question* whether she would take it up and bear it, with the question came the answer:

"For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." Her name appeared in the succeeding edition.

The next book that she published was "Faith and its Effects;" then "Entire Devotion;" then "Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation." Afterward "A Useful Disciple," "The Promise of the Father," and "Sweet Mary." She now has in the press "Four Years in the Old World."

A single one of these volumes has reached about one hundred thousand copies. They have all had a large sale. All her works have been republished in England. "The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way" and "Faith and its Effects," are published in France, and "The Way of Holiness" has been printed in Germany.

Mrs. Palmer may be called an extemporaneous writer. Her first thoughts and expressions of them go to the paper and thence to the press. She composes rapidly, and writes with great naturalness. She abounds in illustration, and employs apposite narrative to fine effect. In writing as in speaking she always has a case that furnishes a clew to some difficulty. The facts that she gives will often help a devout inquirer more than a labored argument. This she well understands.

The largest book that she has yet given to the world is "The Promise of the Father." This is, as it is intended to be, more argumentative, and shows, as is necessary for the purpose, greater research. All her works are pervaded with a spirit of deep devotion, and the mind that seeks in them the profit of the heart will be likely to secure that end.

Mrs. Palmer is one of the most assiduous laborers. It is a law of her nature to work. It is her view of duty to "work while it is

called to-day." In season and out of season she is ready with exhortation, admonition, instruction. She writes an untold number of letters to individuals asking her aid in the work of God. She is "never unemployed; never triflingly employed." While in Europe, amid the multitude and magnitude of her public engagements, she still found time to send articles to the press, and by her letters was constantly rousing the energy and inspiring the confidence and joy of the children of God on both sides of the Atlantic.

Her last work, so soon to be in many hands, will tell the story of her labors and achievements while abroad.

She is now of an age to be in her mental prime, and we trust her life will be spared for many years; but under the pressure of heart and mind the body has more than once given notice of its frailty as a tabernacle, and the soul has devoutly responded to the premonitions. But she is persistent in serving her generation, and is confident that if the earthly house of her tabernacle be dissolved, she has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. She labors that whether present or absent she may be accepted of Him. How does her life constrain us to magnify the grace of God! What dissimilarity is witnessed between her earlier and later Christian experience! The "bruised reed" was not broken. The emblem the mind would now select is not the "reed" so easily crushed, but the palm-tree that denotes fruitfulness and victory, and "which the more it is *oppressed* the more it flourisheth;" for "those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

The rill becomes the river and moves with greater majesty, as it nears that ocean of infinite blessedness, where it is swallowed up in the "fullness of Him that filleth all in all."

WORDS.

Just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern, or the finely-vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would have otherwise been theirs—so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and feeling of past ages, of men whose very name have perished, these, which would so easily have perished too, preserved and made safe forever.—*Trench.*

AN HOUR WITH HORACE.

BY G. H. VEDDERHILL, A. B.

I LOOK with no little complacency at a shelf in my library which bends under the precious load of a few volumes of the ancient classica. In arranging these I have placed our poet in friendly vicinity to Virgil. For the juxtaposition of these fellow-favorites of Augustus, I have ample permission from Horace in that fervent petition to the ship which was about to carry his friend to Athens: "*Serves animæ dimidium meæ.*" I have also gratified the poet, so far as my humble roof will allow, in the self-promised luxury of striking the stars with his lofty head. As I open this favorite author for an hour's immethodical reading my mind easily and pleasantly goes back to those preparatory months at school when my ignorant credulity seldom suffered a doubt whether those mythical creations of the poet's brain were not real beings, who had a "local habitation," and with whom the little Roman feasted and flirted to the envy of the less admired youth. The feelings with which I remember to have read the Odes I would hardly be willing to exchange for the more scholarly reflections enjoyed in reading the same at a more recent date. My master, who rolled out well-measured iambics with the *ore rotundo* of a Roman patrician, found his pupil quite undemonstrative of poetic feeling, and possessed of a taste less promising of results in the discrimination of lyric excellencies than of Hymettian honey and Falernian wine. Should this article come under his perusal he will be reminded of not very ingenious speculations upon the probability of our finding among the classic curiosities of Pompeii a Sabine jar of old Falernian, also upon the probable age to which it might be kept unhurt.

The birthplace of Horace was near the border of Lucania, where the inhabitants, with their Apulian neighbors, were of that hardy and muscular stamp for which border populations are, historically, distinguished. The poet, however, seems to have been constituted to endure heat better than cold; so it is quite likely he often spent the Winter months at Bais, where he found a delightful respite from his literary labors in breathing the soft air and strolling through the gardens of that seashore retreat. A line in one of his satires—

"Nullus in orbe sinus Bais præluet"—

shows his fondness for that nestling-place of overworked minds and pleasure-seekers. The

home of the future lyrist, removed as it was nearly two hundred miles from the metropolis, was seldom visited by city folk, except it may have been by speculators in wool, who probably sought the Apulian country for that commodity—the almost exclusive material allowed in a genuine Roman wardrobe. The prayer of Agar—"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—which De Quincey says had been realized for himself, was also realized for Horace. Though his father, by the narrowness of his income, was amply defended from a violation of the curse which changed the pure, native health-glow of paradisiacal humanity into sin-born sweat-drops, as a condition of eating bread, the poet neither apologized for his low origin nor claimed superior merit for his success by comparing the moderate means afforded him for gratifying his early taste for literature with the abundant facilities enjoyed by the sons of the rich. On the other hand, he declares, with admirable pride, that were it given to men to live over a portion of their lives and to exercise the undelegated prerogative of choosing who their parents should be, no senatorial stripling would have an opportunity to illustrate his aptitude to rule by overriding and nibbling at him, nor would need to fear a smaller share of parental affection on account of a new claimant in the person of a freedman's son. His satirical thrusts at that insanity which reckons high birth a necessary antecedent of nobility, and his easily-inferred contempt of the believers in such a notion, are proofs of his broad common-sense. Could he have introduced himself to Mæcenas as a gentleman of *pronepotial* honor—*avis protarvisque potens*—a power which had formerly procured Turnus a studious promoter of his interests in the person of the Latian queen, that Tuscan-born prime minister would have found the question of receiving him at court partially answered, and those months, which had almost rounded to a full year—months, we may suppose, of painful uneasiness—would have been spared his sensitive nature.

We are pleasantly surprised at the apparent pride with which he refers in his peroration—certainly not a monument of literary modesty—to the fact that he shall be spoken of by the unlettered peasantry where the "far-sounding Aufidus" rolls its course. The better-born author of the *Metamorphoses*, in a similar style of reflection, but far inferior in force, comforts himself with no such humble thought, that he shall be praised by the gentry of his native Salmo, but with imagination equal to almost any flight, he anticipates the day when

his name, following the bloody track of Roman conquest, shall be syllabled by barbarian tongues.

"Quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris."

No ancient author seems to have been so universally read and admired by moderns as Horace. Erasmus, it is said, knew him by heart. Every scholar who has read the Spectator knows that Addison, "the parson in the tye-wig," is indebted to him for more of his texts than to any other Latin writer from Lucretius to Prudentius. Prior, with a natural resemblance of geniality and talent, became so like his southern model, that had an accident of birth allowed him to behold the light of day on the banks of the Tiber one might have almost believed that the blood of the Horatian family, having spurned to course the veins of obscure men, had at length found in Prior a descendant whose gentle disposition and exuberant humor were worthy its service; as a stream of water, choked in its course, finds at times a benevolent breadth in which to sport under the long-forbidden sun. Is it true, too, that the son of a Roman *libertinus* and a tax-gatherer has in no distant past furnished thought for such a noble assembly of the wise as are supposed to constitute the British Parliament? The peers of that honored body—*in concione*—passed a few hours in reviewing Horace that they might occasionally interject an æsthetical or moral proposition—an unintended favor which an American, unused to their humdrum declamation, would accept without the jaunty accusation of Domitia in the "Roman Actor."

"I like it not, 't is filched
From Horace."

The sprightly classic thus rendered an important service by supplying those titled pedants with thunder on the easy condition of a moderately-retentive memory. Certainly the phlegmatic Englishman, if any person in the world, is justifiable in all such efforts to unburden his oratory of its natural heaviness, for his utterances, to quote Hawthorne, are in some such disorganized mass, as if they had been thrown up rather than spoken. This fondness of quoting the poet, which we have noticed, is due to his singular felicity of saying things, in which, to use the penny-a-liner's phrase, he has seldom been equaled and never excelled. What language could so nearly satisfy our unspeakable gratitude to a distinguished benefactor as the line addressed to Mæcenas: "*O, et præsidium et dulces decus meum!*" Every one who is

familiar with the Odes must feel the impotency of his own language to declare the defiant daring of the man who first rode upon the sea. The picture of homely comfort, for which I am indebted to his mention of the family salt-cellar, remains a quiet dissuasive from the anxious pursuit of wealth. When I would be impatient of my lot and wish for my neighbor's thousands, *vivitur parvo bene*, like words of magic, summons a good spirit to drive away the greedy thought.

As every person who contributed to any very considerable extent to the forming of the poet's character must be an object of interest to his admirers, we have to regret that so little is known of Orbilius, one of his early instructors. Thomas Fuller informs us of the following particulars concerning this master of the rod. He was a native of Beneventum, whence, having received a good education, served as a soldier in Macedonia, taught for some time in his native place, till, in the Consulship of Cicero, B. C. 63, he removed to Rome and opened a school, which was attended by Horace, who seems to have carried away with him a stinging remembrance of his flogging propensities, and for which he has made him infamous to all time. Suetonius, in language not descriptive of the schoolmaster's amiability, says that he had a cruel disposition, which he manifested not only toward the Antisophists, but also his own pupils. The Westminster school, however, in an age which we suppose to have been more favorable to the exercise of patience and other conciliatory virtues so essential to indoor harmony, has had its tyrants, whose memory somewhat mitigates the odium which is attached to the name of Orbilius. Mackenzie, in his Memoir of Maginn, assures us that Dr. Busby, of birching memory, did not "spare the rod" during the fifty-five years of his supremacy in that school. The name of Nicholas Udal, also, has an unenviable immortality in these doleful lines of Thomas Tusser, a pupil of that severe disciplinarian of the sixteenth century, himself successively a musician, schoolmaster, servant, husbandman, grazier, and poet, as it seems from the following:

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad."

Before we dismiss Orbilius, who, according to the above, was no conservative in the use of

the ferule and lash, and must have been a dread tribunal to the unfortunate youth who referred to him their disagreements, let us remember as an extenuatory fact, that he taught the sons of knights and senators during a time when the government was passing through those tragic events which culminated in the downfall of the Republic. It was hardly to be expected that boys, whose fathers and elder brothers were vigorously coöperating with Pompey to defend the city from Cæsar's incomparable legions, would be studious and patient in a school-room on an obscure lane away from the public shops and other centers of information and discussion. Some who, with the writer, have chosen Orbilius's profession, may be able, from recent observation of juvenile impatience in times of similar political excitement, to reconcile his severity with a very fair development, to speak phrenologically, of amiability. As he lived to be nearly a hundred years old, we presume that the hand which in his prime was raised to punish at such frequent and, it is hoped, salutary intervals, found in his declining years less violent employment, and that his protracted dotage was blessed with pleasanter reflections than could have been suggested by the remembrance of his pedagogic life.

Benvenuto Celini, having entered his allotted decimal on the shady side of three score, declared, doubtless to apologize for a similar literary undertaking, that it was the duty of every sexagenarian who had distinguished himself in public life to write his autobiography—a task seldom turned to with pleasure, as the failures of Scott, Southey, Moore, and our own Irving attest. Horace, wisely as it proved, did not trust cruel Atropos—sister of the knife—for so liberal an allowance of the thread of life; we are partly compensated, however, for the absence of this postscript by the minuteness of personal detail, which gives to some of his epistles an autobiographical character, and reminds one of the description which the younger D'Israeli gives of his father. Neither has come far short of satisfying the curiosity of such as may be inquisitive.

"Quali

Sit facie, sura, quali pede, dente, capillo."

I had not intended in this very sketchy article, nor do I yet intend, either to question or confirm the claims of Horace to be called a poet. He was certainly an imitator. In saying this it is difficult to withhold a caution from such as estimate men summarily. A verbal economist, who abbreviates his judgment of men and things into an oppositional ex-

pression, should remember that to convey his meaning often requires greater liberality of words. Horace used the Grecian meters, and was indebted to the academy for his philosophy. The spirit also of his odes often reminds one of the Lesbian poets. His free abandonment to social pleasures and occasional outpourings of epicurean sentiment addressed to Bacchus are like Anacreon and Alcæus, while the freedom with which he addresses Lydia, Chloe, and other love-lorn beauties makes it probable that he had lingered upon the wanton strains of Sappho. But this imitation consisted chiefly in form of expression, not in thought:

"Numeros animosque secutus

Archilochi, non res;"

and that there should have been such imitation of the Greek poets by the Roman was to be expected from the high cultural reputation of the former and the familiarity with their language. After the subjection of Southern Italy native Greek teachers were to be had easily, and were often employed in noble families, where the children were taught that language, Quintilian complains, before their own. Though Horace imitates, no scholar reads him who does not confess to a charm of originality, and feel as little like accusing him of imitating as Boileau, Shakspeare, or Dryden, because they were sometimes guided by the plots of Plautus in composing their plays. Mercury seems to have breathed an ethereal fragrance upon the pages of his protégé, which keeps and will forever keep them unaffected by "the flight of seasons." What Boileau wrote for his own epitaph may be said of Horace—he was original even in imitation.

The Roman mind was naturally not poetical. With an occasional exception it lacked that refined poetic sense which vitalizes a dead world and gives a spiritual meaning to earthly nothings. The love of nature did not fill it with those vague, supernal longings not to be accounted for by earthly logic, which brighten the life of the true poet with moments of soul-freedom, unenvied because unknown by the world at large. The Roman knew how to describe nature; but description necessitates a certain degree of remoteness, and forbids that intimate communion which impelled the Greek poet to a fervent utterance of her beauties and made him a sincere worshiper of her various forms. If, then, the Romans, with their utilitarian tastes, could make up for a natural deficiency by imitating their trans-Ionian neighbors, let it be accounted, not derogately, to the receptivity of the Italian mind.

"CAN HE NOT CARE FOR HIS OWN?"

BY M. JANE SHADDOCK.

THE evening was stormy, and dark, and cold. Nature wept, but it was a strange, shivering sympathy, which froze her tears to ice as they fell on the blasted and dying vegetation. And they fell, too, on the faded garments of a woman hurrying toward her home. She seemed not to heed the storm; her poor shawl was blown back, but she made no attempt to wrap it again about her, she only hurried on with the burden in her hand and a heavier one upon her heart.

One week ago the form of her husband was hidden in the earth, from earthly eyes forever, and now—yesterday—her bright "two-years-old" Harry was gone to the beautiful land; yesterday he was taken away and buried. Just one of those blossoms he was which grow among the thorns in the life-path till we love the rare fragrance, then are transplanted, to teach us, perhaps, that God is "all in all." It was right, she knew it, and yet if it had been different she could have borne it better.

Charlotte, the oldest girl, and Mary, next younger, were both nearly idiotic, and had never spoken a word; the vocal organs were defective, and a few signs and unintelligent stammers were their only language. They required the constant watch and care of their mother, and for them life must be hopelessly dependent.

She was thinking of this as she pushed on through the storm and darkness, then was goaded to new effort by the thought that her baby was supperless till she came; she had left it with little John and Ezra, all unaccustomed as they were to being thus alone. She had walked three miles since the twilight, and was now at the door of the humble log-house she was to call "home" for a week more. All was hushed within; she pushed the door open, and seeing me with the baby in my arms, she half paused with surprise, then said in a low tone, "God bless you, Martha, I little knew that Sammy was in such good hands. Is n't he hungry?"

But before I could answer her eye had caught sight of the table where her own supper was prepared and waiting.

"O, it's so good to have you come like this! How sinful and weak I was to-night! It was hard work for me to put away the anxious fears which would crowd upon me, bringing agony, when I thought of my fatherless little ones."

"I can not understand how anxiety for them

was sin, Mrs. Reynolds; it was only natural under the circumstances."

"Ah, my dear Martha, God through the redeeming of Jesus has made us his own, his children, and has loved us with a love which passeth knowledge. We are his, every thing that concerneth us is given into the hands of God, and can he not care for his own?"

"Would you have me think, Mrs. Reynolds, that God will provide for my bodily wants without any effort on my own part, leaving me to sit with folded hands waiting for a special manifestation of his providence?"

"No, O no. So far as our efforts in the strength which God giveth can provide what we need, so far we should provide, and without anxiety should leave the rest with God. As it was to-night, what undone was there that I could do? We were without food; my near neighbors can not longer supply my wants. Since the early Spring, you know, William has lain here suffering, helpless. Our large family have been nearly dependent on their generosity for some months. Now, since two months ago there has been so much sickness prevailing that the harvests are ungathered, and we must still have food. There was none but my own hands to fetch it. Reason told me it was unsafe to leave my baby with the little boys. Lottie and Mary, too, must be watched, for if allowed to pass beyond the house alone they would n't have knowledge to come back, but would wander on listless none knows whither, and if kept in the house without my presence they might do unheard-of mischief. O, Martha, strange questionings of bitterness came to me as I stood in the darkness of this afternoon. All the gloom and storm of my life surged up and pressed upon me till I sank down helpless and weak. But God will not break the bruised reed. A still voice spoke—'Are not you and yours, all that concerns you, given into the hands of God? You are his, and can he not care for his own?' I saw all in the true light, then, and was able to leave every thing in his hands, knowing that he could and would 'care for his own.' Surely his mercy endureth forever. I had little thought to find the children cared for like this, or your own dear presence here. How early did you come?"

"Three hours ago nearly. I came alone. Not finding you at home, I drove back to Jameson's, and left the horse and buggy. The children were quiet. The boys had baby Sammy in the cradle, and were both talking to him of what 'ma' would fetch him. I heard their prattle when I was outside the door."

"And where were Charlotte and Mary? I

am so thankful that you brought them something to eat, for they had eaten nothing since a late breakfast. I got it late, for I knew we had nothing for dinner."

"They were all hungry. Lottie was trying to eat an ear of raw corn. She had pulled the husks off, and Mary was on the floor chewing them; but I gave them supper immediately. I brought these"—pointing to a full bag and basket—"fearing that you might be in need. Poor William was sick so long. How long before you must leave the farm?"

"Next week I must go. Have I told you that John's oldest boy is dead?"

"I did not even know that he was sick. When did he die?"

"This morning, at half-past eight. If we could not discern the joy and glory of the 'beyond' life would be a blasted and wretched thing. In this immediate neighborhood of eight families, all within sight of each other, two are dead in every house save one; in that one the wife and mother is gone, and to half of these homes death has come accompanied by destitution and want. O, it is terrible!"

"It seems hard, almost wrong; but, dear Mrs. Reynolds, we know that to the pure death is victory and gain."

"How very dear that thought is! As I came home to-night I was thinking how very different that life shall be from this. There we shall never put forth our hands to gather flowers and grasp thorns instead; we shall not reach for golden ripe fruit and in our hands find it like Sodom's famed apples, ashes within; we shall not place the rich, rare wine to our lips and find it changed to gall. O, no, Martha, there we shall not wreathe the bay for a fair brow and find wrapped about it instead a blasting, fire-ringed scorpion. All there is joy, joy, opening bright and new forever, advancing in knowledge, understanding more and more of God, comprehending more fully that love which passeth knowledge, and adoring him with increasing gratitude eternally. O, yes, we should be willing to spend these days, these years, dragging though they seem, in God's own way, in that way which shall best purify us; and I do believe—though at times my heart rebels—I do believe that the 'waves and the billows' which are surging over me shall work together for good."

I was silently weeping. How far beneath this poor woman was I; what a dwarf in spiritual life! It's easy enough for any of us to talk when the sun shines, but in the darkness we shrink back. She stood when the

storm of trial came to her own soul—stood firm, with one hand grasping God, and with the other discharging her daily duties."

"'T will be very hard to part with the children," said she, breaking the silence; "but strength will be given for the day of trial. If good places can be found for Johnny and Ezra I shall be so thankful."

"Mrs. Hill, a lady living a mile west of us, sends you word that she will take Johnny if his appearance pleases her. She will come down to see you this week sometime."

"I never have seen her. Would the dear boy be likely to receive good treatment, and does God dwell in the house?"

"They have been there only a short time; seem to be well-disposed, moral people, but are not professing Christians."

"Indeed, I am very sorry. If I could only place them both where they would be taught concerning God every day, by example and by precept, it would be what I greatly desire."

"And what will yourself and the other three do, Mrs. Reynolds, suppose Johnny and Ezra find good homes?"

"I shall go to my father with these three helpless ones till God shall open some other way. O, for a mother's heart to realize that two daughters are thrown upon the world with intellects darkened, shut up, blinded, and they incapable of expressing the simplest want in words, powerless to help themselves—for a mother's heart to know this is terrible, a hard thing to bear. Lottie is the first, whose pure baby breath touched my lips when they whispered in my ear that I was a 'mother.'

"I wonder if I loved the child too well? All the warm affections of the soul were wrapped about her, and I looked forward with fond anticipations to the future. God only knows how my crushed heart rebelled when the truth of her condition forced itself upon me. I writhed beneath the blow which struck me down, and almost cursed the hand which held the rod.

"But those days are past, and to-night I realize and know that God is love. My little Sammy must be kept with me for a time. O, it does seem as though his sweet ways would win his grandfather's cold, stern heart to love again, and on the other hand Charlotte and Mary will imbitter him and cause him to hate their being. How long I have prayed that the true and holy peace might come to his life; but he rejects it. Yet I believe the day shall come when he will be saved through the cleansing of blood.

While Mrs. Reynolds had been talking her

hands were busy with mending Johnny's apron, and now her work was laid aside, and she handed me the Bible with the request that I should read our evening's Scripture lesson. I read from the Psalms, and reading, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," she exclaimed, "Israel's king had learned that the correcting-rod as well as the supporting staff are a comfort to us, for how could we be happy if our feet were allowed to wander from God into the darkness of offense and transgression?"

In prayer she seemed to hold close communion with God and enter into the presence-chamber of the Most High. Her trust and faith seemed perfect, and her humility was only equaled by her spiritual strength. She had grown to the stature of womanhood in Christ Jesus.

The next day home duties called for my return, and I left the lowly, humble abode which would shelter a few days longer one of the excellent ones of the earth, and was homeward bound. I left Mrs. Reynolds busy repairing Johnny's clothes; sadly worn and poor they were, and hardly worth the patches she was so carefully sewing on.

I went home thinking of her life. I was twelve years old when she married, and remembered something of her girlhood, and had also heard her story from my mother's lips. I knew that her early life saw little enough of sunshine. Her father had settled in an early day on a tract of forest land in Southern Michigan. He was a person of some education and talent, and he chafed under the restraint which his limited means and increasing family imposed upon him.

He wished to see the world and roam the continents through, adding to his knowledge and gathering wisdom. But he discovered not God; he saw nothing bright beyond this earth. Death would be "a leap in the dark," and as he saw the years of his manly vigor departing, and the ways more firmly hedged up by which he had hoped to accomplish his darling wish, he grew sullen and morose. He would gladly have given his children a liberal education, but he was far from schools, and no money was his which would purchase for them books and teachers. And, as though the children were blamable for their ignorance of books, his manner toward them was repellant and his treatment of them stern and tyrannical. Sometimes in his happier moods he taught them himself, and thus little Harriet learned to read. After a time the gold mania took possession of him, and, mortgaging a part of his farm to secure means, he was off for California. After three

years' absence he returned to his family with the state of his finances not at all bettered, but, of course, with his knowledge of the world increased. Harriet's mother was an invalid, and nearly all the care of the family devolved upon her elder sisters; and, as might have been expected where the care and work of a large family devolves upon three or four young girls, her early home was not kept with order or system. Breakfast was late, and sometimes no dinner at all, but oftener with both dinner and supper merged into one. They were not taught that duty to God and to their own home demanded that neatness and regularity should prevail, and both were sadly neglected sometimes. Their brothers were harsh and rude in their treatment of them, and this awakened resentment, and came far from adding to the happiness of the family. I know I am giving you a sad picture of home life, but a true one in this case. I am thankful that it is not always so.

Harriet inherited her father's love of reading, and very often she would steal away to some quiet spot, often in the woods, and, engrossed with her book, would become entirely oblivious to the world about her. In mind she breathed an atmosphere of flowers, and trod the rich and brilliant sunny Southern land, then walked among old ruins of cities that were, and searched among the dead for tokens of ages now rolled up in shades, and her feet pressed the path where weary pilgrims trod toward Mecca, and she bowed there with strange worshipers. A voice calling, "Harriet," would awaken her with a start, and only the hard, stern realities of her own life would be about her. From some religious books and from the Bible she received early into her heart the germs of Christianity, which by and by grew, and blossomed, and bore such rich fruit.

Her mother is dead now; her brothers and sisters are scattered, gone, all of them, and her father is alone; only two or three of the children ever go home. Her father will not allow it; he says they deserted him, and now they shall stay away. Alas! there was some reason for it.

I heard one of his neighbors telling last week about his recent sickness, and they say that he is grown strangely superstitious, and declares that his dead wife comes to him every night from out the darkness and talks to him of the past, and tells him of the future, and once he says she came bringing his coffin with her, and telling him his form would soon rest there; but his soul was yet unsaved; and in a sudden rage he rose to strike her down, and ever after

she came with blood staining her face and hair, but with loveful words.

Without God how entirely miserable we are when weakness and disease come upon us, and how shudderingly we shrink back when the hand of Death reaches for us! But he is better now, and will, perhaps, return to his old wonted ways.

Harriet married with a hard-working farmer's apprentice, and they set up housekeeping in quite a comfortable way on a small farm which they hoped would by and by be all their own; but William's health had failed, and their hopes were never realized. And now he was gone, and herself and helpless children had no home. My heart yearned over them, and I could see no brightness in their lives. Then her words of trusting faith came back to me—"Can He not care for his own?"

Yesterday—'t was last week I was with her an evening—yesterday I saw herself with Johnny and Ezra nearing the corners a dozen rods below our house. She carried a bundle in her hand and led the younger boy. They stopped on the corners a minute, then the little boys went to the west, and she went on alone to her father's house. O, it was pitiful to see her looking back after her babes as they trudged along—looking back at them as they were passing from her sight. I saw her head bowed down and a handkerchief to her face, and I knew that the mother's tears could not be restrained.

A friend met the little boys as they were near Mr. Hill's, and learned from them that, for a time at least, they two were to remain there, that Lottie, and Mary, and sweet little Sammy were left with a neighbor of Mrs. Reynolds till to-day, when, they said, "ma thinks that grandpa would go and get them if he was able." Dear children! who shall predict their future, or who shall tell the mother's struggles and trials? God help them!

A month has passed since I laid down my ink-stained pen at the last period, and two days ago I saw Mrs. Reynolds at her father's house. Said she, "Martha, I am nearer the beautiful land than when I saw you last—nearer to the land of light, and peace, and love; nearer to the time when I shall kneel with the purified before the throne of God and the Lamb; nearer to the time when I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is.

'One sweetly-solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day than ever I've been before—

Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne; nearer the jasper sea;
Nearer the bound of life, where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer to leaving the cross, and nearer to wearing the crown.'

Is n't that such a dear thought, my dear Martha? God is caring for his own. Father is different from his former self—does not object to our Scripture reading and worship, and is so patient with Lottie and Mary. It's true, we are not very comfortable here," she said, as I looked round on the rude and scanty furniture; "not much is there here compared with the home you are thinking of; but we manage to get along pretty well, and I am so thankful for this.

"I almost shudder when I think of those days and nights after William was dead and I watched alone with little Harry. While the daylight lasted and I had the care of the other children I did n't think so much, but in the night it was terrible. I dwelt on my own sorrow till I almost forgot that there was a God. I had no light but the uneven one of a wood fire, and this, with its waverings, made the shadows come and go like burdens and ghosts of sorrow. Outside was the wailing of the November blast; the storm-wind passed round the house and into it with moaning and shrieks, and the wail and chill entered into my own soul with its withering and despair, and sweet little Harry died.

"But God came and lifted me up and spoke to me, and assured me that 'he cared for me,' and with the still voice speaking I grew calm. My faith lifted up its head, and O, the sweet peace that came when I trusted him! I have trusted God without wavering since. I know it will be well."

"I glory in God for your sake, Mrs. Reynolds," I answered. "Your trust is teaching me a lesson. If the blight falls upon my own life then I believe I should be stronger for your example; but such faith as yours we should all have at all times, always. Have I told you that I saw John and Ezra at Mr. Hill's day before yesterday?"

"No. Indeed, I am so glad you have seen them. Do they seem to be happy?"

"Quite contented. I think they have quite a good place. As I become more acquainted with the family I am more favorably impressed. If they were only religious people. They seem kind-hearted and hospitable. The boys have some trials, though Each of the little fellows has a new suit of warm, thick clothes. They

accompanied me nearly all the way when I went home in the early evening. Sometimes, I presume, Mr. Hill is troubled and impatient, and, too, the boys are kept very busy; but this last discipline will not hurt them.

"I tried to give them some simple rules for their conduct. 'Yes,' they said, 'ma told us so. We will try to be respectful and obedient.' So, you see, your counsels are treasured up and acted upon. They need to see you as often as they can. They have the promise of coming to 'grandpa's,' they told me, next Saturday night and stay Sabbath, if they were good boys and get their work done."

At evening I left her, and her sweet "God bless you, dear," makes melody in my soul now while I write. I am willing, as she is, to leave their future in the hands of God, and if you find yourself wondering what became of them all, let that sentence which so often came to my heart come to yours also—"Can he not care for his own?"—and be assured he will do it.

DANTE'S LOVE FOR BEATRICE

IT was in the ninth year of his age that Dante first met Beatrice, who, according to the popular idea, inspired him with that transcendent love, the story of which he himself relates in the *Vita Nuova*, and which he has immortalized in the *Divina Commedia*. Concerning the nature of this love there have been various opinions among commentators. While some have regarded it as the romantic devotion of an impassioned lover to an actual woman, by others Beatrice is considered as a purely-symbolic character.

The *Vita Nuova*, composed from 1293 to 1300, contains thirty-one poems of different dates, accompanied by prose notes and interpretations, which connect them together, and explain their occasions and apparent meaning.

It is essentially mystic in its character, and leaves the reader in doubt as to the nature of the love, whether real or symbolical, which it portrays. Dante here describes his first meeting with Beatrice, when love became the master of his soul; the devotion with which he followed her while a boy; and how, after nine years, this most gentle lady appeared before him, clothed in pure white—and, passing along the street, she turned her eyes toward the place where he stood very timidly, and, by her ineffable courtesy, saluted him with such grace that, intoxicated with delight, he turned away from the crowd, and, betaking himself to his

solitary chamber, he fell into a sweet slumber, in which a marvelous vision appeared to him.

This vision he described in a sonnet, his first poetical composition, copies of which, as was often the custom in that age, were sent to the poets for interpretation. The sonnet was well received, and poems in answer to it were returned—one particularly from Guido Cavalcanti, who having thus made the acquaintance of Dante, conceived for him a friendship which terminated only with his death. Dante da Mojana, however, another poet of some renown, showed very little sympathy with the mystic fancies of the lover, and in a satirical response, advised the poet to seek the aid of the physician.

Thus Dante, according to the letter of the *Vita Nuova*, continued to dream and to love—to gaze at Beatrice from a distance, and to compose poems in her praise—abstaining, however, from naming her, fearful lest he should offend her purity or compromise her honor.

He tells us that he attempted to conceal his affection, even by feigning love for another lady, to whom he dedicated the songs intended for Beatrice, and that at last Beatrice refused to salute him when they met. Then he relates that he returned home, locked himself in his chamber, where his lamentations could not be heard, and gave himself up to despair, till at length he fell asleep, with tears in his eyes, like a child who had been beaten.

Again: at a wedding festival he was so overpowered by her presence that he was led away by his friends; and, in answer to their inquiries as to what was the matter with him, he replied: "I have set my feet on that edge of life beyond which no man can go with power to return."

In a canzone he describes a dream, or vision, in which he beholds the dead body of Beatrice, surrounded by women with unbound hair, who abandon themselves to mourning, as they cover their beautiful features with a snowy veil. Dark clouds obscure the sun; the stars are pale with grief.

He beholds the slow and sorrowful funeral procession; he sees a company of angels bearing away the soul of his beloved, enveloped in a white cloud. Tears gush from his closed eyes; he cries, "O, bountiful soul! how happy is he who can yet behold thee!" and he calls on Death to bear him away to Beatrice. The fair watchers at his bedside hasten to awaken him from his terrible dream, and ask the occasion of his grief. But, in the sobs and groans with which he reveals it, they are unable to distinguish the name of Beatrice, and so the cause

of his sorrow remains a poetical mystery to them.

This vision was the foreshadowing of approaching reality, for the actual Beatrice soon after died, at the age of twenty-four, having been married for some years to Simon de Bardi, afterward conspicuous in the political party of the Neri, by which Dante was so bitterly persecuted.—*Botta*.

HOME SYMPATHIES.

FAMILY habits and Protestantism seem to go together. In Spain a diminutive cup of chocolate brought into the bedroom is the apology for a breakfast; in Russia the meal as we have it is unknown—each one eats something when he is hungry. Were eating and drinking the sole objects to be attained by gathering around a table, one might, indeed, feed apart as in company; but only consider what interchange of mind, what acquaintance with one another's hearts, what refuges from tired thought, what cheerfulness and sociability would be lost thereby!

"T is sweet, 'mid noise of plates and dishes,
To speak one's sentiments and wishes,"

sang the author of "Boyle Farm;" and certainly it is only when conversation seasons the repast that the feelings of men become more refined than that of brutes. Meal-times are often the only seasons when the man of business sees his family. Deprive him of them and he becomes a joyless laborer for those whom he never hears nor sees; but give him their cheerful chat at breakfast and supper, how briskly he toils during the intervening hours!

In France and Italy young men see nothing, know nothing of their sisters, consequently care little or nothing for them; in England sisters are their brothers' cherished friends and correspondents. The Dean of Carlisle says he has known young men at college wholly restrained from vice simply by the hallowed and blessed influence of their sisters. We have known a brother in Australia write to his authoress sister in England, whom he had not seen for twenty years, "You can not tell what a calming, quieting effect your books have upon me; they seem to decolonize me, if I may coin a word." How touching a picture is given in the memoir of Frances and Elizabeth Bickersteth, of the suffering of Fanny lying on her bed of pain, with her father and two brothers kneeling round her! Such a

scene would not occur in Italy or France. The young girls are shut up within convent walls during the freshest, most charming period of their youth. Truly their brothers may say, "A garden inclosed is my sister; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Her thick-coming fancies die at their birth, unspoken to sympathizing young sister or brother, indulgent mother, or sensible, intelligent father; her desire for useful knowledge meets with no response. Instead of being wisely drawn out of self by the thousand harmless and useful outlets of English home life, she is driven to self-contemplation and vain, vague longings and repinings. Released by marriage from this joyless captivity, she frequently finds herself, like Madame Guyon, a mere boarder under the roof of her mother-in-law, the most disregarded person in the house, with no household cares, no servants under her control, no purse, no liberty to take exercise and find society abroad, save under humiliating restrictions and surveillance—in all respects, except in name, a child still. Or else it is the husband who becomes the cipher; Madame receives on appointed evenings the Signora Rosuara, or the Signora Bianca, is at home to her male friends, and perhaps one or two ladies, who retail all the small talk of the day, interspersed with plenty of compliments to the hostess, whom, however, the gentlemen do not always sufficiently respect to refrain from smoking their cigars. In these circles the master of the house is always absent; he is paying his compliments to some other Signora Rosuara or Signora Bianca; an evening *tele a tele* with his wife would be insupportable with them both. Her mind is unfurnished; they have no common objects of interest; they could only talk over the vexed question of domestic expenses.—*London Eclectic*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S INNER LIFE.

THE greatest and hardest work of a Christian is least in sight, which is the well-ordering of his heart. Some buildings have most workmanship under ground. It is our spirit that God, who is a Spirit, hath most communion with; and the less freedom we take to sin here the more argument of our sincerity, because there are no laws to bind the inner man but the law of the spirit of grace, whereby we are a law to ourselves. A good Christian begins his repentance where his sin begins, in his thoughts, which are the next issue of his heart.—*Sibbs*.

HIDDEN LIVES.

BY FRANCES A. FISH.

In every age, however rude and wild,
 Since a pure world by man became defiled,
 Since God's approving smile, which was his light,
 Turned into frowns and changed the morn to night,
 As comes the comet suddenly and strange,
 With train of splendor through the skies to range,
 Eclipsing, with the glory of his light,
 The stars which to our eyes before seemed bright;
 E'en thus great lives have flashed upon the world,
 And over all truth's banner wide unfurled—
 Lives that, in noble deeds and sufferings strong,
 Caused right to reign, and crushed the powers of wrong

And as we watch such noble lives grow dim,
 Yielding again their essence unto Him
 Who sent them forth on mercy's errand sweet,
 For higher joys to raise and make us meek,
 With sorrowing hearts we turn to question why
 God sets so soon earth's beacon lights on high;
 They who seemed sent earth's mariners to guide
 In safety over life's stormy ocean wide?
 But while we bless Him that he condescends
 Such glorious lives with our frail lives to blend,
 And thus raise up in us what is most low,
 And through such lives to us his greatness show,
 We leave these now and to our theme return,
 To see of hidden lives what we may learn—
 Lives that grow great by struggles fierce and long,
 Yet all unknown in story or in song.

To learn of souls which beautiful have grown,
 Pierced by the darts from sorrow's quiver thrown;
 Whose falling tears to purest pearls have turned,
 And in affliction's fires their dross have burned—
 Souls which seem voiceless to the world's dull ear,
 Giving no sounds of music rich and clear;
 But whose sweet melodies in minor key
 Offered to Him who was, and is, and evermore shall be.
 Wake, angel harps, and cause the white-robed throngs
 To join their voices in the earth-born songs.
 To find these lives we choose the dreary way,
 Which leads where grief's dark night shuts out the day;
 For like the sorrowing tree on Bombay's isle,
 They blossom not beneath the sun-king's smile.

Bound down by poverty's un pitying chain
 They live, oft thinking that to live is vain;
 That from their lives no golden rays are given,
 To light our pathway to the gates of heaven.
 Their visions bright of greatness and of power,
 Fade 'neath the sun's fierce rays, as doth the flower,
 And all their longings after higher things,
 To their tired hearts sad disappointment brings.
 Yet patiently they tread their rugged path,
 Which stretcheth far and many barriers hath,
 Knowing that He who holds them by the hand
 Will safely lead them to the promised land.

There joyfully they'll walk the golden street,
 And the rich fruit of their earth-labor reap,
 And learn that God thus tried them as by fire,
 To make their spirits meet for pleasures higher.
 The silent influence of a hidden life,
 Though unperceived, amid the world's great strife,

Works out a glorious part, in God's great plan,
 In raising up the fallen sons of man.
 And when at last the fearful strugglings cease,
 And the worn heart finds rest in perfect peace,
 God smiles that heaven has gained a jewel bright,
 But mourns because the earth has lost its light.

The gallant hosts who in our nation's strife
 Have joined the ranks to offer up their life,
 Where rain of shot and scream of shell are heard,
 May win on glory's page no grateful word.
 And when they fall facing the deadly foe,
 Perchance the world no signs of grief may show,
 A few sad hearts by anguish may be riven,
 Which for their country's sake their all have given.
 But He who notes the sparrows when they fall,
 And has a father's tender care o'er all,
 When the frail cord of their brave lives is riven,
 Will crown them heroes in the courts of heaven.

THE SMITTEN CHRIST.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I saw my Lord draw nigh,
 And he was weeping.
 "Why weepest thou?" I said,
 "Why weepest thou, O Lord?"
 He lifted up his head;
 I listened for his word—
 Silent he stood, his gaze upon me keeping.
 I felt my spirit faint,
 And fail before him.
 Such sadness in his eyes!
 Such sorrow in his face!
 Then spake he in this wise,
 With accents full of grace;
 I yearned to clasp his feet and to adore him.
 "I have been smitten," said
 He, slowly sighing.
 "Who smote thee, Lord?" I cried,
 With hot and hasty ire;
 "A friend," he said, and sighed;
 Quenching my sudden fire,
 By such a look as ended Peter's lying.
 "Thou art the smiter," said
 Those eyes most holy.
 "No ruffian's brutal hand,
 No reckless scoffer's spite,
 No willful foeman's hand,
 Could thus my bosom smite."
 I sank before him, broken, weeping lowly.
 Tenderly then he laid
 His hand upon me.
 "Arise, my child," he said,
 "Arise, thou art forgiven;
 Weep not; be comforted;
 But let my heart be riven
 No more by blow from thee; by blood I won thee."

THERE is no courage, but in innocence,
 No constancy, but in an honest cause

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER II.

WHAT AND HOW SHALL WE READ?

QUITE a philosopher, in an unassuming way, was Mr. Morland—a genuine lover of knowledge. He had learned not only what Solomon calls “the beginning of wisdom,” but he loved to study other matters that bear upon the conduct of life.

Now, many good people make this “beginning of wisdom;” enter school, as they ought, but they never move out one ell into the broad fields of thought, spreading as gloriously in every direction. They pick up a few of the crude, palpable facts they chance to stumble upon. They learn a few things that thrust themselves upon the senses, but the beautiful arrangements and combinations in the natural and thought realms entirely escape them. They may know what kind of grain grows best on what kind of land, what description of stocks or dry goods makes readiest return; but the grand questions of this wondrous, complex being are all unheeded or ignored. Six days they tug and sweat over the eat, drink, and wear questions. Sundays they repent and promise to do better. Life moves on, but there they are on the treadmill, work and worry, but no progress.

Not so Mr. Morland. Every thing that touched his life, or the young lives he had a hand in shaping, was subjected to careful, prayerful scrutiny. So you may be sure his children were not allowed to bolt down indiscriminately all printed matter they could lay hands on. During their minority his control of them had been so gentle and plainly reasonable that there was little temptation for them to break away from it, now that they had reached years of self-direction.

Their interest in the war had led them to take a daily paper. Mr. Morland usually read it aloud each evening after the family had assembled in the sitting-room.

“I think, James,” he said one night as he laid the paper across his knee and took off his spectacles, “we may as well dispense with the Daily, now the war is over, though I guess we must see the next Congress through reconstruction and negro suffrage.”

“It has been dull enough for two or three months past,” remarked James. He was holding a skein of silk for his sister to wind. “There, Fan, you’re getting into a tangle. But, father, we folks in the country might for-

get there was a busy outside world but for the Daily.”

“O, I think the weeklies and monthlies would keep us posted on that score. The newspaper is a wonderful institution, though,” holding it up and glancing musingly down its busy, wide-awake columns; “but after all it is n’t much more than a big gossip, rushing in every day to bring a budget of news, and contradict half it said the day before.”

“Do you think, father, newspaper reading helps develop mental strength?”

“I think, Harry, it had better not be made the staple reading. In homeopathic doses it is good, no doubt, but to live on it is like dieting on hash or mincemeat—sure to bring on dyspepsia. I suppose if we’d been without food a good while we could eat the grain from the fanning-mill hopper, tailings, chaff, and all. I prefer generally to have my mental food—the newspaper part of it—passed through the daily, triweekly, and biweekly screens down into the weekly, there to be well prepared by a sharp-eyed, tough-brained editor. Then it can be easily digested. The mind will not be crammed with a weight of coarse, overstimulating trash. We Americans are too fond of excitement, too sensational. We need a soothing, healthful, substantial diet to develop energy, vigor, solid strength for grappling with the great questions God is laying before us.”

With this remark Mr. Morland relapsed into thinking silence, his normal condition. His talking apparatus had run itself down. Harry wound it up again by a direct, expansive question.

“We’re going to succeed with our library, father. Now, what books shall we get? The boys have left the selection mostly to me.”

“Your library! What, that effort to get the town boys to give up tobacco and tipping and put the money into books? I did n’t think you’d succeed with that.”

“Mother did, though; ’t was her plan.”

“Just like mother,” his eye resting on her beautiful, placid face, while he mused back over the happy, helpful years they had walked together.

“But the books, father?”

“O, yes, the books. You are getting up a mental restaurant. You must set a good table, strong, substantial food, and yet somewhat appetizing. I think you’d better make history your staple. You must have some good books of natural history. Here is a wide, wonderful field of thought and fact, such as every-day people will relish, too, if it is cleared of dry, statistical, scientific detail—boned and served

up in a sauce of good, spicy, understandable language. Biography, too—good biography. Many a boy has had the manhood awakened in him by reading a well-written life of a great, good man."

"Like the Prince's kiss in the story of Dornröchen, father."

"Yes, Fannie."

"You 'd have some poetry, would n't you, father?"

"A few volumes, Mary; a few of the very best. Let our young folks sip a little of the genuine wine of poesy, just enough to spoil their relish for silly doggerel."

"And fiction, father; what about that?"

"One of the hardest things to decide on, Fannie. Fiction might be one of the most efficient means of conveying truth to the masses. Most fictionists prefer to cater for the depraved, sensational appetite—write books to sell rather than to instruct. However, there are a few works of fiction with a high, noble purpose wrought through them that I think we may set down on our bill of fare by way of dessert. It is a puzzle to me why good people do n't see and use the power of strong, high-toned fiction in teaching the masses."

This led Mr. Morland off into one of his delving silences. But these talking moods of his were too rare and too highly prized by the family to be given up so soon.

"While you 're talking about this, father, won't you please give us children some advice about our own reading?"

This question called him up to communicative daylight again.

"I 've talked so much on this subject, Mary, I 'm afraid I shall repeat myself."

"Line upon line will not hurt us, father," interpolated Harry.

"Well, then, to begin sermon fashion, firstly, be religious in your reading. To be a Christian means to give religious purpose and principle prominence in every act of life. The Bible must be your *one book*, studied before all others; studied as sailors study charts, the neglect of which imperils the ship; studied as the man leading a caravan across the desert studies his compass, hundreds of lives hanging upon his care. Our books are our associates. You could n't be religious and select your intimates from bar-rooms and dens of iniquity. You could n't be *earnestly* religious and have for your close friends worldly, wicked people. Never read a book that you can't ask Christ's blessing upon. Secondly, be self-denying in your reading. Do n't devour every thing that comes in your way. Keep your intellectual

appetites 'well in hand;' indulge them only so far as they help on the great purposes of life. This, of course, will not cut off necessary mental recreation, but you must recreate by rule. If young people would amount to any thing in the world they must mark out a plan and work to it. Make up your mind what you 're going to be, and make your reading help you steadily on in that direction. Few people have the encyclopedic style of brain. God makes several millions of men to one Clarke or Humboldt. Few people who dip into this, that, and the other, as fancy leads them, ever succeed in any thing, and few but can succeed in something if they give it a single-eyed devotion. Thirdly, read studiously. I think it was Seneca who said, 'Read much, but read few books.' It is n't the quantity or even the quality of food taken into the stomach that makes us strong, it is what we work up, chymify, convert into chyle, and absorb. One good book well digested and taken into our mental tissue increases our vigor infinitely more than a general gormandizing of indigestible knickknacks. Physical exercise generates nervous force. A man engaged in out-door manual labor can work up into physical strength double the quantity of food that one of your sedentary brain-workers can. Mental exercise, on the other hand, develops mental strength. The book we think over, dig into, labor at, brings out our intellectual power."

"Be more explicit. What authors?"

"Not to-night, Harry; mother looks tired. Short sermons, you know. Hand me the Bible, if you please, James. We 'll have prayers now."

PRAYER.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

WHAT should I do if all the day
I could not lift my soul to Thee?
If I could only praise and pray
When at the shrine I bend the knee?

For when I read, or sew, or write,
Or soothe my darling babe to sleep,
My loved ones in and out of sight
I call on Thee to keep and bless.

Wilt thou not hear the quick, short prayer
That in our need we send to Thee—
The wild to guide, the erring spare,
And to our souls bring victory?

Dark angels hover o'er my life,
And sad my woman's heart would be,
If ever 'mid its toil and strife
I could not turn my soul to Thee.

AUNT DEBBY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THERE was not a comelier, fresher-looking woman in all the village than Aunt Debby. Though she was on the shady side of fifty, no one would have thought, to look at her, that she was a day over forty years old. Her wide-open black eyes were as bright as when she was a girl, and her cheek had a rich peachy bloom which might have been envied by many a fair maiden of the colorless style of beauty.

To be sure, the sylph-like figure that she was so proud of once, had rounded and developed itself till it required a tolerably large pattern for a dress, and the slender waist, about which Uncle Nat's arm had once slipped so easily, had gradually assumed such proportions that only half a hug was now possible, and the airy, elastic step had changed to a gait *a la* duck; but what of that? She was a good-looking woman still.

Now, to sit by her side in the church on the Sabbath, and listen to her gentlest of all snoring as the sermon progressed, or to see her in her lavender-silk bonnet and brown-silk dress, demurely walking home after the service by the side of Uncle Nat, you would never suspect that the aliment upon which the good woman fattened was *fretting*—she had such a wholesome, attractive look, such a comfortable air. With her Bible and Hymn-Book clasped in her short, fat fingers, her handkerchief hanging in a neat fold over her arm, her ample shawl, with its stereotyped folds, closely pinned across her bosom, and the very creases in her gloves suggestive of content, she was certainly very unlike the scolding, disagreeable women who “do the hateful” in romances.

And this appearance of contentment was no sham. Aunt Debby scorned all deceit and underhand dealing just as you and I do, and if she had been of a less frank nature, she would have hidden her capacity for fretting under some one of the bushels provided by society. I was her neighbor for two years, and circumstances made me familiar with her, and I am sure that she thoroughly enjoyed being miserable. And being of an unselfish nature, she naturally exerted herself to make every one miserable around her.

She had three children, one son and two daughters. When I knew her they were all married and comfortably settled in life, the daughters within a dozen miles of home, and her son Dick in a cottage which he himself had built near the old homestead.

If ever a woman was blessed with a good-tempered husband, Aunt Debby was that person. Uncle Nat had both a natural and a moral inability for fretting. Every thing that happened was just right and could n't be improved no how. He liked his business, which was farming, and he had a fixed belief in the superiority of his farm, its site, its conveniences, its produce, and its profits.

“It's just impossible to rile him,” said Aunt Debby to me one morning when I went in to get my milk. “Here's the old red cow been and broke out of the pasture into Dan Lester's cornfield, and she has crammed herself with corn enough to kill an elephant. I expect she'll die, and it is only last March that Nat paid ninety dollars for her. I knew he was taken in then. Did n't I tell you, Nat, that she was tricky? But he never feels the fire till he burns his fingers.”

“She is a very superior cow,” said Uncle Nat. “And I guess she'll get over this, Debby.”

“Superior fiddlesticks!” rejoined Aunt Debby contemptuously; “her milk fills up all the pans, to be sure, but the cream an't worth taking off. If she gets well with all that corn in her, it'll be because she do n't know enough to die.”

Aunt Debby had been measuring my milk while talking. She always gave good measure, running over, and then added a gill or so to make sure. She despised the wine measures that her neighbors used, and I am afraid that she despised her neighbors who used them. “I never had one of the narrow-contracted, lying things in my hands,” she told me, “and I never will. I'll give away the milk first.”

Of course I did not quarrel with her views, and of course she had no trouble in finding customers to buy her milk.

“There is n't any leak in my wife's measure,” remarked Uncle Nat proudly, as he watched her. She answered directly,

“No, but there's one in the roof of the house. One might as well have an old sieve over one's head. But if the rain fell directly on your bed you would take it as a matter of course. You'd just take an extra chew of tobacco and go about humming old psalm tunes. You do beat all.”

“Fretting won't mend the roof,” said Uncle Nat, philosophically obeying her hint and helping himself to a fresh quid.

“But a carpenter could, I suppose.”

“Well, I have engaged Biah Jones to come to-morrow and see to it. I guess we can stand it till then, eh, mother?”

“That's just the way with men. No care

for the present. They're always going to do something great. Well," said Aunt Debby, sighing resignedly, "I s'pose they're made so."

"Why, mother, it is only this morning that you found the leak. If we get it mended to-morrow we may think ourselves lucky. Ralph Simons had to wait a month before he got a carpenter when"—

"For mercy's sake!" interrupted Aunt Debby, "do n't begin that old story. I've heard you tell it fifty times. Who cares about Ralph Simons or his old house? The leak is bad enough itself without hearing the subject harped on forever."

"Your garden looks finely," said I to Uncle Nat, who looked rather crestfallen as he stood in the doorway.

"The garden? Lord of goodness!" broke out Aunt Debby, "I should think it did. You had better go through it and take a good strong look. The squash and cucumber vines are just eat up with bugs. We sha'n't have a pickle or a squash pie. I told Nat it would be so if he did n't see to things. I wish you'd go home through the garden, Mrs. Hartley, and take a look at the currant bushes on the other side. There is n't a leaf on them—all eat up by worms. There's no use trying to have any thing in this world. The newspapers say that the fruit, and the wheat, and every thing out West is ruined. The newspapers lie so that I can not bear to look into one. I have to believe just the opposite of what I read in order to get at a grain of truth. Now, Nat, just see what you are doing! I do declare, I'm clean discouraged."

Uncle Nat looked down at himself and then all around him in the hopeless endeavor to find out what he was doing. I did the same, but I saw nothing but the kind old man standing in the doorway.

"What is it, eh, mother?"

"Well, now, can't you see that you are holding the door open to let the flies come in? Yesterday I washed the windows and put up clean curtains, and this morning I spent an hour driving out the flies. Now it's all to do over again, and I'm so tired; it does seem as if I should drop down."

A shade of real regret passed over Uncle Nat's face.

"I'm sorry, mother," said he.

"Sorry! you'll do it again afore noon. Now, we did n't build this house jist to accommodate vermin."

"No," said Uncle Nat slowly, "we built it for a home."

She colored at the implied reproach, and soft-

ened too, I saw. Her voice, in spite of herself, was almost gentle as she went on in the same strain. "Nat is so unreasonable, Mrs. Hartley. But men always are. I can't, for the life of me, make out what men were made for."

I was glad to escape from the house, and I thought the old man looked as if he too were weary of contention. I knew very well, and so did he, that underneath all this disposition to find fault with him, there was a strong current of warm heart love and true kindly feeling.

"It's just her way, that's all," he said to me a day or two afterward. I was ill and Aunt Debby had sent him with a dish of gruel, which was so near perfection as to be taken with a relish, which is more than I can say of any other gruel that I ever tasted. "Only her way," said the old man. "You see that fretting is meat and drink to her. Now I am so used to it that I can't bear to have her gone a day. The whole place is so still that I hardly dare to make a bit of noise. You can't think how good it seemed when she came back from Sally's last week. She'd been gone two days, and I expect I had not been the best housekeeper that ever was. A master sight of flies had got in somehow. They seemed to know she was gone. Well, when she see the litter in the kitchen, and the stove where I'd biled the pig's victuals, and the dishes that needed washing, she was awake for a little while. I got right over my lonesome, homesick feeling. It sounded so nateral. I went out to milking as light as a feather."

"You know that it really means nothing bad. It is barking, not biting," I said.

"Yes, indeed. And then it is amazing to see what a number of subjects she hits upon. Start her just where you will, and she'll take up every thing on the road. It's wonderful!"

The old man's admiration of his wife was very amusing. "But you do n't pretend," said I, "that it is really agreeable for you to be scolded?"

"No, but it might be worse. She means all right. But if I was a young wife like you, I would get into the habit of looking on the bright side. It comes about as easy as the other, and your husband might not make allowances as I do."

I had no reason to doubt my husband's affection for me, but I did doubt his capability to stand a long course of domestic fault-finding. I told Uncle Nat that I feared my husband would be a rather difficult subject to manage in his situation.

"Do you, though?" said the old man, laughing. "Do you? Suppose you try him just for

once. To-night, when he comes home, you put on an injured look, as if he 'd hurt your feelings somehow, and then you fret at every individual thing he says or does. What do you think he would do?"

"I think that distance would soon lend its enchantment to his view of me, and I can't have him run away while I am sick. Aunt Debby makes splendid gruel."

"That's a fact. She knows how to do most any thing. But I must hurry home and get the sass for dinner or I shall catch it."

I watched Uncle Nat as he trudged across the bit of a field between our houses. It may seem a strange thing to affirm, but I certainly looked upon him as a happy man. He knew the exact size of his burden, and he knew just how to take it up and carry it easily. Very few of us can do more.

Aunt Debby visits her daughters often. She comes home with her ample bosom overcharged with their miseries added to her own. According to her every thing goes wrong in both households. No one would suspect this, for there is a most agreeable look of domestic happiness observable whenever I see them. Even their mother does not deny that they enjoy themselves; she only disputes their right to do so under the circumstances.

It seems that Uncle Nat, on the occasion of their marriage, gave them each a piece of advice and exacted a promise that they would observe it. It was not hard to remember, for it only consisted of the two words, "Do n't fret!"

Now, it is the observance of this short precept by them that so disturbs Aunt Debby. "Not fret, indeed!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I should like to see the man who do n't need it. A curious time of day it is if one can't speak one's mind to one's husband. Whatever possessed Nat to put that notion into the girls' heads? Not fret? Why, Joseph would be a husband worth having if Sally would just spur him up a little. As for Tom, he needs looking after every minute just as Nat does, but you can't make Polly see it."

Notwithstanding her fault-finding, the neighbors, including myself, all had a cordial regard for Aunt Debby. If any of us were sick, no person could be more fruitful in kindly and even delicate attentions. She would watch night after night without a thought of fatigue, and spend the whole day in finding fault with the nurses and doctor. She often came in to sit an hour or two with me in the afternoon, when her housekeeping gave her leisure for knitting or needle-work. I remember one occasion particularly.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon in July. There had been a long succession of hot days, unrelieved by any fall of rain. The hills were browned and dried till they seemed to be past all hope of rejuvenation, and the shrunken foliage of the trees rattled rather than rustled its crisp leafage. Then there had been a great fire in the woods, kindled by a mischievous spark from the engine of a railway train. The sun was a huge ball of red fire, wading through the smoke that persistently refused to be dissipated. It certainly was not a pleasant state of things for persons who were constitutionally philosophical, and Aunt Debby seemed quite to resent the situation. She came panting up the walk and threw herself down upon a lounge just inside the door, as if she could not submit to it a moment longer.

"Have a fan, Aunt Debby?" said my husband, who happened to be in the room. He handed her, as he spoke, a pretty little sandalwood affair from the table.

"Do you call that a fan? I'd as soon use a teapot cover. There's no use in fanning. The less you get of this hot air the better. O dear! what shall we do if it do n't rain? It'll be dreadful sickly. There's no feed for the critters, and every thing is suffering. I should think the Lord would see how things are going. The springs are so low that all the water in the wells is half poison."

"The Autumn rains will soon be here," said my husband encouragingly, "and then the springs will rise."

"What's the good o' their rising when it's too late to be of any use? The gardens are spoiled now. I would n't give a dollar for all the sass there is in mine, or for yours either."

"It is not so bad as that, I hope."

"Well, there's no sense in hoping after a thing is ruined. If we could have a right smart shower directly the potatoes and Winter sass might stand a chance, and we might save a few apples. Our cherries were just good for nothing, and the peaches are drying up and dropping off green. Now I depended on the peaches. Last year I sold enough to buy Nat a new coat, but 't was most miserable cloth. I got it of Jenkins, the little tailor that Nelly's husband trades with over to Linsdale. He's a regular cheat."

"Well, I must go to my work, Aunt Debby. I hope you will be more fortunate next time."

My husband, who has a horror of all contention and croaking, yet professed a sincere liking for Aunt Debby. I think nothing amused him more, when he was at leisure, than to hear her run from one topic of aggravation to an-

other. Like Uncle Nat, he had faith in her good intentions. "You know where to find her," he used to say. "You have n't got to get acquainted with her every time you meet. There is Mrs. Lilsby, a perfect pattern of propriety and no doubt a most estimable woman. But if by tact and perseverance you succeed in getting up a tolerable feeling of intimacy with her, it won't do to leave her a moment. The next time you see her she is as distant as ever, and you must do the work all over again if you want to thaw her out. Now, Aunt Debby is always boiling over with something, and if it is n't always to your liking, you have n't got to tunnel through a mountain to get at it."

After he had gone to his office Aunt Debby took out her knitting. It was a stocking for Uncle Nat, not a miserly-proportioned sock, but long enough to reach above the knee. She was counting the stitches for the heel, and till that was done had to confine her remarks to incidental comments on the worthlessness of the yarn and the culpable wickedness of selling it; but as soon as her needles began to click across her work, backward and forward, she was ready to branch off in any direction.

"Hark! Is not that thunder?" I asked, as a muffled, rolling sound fell on my ear.

"No; it was a wagon on the bridge. Every time one goes over, it makes just that noise. It makes me fairly nervous, especially in the night. I do n't see why the bridge was built there, unless it were to torment us."

"Why, how should we cross the river without it?"

"It would have been handier for every body if it had been built farther down the stream. Most of the people in the village have to go half a mile out of their way to cross it here. There's a place near Deacon Proud's where it might have been built at half the expense. When the men met to decide about the spot I got Nat to tell them how they'd miss it to put it here. You see how much good it did. Now, if there had been one man in the place with wit enough to see the bearings of the thing, and to have told his views, they never would have pitched on this place; but you see Nat let them know that I put the knowledge into his head, and they would n't be led by a woman. Seth Lane was one of the strongest against putting it where it would accommodate folks, and since he moved on to his new farm he has to ride about two miles further to get to the store or the blacksmith than he would have if he had shown a little common-sense then. That's something to be thankful, for any way," said Aunt Debby.

Another rolling sound, longer and louder than the first, interrupted her, and we were both convinced this time that it was thunder. I ran to the door to look out. A dark cloud was slowly rising in the west and spreading its shadowy wings on either hand as it approached. "Beautiful!" I exclaimed. "The rain is coming, Aunt Debby. You will save your peaches yet."

"O dear! you do n't think we're going to have a thunder-shower, do you? What shall I do? I am frightened e'en a'most out of my senses when it thunders near me."

"The cloud may not come over, though I hope it will. If the wind does not change it may pass round into the north."

"The land! If it should! Why, Sally lives just north of us. There is iron in the soil there, and the clouds hang over the place till they're clean used up. When I was over there last Summer they had the awfulest shower I ever knew—one continual bang for three hours. It's a very dangerous place, and I did and said all I could to keep Sally's husband from settling there, but it was of no use. Men will be men the world over; it's their nature."

"You are right there, I believe. But see, the sky is getting quite dark south of us."

"You do n't say so! Why, Polly lives there. She's a weakly little thing, and thunder makes her dying sick. O, I do hope the cloud won't go where Polly lives, or Sally."

"It is going to do both, I think. Look! it has parted just over the rapids and is passing by us on both sides. We shall get but little rain here, I'm afraid. But is it not a grand sight?"

Aunt Debby could not appreciate its beauty. It rather excited her indignation to see it roll by and leave our dry town in the lurch.

"There is n't a place on earth that needs it more," she said. "The streets are all dust. I wore my black silk to meeting last Sunday and it was just the color of the road. Mrs. Judge Ryder had on hers, but it was as glossy and bright as if it were bran new. But she rode to meeting. She did n't have to trudge through it all with a column of dirt or ashes a yard high close to her heels. Some folks are born to ride, I suppose."

"We live too near church to need a carriage. That is a convenience, is it not? Mrs. Ryder has to come three or four miles."

"That do n't make any difference; she would ride any way."

"Yes, she would be obliged to. She is lame."

"There are always plenty of excuses to be

made for rich people. Old Nancy Conner is lame too, but nobody thinks of her riding. She comes to meeting on crutches. I have been lame for years by spells, but who ever thought I needed a carriage? No one; not even Nat. If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times, 'Now, Nat, if you want to keep me alive you must contrive some way to have things come easier.' If you'll believe it, he'll actually go to sleep when I am telling him about it. I do n't believe your husband would do that."

"I do not know what he would do. I have never tried the experiment."

"Law sakes," said Aunt Debby, leaning back to look at me through her spectacles, "you look as if you might have any number of complaints. But you can't tell nothing about any body by their looks. Nobody ever thinks any thing ails me because I am so fat. Flesh is no sign of health, and in hot weather it is any thing but fun to lug it round. That is what I tell Nat. But he has n't a grain of feeling for me. He'd sleep right straight along if I was dying."

"O no, Aunt Debby, I can't quite believe that. I think he's one of the kindest men I know."

"Well, it's true, whether you believe it or not. I've tried him over and over again. I've gone through every thing but just drawing my last breath just to see what he would do and say."

"What an ideal! Did you not frighten him badly at first?"

"Well, he did seem to realize it just at first, once or twice, but, bless you, he takes it as easy as old Tilly now."

"That is, he has found out that you are not really in danger, and so he is not alarmed. But I should not like to try that with Mr. Hartley."

"Why not?"

"I should be afraid that the annoyance after the alarm had worn off would tempt him to wish that the dying had been real instead of a sham," I answered rather warmly.

"And so he might poison you," was her unexpected rejoinder. "Well, I never thought of that. But I'll risk Nat. If you could see how he fusses if he has to kill a chicken, you would n't be afraid of his ever being a murderer."

"Why, Aunt Debby," I remonstrated in horror, "you must know that I never thought of such a thing."

"Speaking of chickens," said Aunt Debby, "we have had the dreadfulest luck this year. The hens must come of some mean, low, thiev-

ish breed, for one and all are possessed to steal their nests. What charm there is in laying eggs in such a sneaking, underhand way is more than I can tell. I've walked miles on miles this Summer a-hunting for hens' nests. They never were worth looking up when I found them. Last Spring Nat brought home some eggs of some famous kind o' hen with a name too long to speak. Well, we set a hen on them, and when she had stuck to them long enough to spile the whole batch she just walks off and gives up the job. I'm fattening her to kill. I won't have such a hen round."

"Some of your hens are real beauties, Aunt Debby. Those little white ones. Not the bantams. I do n't know what they are called. But they are handsome."

"'Handsome is that handsome does,' is an old saying. It'll apply to hens. They're the *tryinest* property. Every one of ours was determined to set, just as long as we wanted them to lay; and when I finally gave in and let them have their own way, they would n't set no how. One of them did steal off and get into a box where Nat keeps the china nest-eggs, and I suppose she *set* as long as she wanted to. We could n't make out what had become of her, and Nat consaid that a hen-hawk had taken her till he found her dead a-sitting on them china eggs. She had just been and *set* herself to death. Of course we did n't get any chickens from her."

"No, I should think not."

"So it has turned out that with twenty hens we have not more than a dozen chickens in all. That's just our luck."

"Aunt Debby," said I involuntarily, "does the sun *never* shine on you?"

I looked up rather timidly into her face, for I feared that my inquiry might have given offense. It implied a great deal to my mind, and embodied a little wholesome reproof. But Aunt Debby took no pains to dig it out; indeed, she had no suspicion of my meaning. She took the question as a compliment to her complexion.

"Law yes, child," she replied, "but I generally wear a sun-bonnet when I go out, and I keep the window-blinds all shut till sunset. Nat do n't like it. He act'ally sits in the wood-house door or in the barn till dark. He says the house seems like a jail. I tell him if he likes the barn the best he is welcome to stay there; but I think sometimes that if he did n't take his meals in the house and sleep there, I should live alone as much as if I was a widow."

"I like Uncle Nat ever so much. I wish he would get into the habit of coming here when

he can't be comfortable at home," I said, per-
versely determined to stir her up somehow.

There was no need of another word. Aunt Debby was thoroughly indignant that I should dare to think her husband an object of pity. Such a lecture as she read me upon my own short-comings, I am sure never to hear again.

When the war broke out, there was no one more interested in providing for the soldiers than Aunt Debby. No one person knit more socks and mittens, or sent more old linen and new-made flannel. But O, to hear her comments on military measures and the policy of the Government!

She was the most active woman I ever saw in getting up pleasant surprises for the pastor and his wife, in clothing poor families and putting them in a way to get their living. Wholesome recreations for young people were held in especial favor, and no one sent in more liberal contributions to fairs and charity festivals. But nothing of the sort was ever done without fretting. It was laughable to see her vigorously beating eggs and sugar for picnic cakes, and hear her comments upon the waste and foolishness of outdoor dissipation. I have seen her tears fall fast on the head of a poor orphan boy while she was roundly scolding him and taking his measure for a new jacket at the same time. Monstrous turkeys were fattened expressly for the minister's table, and woe to the delinquent parishioner who refused to pay his proportion of the preacher's salary; but if our good pastor had any short-comings that Aunt Debby did not overhaul, they must have been very secret sins indeed.

Backslidden Church members had an uneasy feeling when they came under her eye. She was a sort of conscience to them. It would n't do for a doctor to neglect a patient in Aunt Debby's neighborhood. The sexton had her in view when he dusted the church, and also when he was digging the graves for the dead. The clerks in the store would as soon have tried to blind old Argus himself as to cheat her. The most ingenious shirking of duty availed nothing.

It may seem strange that her house should be a favorite resort for the young people of the village, but so it was. In her way she was an accomplished match-maker. But no young girl was allowed to slip her pretty neck through the matrimonial noose without fully understanding all the weak points of her beloved. And if honest James or Samuel married a slatternly housekeeper, or one who was extravagant in her expenditures, it was not without a clear statement of the case.

Only once did it happen that she was at a loss to find a pretext for fault-finding. It was when Ned Conway, the Doctor's son, proposed to marry little Nanny Page. Nanny was a timid, delicate girl, who, by dint of hard work and able managing, had contrived to educate both herself and an orphan brother. She was the pet of the whole village.

"The land o' goodness!" said Aunt Debby when Ned jokingly asked her to approve his choice. "I do n't know an airthly thing against her."

Ah, good, dear, ever-fretting Aunt Debby! thy picture should be painted with one hand full of pleasant gifts like the horn of plenty, and with the other extended to box the ears of the receiver.

A strange, sad lot has been mine since we parted, but often when its sorrow presses on me most heavily, do I long for the temporary stimulus of a good scolding from Aunt Debby.

LITTLE MARINER.

BY OPHELIA FORWARD.

A TINY bark came drifting along,
Its port, an unknown shore,
And its bright oars beat the time of song,
As on it bore.

The sea was calm, and the blue below
Was deep as the blue above,
And bright as the robe the poets throw
O'er dreams of love.

'T was only a little soul it held—
That bark on a wide, wide sea;
And 't was only a cradle song that swelled
To melody.

I, wond'ring, stood on this beaten shore,
Till the boat was lost to sight,
But the music rang the waters o'er
Through day and night.

The song grew changed; the burden bore
Some chords ill-timed or shriven;
Of strength and richness some had more,
But less of heaven.

Ah, Love may sing the babe to rest,
And Faith may charm the child,
But Honor stirs the youthful breast
With visions wild.

I knew, adown that silent shore
Lay many a stranded prow—
That the bright waters glided o'er
Sharp rocks below.

God guide the little mariner
O'er life's uncertain sea!
Make its first smile the harbinger
Of good to be!

DAY-DREAMS.

BY MARTHA D. HARRIS.

A RAINY day in Autumn is not generally thought conducive to enjoyment. The steady fall of the rain upon the dead leaves saddens one, and the gray sky arched above gives no hope of brighter morrows. But if the mind be steadily fixed upon some bright picture of the future, some mysterious possibility of time, they may make the dreary day bright with sunshine.

And so was it with me one November day. Without was driving rain, wild wind, and muttering thunder; within a room bright with the glow of coal fire, its pearl-stained walls bearing a few rare pictures, and on the little table a vase of flowers—hot-house blossoms with the glow of late Summer upon them. I sat by the window, a volume of a favorite poet on my lap, before me a picture of Italy. I was in an abstracted mood, and had spent the afternoon in dreaming; sometimes I read a little, not stirring war-songs, but sweet idyls that brought before me visions of the beautiful; but most of the time I was absorbed in reverie.

Italy is my life-dream; to visit it, to see for myself its wonderful landscapes, to stand in its old churches with music and poetry around me, to live there surrounded by works of art and living genius, this is what I want, and of this I had all day been dreaming. It was a break sometimes to my bright visions to lift my eyes and see before me my sister Annie sitting by the table quietly sewing. The idleness I reveled in she would not have, and silently and swiftly her fingers were at work on a garment for some poor woman. To see her so busy seemed a kind of reproach to me; but it was a momentary feeling, then again I was on my Italian travels.

"It is clearing off, I think," said Annie at last, glancing from the window. I started up, and, looking out, saw that the rain had ceased, the clouds seemed breaking. I wrapped a shawl around me and went out. Pacing slowly up and down the long veranda, I saw the purple sunset struggling through darker clouds, saw it slowly fade, and the gray curtain of storm settle down more closely than ever; then, as the first drops of the night-rain fell, went in. Annie sat by the window still sewing; but as I entered she spoke again:

"Lou, it is nearly time for tea. Will you set the table?"

It was a descent from ideal to real life; but, though it broke my dream a moment, I gath-

ered up the threads again, and while I worked, thought still of Italy. When it was done and I had lit the lamp I sat down to finish my dream; but Annie's voice broke in again:

"Lou, are you going to read this evening?"

Annie is a kind of confessor to me. I tell her every thing, for, though only two years older, for ten she has been to me as a mother. Now, with her searching eyes on me, I answered,

"I do n't know. I feel more like sitting by the fire and dreaming."

"That is what you have been doing all the afternoon, is n't it?"

"Yes," feeling a little guilty. My sister dropped her work and said,

"Lou, do n't you think you dream too much?"

"Perhaps so," I answered coarsely; "it is my amusement."

"But I am afraid you make it your life sometimes," she said gently. "I am afraid you live too much in dream-land, too little in actual life—"

She stopped abruptly, a red flush rising to her forehead. She knew how sensitive I was. I rose and went to her.

"Come, Annie, put down your work and talk. Father will not be home for an hour, and we will argue this question of day-dreaming."

She smiled, put down her sewing and took up a pair of socks—we were working for the soldiers then—gave me one with the quietest air of command, then took my proffered seat.

"Now," I cried, clicking my needles, "prove that day-dreaming is hurtful."

"No, no, Lou, that is too general. We will try and prove that it is hurtful for you."

"Personal application," laughed I; "it is too soon for that."

"But seriously, Lou," she said, "does day-dreaming do you any good, assuming that it does not harm?"

"Yes, it does," I answered positively. "You do n't know, Annie, how pleasant it is after a hard day's work in school to go to my 'ideal world' to dream of the future and my plans."

"But, dear Lou, you do not hold the future in your hand. God has it. Do these anticipations help you in the work of the present? When some duty interrupts your reveries do you not go about it murmuring? Do you not sigh because of the difference between the real and the ideal?"

"But it is so provoking." Then, after a pause, "But, Annie, they say these youthful dreams will encourage one, make them better."

"Do they you?" she interrupted. "To have some glorious hope before you is well, but will day-dreaming help you in the real struggle for it?"

"But you know," I said, "what I want to do some time: to go to Italy to study and be an artist; and you know, too, what Mr. Ellison said—"

"That you had a great natural talent; I know it, Lou. Far be it from me to destroy that hope. But if you worked instead of dreamed would n't it be better?"

"I do work," I cried. "I work hard. Teaching is n't easy."

"Yes, Lou," putting one soft hand on my head, "it is hard work, but do you bring to it the spirit you should? Does not your love of the beautiful sometimes interfere with your duty? The other day when I brought you your lunch little Johnnie Marsh came to you with the long sum he could n't do. You did it for him, but so hastily that I am afraid he did n't understand it very well. I know what you are going to say, that you were watching the clouds, but ought that to have kept you from your duty?"

"But, Annie," I said, half-crying—she had never spoken so before—"if you would have me bring myself down always to these affairs of common life, how am I to gain the education and culture I want? Perhaps I am a little selfish, but I do so want to study and read, and it is so hard to be always troubled about these other things. I want something higher, better."

"Dear Lou, if God designed you for the life you want, will not he provide means to attain it? It is right for you to try, but in defiance of the rights of others it is wrong."

"Annie, you condemn day-dreaming entirely," I said abruptly.

"No, Lou, not entirely. There is reverie better than work; when the mind, busied with some great problem recurring to it at every spare moment, there may be seeming reverie, but in reality intensive thought. 'Evangeline,' your picture, is it not an instance?"

"Evangeline is very lovely," looking up at it as I spoke; "there is a charm about the face greater than that of beauty. But I never thought of her as in thought; she seems resting to me in most mournful reverie."

"It is the repose of thought," said my sister slowly. "But I am no judge of these things. You asked me if I condemned day-dreaming. Most of it; that which is mere idleness of the mind, if not worse, I do. The reason I have applied to your case can almost

always be taken. It leads to no beneficial results; does more harm than good."

"You are too practical. If it gives pleasure and is not indulged in too much that is enough, I am sure."

"If it be not indulged in too much," smiling; "there is the trouble, Lou. I think sometimes it is a mild kind of opium, and it is like every other pleasure."

"But, Annie," another effort at justification, "we are not to weigh every thing by results in dollars and cents. You know Aurora Leigh says, 'It takes a soul to move a body; life develops from within.' Great and noble purposes will waken to action; high aims will lead to high attainments."

"The soul's measurements are not dollars and cents," was Annie's answer. "Do you gain high aims through reverie? Do they not make you more dissatisfied with the present than inspired for the future? It is brief pleasure, long pain. You know my favorite line—'The purpose makes the hero.' If the purpose be noble, what matter if the things worked upon be lowly; if the heaven be pure, what matter other things? It is the heart God will judge."

I did not answer. I knew what she meant, and was trying vainly to keep back my tears. At last they came, and I faltered:

"Dear Annie, you are going away to India. You can do so much, while I—it seems to me, Annie, it is easier to do hard things than easy ones."

"Perhaps so; but if God has an appointed work for us we should do it, be it great or small."

"But if one is not a professor," the words coming reluctantly from my lips, "one does not expect it."

"Dear sister," she had risen and stood beside me now, "because you are not, as you say, 'a professor,' does that alter your obligations to God? If all your life he has cared for you as tenderly as if you were wholly his, ought you not try to obey him? and if, not having Christ, you say you can not, ought you not to seek him?"

There was a long pause, broken finally by footsteps without, and father came in, very wet and tired. Annie left me to prepare supper, and I sat down and tried to form some resolution for the future. After tea Annie and father talked of household matters, while I sat by, the clicking of my needles the only sign I gave them of my presence—thinking, thinking. No idle reverie now, no dream of Italy, but intensest thought on life questions. A knock started

me, and Annie, opening it, admitted an Irishman, who wanted "the docther to plase step down to widow Maloney's, and she was worse."

"Must you go, father?" I asked, shivering as the cold wind from the door struck upon me.

"Yes, child," he answered, putting on his overcoat, "it is my duty to go wherever called."

I said nothing, but I thought that widow Maloney had not paid father for attendance in her last illness, though well able to. Then I thought of Annie's motto, and checked my angry thought.

Father went, and afterward, while Annie was moving around in the kitchen, I heard her singing. Without wind and rain surged and swelled in their own wild dirge, sinking and rising fitfully, its wild, piercing notes making me shudder as I stood on the hearth rug, listening in a silence broken only by Annie's clear voice. Dreamily I heard the words she sung—

"All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood."

Hearing this brought the question, Can I give up, if it be God's will, my plans for his service? Annie came in, and standing beside me waited for my words. At last—

"What is it, Lou?"

"I was wondering if I could give my heart to Christ and serve him now—if I were worthy." Tears stopped my words. Annie passed her arm around me.

"Dear Lou," she whispered, "if you would he would make you worthy."

That was three years ago. Now, in the joy of a new hope, I write an ending. Annie left us the next Spring for India, hand and heart given to God's work. For a year she labored there, then the slender cord snapped, the frail life departed, and before the cross had grown very heavy the crown was given. And I? My Italy dream is broken now. Living quietly at home I have learned to find in common life the beauty a higher one might give. I have learned how useless is day-dreaming, and in all things to judge by the purpose. And if sometimes I hear a friend say, "It is such a pity she could not have gone to Italy and been an artist," I have learned to smile, for I know that brighter than any record of earthly honor will shine in eternity the confession of a humble Christian life.

A HEART full of graces is better than a heart full of notions.

HAIL THOU MY BARK.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

THEY who sail near my fragile bark
Look on each weather stain,
Or question with a searching glance
Its fitness to sustain
The future storm. O, brother mine,
Pass not so very near
Only to cavi; hail my bark,
Ring out some word of cheer!

I know its sides dip to the rim
Of waves that dash and roar;
In the deep waters danger lurks,
And rocks anear the shore;
You see the whirling, trembling thing,
A leaf upon the sea,
And I look forth, and your life bark
Seems quite as frail to me.

I mark your veering, devious course,
And think you lack a chart,
A compass, or in silence watch
The oaken seams apart.
By dangers passed, by those that lurk,
And threaten to o'erwhelm,
O, brother, pass me not and sit
In silence at the helm!

If night broods o'er the wide, deep sea,
And I who love the day
Sit gloomy 'neath its cold dark wings,
Waiting some cheering ray;
Even the sound of oar-cleft waves
Speaks of companionship;
I may not see your gliding boat,
Yet only hearing it

Cut through the surf, then in the dark
I'll surely bend to hear,
Thou mayst not know how eagerly,
To catch some word of cheer.
But for a moment side by side,
Rocked by the same dark wave,
But for a moment hands may pass
Compass or chart to save;

The next we're parted, not again
May wind or swelling tide
Bring us in hailing distance, or
Our vessels side by side.
Toiling in rowing, tho' thine arm
Be weary, quick to hear
My life-boat, with its lab'ring oars,
Bring out some word of cheer.

PROVIDENCE.

THE ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

THE YEOMAN'S WIFE

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

IF our purpose were really to recapitulate the honors and deeds and blazon the quarterings of long-traced descent among those old and notable families of which England is justly proud, few would be found more worthy than the well-known name of Suffolk—in later times borne by the family of Lady Jane Grey—so often shining forth among the great events of English history and so long identified with the remains of antiquity and records of those by-gone ages. Many remains are yet to be seen of their ancient seats; crumbled ruins crowned with ivy, memorials of princely estates, scenes which are full of associations of physical prowess; of wars, sallies, defeats, or victories; of jousts, tournaments, and revels; of knightly outrage or cruel oppression.

When William the Conqueror led his victorious army to England, the ancestor of this family was a follower in that bold adventurer's train, and received a liberal share of the spoils of the conquest. The lands and lordships thus acquired were divided among his three sons, who assumed different titles which are now lost except that of Suffolk. Bearing their part in the historical and notable events which characterized that period, they shared the fate of those whose trade is war, and, using the sword, perished by the sword. There is no war so dreadful as civil war; those are, indeed, days of public misery when family fights against family and brother encounters brother, and those bold barons who boasted of their relation to the ducal house of Normandy came and went in the lapse of years like the leaves that bud out in Spring and fall withered in Autumn; but some were plucked suddenly off the great tree of life, forced violently from their vigorous existence as is the fate of those who, although brave in deeds, are also unscrupulous in action.

One branch of the family tree at length only remained, but that branch continued to spread and flourish after the families of the other brothers had become extinct. The second son of the adventurer who came to England with the Conqueror, took the title of the Earl of Suffolk. He left a son, Sir Michael Poole, second Earl of Suffolk, who had a large family of sons and daughters, so that, although there had been such great mortality in the other branches of the Poole family, there seemed no danger of the race becoming extinct. First was Mighell, the eldest son, and then William, second son, and afterward ten additional branches of vari-

ous names and both sexes, all of whom died unmarried, and sunk prematurely into the tomb. The subdivision of the family estate in making settlements for so many would in days like the present have been productive of much trouble; but the custom of the times provided for cases like this. The convent afforded a refuge for the supernumerary members of the family as impenetrable and secure as that of the grave, and the civil warfare constantly going on invited the daring to conquest or death. So in this family; some fell off like nipped blossoms in their infancy, convents and wars absorbed the rest, till only the two eldest were left of all that numerous family to perpetuate the name of Poole and raise the fortunes of the race. The families of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Suffolk at this time, as once long after, became united by marriage. Sir Mighell married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and the event, seemingly a most happy and prosperous one, was celebrated with joust, and tournament, and all the festivities usual in those times. Two daughters were born, Jane and Catherine, but to the great sorrow of the parents they had no son to bear that proud title or inherit those broad lands. But before all hope that an heir should be born was quite laid aside the tragedy of the house began, a tragedy that was repeated in the same houses centuries later.

The birth of Jane, the heiress and darling of parents and household, was hailed with delight; and, beautiful as a cherub, she was worshiped by the whole family as though she belonged to a higher sphere than earth. Bright, loving, but willful, nay, more, mighty in her passionate force and indomitable will, and indulged to excess, she soon became beyond all power of control. Her father admired her spirit and laughed at the frequent displays she exhibited; her mother, rather a passive character, yielded blindly to whatever she desired, and no one ever presumed to cross her.

The inhabitants of the castle were one day startled out of their usual routine of life by the intelligence that the king might be expected in a few days to make a visit of some length, and active preparations for a suitable reception were at once commenced. But the proud Earl of Suffolk had formed a design of impressing his royal master with the strength and importance of his residence; and while the requisites for an ostentatious and expensive welcome were provided, and in all other respects every indication of festivity was visible, the castle wore the appearance of a place in a complete state of defense. These were the

days of suspicion, and the festive semblance for the entertainment of royalty was often little in unison with the real feelings of those who were sparing no cost in the reception of one who to-day might be a friend and to-morrow an enemy; therefore, while the banquet was being prepared within by the females of the family, the old fortress was arrayed outside in all the paraphernalia of its sullen independence.

Very different indeed from the aspect that part of the country now presents was the landscape that lay around the castle bathed in the smiles of the noonday sun. In a valley to the left, a view of which the steep road commanded—where now roars the din of trade—lay a long-secluded village. The houses, if so they might be called, were constructed entirely of wood, and that of the most perishable kind—willow, sallow, elm, and plum-tree. "Not one could boast a chimney, but the smoke, darkening the atmosphere within, sent its surplussage lazily and fitfully through a circular aperture in the roof. In fact, there was in those times long a prejudice against chimneys! The smoke was considered good for both house and owner; the first it was considered good to season, and the last to guard 'from rheums, catarrhs, and poses.'" Nor did one of these habitations boast the comfort of a glazed window, the substitute being lattice or checker-work, even in the house of the franklin, which rose stately above the rest, encompassed with barns and out-sheds. And yet greatly should we err did we conceive that these deficiencies were an index to the general condition of the working class. Far better off was the laborer, when employed, than now. Wages were very high, meat extremely low, and the Motherland, as England was then called, bountifully maintained her children.

On the greensward before the village, and plainly to be seen by the assemblage at the castle, were assembled the youth and age of the estate, for on such an occasion a general holiday was had. Well clad in leathern jerkin, and sometimes—but rarely—even broadcloth, the young peasants vied with each other in quoits or wrestling, while the merry laughter of the girls in their gay-colored kirtles and ribanded hair rose oft and cheerily to the aristocratic ears of those who watched them from the ramparts, and perhaps envied them their freedom from care. One feature more of the surroundings we must notice. From a gentle eminence beyond the village, and in the Summer-time almost veiled by trees, rose the venerable walls of a monastery, and the chime

of its bell as it called the devout to worship or told the hour of curfew-time, swung far and wide over the pastoral valley we have tried to describe, and to the right of the road, on a spot now occupied by a sober meeting-house, was one of those small shrines so frequent still in Italy, with an image of the Virgin gaudily painted, and before which it was the custom of every traveler, whether cavalier or pedestrian, to halt for an instant, cross himself, and mutter an ave.

But while the gay assemblage of nobility and yeomanry looked anxiously forth to the distant hills from whence the signal heralding the king's approach was to be visible, Dame Elizabeth, occupied with many cares, was within, busied in preparations for a suitable reception. Bustling among her maidens, as in those days was the custom, herself the busiest of all, she was superintending and overlooking every thing in order to do credit to her housewifely skill no less than to the Earl's lordly hospitality. The afternoon arrived, and the preparations were not yet completed. The king was certainly to come that night, and every female finger that could work was employed on the last stitches of a dainty tapestry bed, which was to receive his Majesty as became his lordly dignity.

Dame Elizabeth was a tender mother, and usually kept her children under her own eye; but at a time like this the mother's care must give way to the housewife's duty—maternal love must yield to loyalty. Children when any thing uncommon is going forward are proverbially troublesome; and as they have always been alike in all stages of the world's history, little Jane formed no exception to the general rule. Delighted with the bustle, and heeding no admonition, she ran about everywhere, marring and hindering the work all were so anxious to finish. She was, therefore—the darling child, the pride of the noble house, the one on whom was "anchored such a rich argosy of hopes and first fond love"—given into the charge of Maud Renfrew, a young sewing girl, with orders to take her to her mother's chamber and keep her there and amuse her the best way she could. Maud, a rough, untutored peasant girl, who would rather have been dancing with some jolly bowman on the green, grumbled no little at being confined in my lady's rush-strewn chamber, while most of the other servants, dressed in their best, could snatch a few intervals of time to look out from the ramparts for the monarch's signal, or exchange a social greeting with some yeoman of the guard as he paced the hall below.

Little Jane, then in her sixth year, looked forth from the window on the gay scene below, and became quite as impatient as was her discontented guardian. Unaccustomed to restraint, she entreated that Maud would take her to the ramparts, but this the girl dared not do, for such disobedience could not be concealed, and she dreaded the consequences. In vain she urged to her unruly little charge that her mother would be displeased and punish her, in vain did she try to amuse her by telling her tales of the king's grandeur, the queen's beauty, or the gambols of the fairies—the willful child was not to be persuaded, admonished, or amused, but persisted in her demand to be taken abroad. The thoughtless guardian, no less weary of her confinement than was her unruly little charge, in an evil hour, at last yielded to the importunities of Jane and the temptations of her own heart, and resolved at all hazards to go down to the great hall and seek a share of the general amusement. Down accordingly she went, accompanied by the delighted child, and where, contrary to orders, she was allowed to romp about at her pleasure, while her careless attendant looked forth on the out-door sports or chatted gayly with the troopers who stood guard in the hall.

The hall, a large, rude chamber, with oaken beams and rafters, and walls adorned with trophies of the chase, was the meeting-place for the Earl's soldiers and huntsmen after the battle or the chase. Large, open fires burned brightly on the hearths at each end of the hall, for the day, though bright and beautiful, was cold. The little one, thus left to herself, crept nearer and nearer to the blazing logs, delighted to watch the sparks fly up in a golden shower when the crackling masses fell to the ground, or when some rough soldier struck them with his mailed hand. A bugle had sounded, and a signal made by a warder from the top of a hill in front of the castle announced the distant approach of the monarch's advance guard; nearly all hurried forth as far as they dared, no one looking to the beautiful child, while she played alone by the open hearth and tried to seize the vivid sparks. Once only a trooper, uttering a rude oath, caught her roughly back; but with that determination which even at this early age formed so large a part of her character, she hurled defiance at him and resolved that she would do as she pleased. Again the bugle sounded; again the attention of all was absorbed, and again the willful child stole back toward the great blazing logs and resumed her dangerous play.

This time, however, she was less fortunate;

the protecting trooper had gone out with the rest to witness the approaching cavalcade, and Maud was thinking of any thing but her little charge. Suddenly a cry, a cry of mingled terror and anguish, was heard, which awoke the attention of all at once. Jane's clothes were in flames, and by the time any one could comprehend what was the cause of that fearful wail, a little flaming figure was seen wildly running to and fro through the wide hall. A soldier caught her up in his arms, and, with the assistance of the terrified Maud, extinguished the flames as he best could, crushing the burning garments with his hands in such haste as might be made. But, alas! to what a wreck had the fire reduced the child! The beautiful cherub of the morning in a few moments had been transformed into a loathsome object; her long, fair hair, silken and elaborately curled each day to please a proud and fond mother's eye, and which hung graceful as a veil round her plump little shoulders, was withered to its roots; her singularly dark and laughter-filled eyes were closed, and the curling lashes scorched to the skin; her pure neck was blackened and blistered, and, a mass of pain and sore, she lay like a dead thing, but for the moans which showed her sad title to a ruined existence. Alas for her that she did not die, that with that charred and disfigured body she must again begin to bear life! Happier are they whose fragile natures are crushed at once than live to suffer so severely. Woe that life was so strong within her when, blemished and most unsightly, she might not hold its honors or taste its joys—now when she must endure a worse thing than death for her family name!

Our chronicle tells us nothing particular concerning the king's visit; it may, however, be supposed that it was shorter than at first intended, the severe domestic calamity which had occurred in the Earl's family rendering the original plan of entertainment impossible. Sir Mighell, stern, haughty, and ambitious, had only been reconciled to the want of a male heir on account of Jane's extraordinary beauty and uncommon intelligence. Dame Elizabeth, although proud and fond of her first-born for the same reason, had no will of her own, but was in every thing swayed by her husband and his mother, Dame Katherine, a Poole, a stern, proud, unrelenting, and bigoted woman, whose ambition, like that of her son, would deem no sacrifice too great to be made when family honors were in question. Our chronicle, therefore, plainly states that, instead of being compassionated or made an object of tenderness, the unfortunate child "was in a manner

loathed of her parents and kept secretly from the common knowledge of the people."

Living at some distance from her eldest son, Dame Katherine, on the occurrence of this great calamity, had at once been sent for. As she looked at the blighted bud of the family, lately so beautiful, that now lay so helpless and disfigured before her, no sentiment of pity or womanly feeling stirred in her breast, and when asked what would be her counsel in this sad case, swayed by the ambition that mocks at all the tender and natural emotions of the human heart, her answer was characteristic: "There is but one path to be pursued, a path so plain that there need be no hesitation in choosing," said old Dame Katherine. "The house of Poole must have no charred mummy for its heiress; the convent will hide her from all eyes, and none need know that she is living."

The superior of the neighboring convent was called into council, and, representing that if the child's life was spared she might within those holy walls rise to an eminence to which, disfigured and blighted as she was, she never could attain to in the outer world, soon brought the parents to concur in his opinion that it was the only course to be pursued. History does not tell us whether or not there was any demur made to this unnatural proposal. If there was all scruples were soon overcome. The ambitious father and gentle but too passive mother yielded to the superior wisdom of their spiritual adviser, and acquiesced in the decision that shut out their late beautiful child from the enjoyment of God's glorious world; forgetting, if indeed they thus believed, that while they were fixing the fate of the little one whom, by the laws of nature, they were bound to love and cherish, there is One who overrules all events, and who can make the wrath of man to praise him. It was, therefore, agreed upon that the poor child should be sent to a house of "close nuns," to be made a woman of religion, and so kept out of the sight of all men's eyes. This could easily be accomplished. The priests in those days wielded a machinery so perfect for their own purposes as to link in one unbroken tie convent to convent, however distant, and thus were enabled to promote their views from one end of the kingdom to the other, working into each other's hands in the most mysterious but certain manner. Through the aid, therefore, of old Dame Katherine's confessor, the blighted child, who now needed all a mother's comforting tenderness, was placed far away from her home, in the chilling atmosphere of a convent, to be brought

up to believe in the infallibility of the Church and the priests, who, in the ignorance peculiar to those times, were supposed to have the power of controlling even the everlasting destiny of mortals, and of taking it out of the hands of Him who is the great disposer of all. And now, instead of the wild and happy recklessness which belongs to childhood, which had been so eminently hers, and which even the children of the very poor are permitted to know, her life was to be passed with cowed priests and ascetic nuns, amid Gothic shrines, and rude orisons, and unmeaning ceremonies, shut out forever from the beautiful scenes and harmonies of nature. A strict injunction was given that she must not be permitted to speak of her former life, to be made to forget that she had ever had a right to rank or title; in short, she was to be taught to know nothing save what belonged to conventual life, suffered to hope for nothing else, allowed to speak of nothing else.

But the free, unfettered mind, what chains can bind it? And hers, by nature one of more than common vigor, was not to be crushed out even by the pressure of stern conventual discipline. Consigned by her unnatural relatives to such a Wintery desolation as was monastic life, it might be supposed that her heart would soon become so frozen up that no flower of hope could ever bloom there, no whisper of her siren-song fall upon the dulled ear of one thus blighted. But it was not so. Her thoughts could not be bound, and with a strange perversity of will they not only carried her back to the brief and sunny period of her early years, but went forth, says our chronicle, "to the open fields and the unfettered limb, to the vague picturing of freedom and the dreamy forecast of love." As in nature, under the frozen ground the crocus, and the hyacinth, and the tulip hide in their hearts the perfect forms of future flowers, so was it in the heart of Jane Poole. The leaf-buds of the future, though frozen, were not killed. Cold and still they remained in that ice-bound soil; but a Spring-time was yet to be looked for when they would again come forth and bloom.

Thus the years rolled on, and, filled with ideas that belonged not by any means to the education she was receiving, but to the real bent of her nature, she pursued her monotonous routine of life without any one of those around her suspecting that aught save the lessons of Aves, Pater-nosters, or Calendars of saints had a place in her mind. The self-willed, imperious, but loving and affectionate child was rapidly transforming into the earnest, self-conscious

woman. She had in her earlier years often rebelled against her guardians and given frequent displays of the fiery temper she inherited from her noble race, insisting that she was the heiress of the Earl of Suffolk, and would not be kept as a prisoner. But as she grew older, finding that remonstrances did not by any means serve to ameliorate but rather increased the hardships of her lot, she ceased entirely to speak at all in reference to her early life, and her monkish friends deemed that she had forgotten it, and had become fully reconciled to become a nun. "I may not speak," said she, "but they can not forbid me to think;" and therefore she kept her own counsel, not daring to tell what was in her mind to any, but nourishing all the more intensely, because in silence, the characteristics which destroyed the charm of a conventual life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DYING PRISONER.

BY MISS A. M. GATES.

THE twilight shadows softly stole across a Wintery sky,
While star by star looked lovingly from their bright halls on high,
And seemed to cheer the captive's heart with their mild, gladdening rays,
For in their light he lived again the joys of other days.

But never through the circling years that mark the march of time
Have those bright lamps of night looked down on half so dark a crime
As stains the hands and hearts of those who pent their fellow-men
In hunger, nakedness, and cold within that dismal den.
A thousand aching, breaking hearts were sighing, sobbing there,
And thousands more, for hope was o'er, had sunk in calm despair,
And some were dying, some were dead, and some with maniac's rave
Called for the dreamless sleep of death, the quiet of the grave.

The husband wandered back again in fancy to his home,
And heard a sweet voice often ask, "When will my father come?"
He saw the tear on her pale cheek, the mother of his child,
He vainly strove to start, to speak, but only wept and smiled.
Unsheltered and unfed there lay the widow's only son,
No hope beamed in his sunken eye while dying there alone;

But still he breathed the name he loved, and then he tried to pray
That God would gently deal with her, dear mother, far away.

And O, the fitful, feverish dreams of home, and love, and joy!
He saw the spot where once he played when he was but a boy;
He saw the cot where he was born, so beautiful it seemed,
And mother, sisters, all were there—but ah, he only dreamed!

He only waked to weep again o'er hopes forever fled,
For well he knew the morning light would find him with the dead;
"Jesus," he cried, "remember me, let thy unchanging love
Sustain my soul in this dark hour, and waft it safe above."

That prayer was heard; on rapid wing God's messengers came down;
One bore a star-gemmed, spotless robe, and one a harp and crown;
Another touched that aching brow, there came a sweet repose,
A holy calm, while angel hands those weary eyelids close;

Another softly touched a lyre, as if to give that soul
The key-note of the heavenly choir, and through his heart it stole
With magic power to soothe each fear, for every rhythmic chord
Was tuned in paradise to tell the goodness of the Lord.
And while his dying ear was charmed with strains last heard above,
An angel, brighter than the rest, whose every look was love,
Turned, softly turned the key of life, and lo! a form divine
Merged from that wasted, grief-worn form in radiance all sublime.

Then loving eyes met eyes of love, and kind the greetings given,
While robe, and harp, and crown adorned the royal heir of heaven,
And every gem which decked that robe was formed of earth-born tears,
The sweetest music of that harp the sighs of long, sad years.

The disembodied soul, upborne on angel wings afar,
Sped like a ray of light, and soon seemed like a distant star;
The everlasting gates of light received a welcome guest,
And, numbered with the martyr-host, he shines among the blest.

THE youth who bathes in pleasure's limpid stream
At well-judged intervals, feels all his soul
Nerved with recruited strength; but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,
It chills his languid virtue.

MASON.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

EDITORIAL.

NUMBER I.

THE FOUNDERS.

WE purpose in a few articles to refresh the memories of our readers with regard to some of the memorable men and remarkable events which distinguished the origin of the Methodist Episcopal Church in our country. During the present year, the completion of the first century of our history, a year which we devoutly hope will mark a new era in the Church, by the renewed spirit of zeal and fervent piety which shall come upon us, and by memorable deeds of Christian benevolence which shall be performed, we will desire often to refer to our early history, to the memory of the humble but mighty men who laid the foundations of the Church, and to the glorious deeds which illustrate our early records. Our design is not to write history, but to furnish the means of this reference to the past, by presenting in as brief space as possible the leading men, the principal facts, and the important dates to which we shall most desire to refer. Of course we can claim no originality in these sketches, our labor consisting in gathering from our chief historians, such as Lee, Bangs, Lednum, Stevens, Wakeley, and others, the scattered facts which we wish to present in a single short view.

The first name in American Methodist history is that of PHILIP EMBURY—"the first preacher, the first class-leader, and the first trustee." About one hundred and sixty years ago a colony of Germans from the Palatinate emigrated from their father-land and settled in the west of Ireland, in the county of Limerick. A few years later the ancestors of Philip Embury left Germany and settled in Ireland among the Palatinates, whether before or after the birth of Philip is a disputed point. Among these Palatinates Mr. Wesley made early and frequent visits, and the German Irish were the first to welcome him. He was often at Balligarane, the home of Mr. Embury, and also of Barbara Heck, the mother of American Methodism. Philip was born in 1728 or 1730; Dr. Stevens inclines to the former date, and fixes his birth in August or September of that year. He bore among his neighbors the character of an industrious, sober, honest, and obliging young man. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, and became skillful in his craft. He became acquainted with Mr. Wesley as early as 1752, and his own record informs us that on the

Christmas day of that year, "the Lord shone into his soul by a glimpse of his redeeming love." He soon after became a class-leader and local preacher.

In the early part of 1760 he emigrated to America, settled in the city of New York, and pursued his trade as a carpenter. In the same company of emigrants were Paul Heck and his wife Barbara, Peter Switzer, probably a brother of Embury's wife, Valere Tettler, Philip Morgan, and a family of the Dulmageas. Wakeley places the arrival of Embury in 1765, and that of Paul and Barbara Heck in the following year. Other emigrants from the Irish Palatinates soon arrived in New York, and being away from the means of grace, from the preached Gospel, from the class meetings and love-feasts to which they had been accustomed, they lost their religion and began to indulge in the sinful amusements of the world. Mrs. Barbara Heck frequently visited these "strangers," some of whom were her relatives, and on one of these occasions found some of the party engaged in a game of cards. Stevens affirms that there is no proof, either direct or indirect, that any of them were Wesleyans, and all our historians agree that there is not a shadow of proof that Philip Embury was in any way connected with this party, or their games or amusements. Mr. Embury's fault was not that of a backslider, but lay in his neglect of duty through constitutional diffidence. "He knew his duty but did it not." Mrs. Heck seized the pack of cards, and with a holy indignation threw them into the fire; then going to Mr. Embury she exclaimed, "Brother Embury, you must preach to us or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands!" The timid fears of Mr. Embury again asserted themselves, but she parried his excuses and urged him to commence at once in his own house, while she was to collect as many hearers as were willing to attend. Only six attended the first meeting. After singing and prayer Mr. Embury preached to them, and enrolled them in a class. This was in 1766, probably in the month of October. He continued to meet them weekly, and the little company soon grew too large for Embury's house; they hired a more commodious room in the neighborhood, where he continued to conduct their worship. THIS IS THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

The next year, 1767, they rented a "rigging-loft," sixty feet by eighteen, on William-street. Here Embury and Webb preached thrice a week to crowded assemblies. The old building, passing through a varied history, stood till 1854, when it was taken down to make room

for the growing business of the city. Barbara Heck again led off in the next great step of Methodism. She saw the necessity for a chapel, and "made the enterprise a matter of prayer; and looking to the Lord for direction, received with inexpressible sweetness and power the answer, 'I, the Lord, will do it.'" An economical plan for the edifice was devised in her own mind; she considered it a suggestion from God, and it was approved by the society. They leased the site on John-street in 1768, and purchased it in 1770. The chapel was built of stone, faced with plaster; it was sixty feet in length and forty-two in width. Embury, being a skillful carpenter, wrought diligently on the structure. He constructed with his own hands the pulpit, and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple by a sermon on Hosea x, 12. A parsonage adjacent to the chapel was erected in 1770. Mr. Embury continued to minister in this chapel twice or thrice a week, his services being mostly gratuitous. Wesley's first missionaries, Pilmoor and Boardman, arrived in America in the Autumn of 1769, and not long after the faithful carpenter retired from the city to Camden, a village in Washington county, New York. He there continued to labor as a local preacher, and formed a society, chiefly of his own countrymen, at Ashgrove. He was held in high estimation by his neighbors, and officiated among them not only as a preacher, but as a magistrate. While mowing in his field in 1775—the date is doubtful—he injured himself so severely as to die suddenly, aged but forty-five years, "greatly beloved and much lamented," says Asbury. He was buried on the neighboring farm of his friend Peter Switzer. After reposing fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a plain, neat, beautiful marble tablet. Here sleeps *Philip Embury, the founder of American Methodism*.

Some of his family emigrated to Upper Canada, and, with the family of Barbara Heck, were among the founders of Methodism in that province.

CAPTAIN WEBB.

In February, 1767, the little assembly at Embury's house were surprised by the appearance among them of a military officer, in full uniform, with his sword hanging at his side. They, however, soon dismissed their fears when they saw his devotional appearance, singing

when they sang and kneeling when they kneeled. When the service was over he introduced himself as Captain Thomas Webb, of Albany, also as a soldier of the Cross, and a spiritual son of John Wesley. They invited him to preach for them. He accepted the invitation, and from that time became one of the principal agents in establishing Methodism in America.

Captain Webb was an officer of the Royal army. He wore a shade over one of his eyes, a memento of his courage; he had been at the siege of Louisburg, and on the memorable Plains of Abraham in the campaign of 1758, and fought with General Wolfe in the battle of Quebec. Here he lost his right eye, and was wounded in his right arm. The wound which carried away his eye extended through the palate into his mouth. He was supposed to be dead, and was about to be left without assistance, but he had recovered from the terrible blow sufficiently to say, "I am not dead." He was then a stranger to religion. In 1764, about eight years after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, he heard John Wesley preach in Bristol, when he was awakened to a sense of his danger. In the following year, 1765, he found peace, and joined a Methodist society. He made his first appearance as a preacher in the city of Bath, England, filling the place of a preacher who had failed to reach his appointment. Mr. Wesley, ever vigilant for "helpers," licensed him to preach, "and through the remainder of his life he was indefatigable in Christian labors both in the New World and in the Old."

Not long after this he was appointed barrack-master at Albany, and came to America. Subsequently he was placed on the retired list, with the grade and full pay of captain, for meritorious services. In Albany he opened his house for religious services, conducted by himself. Hearing of Mr. Embury and the few Methodists in New York, he hastened thither to encourage the struggling society. He was one of the chief men in the erection of the first church edifice. He subscribed thirty pounds; afterward lent three hundred pounds to the enterprise, and subsequently remitted the interest. His influence in New York and Philadelphia secured other liberal donations. Meanwhile he became practically an itinerant preacher. In 1768 he hired a house at Jamaica, L. I., where lived the relatives of his wife, and preached in it, and twenty-four persons received justifying grace. He passed repeatedly through New Jersey, forming societies at Pemberton, Trenton, Burlington, and other places. He was the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia,

where he first preached in a sail-loft, and formed a class of seven members in 1767 or 1768. He continued to preach in that city more or less till Wesley's itinerants arrived, and was there to welcome them in person in 1769. He aided in the purchase of the first Methodist Church of Philadelphia, St. George's, in 1770. He introduced Methodism into Delaware in 1769, preaching in New Castle, Wilmington, and on the shores of the Brandywine. Still later he labored in Baltimore.

In 1772 he returned to England, where we find him going to and fro in the land, preaching in Dublin, in London, and other places. He made an earnest appeal for missionaries at the Conference in Leeds; he strongly impressed the mind of Mr. Benson, the commentator, with the idea of consecrating himself to the American work; this, however, was overruled, and the zealous Webb reëmbarked for America, bringing with him two missionaries, Shadford and Rankin. He continued his travels and labors with untiring zeal till the breaking out of the Revolution, when he returned finally to Europe. There he secured a home for his family in Portland, on the heights of Bristol, but still traveled and preached extensively in chapels, in market-places, and in the open air, attended by immense congregations. On the evening of Tuesday, December 20, 1796, about eleven o'clock, the old soldier suddenly entered into the joy of his Lord. He was seventy-two years old. Full of years and full of honors, the old warrior was gathered to his fathers. His remains were deposited in a vault under the communion table of Portland Chapel.

"To Embury," says Dr. Stevens, "unquestionably belongs chronological precedence, by a few months, as the founder of American Methodism, but to Webb belongs the honor of a more prominent agency in the great event; of more extensive and more effective services; of the outspread of the denomination into Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; the erection of its first chapels, and the introduction of Wesleyan itinerants. Aside from the mere question of priority, he must be considered the principal founder of the American Methodist Church."

ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.

Robert Strawbridge was born at Drumsnagh, near the River Shannon, in the county of Leitrim, Ireland. But little is known of his early history. He comes into notice first in Ireland through his fiery religious zeal. This awakened against him "such a storm of persecution" among his neighbors, that he endeavored to

escape it by removing from his native place to the county of Sligo, where "his labors were signally blessed of God through a considerable district." He labored also in the county of Cavan, and in the county of Armagh, and we hear of him also at Terryhugan, mentioned by Mr. Wesley as the "mother Church of these parts." He had gained for himself the name of a zealous and humble, but heroic preacher.

"In 1759 or 1760," say the Baltimore authorities, "not earlier than 1764, not later than 1765," says Mr. Shillington, the best Irish authority in the Methodist history and antiquities of his country, "Mr. Strawbridge emigrated to America and settled on Sam's Creek, Frederick county, Maryland, then a strictly backwoods county, embracing all the country west and south now included in the three counties of Montgomery, Washington, and Alleghany. He opened his house for preaching. God gave him favor in the sight of the people, so that a great door and effectual was opened to him at once for usefulness. He soon formed in his own house a Methodist society, and not long after built the "Log Meeting-House" on Sam's Creek, about a mile from his home. It was a rude structure, twenty-two feet square, and, though long occupied, was never finished, but remained without windows, door, or floor. "The logs were sawed on one side for a doorway, and holes were made on the other three sides for windows."

Drs. Hamilton and Roberts, who are followed by Lednum, place this event as early as 1763 or 1764. Wakeley, Stevens, and the general current of Methodist history carry it beyond 1766, the epoch of American Methodism. There is certainly considerable doubt resting on these dates, and the impartial student of history will give to the memory of the zealous Strawbridge the benefit of the doubt, and the honor that is due him as one among the first preachers of Methodism in America. The "brief account of the rise of Methodism" found in our Discipline, and prepared by the Bishops in 1790, says, after alluding to the labors of Embury, "*About the same time* Robert Strawbridge, a local preacher from Ireland, settled in Frederick county, in the State of Maryland, and preaching there, formed some societies." This is, perhaps, our best approximation to the date involved.

Strawbridge also founded Methodism in Baltimore and Harford counties. The first society in the former was formed by him at the house of Daniel Evans, near the city, and this society erected the first chapel in the county. Several preachers were rapidly raised up by Strawbridge in his travels, such as Richard Owings,

Sater Stephenson, Nathan Perigo, Richard Webster, and others. "We discover him now penetrating into Pennsylvania, and then arousing the population of the Eastern Shore of Maryland; now bearing the standard into Baltimore, and then planting it successfully in Georgetown, on the Potomac, and in other places in Fairfax county, Virginia; and by the time the regular itinerancy comes effectively into operation in Maryland, a band of preachers, headed by such men as Walters, Gatch, Bonham, Haggerty, Garrettson, seem to have been prepared, directly or indirectly, through his instrumentality, for the more methodical prosecution of the great scheme. At last we find his own name in the Minutes—in 1773 and 1775—as an itinerant, "but it disappears unaccountably." It is probable that his Irish spirit could not brook the stern authority of Asbury and his British associates, especially the requirement which they and their party so stoutly enforced, "that the administration of the sacraments by Methodist preachers should be suspended." His determined perseverance in administering these ordinances brought upon him much opposition from the English preachers, and probably led to his discontinuance as an itinerant. His labors, however, continued abundant down to his death.

In the latter part of his life he removed to a farm in the upper part of Long Green, Baltimore county, the use of which for life had been generously given him by a wealthy friend, Captain Charles Ridgely. "It was while living here that, in one of his visiting rounds to his spiritual children, he was taken sick at the house of Mr. Joseph Wheeler, and died in great peace, in the Summer or Fall of 1781." His funeral sermon was preached to a vast concourse of people by Rev. Richard Owings, one of his converts, and the first American preacher raised up on the continent. His grave and also that of his wife are in the small burying-ground in the orchard south of the house in which he died, within sight of the great city which claims him as its Methodistic apostle. A large poplar-tree marks the spot, but no monument, "a fact which," says father Boehm, "I hope will not be said after the celebration of the first Centenary of American Methodism."

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

The news of the planting of Methodism in the New World spread among the people of England, and awakened a deep interest among some of the earnest lay spirits before the Annual Conference was called upon to recognize and provide for it. One of these humble men,

Robert Williams, imbued with the enthusiasm of the new movement, applied to Mr. Wesley for authority to cross the Atlantic and preach there. Permission was given him on condition that he should labor in subordination to the missionaries about to be sent out. "Williams's impatient zeal could not wait for the missionaries; he appealed to his friend Ashton, who afterward became an important member of Embury's society. Ashton was induced to emigrate by the promise of Williams to accompany him." Williams was poor, and Ashton paid the expense of the voyage, and they landed in New York in 1769.

Williams immediately began his mission in Embury's chapel, and thenceforward for about six years was one of the most effective pioneers of American Methodism—"the first Methodist minister in America that published a book, the first that married, the first that located, and the first that died." There has always been more or less of mystery connected with his name and history. What little we know of him makes us anxious to know more. He was stationed in John-Street Church some time in 1771. He labored successfully with Strawbridge in founding the new cause in Baltimore county. "He was the apostle of Methodism in Virginia." In the first published Conference Minutes he is appointed to Petersburg. In 1772 we find him following in the track of Strawbridge on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In the same year he appeared in Norfolk, Virginia. In 1773 he is laboring in Sussex and Brunswick counties, in the same State, and extending his labors to the borders of North Carolina. He formed the first circuit of Virginia. He was the spiritual father of the heroic Jesse Lee. He bore the Cross into North Carolina, forming a six weeks' circuit from Petersburg southward over the Roanoke River some distance into North Carolina, thus becoming the "apostle of Methodism" in that State, as well as Virginia.

He finally married and located, settling on the road between Norfolk and Suffolk, where he continued to preach, far and near, till his death, which occurred on the 26th of September, 1775. Asbury highly esteemed him, and made his house a home and preaching-place. He was there to lay him to rest and preach his funeral sermon, and records in his Journal the highest possible eulogy. "He has been a very useful, laborious man. The Lord gave many souls to his ministry. Perhaps no one in America has been an instrument of awakening so many souls as God has awakened by him." "His grave is unknown, but he will live in the

history of the Church forever, associated with Embury, Webb, and Strawbridge. He did for it in Virginia and North Carolina what Embury did for it in New York, Webb in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and Strawbridge in Maryland."

JOHN KING.

John King, another humble English Methodist, has given to the early annals of American Methodism another name that will never die in the records of the Church in the Middle States. He came from London to America in the latter part of 1769, being preceded a few weeks by Wesley's first missionaries. He first appears in Philadelphia, "inspired with a call" to preach the Gospel. He offered himself to the Church for license, but it hesitated. However, he determined to preach, and made an appointment in the Potter's Field, now Washington Square. Some of the Methodist brethren heard him, and urged his authorization by the society as a preacher. He was permitted to deliver a trial sermon before them, was licensed, and next appears in Wilmington, Delaware. Then he is found in Maryland, where Strawbridge welcomed him, and they worked zealously together in Baltimore county, Robert Williams sharing their toils and sufferings.

He was a man of invincible zeal, and "it was the indomitable and enterprising King who first threw the banners of Methodism to the people of Baltimore." His first pulpit there was a blacksmith's block at the intersection of Front and French streets. His next sermon was from a table at the junction of Baltimore and Calvert streets. He was invited to preach in the English church of St. Paul's, but preached with such fervor that the invitation was never repeated. In 1770 he preached at the forks of Gunpowder, in Baltimore county, and James J. Baker, one of the great laymen of the infant Church, was awakened and soon after converted. The third Methodist chapel in Maryland was built on his estate in 1773.

King was afterward received into the regular itinerancy. He was a member of the first Conference in 1773, and was appointed to New Jersey. He soon after entered Virginia and traveled Robert Williams's six weeks' circuit, and nearly doubled its members. Again he is found in New Jersey. During the Revolution he located, but in 1801 reappeared in the itinerant ranks in Virginia. He located finally in 1803. He lived to a very advanced age, and died in the vicinity of Raleigh, North Carolina.

Such were the "founders" of Methodism in America—Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, Wil-

liams, and King. Perhaps we should include the name of Richard Owings, but we shall have occasion to refer to him under another head. In the year in which Williams and King arrived, Mr. Wesley's first two regular itinerants appeared in the New World.

PROSPICIO.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

LET me cross where the stream runs narrow,
And clear as a silvery rill,
Where it winds through the shadowy valley
Near the base of the holy hill!

For I sometimes fear lest my spirit,
Just loosed from its house of clay,
Might faint in the dim, cold passage,
If it seemed too far away.

If it caught no sound of the music,
No breath of the pure white flowers,
No smile from the dear Redeemer,
Or glimpse of the heavenly bowers:

It may be—though God only knoweth
Our real wants and worth—
That the soul, with its untried pinions,
Would long again for earth.

Let me cross where the stream runs narrow
And clear as a silvery rill,
Where it winds through the shadowy valley
Near the base of the holy hill!

For I know it would be delightful,
Going out from the world alone,
As the dear old earth-scenes vanish,
To be near the eternal throne.

VISION OF THE AIR.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

BROAD is the view that chains the vision's glance;
Leave all dark musing with delightful trance,
Come forth with light and breathe the glorious air,
Fresh from God's urn poured round the earth so fair
The subtle elements of life it bears,
Its wasting energy with strength repairs.

See the bold eagle near his mountain throne,
With mighty wing cleaving his path alone;
'Mid higher regions of the sun-bright day,
With daring front he holds his cloudless way;
The lark soars gayly in the morning's glow,
Sings its high song of music's sweetest flow—
The hours are gladdened by the sound of wings;
The air is pregnant with all glorious things—
The voice of rivers and the sound of streams,
The cataract's thunder and its rainbow gleams;
O'er azure seas bright clouds serenely sail,
Or, darker-hued, haste with the roaring gale;
Down its expanse the showers of Summer fall
From the wide gateways of the sapphire wall!

TRIFLES—A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE

THE ringing of the door bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out; and, while lounging idly over the paper, the bell rang.

I waited, expectant, till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day.

I was pleased; first, because I wanted the business completed; and, secondly, because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning every thing seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and as I rode along, noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden Autumn when I wooed and won my bride.

How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same, though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt a pang as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the commonplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble; we did not quarrel, though when I felt cross or other things did not go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love, had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the Doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosy realities? I supposed

we were as happy as any body, and yet it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The Doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while the Doctor, remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterward, led the way to the library.

As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright Autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made a remark about it, to which the Doctor responded:

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and love to see them in the house; and as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out in the grounds, which were quite extensive and tastefully arranged.

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the Doctor selected here and there the finest, and he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The Doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers with a slight bow and smile, and holding up a spray of crimson berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober, married people. All through the day I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the Doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant," and he added, "I believe I am a contented man; so far I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, Doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell one whence the bright atmosphere that surrounds your

home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do. I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I have dreamed of."

The Doctor smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grapevine climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he said:

"That vine needs careful attention, and if pruned and properly cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing! So the love which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my friend, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in days of courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected."

That night I rode homeward pondering the Doctor's words, and reviewing the years of our married life. I was surprised at my own blindness, and determined to recall the early dream, if possible.

The next morning at breakfast I astonished Alice by a careful toilet, chatted over the dinner, and, after tea, invited her to ride. When she came down in my favorite blue organdie, with her hair in shining curls, I thought she never looked lovelier.

I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly and pleasantly the evening passed.

I resolved to test the Doctor's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

For all the little nameless attentions so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousand fold; and I would advise all who are sighing over non-fulfillment of early dreams, to go and do likewise, remembering that that which is worth winning is worth keeping.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, *purely for conscience' sake*, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them.

MAKE THE BEST OF ONE ANOTHER.

"MAKE the best of one another," St. John said to the Churches of his own time, and he would say to the Churches of our time, and to those who, like us, are traveling through many Churches and many nations, "Make the most of what there is good." It is very easy to do the reverse, and to make the most of what there is evil, absurd, erroneous. By so doing we shall have no difficulty to make bitterness more bitter, and estrangements between nations and nations, Christians and Christians, more wide, and hatreds and strifes more abundant, and errors more extreme. But we shall not be fulfilling the command of Christ nor his beloved disciple. No doubt justice and truth require that we should express our abhorrence of folly, and error, and sin. But still, by making the most of what there is good, that which is bad will be most likely to disappear. Nothing drives out darkness so much as light, nothing overcomes evil so much as good. No weapon of controversy, or argument, or opposition, is so effectual as when our adversary sees that we admire what in him is good, and just, and true.

"Make the best of one another." So, also, he said to the old, the middle-aged, and young, who crowded around him as he was sinking in his grave under the experience of a hundred eventful years; and so, also, he still says to us as individuals, in all the stations of life. Here again, we may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak point; every one has his fault; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task; and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred, heart-burnings, wherever we go.

But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities we shall rise to their level as surely as, by fixing our attention on their bad qualities, we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those about us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like a heaven, and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is love, and of St. John, his beloved disciple.—*Dr. Stanley's Sermons.*

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER I.

THE end has come at last. My dear aunt was buried to-day. A blank and a deadness seems over every thing. I—I can not write.

I must not dwell on the past, the pleasures that can be mine no more, the dear companionship that I have lost, the loving ministrations that I must henceforth miss. I must keep down the rising of my grief that would come between me and my duties, and rouse myself to "act in the living present."

It was my dear aunt's desire that I should take rule in her household, and my uncle seconds her wish. I feel that I ought to accept the position offered me, and do the best I can. I am deficient in practical knowledge of many things I ought to know pertaining to my duties, but I wish to learn, and "where there's a will there's a way." I would desire to acquit myself in a manner that would meet the approbation of the dear departed, even with her present quickened perceptions and enlarged views of duty. May her spirit watch over, strengthen, and assist me!

I mean to enter in this book my trials, my experiences, my successes, and my failures as the head of a household—what I learn, and what I must learn, and what I must unlearn; what I gain from others, and what their example teaches me to shun. Then at the end of a year I can look back to my position at the beginning and see how much I have advanced. I think what I shall gain by it will more than pay for the time devoted to this record; and it will afford me pleasure as well as improvement.

This I know. I wish to perform my duties well, and I shall endeavor by every means in my power to gain all the information I can respecting them. They are not trifles even the meanest of them. It is not mere drudgery I am going to perform, my work has a high significance. May I keep this ever before me, then I shall not degenerate into a mere drudge, and, feeling the importance of my labors, I shall have a pleasure in the performance. A proper spirit, and looking to the end, will

"Make drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room, as by God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

May I beautify my work in this manner? I think I shall. I take more pleasure now in

common labor than ever before, and when I have learned to excel in it I shall love it still better.

What a great responsibility it is to be the head; the directing power in a household! I never realized it so fully before. How much good one can do, how much harm effect in such a position! How much knowledge, how much wisdom it needs to perform its duties well! And what a "plentiful lack" have I of these qualities! I must make it my business now to learn. This is my profession that I have chosen, or not exactly chosen, it is rather a greatness that was thrust upon me. Not only is the comfort of many others dependent upon me now, but I have it in my power, perhaps, to lay the foundation of health or disease, and who knows how far I have it in my power to influence their morals or happiness!

Uncle Allen leaves every thing to me; so I must consider his tastes and comfort in my improvements. And I must take care not to have my laws of order too stringent, too unyielding. A system of order is for the good of a household. I must try not to reverse the fitness of things and make the good of the household secondary to carrying out my rules of order. I must learn to set them aside whenever the welfare of others will be promoted in a greater degree by doing so than by adhering to them. My code of rules must be a subordinate and not a chief, a guardian of the comfort of others, and not hold a "hangman's whip" over them. And how wise one must be to be able always to discriminate in these matters, to get the exact dividing-line "between too little and too much!" How good one must be to enable her to stand firm by her convictions of right and carry them out! Truly, does it not require as much wisdom, as much goodness to govern a household well as to "guide the State?" I regard the position as a more important one, requiring higher qualities of head and heart. She who occupies such a position—emphatically she—is in more intimate relation with the souls of others, and by a thousand silent unseen influences is more truly a shaper of destinies than one who is an engineer of the outward machinery of society alone.

I have eight subjects in my realm—eight satellites that I must be a sun to. First, uncle Allen, the nominal head of the household—which some one has said is oftentimes the feet thereof—though he comports himself very little like a chief, for fear, I suppose, that he shall

discourage me or disarrange my plans, carefully avoiding any thing in the least degree counter to them. In return for this consideration on his part, I study his comfort, and try to conform to what I think will please him; so he gains, as we always do by trusting to the—I was going to write just and generous; perhaps that would sound like self-praise—yet I do know that I desire and try to be just and generous.

Next aunt Milly, a half sister of uncle Allen, feeble in health but always cheerful, so fearful of giving trouble that she causes me a good deal of trouble, for I would rather make her comfortable than not, for my own happiness, but can not always find out what she needs and what will please her best.

How often such persons in a family are overlooked, their tastes and preferences disregarded because they do not obtrude them, while those who demand much are often treated as having superior claims! This is wrong. I think it is those who are willing to prefer others to themselves who should have the preference, yet in families as well as large communities, assumption often carries the day. I must look to it that no such injustice is done or suffered in my realm.

Next upon my list of subjects comes Allen Hoffman, a nephew of uncle Allen, but not a relative of mine, though I call him cousin. He is a young man of eighteen, and is studying medicine in the office of the village physician, and boards here. He is poor, has his own way to make in the world, and uncle Allen offered to do so much for him. He has not been here long, and I have not had much opportunity to study his character. He is intelligent, and seems kind in disposition, and I should say has a good share of positiveness in his composition; a good share of firmness. I suppose a person needs this in order to get on well in the world, else he will be continually turned aside from his objects. If it is backed by an ability to see the right and a desire to do right, why, then, it is all right. I should say Allen has integrity of purpose as well as a good share of intellectual keenness, so he is not ill made up.

Next is cousin Norton, a boy of fourteen, who, when his mother was sick, had to be sent to an aunt's, because nobody could manage him here. He is a true boy, full of animal life, impatient of restraint, breaking through conventional rules as if they were cobwebs, but generous, chivalrous, truthful. I like him better than if he was puny, characterless, though such a one might give me less trouble,

or what is called trouble. So would a block of wood. I like a live boy to manage best. What if he does increase my care and labor? So do my plants in the garden, with digging, and pruning, and sheltering, and directing.

Then Milly, a little sprite of ten, hardly seeming of the earth, she is so little earthy in spirit or body. Of the latter she has barely enough to keep her soul here, and the quality of the former seems too fine for the rough airs of this rude world. I shall have a delicate subject in her that will require delicate handling. I must find out what habits will be best for her to increase her strength of body and strength of soul; their fineness does not need increasing.

Sufficient variety of character I have to give exercise to my skill in keeping the different elements in harmony. And I like my duties better than if they were merely mechanical, affording little scope for my faculties of mind or exercise for my qualities of heart. I hope both will be strengthened, elevated, and enlarged by finding their proper stimulants and an appropriate field of action.

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“Order is Heaven's first law,” and I must endeavor to introduce it into the affairs under my control, modifying my rules as far as may be to suit the different ages, habits, temperaments, etc., of those to be benefited by them. I know uncle would not object to any plan I might see fit to adopt, neither would the others, I suppose, looking upon me as absolute ruler for the present; but I must not for this reason be guided by my individual preferences, but regard the good of the whole so far as I can.

In the first place, I must try to have regular hours for meals, going to bed, etc. Owing to aunt's illness these matters have been left pretty much to chance for a long time. Habits of order and regularity, besides contributing to comfort and convenience, conduce to health both of body and mind, and by establishing a system of order I may not only benefit those under my influence in the present, but with the younger members of my household may lay the foundation of orderly habits which will go with them through life. These may be transplanted to other homes, from thence to others still. Who can calculate the good that may result from one right habit? Who can foresee the evil that may ensue from one wrong one, be it a habit of neglect of something we ought to do or of a commission of actual wrong? Besides, one right habit makes every other right habit easier to attain.

It is necessary to know how to prepare meals

properly as well as to have a regular time for them, how to cook every article of food in such a way as to bring out its best properties and make it most palatable; and food cooked in this way will be most healthful.

One of the most important things in the cooking department is to have good bread—important not only to comfort but to health. By good bread I mean the best that can be made. I notice there is a great difference in the quality of what is called good bread. It may be dry and sandy, or tasteless, sometimes, perhaps, from having approached too near the acid fermentation, yet when light and white it is ranked as good bread because it looks well—fair in outward seeming, but lacking a heart of goodness. I must try not to have any of this want of flavor in my bread or my life. May heart season both! With regard to making bread, it is of the greatest importance, in the first place, to have good yeast. I think I have observed that a woman who uniformly has good bread is usually painstaking about every thing, and does other things in a superior manner. The same carefulness that produces excellence in this is extended to other matters. She and her family emphatically “eat the bread of carefulness.” Good bread-makers usually possess this quality, carefulness, because bread must be closely attended to in the process of making in order to have it of the best quality. It will not do to make it a hap-hazard affair. It requires good judgment, too, to know when it has risen to just the right point and to bake it to just the right point. Her bread, then, is a pretty good criterion of a woman's house-keeping qualities.

Miss Leslie, I think it is, says: “To make good bread three things are requisite, the first of which is attention, and the second and third are attention.”

Some other writer—Miss Edgeworth, I believe—says: “To make good bread is a moral obligation, a religious duty almost.” I do not think she needs to have said almost. It must be quite so if health is affected by the quality of the food taken, as is no doubt the case. Health, too, reacts upon temper and mental and moral states. It must be a religious duty then to make good bread, for our religion should be of such a quality as to influence our conduct in the minutest actions of life. I must set this down as settled in my mind and act upon it.

Bad bread-makers, then, have much to answer for; they not only mar present comfort, but may lay the foundation of disease, disease of body and disease of mind, so close is the sym-

pathy between them. Then the housewife who is kneading a loaf of bread, though it seem a very simple, commonplace process, may, by the way she performs it, dispense health and comfort and contribute to the clearness and serenity of mind of those engaged in mental toil, thereby assisting indirectly perhaps in furthering schemes of benevolence and efforts for the benefit of mankind, or sow the seeds of disease and paralyze the hand that might have wrought much good. The office of the bread-maker, then, is not an unimportant one. I must bear this in mind.

I must remember, too, in my efforts to improve, that virtues overdone become faults. I must bear this in mind with regard to neatness, with regard to order, and even in thrift and economy, which I wish to practice in a due degree. The art of making a little go a great way in home affairs belongs, particularly to woman, and is one she should attain and practice, and she can do this without pettiness or meanness, or frittering the powers of her mind away with efforts so small the result is not worth the trouble they give. And I must not make my endeavors to improve and gain the right in every thing too prominent, so as to render myself wearisome to others. In this way, to use a homely proverb, “the remedy would be worse than the disease,” and I should defeat the end I wish to gain—harmony and comfort. I must not let my machinery be too plainly manifest and tire with its clatter.

Every thing adjusted rightly with regard to the outward machinery of my household, I shall then be better enabled to study the higher interests of its members. I must first lay a good foundation by having all my arrangements healthful and comfortable in the eating, sleeping departments, etc., gaining all the knowledge I can to these ends, yet never supposing I have reached perfection.

I expect to acquire such facility in the use of ways and means by constant practice and endeavors to find the right way as to have a wide margin outside of my daily labor for thought, and reflection, and reading with a view to higher improvement. There is such a pleasure in trying to advance to greater heights of excellence in itself. I do not see how people can be content to live and not advance any.

TAKE care that you are not led astray by the multitude, for singly you must die, and singly account will be required of you. He who prays to God will never be forsaken.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF CHRIST—

EDITORIAL.

NUMBER II.

"I WILL not leave you comfortless," said the Savior, when about to be removed from his disciples by crucifixion; "I will come unto you. A little while and the world seeth me no more: but ye see me." The circumstances under which these words were spoken by our Lord determine for us their true meaning. The Savior was about to leave his disciples—to finish his direct ministry on earth—and to be removed from them, first by crucifixion, but ere-long by ascension to his Father in heaven. In view of this removal, he enters into a long discourse, the whole burden of which is to administer consolation to the stricken disciples, and to impart deep and important truths, perhaps more spiritual and profound than any which he had yet communicated, and designed to inspire and sustain them in their apparently bereaved condition. He would now convey to them this great lesson, that having now assumed our nature and become as the Christ, the great teacher, pattern, and redeemer of mankind, though he could not and would not abide forever with them in his bodily presence, yet he would never leave nor forsake them, but ever after, through all time to come, he would abide in them and be among them in spiritual manifestations, and they by faith should perceive and rejoice in his presence.

Surely all this minute and profound instruction—this promise of the Holy Ghost—this declaration of his intended return—these consolations and encouragements, could not be merely intended to sustain and strengthen them during the three days' separation while Christ was in the tomb. Evidently the whole discourse turns upon the circumstance that he was about to be taken from them and to return to the Father, when he would no longer dwell among them as their visible teacher; nevertheless, though withdrawn from their actual sight, and exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on high, he would not leave them comfortless—he would come to them again; a promise which the scope of the whole discourse will not allow us to limit to his brief and transient return after his resurrection, as the event to which all these promises and consolations had reference had not yet been realized when he arose from the dead; "for," says the risen Lord, "I have not yet ascended unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God."

These beautiful and instructive words of the

Savior may be thus paraphrased: "I have now finished my ministry on earth, and am about to return to my Father. Whither I go ye know and the way ye know, for I am the way, and the truth, and the life. But ye shall not be forsaken, for I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth; whom the unregenerate world can not receive, because it neither perceives nor knows him, but to you shall be given the power to perceive and apprehend spiritual and divine things, and ye shall know him, for he shall abide with you, and shall be in you. Therefore, fear not, for I will not leave you as orphans; I will return to you again, and though the world shall not see me, yet ye shall see me, for I will manifest myself unto you. And at that day, when I shall pour out my Spirit upon you, ye shall know and comprehend the great truth that I have been teaching you through all my ministry—that *I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you*; and then, he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

The withdrawal of the Savior from the world, so that he could no longer be seen by the world, and yet be manifest to his disciples, was then, as it still is to the unenlightened mind, a subject of mystery and astonishment, and they sought for an explanation. Our Lord then so explained the matter of his manifestation to his disciples as that it can only mean his abiding, spiritual presence and communion with them, in so interesting and important a manner that it may be considered seeing Jesus and communing with him in a manner in which the world could not see or commune with him; that he being absent in the body would still be present as a glorious reality in the consciousness of his disciples: "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

The manifestation of Christ to his disciples, and the power conferred on the child of God to enter by faith into a deep apprehension of spiritual things, are great truths running through many of the discourses of our Savior, and presented to us in various forms of thought and phraseology throughout the New Testament Scriptures. They are characteristic ideas and doctrines of the spiritual form of religion which is presented to us in Christianity, and are prominent elements in the exalted spirituality of the Gospel. "If any man will do his will," says the Savior on another occasion, "he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or

whether I speak of myself." John vii, 17. The same idea is presented again in these words, "Then said Jesus to those Jews that *believed on him*, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall *know the truth*, and the truth shall make you free." John viii, 31. In the same chapter he indicates the same idea in a negative form, by saying to the *unbelieving Jews*, "If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me. Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye can not hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." John viii, 42-44. And yet again in the same discourse he declares, "He that is of God, heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." Verse 47. These words might well be rendered thus: "He that is born of God, and, therefore, in communion with God, comprehendeth God's words, and the reason why ye do not comprehend them is, because ye are not born of God."

The same great truth is indicated by our Lord in that interesting discourse in which he represents himself as the good shepherd: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and *am known of mine*." John x, 14. And in this discourse also he makes the same distinction between the unbelieving Jews and his disciples as we have indicated above: "Ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life." Verses 26-28.

The same interesting truth was fully apprehended and clearly taught by the apostles, and is frequently presented to us by them as one of the distinctive features of our glorious Christianity. "Be not conformed to this world," says St. Paul, "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, *that ye may prove* what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Romans xii, 1. And in 1 Corinthians ii, 14-16, we have the doctrine presented to us in the following explicit words: "But the natural man receiveth not, [does not embrace or comprehend,] the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, [while he remains in a sensual, unregenerate condition, under the influence of animal passions and desires,] because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual discerneth all things, yet he himself is discerned of no man; [for he also being spiritual, the natural man can not comprehend the spiritual life of which he is the subject,] for who hath known

the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ;" we have his Spirit; we sympathize with him in his feelings, desires, purposes, and plans; we are in union with him who is in union with God; we have the mind of Christ, who had the mind of God. It was for the possession of this spiritual mind that his great apostle prays so ardently and so beautifully for the Christians of Ephesus—as in Ephesians i, 17-19—where he prays that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, might give unto them the *spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him*; the eyes of their understanding being enlightened: that they might know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power toward us who believe." And again in that most sublime and far-reaching of prayers in Ephesians iii, 14-19, in which we have the outgushing of the language of a soul grasping after the complete fullness of God: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ *may dwell in your hearts by faith*; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, *may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ* which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." "For I would that ye knew," said this earnest apostle to the Colossians, "what great conflict I have for you, . . . that your hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

It is to this power of spiritual discernment—this opening up of the spiritual understanding to perceive and realize the truth, the excellence, and the power of our Lord and his Gospel, that St. John refers when he says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." 1 John ii, 20. And again: "But the anointing that ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him." 1 John ii, 27. And it is by the possession of this power that "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the *witness in himself*," and by the

same power "we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, *that we may know him that is true*; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

"This is the true God"—thus to apprehend Christ and thus to enter into communion with him is to find in him the true God. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." This is eternal life—to be cleansed from all sin, and to have conscious fellowship with God. Let us aspire after it, as our personal privilege, and our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

THINKING AND WORKING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, LET your ceaseless thinking go,
Your thoughts are vain;
The bright brooks through the meadows flow,
Seeking the main,
And have no care. The April rains
Their green banks fill,
And on they go, nor count their gains,
Yet warble still.

The bees go wandering here and there,
They have no lore;
If flowers are sweet, what do they care?
The fields have store
Of budding clover; yet this one
Sweet daffodil
Makes them content, while in the sun
They hum on still.

This robin, gleaning here a straw
And there a thread,
Builds her small nest—no thought of law
Troubles her head.
The bough whereon she builds is green;
She sees her mate
Go singing through the morning sheen,
And loss comes late.

The rose-tree gathers rain and light,
And shapes its flower;
It drinks the crystal dew at night,
And, hour by hour,
It greens and grows, it knows not why;
Nor does it care
That you, so thoughtful, passing by,
Pronounce it fair.

The tender grass beneath your foot
Takes not a thought
Of how it strikes persistent root,
And murmurs not
Under your crushing step at morn,
But still looks up,
Nor grieves that brighter tints adorn
The lily's cup.

O, put your foolish fancies by,
It matters not;
Be sure how deep you delve, how high
May mount your thought;
The stars will shine above your head,
The flowers will bloom,
The fatal thunder-cloud will shed
Its bolts of doom.

The whether you shall think or no,
God writes his will
Plainly on human hearts, that so,
While singing still,
We may not leave our work. He gives
A subtle sense
To every trustful soul that lives,
That, working hence,

It may not make mistake. What needs
The childlike soul
To know where all your questioning leads?
The wondrous whole
Is hidden from your searching ken;
But let it be,
God tells that to the hearts of men
They fail to see.

Be still, and listen in your soul
Where God shall speak;
Above your head the thunders roll
And you are weak;
But so are grasses, yet they grow
Greener for showers;
The end of toil we need not know—
The task is ours.

Sometimes a hero prostrate lies—
Ah, well, what then?
We only know the spirit dies
From sight of men.
We know not what there is to do
Some otherwhere;
What realms to rule, what service new
Demands his care.

Then rest from questions and from doubt;
Work as you will,
But leave your selfish murmurings out,
And listen still
To hear the voice that will not cease
For evermore—
God's voice within that speaketh peace
Beyond all lore.

—

AN, if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot, burning tears of toil,
To struggle with imperious thought
Till the overburdened brain,
Heavy with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its emotion, not its power;
Remember in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

LONGFELLOW.

FRAGMENTS.

BY ISA INGLE.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

EVENING brought its cool breezes and harmonizing beauties to cheer mortals as it ever had done; happy tones rang out joyous and free; careless footsteps echoed and reechoed. What a giddy world we live in, and how thoughtless people are! Busy, bustling throngs pass by and never heed the gloom that overhangs this house. A mother lies prostrate upon her couch, breathing those quick, spasmodic gasps that tell the soul will soon be free. She has guided us in our infant years; she has filled our hearts with love for herself; she has borne our real and fancied griefs for us; she has by her example taught us that a pure life brings peace and joy—our mother, must she die? The clouds drift on, and the stars twinkle in their gladness, never answering the longing cry that goes from my tired soul, "Will she die?" A gentle voice speaks, "My child;" I listen, her hand clasping mine, her unearthly bright eyes gazing deep into my own, while I sob with no tears to relieve the dull pain that chains my tongue. "My child, what will you do without your mother?" O, that misty film that shuts out the light of day, that quick grasp of the hand, and the spirit of my angel mother stands near me while I hold her lifeless hand! "O, mother, take me with you!" and looking into future darkness I cry again, "Take me, mother."

They have lain her softly to sleep in the tomb, but her gentle hand guides my wayward steps, for I pause and think, "Would my mother sanction this?"

"THY WILL BE DONE."

The sea of life surges madly. Billow upon billow bears down the frail life-boat, and there is no pilot at the helm. The jagged rocks peep angrily above the seething foam, and there is no light-house to shed a cheering ray through the darkness that comes and goes and comes again. The clouds lower, and a storm of afflictions hurls ruthlessly upon the straining, creaking bark. There seems no right, no justice, no peace.

Look! bending over that blind, wailing mortal is a face of heavenly beauty. A halo of glory is about her head, and as she whispers sadness leaves his brow, and lifting his eyes to heaven he fervently says, "Thy will be done," and with energy puts his own hand to the wheel, feeling a trust in the Guider of life.

The clouds are wafted away, the light of pardon streams forth through the night of sin, the breath of peace with God quiets the troubled waters, and all is calm on the sea of life.

LIGHT.

Light, welcome, blessed light! Wearily groping in darkness, seeking and finding not, what despairing lives would be ours if there were no illumination to light us on our way! "Stumbling-blocks would ever be in our pathway, and the most sure-footed would meet with mishaps. Light in a dark world—most beautiful light!"

Light in the dark soul. Tossed upon the ocean of life, the wind and tide forever drifting us onward, what would we do if the light of knowledge did not teach us to guide with a firm and steady hand our frail existence! The divine light from the Bible, from creation teaches us there is a God, a future. The darkest, most woefully dark place is a mind devoid of understanding, a soul devoid of grace; the most beautiful light that which teaches us purity, kindness, and the sure way to happiness. Thank heaven for light!

SCATTER THEM BY THE WAYSIDE.

Yes, scatter pearls of kindness wherever you are; cast the frown of discontent from your brow, and teach those who walk about with self-bowed heads that cheerfulness is the spice of enjoyment.

Careless levity is useless, thoughtlessness worse than uselessness; but kindness and light-heartedness strew the path of life with real joy. A child never feels better disciplined when a cruel word is spoken or a harsh hand deals a blow; the quivering lip and tearful eye tell of sorrow because a wrong is felt. When that sense of wrong has passed away bitter indignation comes with a firm resolve to do no better. Hardness of heart and iron dispositions generally find birth in cruel remarks. As we would reap so must we strew deeds, words, and looks. We must never expect honey for wormwood; we must never look for friends where we have sent stinging insinuations or open denunciations.

From the beautiful portals of heaven come charity, love, and faith; with these in our hearts we may scatter kindness and glean pure happiness.

THE useful and the beautiful are never apart. It is a blind man's question to ask why those things should be loved and worshiped which are beautiful.

The Children's Repository.

LITTLE HARRIS MARLEY.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

THE snow came down in blinding gusts, eddying into huge drifts around the fence corners, and whizzing and whirling across the road into the bleak common, piling up window high against Mr. Marley's shop that stood upon it, and almost shutting out the light from the little oblong window close by his work-bench. Not a footstep had turned off to the common since early morning, and so there was no trace of a path to be seen, and it was no wonder that young Harris Marley paused a moment and stamped his feet on the bare road and rubbed his hands to create more warmth before he boldly plunged into the drifted mass to pass to his father's shop. Higher and higher the snow came, first up to the top of his boots, then to the tips of his mittens, next to his waist; but his thoughts were so full of a purpose that he never thought of turning back; and at last he pushed away the drift with his hand where the door-latch should be and opened the door and stood before his father with cheeks as red as roses and clothes white as a miller's.

"Why, my son, how could you get here?" and Mr. Marley laid down the piece of machinery he was working on and came toward his boy and began to brush off the snow from his clothes and shake out the white flakes that hung like wreaths from the child's sunny hair.

"O, I came right along," was the reply; "but I fell down once, and I made the snow fly, just as Fido flirts the water when we throw him into the river. It was fun till I went into the hollow, and then I did not know but I should be buried. I could hardly keep my eyes out. But how dark it is here, father! Are you not lonesome staying alone all day?" and Harris looked down to the brown earth-floor, and up to the cobwebbed walls, and the little dim window, and thought he never knew that the old shop was so dreary before.

"No, I never stop to think about it. I take comfort in making my work true, and strong, and smooth, and then it brings us meat and bread, food to make my little boy's face round," and the rough fingers of the man playfully pinched the rosy cheeks of the lad as he stood

near him, looking up with his bright blue eyes into his own.

"Father," and the boy's voice took a lower tone, and he involuntarily glanced toward the door to see if there were any listeners.

"What, Harris?" with a pleasant smile as he turned again toward his work. "I knew you did not plunge into those snow-drifts without something in your head."

"Well, you know Thursday is Christmas, and mother has worked so hard, and little Sue is good and pretty as she can be, and I am going to bring up a Christmas-tree, if you will let me, and I want some presents to put on it; and now"—and here came in a little embarrassed laugh as if to gain a moment's time to gather courage—"I shall need some money to buy them with."

"How much?" and Mr. Marley's face lengthened as he thought of the eleven dollars that must go for flour the next week, and the shoes that he could not do without another day, and the danger of losing Mr. Lobsin's debt that had been due over a month.

"I want something pretty and useful for mother, but any thing will do for Susie—some candy or a glass bird. I will put in six pennies for a small book, and I can whittle out some little toys and stain them a bright color. They will please her; but I can't remember when mother had a present, and she tries so hard to save."

"Yes, child, I know," and the father, for the moment merged in the husband, wondered if he had always done right in limiting their expenses to the mere needful things for the body, forgetful of the mind—of the mind of his wife, with its cravings of taste and imagination that had had one long crushing down since before she became his wife. "But how could I?" was the question that comforted him, as it had a hundred times before; and he took out his pocket-book, wondering if fifty cents, or possibly a dollar, would satisfy the boy.

"Two dollars and a half," said Harris, as if reading the thoughts of his father; "not a cent less will do. I will go without butter till March if you will let me have it. I want a present mother can keep as long as she lives, and you need not mind giving me any thing this year."

Something in the clear blue eyes upturned so eagerly to his stirred the father's love way down in his heart, and pleaded stronger than the words; and Mr. Marley took out a bill and handed it to the boy, and told him to eat all the butter he wanted and look out for a present too; and then he turned to his work and

hammered away with a will, as if he was coining the money again out of the bright steel.

"You must not say a word to mother," pleaded Harris as he tied his old plush cap over his ears and bound his comforter close about his neck. "And now for it," he exclaimed, as he threw open the door and started to plunge again into the drifts.

"Wait, Harris, and I will help you over the hollow," and Mr. Marley lifted the amused boy with his athletic arms on to his back and gave him a ride Indian baby fashion, plunging over and into the drifts, and once falling flat and sending Harris clear over his head into a snow-bank, ready to burst with laughter at the mishap. "There, boy, you can see your way through now," and he set him down, and Harris started for the school-house, and Mr. Marley went back to his shop to work, and think, and dream; and woven in with it all were the thoughts that but few fathers were blest with such a son, and what a comfort he would be to him when he grew up to man's estate and clear down to his declining years.

Christmas came to a very humble home in Mr. Marley's kitchen. The floor was uncarpeted, all except a small strip in front of the stand and book-shelf, and a few stiff chairs, and a table, and cook-stove were the furniture of the room. The Christmas-tree stood upon the stand with the only lamp of the household under it lighting up the strange parcels that hung from its branches. There had been much planning and contriving, and a number of secrets confided by one member to one other member of the family; and there had been some self-denial that even now left a little fear that the recipient would not be exactly pleased with his or her gift. Little Sue for once was still, sitting in her small chair, dressed in her best, holding the kitten and singing to it; "that she should not tell what kitty's present would be. He must be a good kitty and sit still and see;" and Harris was only waiting for his father to come in from milking the cow to take down the several gifts and read off the names upon them, and who they were donated by.

In a few moments Mr. Marley was through with his work, and all were ready and waiting, and Harris, mounted upon a footstool, reached for the highest parcel, and found written upon it, "A present to Harris Marley from his father." Cutting the string, the paper unrolled and left in his hand a nice pair of skates. Just the thing he had been wishing for all Winter, as he told his father, mixed in with many thanks. Then came a gift for the

kitty, a basin, now her head had grown too large for its old tin cup; and one for Susie from her mother—a new pair of balmoral stockings, and three cookies, and a rag baby, with bead eyes and wire-covered arms that would bend up or down. The next parcel was a writing-book, without spot or blemish, and a penknife and lead-pencil from Mrs. Marley to Mr. H. Marley, which made the same Mr. H. Marley lose all dignity and laugh outright as gleefully as Susie could have done. There were some more presents for the little one; a glass bird, and a few candies, and a picture-book, and at last, with a conscious look and without a word, Harris took down a gift for his father and mother. Mr. Marley's was a Bible in plain binding and coarse print, and contained a little note that said the donor would like to have given a costlier one, but his fingers were too short yet to earn much money, but next Christmas his good, kind father might expect a richer gift. There was much love also sent with it. Mrs. Marley's was a nice work-box, rather small but neatly finished, containing a silver thimble, and scissors, and two papers of needles, and ivory bodkin, and needle-book. Within it was also a letter, telling her what a good mother she was, and wishing her a merry Christmas, not only this year, but many years to come.

After the bustle was over Mrs. Marley brought out the tea-table and set on it a little treat of pie, and cake, and apples, and sweet cider; then they had a dish of nuts gathered from their own tree in the Fall; and Harris told Susie stories till she dropped asleep with the head of her glass bird in her mouth, and her mother undressed her and laid her in her little trundle-bed. Mr. Marley then opened Harris's Bible and read about the wise men seeing the star and coming to worship the infant Savior; afterward kneeling and commending them all to God's watch-care; then a pleasant good-night was said all around, and they retired to rest.

Winter passed, and Spring came with its sun and sleet, its sudden changes of bright days and stormy nights, and Harris, till then strong and well, sliding down hill in the coldest of the weather, and breathing the snow and storm with the reddest of cheeks, came in one night from school, and could not eat a bit of supper, and drew his chair up into the warmest corner of the room and laid his head upon another, and, in spite of Susie's noise and teasing, was soon breathing heavily, fast asleep. Mrs. Marley took off his boots and felt to see if his stockings were damp; then she unloosed his

comforter and laid her cheek to his, and drew back with a start, it was so hot with fever.

When Mr. Marley came in there was an anxious consultation over the boy, and the mother put water on the stove to bathe his feet, and quickly steeped some herb-tea, and Mr. Marley undressed him, after doing all that they thought was best, and tucked him up in a crib that stood close by their own bed. The next morning he had a very harsh cough, but he ate a little breakfast and played around and amused his sister, and his parents thought him better; but he was chilly again toward night, then had some fever and sunk into an early slumber. By ten o'clock the next day his face looked swollen and flushed, red even to the white of his eyes, and his throat was very sore, and Mr. Marley, much alarmed, hurried for a physician. Before one arrived little red blotches came out upon his forehead, and ere many hours it proved a rather poorly-defined case of measles. The kind father watched with the sick boy through the night, holding him when he breathed hard in his arms in the large rocking-chair before the fire, soothing the cough that seemed to tear his lungs into shreds by warm drinks and sirups, and shading the lamp and laying him upon the bed when his tired limbs craved a softer couch.

Toward morning there was some change in the sick boy. He breathed short and quick, raising the bedclothes at every respiration. Mr. Marley called up his wife and went again for the doctor. To his disappointment he found both physicians had been called out of town early in the evening before to consult on a very sudden and alarming case of sickness, and that they would not probably return before noon. Harris was still distressed when his father returned, and they put drafts upon his feet and warmed flannels for his stomach, and used all the simple remedies that they could think of to relieve him. It was late when the physician came in, and he gave one look at the patient, then threw down the bedclothes and placed his ear to his breast to listen. Hastily mixing a potion, he poured it between Harris's lips, and spread two blisters and quickly applied them to the inside of the sick boy's limbs. To the parents' anxious inquiry, he told them there was congestion of both lungs, and Mrs. Marley, knowing there was no need to question more, sunk almost fainting beside her boy, while his father brushed away the tears and silently prayed for the life of his child, if it was his Heavenly Father's will.

The kind physician staid with them the remainder of the day and through the night,

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and did all he could to relieve the child; and sympathizing neighbors came in and wept with the agonized parents, and watched while his breath grew shorter and quicker, till at last, with a gasp that seemed to rend his father and mother's heart with a sorrow no time could heal, his breath passed away; and little Harris Marley, with his sunny hair, and cheeks still round and hands plump, lay before them a corpse.

It was the bright month of June. The house was still, for little Sue's pattering feet had passed through the door out into the bright sunshine, and Mrs. Marley dropped her sewing and turned her gaze out of the window. Through the ravine and over the hill to the shade of the silver poplar and weeping willows she could see her little boy's grave, and the tears fell fast as she pined for just one sight of his dear loving eyes and a clasp of his chubby arms around her neck.

"Mamma," and Susie stood in the door again with her hand full of flowers, "Harry's roses;" and then she came and laid them on her mother's knee and looked up into her eyes. "What makes you cry, mamma, if Harry has gone where the streets are gold? Harry's Bible says so."

Yes, Harry's Bible. His thoughtful, self-denying gift beginning to bear fruit even then, and softly and quietly, as sleep to the worn-out watcher, came to the weeping mother the vivid description of the New Jerusalem, where there is no more parting, sickness, pain, or death, and its gates are of pearl, and the streets are of pure gold.

Mrs. Marley could take up her work again, put on her precious Christmas thimble, take the shining needle from Harry's gift-box, and gather up the stitches, thinking not of her boy beneath the coffin-lid in the dark earth, but of his sunny hair and light step in the bright world, where she should meet him before many years if she was faithful till death.

THE TWO NESTS.

ROBBY ROVER rushed into his mother's presence one afternoon, his bright eyes sparkling with delight, and shouted, as only little boys can, "Look here, mother, see what I've found; a bird's-nest, a real, live bird's-nest!" Robby had found discarded nests before in the bushes, so he called this a live one in contradistinction to them.

"Well, child, you need not scream loud enough to make one deaf about it; and see

there," she said in a tone of vexation, "you have tracked clear across the floor with your dirty, wet feet. You just be off with yourself, and see that you do n't break those nasty eggs on your clothes; if you do you will be sorry for it."

Robby, somewhat abashed, retreated out of doors with his prize, which he carefully placed in an old box his father had given him to keep his playthings in. There was a curious medley of things in it—balls, tops, marbles, sticks, twine, a button "buzz," and countless other things very precious to the eyes of little boys. But Robby thought there was nothing there so beautiful as that little round nest with those four pale-blue eggs in it; so he viewed it o'er and o'er with a confused notion in his head that little boys should never "bawl," never have wet feet, and never soil their clothes with broken birds' eggs, but without one thought of the cruel wrong he had thoughtlessly done in taking that pretty nest from the bush where the cunning architects had with such skill woven it. Ah, who can tell what far-extending waves of desolation may circle from one childish act of wrong which that mother, "careful in many things," had suffered to pass unrebuked! Robby grew up a careless, cruel man, giving the deepest sorrow to his parents.

Turn we now to another home. Across that floor there were marks of little feet leading to an outer door, where stood a little boy holding a nest in his hand, his rosy face all glowing with excitement.

"See here, mother," he cried, "what I found in the hazel-bushes; one, two, three little birdies."

The mother turned with a smile at the call of her darling, but the moment she saw what he held her countenance fell.

"Why, Willie, how could you take that away from the old birds? How sad they will feel when they come home by and by and find their nest and little birdies all gone!"

"It was so pretty," said the child in a subdued voice; "but I am sorry I took it if it was naughty."

"It was very wrong, although, perhaps, you did not think how sad the old birds would feel. See," she continued, "there is the mother bird now; she has missed her darlings, and how distressed she is!"

Willie's lips quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes, and handing the nest to his mother, he cried, "Put it back, mother, I do n't want it any more."

"Can you show me where you found it?"

"Yes, I know the very bush."

"Then come and we will try and restore it."

Taking the nest in one hand and her little one's chubby fingers in the other, she walked slowly away, talking in a low, sweet tone to him, striving to plant the priceless germ of kindness to all, and especially to all weak and unprotected things, in his little heart; and the nest was soon resting in the same bush whence those eager little fingers had torn it.

The lesson that noble mother instilled was never forgotten. The terror of the bereaved robin, the gentle reproof from his mother's lips, and the triumphant song which the parent bird poured forth that evening as he found his treasures all restored, combined to make an unfading impression on his tender mind. Impulses were checked thus early which might otherwise have led to much evil in after years, and kindly feelings were fostered which never ceased to operate, and which to-day form the crowning graces of his noble and manly character.

THE INNER VOICE.

I SAW a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile, for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions—till the tortoise and rhodora both vanished from my sight.

I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on this little voice."

THERE were four rivers of Adam's Paradise. There are four of every one's paradise—Love, Hope, Memory, and Truth.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD SERVANTS.—If you want attached servants, be an attached mistress. Let your thoughtfulness show itself in little things, speak courteously, and not curtly. Spare them trouble, and thank them for the courtesy they show you. Be considerative, but not intrusive. Recognize the fact that servants must have interests of their own, some occupation which affords a relief from the constant strain of service; and do not pry too closely into their concerns, or arrange too minutely the order in which they are to get through their business. There must, of course, be some general principle of procedure; but a household in which every thing, down to the least detail of domestic duty, is done by "clock-work," can not be expected to produce much besides living machinery. Children must often be thus drilled; but intelligent men and women resent minute supervision, which checks the play to that confidence which is needed to create a feeling of attachment between a mistress and her servants. It leaves no room for trust and thoughtfulness to grow up. You can get nothing but what you give. You must make friends of your servants, if you expect them to care for you; and by making friends of them, I do not mean to advise the assumption of a tone of familiarity, which breeds contempt, but that appeal to good feeling and honor which is at once gratifying and respectful. Where mistresses are inquisitive and suspicious, peering into every corner with incredulity, and guarding the loose materials of domestic use with lock and key, a dishonest servant deliberately arrays her wits against those of her mistress, and throws upon her the *onus probandi* of shirking and pilfering; while an honest one is incessantly chafed with the consciousness that her honesty is superfluous, and either loses her high moral tone, or shuts herself up in herself, with civil, tacit resentment.

Many a well-intentioned lady keeps up a spirit of small but chronic resentment in her household by supervision in those matters which lie outside the covenant between mistress and servant. Servants, for example, should never be compelled to do their shopping and see their friends on the sly. Let them have the privilege of entertaining some of their acquaintances and going out to do their own inevitable business. When you are absent for a time, bring back some little present; not an offensively good book, but such a knickknack as is decorative rather than severely useful. Do not be too censorious about bonnets and hoops. Rather give your maid some article of dress which is dainty, and yet becoming, and thus win her confidence by assuming the righteousness of a certain amount of personal self-respect. Meet the inevitable

weakness of youth, good looks and high spirits, half-way, and let your own good taste and better cultivation lead them aright. Be not sniff at them and send them off at a tangent, thus possibly driving them into defiant and outrageous extremes. Above all, be courteous. Do not claim as a prerogative of gentility to speak sharply to those who are required to answer you with respect. It seems to me that servants are sometimes expected to be the most gentle in the household, and keep rules of politeness which their betters are exempted from observing. If you treat your equal with courtesy, who is privileged to resent an impertinence, how much more cautious should you be in your tone toward those from whom you demand a respectful demeanor!—*Chambers's Journal*.

LEAD THEM TO THEE.—The following beautiful lines we clip from the *American Messenger*. Those pious parents who have sung or breathed to God that well-known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," will be pleased to offer this at the mercy-seat in behalf of the little ones:

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me;
O, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Although my faith is dim,
Wavering, and weak,
Yet still I come to thee,
Thy grace to seek—
Daily to plead with thee:
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

When earth looks bright and fair
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin,
Moved undefiled:
O, for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;

O, take their young hearts now;
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee;
Though 't were my dying breath,
I'd cry to thee
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.—No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was called to preside personally over the cooking-stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful—to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider that it is not a task, but a privilege to do so.

Young people can not realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery, but those who have suffered the inconveniences and mortifications of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help they afford, still it is a great advantage to them.

I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the Winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, and salt, and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her her little housekeeper, and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical the jingling is to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of house-keeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.

Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good house-keeping is in the order, economy, and taste displayed

in attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married till they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as proper economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continued leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, till he that provided has no more to give.

It should be the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theater of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes the man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or getting handsomer furniture, or entertaining more company than his purse can well allow, are equally pernicious.

HUSBANDS, ATTENTION.—If your wife pins a fresh rosebud in your button-hole when you go forth to business in the morning, be careful to present her with heart's-ease on your return at night. Some men grow suddenly ashamed of an unassuming pot of fragrant mignonette, if a wealthy friend happens to present them with a few flowers from his conservatory, and hide it away in some obscure corner to make room for the brilliant but scentless exotics. Wives are not unfrequently treated after a similar fashion; and perhaps it would be well for their fastidious "lords and masters" to jot down the following lines upon the tablets of their memories:

"As the myrtle, whose perfume enriches the bower,
Is prized far beyond e'en the gaudiest flower;
So a wife who a household can skillfully rule,
Is a jewel of price to all men—save a fool."

WHOM TO MARRY.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her parents. The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her a mild, obliging, and invaluable companion for life.

WITTY AND WISE.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath school in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired, "And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply: "In honor preferring one another."

THE WORST OF IT.—"Do you want any berries, ma'am?" said a little boy to a lady one day.

The lady told him she would like some, and taking the pail from him, she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but that I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said he; "you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it!" said she; "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

OFFER TRUE.—A young man was paying special attention to a young lady; one day a little girl about five years old slipped in and began a conversation with him: "I can always tell," she said, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can," he replied, "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good, and she gives me cake and any thing I want; and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her any thing, she slaps and bangs me about."

"Fools and children tell the truth," quoth he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

LET'S TAKE A DRINK.—"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink."

"Thank ye, Thomas, can't afford it."

"Well, but I'll pay for it."

"O, I'm not thinking of the money."

"What, then?"

"Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it uphill business to work steadily on under liquor. It does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, want more and become reckless—I can't afford it."

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Before a court of common pleas, a case of breach of promise was recently under consideration. The breach between the parties was

apparent enough, but as to the promise there existed a slight shade of doubt, till the plaintiff set the matter right as follows:

Question by the defendant's counsel—"Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"

Answer—"Not exactly, but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister Jane that he intended to marry in our family."

THE REASON WHY.—A party of friends having partaken to their hearts' content of nuts and fruit, gave what they had left to a little girl, the only child in the company. She seemed much pleased with the generously-filled plate that had fallen to her lot, and while the older people conversed she, in her turn, enjoyed the repast. At last, seeming satisfied, she quite gracefully went from one to another, offering something to each. While those who accepted her gifts again indulged in eating, she was asked who she liked best.

"Who in this room?" said she.

"Yes, who in this room."

"I like Lucy best," was the decided reply.

"Why?"

"Because she don't take things when I offer them to her."

HARD TO REMEMBER.—A pleasant story is told of a rather aged lady who has recently married a young and rather fast man, quitting him at the station when he was *en voyage* on some private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head in the carriage and said, "Chere Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Chere Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and he at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—Arabella—"Now, Charles, dear, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take, I do n't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I *will* take it, and I *do*!" Charlie—"And when I have a powder to take, I make up my mind that I *won't* take it, and I *do n't*!"

ANOTHER POWDER.—A little boy five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, rising on his elbow and putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I an't a gun!"

ADAPTATION.—"Massa C., do you know lawyer—in de same building where your office is?"

"O, yes," I replied, "very well."

"Gosh," said Bill, "he's got de littlest head of any man I ever seed."

At this remark a big, fat, chuffy negro, lounging on a settee, spoke up:

"What use a man got wid a big trunk when he hain't got many clothes?"

WEAK EYES.—"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" a young exquisite once inquired of Dr. Abernethy.

"They are in a weak place," replied the Doctor.

A GOOD TOAST.—Woman—the only enduring aristocrat—elects without ballot, governs without law, and decides without appeal.

Scripture Study.

THE WORK AND AUTHORITY OF JESUS.—"And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority?" *Matt. xxi, 23.*

The incident in the life of our Savior recorded here is given also by two other evangelists, Mark and Luke, and a similar chain of circumstances is recorded by St. John, but referring most probably to another occasion. Not long before this Jesus had entered into the temple and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple and made a house of merchandise of the house of God. Having cleared the temple he remained healing the sick and curing the blind and the lame. This conduct greatly incensed the Jews, and they took counsel against him to put him to death. Jesus, however, still continued to frequent the temple, healing the people, teaching, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God. While engaged in this work a committee of the chief priests and elders waited upon him and demanded his authority for occupying the temple and preaching there, as this was a prerogative belonging to them, and only to priests and consecrated persons. The office of teaching also belonged to the prophets and to special messengers from God; but these were expected to bring with them evidences of their divine commission. The officers of the temple had, therefore, the right to make the demand for the credentials of Christ, and Jesus gave to them, not an evasion, as some suppose, nor an equivocation merely designed to throw them into a dilemma, but a direct reference to the authority which commissioned him "to do these things." That authority was made manifest at the baptism by John. That the reference threw the Jewish inquisitors into a dilemma from which they were unable to extricate themselves without a direct falsehood was the fault of their position and not of Christ's reference to this great event in his history. His answer is proper and direct, and he continues it in two parables by showing to them their own false position and his divine Sonship. "Last of all he sent unto them his Son, saying, They will reverence my Son."

It is not marvelous that the priests and rulers of the Jews should be profoundly moved by the works and teachings of Jesus. He had taken possession of the temple, was making the most startling innovations in the national religion, was putting forth the most astonishing claims for himself and his mission, and in the very temple of God he was preaching the Gospel. To comprehend the relation of antagonism between the Messiah and his inquisitors we should study some of these innovations and these lofty claims.

1. **HE WAS SUPPLANTING THE JEWISH WORSHIP.** The pompous service of Judaism was now to give way to the simple, spiritual worship of Christianity. The time was seen approaching when, if his doctrines should prevail, "neither in Jerusalem nor Samaria should they worship the Father," but men should

worship God every-where in spirit and in truth. All the types, the ceremonies, and the whole ritual of Judaism were finding their fulfillment and consummation in him, and would pass away. He was about to make an end of sacrifice by sacrificing himself. And all these apprehensions were realized in a few years after the ascension of Christ, and the very temple itself was razed to its foundation.

2. **HE WAS SPIRITUALIZING AND EXALTING THE JEWISH RELIGION.** He interpreted the significance of its rites and ceremonies, and gave them their true spiritual application to himself and the higher institutions of Christianity. He solved the problems and mysteries of their prophecies, and, elevating them above mere temporal and selfish intimations, gave them a sublime and world-wide significance. At Nazareth he applied them to himself. In the synagogues he opened and expounded the Scriptures, and in the very temple unfolded the hidden treasures of knowledge in the law and prophets. He spiritualized their law and opened up the fountains of an experimental religion. He gathered the multitudes together on the mountains, in the synagogues, and by the seaside, and taught them the true spiritual import of the commands of God, and unsparingly demolished the accumulated traditions and ordinances of men. He whispered in the ear of Nicodemus, an archon of the Jews, the sublime fact of a spiritual regeneration.

3. **HE WAS ENLARGING AND EXPANDING THE COMMISSION OF JUDAISM.** He was uprooting their national pride; he was breaking up their exclusivism; he was perpetually giving intimations of a universal religion; he was constantly hinting at the brotherhood of men. He began by sending his disciples throughout Judea, bearing a commission of mercy and goodwill to the publicans and sinners; then by sending them, two by two, throughout Galilee and Samaria; then by teaching in parables and in prophecies the ingathering of the Gentiles; then by commissioning his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

4. **HE ASSUMED THE CHARACTER OF THE WORLD'S TEACHER AND LAWGIVER.** "This is my beloved Son," said the voice of God, "hear ye him." Assuming the full meaning of the divine commission he went forth revealing the will of God, speaking as one having authority. Not debating, not reasoning, but announcing his truths and proclaiming his duties, demanding the acceptance and obedience of men. "I speak not of myself, but I speak the words of my Father which is in heaven." "I come not in my own name, but in the name of Him that sent me." "Hear my words, keep my commandments, do the will of my Father as I reveal it, and thou shalt know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

5. **HE CLAIMED TO BE THE MEDIATOR, THE INTERCESSOR, AND THE JUDGE OF ALL MEN.** His avowed aim was nothing less than the moral and spiritual

empire of the world. He aimed at the overthrow of all other religions, the dethronement of all other forms and objects of worship, and the establishment of one common religion for all mankind. He therefore revealed the one true God; he appointed the one true, spiritual worship; he instituted the one true Church; he taught the one true theology; he enforced the one true morality—a religion of truth for all time and for all men. For this sublime work he claimed ample authority and power. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. As the Father hath life in himself, so has he given to the Son to have life in himself; so the Son quickeneth whom he will. I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep; I lay down my life for the sheep, no man taketh it from me. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again; I and my Father are one. The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son, and hath given him authority to execute judgment also. They that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Thus he taught and thus he claimed to be the "all in all" to men. No wonder the Jew, in the presence of these wonderful works and lofty claims, foreseeing the wreck and decay of his venerable religion and the supplanting of his ancient service by these marvelous innovations, asked, "By what authority doest thou these things?" And no marvel that the world still looks on this wonderful life, listens to these sublime revelations, hears these startling claims, and asks, "Who gave thee this authority?"

Jesus rests his authority for all these works

1. ON THE RIGHTS OF HIS OWN DIVINE NATURE. We should at once perceive a fatal inconsistency in the life of Christ if the authority he claimed for his wonderful works were laid in any lower plain than that of the divine. If it had simply been the claim of superior human wisdom, of a higher moral demonstration than other men had reached, or even of a grander revelation that God had made to him, we could not but feel that the claims were infinitely too high for the authority on which they rest. When, then, we hear the same person that claims to be the Savior and the Judge of all men proclaiming, "I proceeded forth and came from God—before Abraham was, I am—my glory was with the Father before the world began—I dwell in the bosom of the Father—I and my Father are one—the words that I speak are the words of God"—to say the very least, such an announcement of authority is what our reason would expect and our faith demand. The claims and the authority are consistent. He does the works of God; he claims the authority of God; he exercises the prerogatives of God; what could he do less than claim the nature of God? He lays, therefore, his authority on the basis of his own divinity, and performs his mighty works in the character of the divine Son of God. And so he replies to his interrogators without evasion, except the courteous delicacy found in the form of a parable, "Last of all [God] said, I will send my Son."

2. THE AUTHORITY OF A DIVINE COMMISSION. "I am come not in my own name, but my Father hath sent me—if I speak not the words of God, do not believe me; but if I speak the words of God, then know of a truth that I have come from God; he that sent me into the world commanded what I should speak, and his works I do. Have you never heard his voice at any time, or seen his shape? The baptism of John, whence was it, from heaven or of men? We choose the interrogative form, as evidently the form of expression required by the context. Thus he claims the authority of a divine commission and points to the true significance of the baptism of John. That baptism was a setting apart of the divine Son for his holy work; this was the prophet anointing him and consecrating him to the sacred offices of prophet, priest, and king; and the heavens opened, and the Holy Ghost descended and sat upon him, and the voice of the Father came down through the opened heavens, declaring, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." We are inclined still to adopt the common impression of the casual readers of the history and the most common interpretation of the expositors that this sublime attestation of the Messiahship of Jesus was witnessed and understood by the people present at his baptism. Through them the fame of the wonderful event spread among the officers and the people. John subsequently appealed to it: "This is he of whom I spoke—behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." The priests, the scribes, the Pharisees knew of this rumor among the people. Christ appealed to it, and neither Pharisee nor priest dared to venture a word of denial, for the people counted John a prophet come from God. The dilemma into which the questioners of Christ were thrown was not, then, a dilemma of his own creation for the purpose of an evasion, but a dilemma created by their relation to what took place at the baptism of Christ.

3. CHRIST RESTED HIS AUTHORITY ON THE EVIDENCE OF THE MOST INDISPUTABLE SIGNS AND WONDERS. "But I have greater witness than that of John," said Jesus; "for the works that the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me." To the same evidence he appeals for the confirmation of John himself, who, in the solitude of his prison, perhaps, began to waver in faith. "Go and show John again those things which ye do see and hear—the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." These were the evidences which attested his character and authority. Their power and influence is seen in the case of Nicodemus: "Master, we know thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him." So reasoned, also, St. Paul: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him?—God also bearing witness with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost." These were the evidences of his divine character and of his heavenly commission, and these were the proofs of his authority "to do these things."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1866.—The appropriations of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have now reached an aggregate of one million dollars. The distribution of this total is made in the following manner:

I. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. India..... | \$75,773 46 |
| 2. Bulgaria..... | 7,941 62 |
| 3. China..... | 37,084 75 |
| 4. Liberia..... | 14,580 00 |
| 5. Germany and Switzerland..... | 63,910 00 |
| 6. Scandinavia..... | 38,808 00 |
| 7. South America..... | 37,650 00 |

\$275,657 83

II. FOREIGN POPULATIONS.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| 1. Welsh..... | \$250 00 |
| 2. Scandinavian..... | 11,300 00 |
| 3. Chinese..... | 4,000 00 |

15,550 00

III. INDIAN MISSIONS.....

4,550 00

IV. AMERICAN DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

In fifty-eight Annual Conferences, including four German and two colored Conferences.....

\$21,150 00

V. THIRD CLASS OF MISSIONS.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Mississippi Department, including the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas..... | 89,000 00 |
| 2. Middle Department, including so much of the State of Tennessee as is not comprised in the Holston Conference, the State of Alabama, and Western Georgia..... | 72,000 00 |
| 3. Southern Department, including Florida, Eastern Georgia, and South Carolina..... | 40,300 00 |
| 4. Northern Department, including Eastern North Carolina, and so much of Virginia as is not included in the Baltimore Conference..... | 28,000 00 |
| 5. Interior Department, including all interior Territories not included in any Annual Conferences..... | 20,000 00 |
| 6. For the education of colored men for the ministry..... | 20,000 00 |
| 7. Contingent..... | 31,792 17 |

\$301,092 17

VI. FOR THE FRENCH METHODIST CONFERENCE.....

\$12,000 00

VII. CONTINGENT FUND.....

\$25,080 00

VIII. INCIDENTAL EXPENSES.....

\$25,000 00

IX. OFFICE EXPENSES.....

\$20,000 00

Grand total.....

\$1,000,000 00

APPROPRIATIONS OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY FOR 1866.—After a full consideration the following appropriations were made, to be given if the money can be raised:

| Conference. | Amount. | Conference. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|---------|---------------------------|-----------|
| Baltimore..... | \$4,000 | North-Western German..... | \$2,000 |
| Central Ohio..... | 1,000 | N. W. Wisconsin..... | 3,000 |
| Colorado..... | 2,500 | West Virginia..... | 10,000 |
| Des Moines..... | 1,000 | West Wisconsin..... | 3,000 |
| Detroit..... | 2,500 | Wisconsin..... | 3,000 |
| East Baltimore..... | 2,000 | Holston..... | 10,000 |
| Iowa..... | 1,000 | East Genesee..... | 1,000 |
| Kansas..... | 5,000 | Central German..... | 2,000 |
| Kentucky..... | 10,000 | Middle Tennessee..... | 30,000 |
| Michigan..... | 2,000 | | |
| Minnesota..... | 4,000 | | |
| Missouri and Arkansas..... | 30,000 | Contingent Fund..... | 76,500 |
| Nebraska..... | 2,500 | | |
| North Ohio..... | 1,000 | | \$200,000 |

HAVE FOREIGN MISSIONS FAILED?—Rev. Dr. Treat stated, at the anniversary of the A. B. C. F. M., that by actual comparison it is found that the number of persons actually received into the mission Churches among the heathen, and the Churches in Massachusetts, for twenty-five years, is very nearly the same, yet the missionaries have been but 50, while ministers in Massachusetts have been 405. Who will say that foreign missions are a failure?

STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the General Minutes of our Church for 1865, which will be out in a few days, we give the following summary of the numbers in society, including both members and probationers, in the several Annual Conferences, showing the increase or decrease in each:

| Conference. | 1864. | 1865. | Increase. | Decrease. | Deaths. |
|------------------------------|---------|---------|-----------|-----------|---------|
| Baltimore..... | 13,730 | 21,271 | 7,541 | 222 | |
| Black River..... | 21,894 | 22,510 | 616 | 306 | |
| California..... | 4,505 | 4,450 | 52 | 38 | |
| Central German..... | 8,888 | 8,800 | 28 | 125 | |
| Central Illinois..... | 18,117 | 18,273 | 156 | 222 | |
| Central Ohio..... | 16,858 | 16,053 | 805 | 218 | |
| Cincinnati..... | 27,220 | 28,111 | 891 | 373 | |
| Colorado..... | 229 | 287 | 58 | 1 | |
| Delaware..... | 6,832 | 4,964 | 2,068 | 167 | |
| Des Moines..... | 9,733 | 8,304 | 1,429 | 105 | |
| Detroit..... | 16,138 | 15,763 | 375 | 174 | |
| East Baltimore..... | 33,542 | 35,597 | 2,055 | 479 | |
| East Genesee..... | 21,197 | 22,004 | 497 | 327 | |
| East Maine..... | 10,622 | 10,979 | 357 | 157 | |
| Erie..... | 27,807 | 28,269 | 462 | 369 | |
| Genesee..... | 8,259 | 8,315 | 56 | 142 | |
| Germany and Switzerland..... | 4,616 | 4,132 | 484 | 44 | |
| Holston..... | 6,107 | | | 11 | |
| Illinois..... | 28,974 | 27,576 | 1,398 | 411 | |
| India Mission..... | 209 | | | 4 | |
| Indiana..... | 24,696 | 23,896 | 800 | 392 | |
| Iowa..... | 16,006 | 16,033 | 27 | 253 | |
| Kansas..... | 5,332 | 5,984 | 652 | 68 | |
| Kentucky..... | 2,900 | 2,677 | 223 | 16 | |
| Liberia Mission..... | 1,452 | 1,452 | | | |
| Maine..... | 12,013 | 11,999 | 14 | 190 | |
| Michigan..... | 14,487 | 14,580 | 393 | 193 | |
| Minnesota..... | 7,029 | 6,466 | 563 | 77 | |
| Missouri and Arkansas..... | 8,225 | 7,097 | 928 | 84 | |
| Nebraska..... | 1,629 | 1,477 | 152 | 24 | |
| Nevada..... | 293 | | | | |
| Newark..... | 23,199 | 22,742 | 457 | 284 | |
| New England..... | 19,976 | 19,312 | 664 | 307 | |
| New Hampshire..... | 13,127 | 11,225 | 1,902 | 195 | |
| New Jersey..... | 26,116 | 25,900 | 207 | 359 | |
| New York..... | 37,229 | 37,582 | 353 | 506 | |
| New York East..... | 31,622 | 30,263 | 1,297 | 386 | |
| North Indiana..... | 25,222 | 25,661 | 399 | 382 | |
| North Ohio..... | 14,144 | 14,483 | 338 | 229 | |
| N. W. German..... | 5,883 | 5,494 | 389 | 70 | |
| N. W. Indiana..... | 16,938 | 16,672 | 266 | 229 | |
| N. W. Wisconsin..... | 2,705 | 2,608 | 97 | 27 | |
| Ohio..... | 29,103 | 29,572 | 469 | 480 | |
| Oneida..... | 18,798 | 19,726 | 928 | 264 | |
| Oregon..... | 3,028 | 2,907 | 121 | 41 | |
| Philadelphia..... | 52,149 | 59,498 | 7,349 | 782 | |
| Pittsburg..... | 40,584 | 40,791 | 207 | 553 | |
| Providence..... | 15,926 | 15,816 | 110 | 241 | |
| Rock River..... | 18,500 | 18,309 | 291 | 205 | |
| S. E. Indiana..... | 16,677 | 16,706 | 29 | 260 | |
| Southern Illinois..... | 20,478 | 19,411 | 1,067 | 304 | |
| S. W. German..... | 6,402 | 6,084 | 318 | 92 | |
| Troy..... | 24,434 | 25,903 | 519 | 365 | |
| Upper Iowa..... | 13,496 | 12,415 | 1,081 | 122 | |
| Vermont..... | 13,231 | 13,113 | 118 | 273 | |
| Washington..... | 11,508 | 8,194 | 3,314 | 210 | |
| West Virginia..... | 15,009 | 15,049 | 40 | 195 | |
| West Wisconsin..... | 6,920 | 7,214 | 294 | 67 | |
| Wisconsin..... | 11,682 | 10,791 | 891 | 113 | |
| Wyoming..... | 15,363 | 16,030 | 667 | 242 | |
| Total..... | 929,259 | 928,320 | | 13,116 | |

SUPERINTENDENTS OF MISSIONS.—The following is the distribution of Episcopal supervision of our missions for 1866:

India Mission Conference, Bishops Thomson and Simpson.

Missions in China, Bishops Baker and Thomson.

Liberia Mission Conference, Bishops Scott and Kingsley.

South American Missions, Bishops Janes and Clark.
Missions in Western and North-Western Europe,
Bishops Ames and Janes.

Missions in Bulgaria, Bishops Simpson and Clark.

The Mississippi Department, including Louisiana,
Mississippi, and Texas, Bishop Thomson.

The Middle Department, including Tennessee, Ala-
bama, Western Georgia, and Western North Carolina,
Bishop Clark.

The Southern Department, including South Carolina,
Eastern Georgia, and Florida, Bishop Baker.

The Northern Department, including Virginia not
included in the Baltimore Conference, and the eastern
part of North Carolina, Bishop Scott.

Department of the Interior, including the interior
Territories not included in any Annual Conference,
Bishops Kingsley and Baker.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION FOR 1866.—At the
meeting in New York the Bishops arranged their Con-
ference visitations for the present year as follows. Six-
ty-one Conferences we find on the list:

| CONFERENCE. | PLACE. | TIME. | BISHOP. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|---------|-----------|
| Baltimore..... | City Station, Balt.. | Feb. 28 | Scott. |
| Kentucky..... | Covington..... | " 28 | Clark. |
| Missouri and Ark..... | Louisiana..... | March 7 | Kingsley. |
| East Baltimore..... | Williamsport, Penn. | " 7 | Thomson. |
| Pittsburg..... | Washington, Penn. | " 7 | Baker. |
| Washington..... | Baltimore..... | " 7 | Scott. |
| Philadelphia..... | St. George's, Phila. | " 14 | Ames. |
| Western Virginia..... | Morgantown..... | " 14 | Clark. |
| Kansas..... | Baldwin City..... | " 21 | Kingsley. |
| Providence..... | Bristol, R. I..... | " 21 | Thomson. |
| Newark..... | Washington, N. J..... | " 21 | Baker. |
| New Jersey..... | Third-St., Camden. | " 21 | Scott. |
| New England..... | Chicopee..... | " 28 | Simpson. |
| Nebraska..... | Plattsmouth, Neb. | April 4 | Kingsley. |
| North Indiana..... | Ford..... | " 5 | Clark. |
| New York..... | Tarrytown..... | " 11 | Ames. |
| New York East..... | Wash.-St. Brooklyn | " 11 | Scott. |
| New Hampshire..... | Keene..... | " 11 | Simpson. |
| Eastern German..... | Second-St., N. Y..... | " 11 | Janes. |
| Wyoming..... | Seneca-St., Ithica. | " 18 | Thomson. |
| Oswego..... | Cambridge Valley.. | " 18 | Baker. |
| Troy..... | Montpelier..... | " 19 | Simpson. |
| Vermont..... | Fulton..... | " 19 | Ames. |
| Black River..... | Lewistown..... | May 9 | Janes. |
| Maine..... | Waldoboro..... | " 17 | Clark. |
| East Maine..... | Greenville, Tenn. | " 17 | Clark. |
| Holston..... | Helibron..... | June 7 | Baker. |
| Germany and Switz..... | Empire City..... | " 20 | Baker. |
| Colorado..... | Palmerville, O..... | July 11 | Morris. |
| Eric..... | Salisbury, Md..... | " 25 | Simpson. |
| Delaware..... | Albany..... | Aug. 8 | Baker. |
| Oregon..... | Ripley..... | " 29 | Thomson. |
| Cincinnati..... | Mansfield..... | " 29 | Simpson. |
| North Ohio..... | Gallion..... | " 29 | Ames. |
| Central Ohio..... | Laporte..... | " 29 | Clark. |
| N. W. Indiana..... | Hazel Green..... | " 29 | Scott. |
| West Wisconsin..... | Boonsboro..... | " 29 | Kingsley. |
| Des Moines..... | Newark..... | " 29 | Janes. |
| East Genesee..... | Washoe..... | Sept. 5 | Baker. |
| Nevada..... | Ripon..... | " 6 | Clark. |
| Wisconsin..... | Hillsdale..... | " 6 | Simpson. |
| Michigan..... | Hudson..... | " 6 | Ames. |
| Detroit..... | Decorah..... | " 12 | Kingsley. |
| Upper Iowa..... | Vincennes..... | " 12 | Thomson. |
| Indiana..... | Pracott..... | " 12 | Scott. |
| N. W. Wisconsin..... | New Albany..... | " 12 | Janes. |
| Central German..... | San Jose..... | " 19 | Baker. |
| California..... | Centraia..... | " 19 | Thomson. |
| Southern Illinois..... | Ottawa..... | " 19 | Clark. |
| Rock River..... | Lexington..... | " 19 | Simpson. |
| Central Illinois..... | Bloomington..... | " 19 | Ames. |
| Illinois..... | Red Wing..... | " 19 | Scott. |
| Minnesota..... | Aurora..... | " 19 | Janes. |
| S. E. Indiana..... | Columbus..... | " 26 | Morris. |
| Ohio..... | Knoxville..... | " 26 | Kingsley. |
| Iowa..... | Chicago..... | " 27 | Clark. |
| N. W. German..... | Quincy..... | " 27 | Simpson. |
| S. W. German..... | Lockport..... | Oct. 3 | Ames. |
| Genesee..... | Liboria..... | Jan. 24 | |
| Liboria..... | Moradabad..... | Feb. 1 | |
| India..... | | | |

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.—About 280 years
B. C., Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhib-
ited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by
its power.

A. D. 540, Antheminus, an architect, arranged several
caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom
of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top with
pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining build-
ing. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the
house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending
the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of
steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco de Goary tried a steamboat
of two hundred and nine tons, with tolerable success,
at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of
boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of
the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A pres-
ent, however, was made to Goary.

In 1650 the first railroad was constructed at New-
castle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England was in
the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Invention,"
A. D. 1668.

In 1701 Newcomen made the first steam-engine in
England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savary for the first
application of the steam-engine.

In 1764 James Watt made the first perfect steam-
engine in England.

In 1786 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of
steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed the application
in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffrey constructed a steamboat
on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one
on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsay propelled a boat by steam at New
York.

In 1789 John Fitch, of Connecticut, navigated a
boat by steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793 Robert Fulton first began to apply his at-
tention to steam.

In 1783 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia,
constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a
turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic
was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from
Charleston to Liverpool.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF CREATION.—Philoso-
pher F. Stein, of Prague University, says: "A faithful
and conscientious search into the propagation and de-
velopment of the minutest animal forms of the same
species shows that under no circumstances do they de-
velop themselves from dead matter, and that no kind
of experiment can produce the simplest living atom.
How the first form of every species has been brought
into existence is a question which lies beyond the limit
of natural sciences, and which they never can answer.
They can not pretend to discover the secrets of crea-
tion. All efforts in this direction, which have lately
been made by Darwin, we may safely consider as utter
failures."

Library Notes.

HISTORY OF RATIONALISM; Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By the Rev. John F. Hurst, A. M. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., and Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 8vo. Pp. 623.—We rejoice to see our esteemed friend Mr. Hurst make so grand a debut into the world of letters as he has done in this great work. We knew there was a great reservoir of availability in him, and we expected it would some day make itself known and felt, but we were not prepared to see it break forth all at once in the contribution of a volume so large, and valuable, and opportune as the one that lies before us. A month ago we noticed the republication of Lecky's History of the Spirit of Rationalism by the Appletons, and since then have been busily engaged in reading it. It is, of course, developed from the rationalistic side, and we are glad to be able to follow its reading by the study of Mr. Hurst's work, which, of course, is developed from the stand-point of a genuine Christianity. We needed both these histories in this country, and every one who desires to trace the stream of thought in this direction will wish to study both. It is our intention to recur again to these interesting and opportune works in a department where we can treat them more carefully and more at length than is possible in these "notes." At present we desire to say that Mr. Hurst gives ample evidence of large and accurate acquaintance with his subject, and presents a broad historical survey of the entire field, and his work can not but be perused by students and inquirers with interest and profit.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM: A Sketch of its History, Theology, Practical System, and Success. By Abel Stevens, LL. D. With a Statement of the Plan of the Centenary Celebration of 1866, by John M. Chintock, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. Pp. 287.—This work was "prepared by order of the Centenary Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church," and we need scarcely add is ably and judiciously "prepared" when we remember it is the work of "the historian of Methodism." It is a Centenary offering; it is designed to be one of the means of instruction and inspiration for the Centenary year, and as such, we think, is admirably adapted to its object. It is divided into three parts: *First. What is Methodism? Answered Historically:* in which we have six chapters, briefly sketching its origin, founders, and early progress both in England and America, and its practical and doctrinal systems more elaborately presented. *Second. What has Methodism achieved entitling it to the proposed commemoration?* in which, in seven chapters, are presented its special adaptation and usefulness, its labors in literature and education, in the Sunday school and missionary enterprises, and its loyal and patriotic services to the country. *Third. Its capabilities and responsibilities for the future:* in which we have a most valuable presentation of the numbers,

wealth, resources, and capabilities of the Church such as must fill every devout Christian with thanksgiving for the past and glorious hopes and purposes for the future. The book ought to find its way into every family of the Church. The publishers have issued it in beautiful style.

WINIFRED BERTRAM, and the World She Lived In. By the author of "*The Schönberg-Cotta Family*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 479. \$1.75. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The fame of the author of the Schönberg Family, of Kitty Trevelyman, of the Early Dawn, and of many other interesting and instructive books will lose no luster by this beautiful story of English home-life. We have the same chaste and pure style, the same simplicity and naturalness of thought, the same power of life-like description, and the same spirit of piety as characterise her former works. In this work we have some admirable delineations of youthful piety and some striking expositions of Scripture which will be sure to make the readers wiser and better.

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS. Dedicated to Children. Square 24mo. Pp. 140. Tinted paper. \$1. Same author and publisher.—A beautiful little book, which will be delightedly read by the children. "The song without words" is the grand and wonderful song which the great creation is constantly sending up to God and singing for men—the wordless hymn of praise that rises from the sea, the streams, the meadows, and the living things.

A SUMMER IN SKYE. By Alexander Smith, author of "*Alfred Hagart's Household*," "*A Life Drama*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 423. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The author of the famous "Life Drama" has been spending a Summer in the wild, romantic island of Skye, one of the Hebrides, lying on the north-western coast of Scotland, and has written a very sketchy and rambling book of what he saw and heard. The Lochs of North Scotland, the fisheries of the Hebrides, the lives of the ignorant and superstitious fishermen, the legends of the islands, mingled with literary gossip, and some original poems, all done in a style of English composition that is really admirable, make up the contents of this very readable book.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH. By Charles Kingsley. 12mo. Pp. 807. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Charles Kingsley, besides his ecclesiastical reputation, has sufficient merit in the department of light literature to secure the reading of any book he may choose to write. In the present work he has given us a historical romance, the substratum of history being the story of Hereward, one of the famous freemen of Danelagh, the last of the pure Angles, who rose and fought desperately, but too late, against William the Norman. Hereward was the second son of the Lady Godiva,

known in the old legends as "the most beautiful as well as the most saintly woman of her day," and of Leofric, the great Earl of Mercia and Chester, whose "counsel was as if one had opened the Divine oracles, very wise for God and for the world, which was a great blessing to all this nation." "The life of Hereward, whose deeds were often sung by minstrels and old-wives in succeeding generations, is still extant in prose and verse, and in the present work Mr. Kingsley says he has "followed the cotemporary authorities as closely as he could, introducing little but what was necessary to reconcile discrepancies, or to illustrate the history, manners, and sentiments of the time."

LITTLE FOXES. By Christopher Crowfield. 12mo. Pp. 287. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Christopher Crowfield is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the "little foxes" are "those unsuspected, unwatched, insignificant little causes that nibble away domestic happiness and make home less than so noble an institution should be." Those that are "taken and bound" in this neat little volume are Fault-Finding, Irritability, Repression, Persistence, Intolerance, Discourtesy, and Exactingness. It is a book that will well repay its cost in every home, and is issued in very neat style.

PATRIOT BOYS AND PRISON PICTURES. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc. 16mo. Pp. 306. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Stories of heroic and patriotic boys in our late war, told in excellent style for the children, by a writer whose facile pen has made the hearts of men and women throb with indignation against cruel wrongs, and with high resolves to banish them from our land. This kind of literature, we think, has almost reached its end, but to the boys and girls who want to hear more of the great wrongs and noble deeds that come of war this book will be welcome.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 24mo. Blue and gold, \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Aldrich is a born poet, one of the best of our times, still young, not more than thirty years of age, from whom we expect still greater things than he has yet accomplished. Hitherto he has spent himself on fugitive pieces, all good, some exquisite, every-where marked by tenderness, sweetness, and musical flow. Who has not read the exquisite ballad of "Babie Bell?" Popular as it deservedly is, it is only one among many fully as tender and musical in the present collection. We wait for his master-work yet to be born.

WAR-LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. Pp. 243. \$1.50. Same Publishers.—Mr. Brownell deserves a high place among the war-poets, and his poems are among the best of their class. There is in them a sprightliness, a patriotic and poetic ring, which gives them a merit far above the mediocrity of many of the so-called poems inspired by the war. Indeed, it is rather remarkable that the inspiration of our great struggle brought forth scarcely a poem that will live for posterity.

SUN-RAYS FROM FAIR AND CLOUDY SKIES. By Cousin Carrie, author of "Keep a Good Heart." 16mo.

Pp. 260. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—"Cousin Carrie" is a pure and sprightly writer, and has written a very interesting book, pleasant and sorrowful, showing just such sad and happy scenes and events as mingle themselves together in human life, and as may be witnessed any time in our great cities. It is a neat book, beautifully illustrated, and may be safely given to the children.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT: A Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. With a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture-Room. By Augusta Moore. New Edition. Revised and Greatly Enlarged. 12mo. Pp. 374. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These Pulpit Notes were originally published with the consent of Mr. Beecher, but without his inspection. They now appear with large additions and with the indorsement of Mr. Beecher. They are just what they purport to be—"passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher"—some, beautiful, some striking, some startling, all worthy of preservation. The sketch of Mr. Beecher and his lecture-room exhibits him in his relation as a man and a pastor. Miss Moore will be recognized by our readers as a frequent contributor to the Repository. The volume is issued in excellent style.

PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH, at Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsboro, and Andersonville, during the years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. Abbott, late Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. With Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 374. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—"The following pages," says the author, "are offered to the reading public with the hope that they will throw some light upon the barbarous treatment we received at the hands of the rebels. They do not claim to tell all the story of prison life, only a part. Others are filling it up, dark and gloomy as is the picture; yet pen and tongue both fail to tell it all." Yes, and pen and tongue will ever fail to depict these horrors inflicted in a spirit of deliberate coolness and purpose that makes them more horrible than any thing in the annals of savage life. It is right that such records as these should be given to the world; but who can read them without sickening indignation?

RICHARD COBDEN, THE APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE. His Political Career and Public Services: A Biography. By John M. Gilchrist. With Portrait and Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 304. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The purpose of the author in the plan of this work, and which he has faithfully carried out in its execution, "was to tell the story of Mr. Cobden's life and patriotic and philanthropic services as far as possible in the very words of the subject of his biography." Mr. Cobden has been made to tell the story of his own life. It is a model biography. In a small 16mo it tells all we need to know of even a man as great as Richard Cobden. And a great man he was, too, springing from the people, battling stoutly and successfully against the monopolies of the aristocracy, resisting the blandishments of the great, and the proffers of place and power,

remaining to the end the representative of the liberal and democratic opinions held by the middle classes in England. By nature and position he was a true friend to America and her free institutions. The Harpers have issued the volume in very neat style.

DE VANE: *A Story of Plebeians and Patricians*. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, Ex-member of United States House of Representatives from Alabama. Two volumes in one. 12mo. Pp. 552. New York: Blelock & Co.—This book we have not read. It is printed and bound in excellent style, and looks as if it might be well written and readable. The Central Advocate says: "Mr. Hilliard speaks well and writes tolerably in French and English, and knows what constitutes beauty. The ladies talk in rhapsodical strains, and the book is sensational. Mr. Hilliard is an ex-preacher as well as an ex-congressman, and his book partakes of the merits imparted by ministerial and congressional virtues. We admire his heroes and his exquisitely beautiful heroines, and hope that he and they are doing well."

CAREY'S CONFESSION. By the author of "Mattie: A Stray." No. 258 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper, 75 cts. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

HURD AND HOUGHTON'S HOLIDAY BOOKS.—From R. W. Carroll & Co. we have received the following books issued in most beautiful style by the enterprising publishers named above. We regret they did not reach us earlier, that we might have noticed them in time for the holiday trade. But they are not ephemeral books, and we can still commend them to those in search of books issued in the highest style of the art of book-making. The manufactory of this house at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where not these alone, but scores of other choice and elegant books are stereotyped, electrotyped, printed and bound, has become famous all over this continent as "The Riverside Press," and the perfection and beauty of the work which emanates from it is its best and highest recom-

mendation. Two hundred persons are constantly employed in the establishment in the various processes of book-making, and the work in all stages of completeness passes constantly under the eye of the experienced head of the establishment, Mr. H. O. Houghton, than whom there is not a more accomplished book manufacturer in the United States:

1. *The Fables of Aesop, with a Life of the Author*. Illustrated with one hundred and eleven engravings from original designs by Herriek. \$2. The best and handsomest edition we have ever seen. 2. *Picciola*. By X. B. Saintine. A new edition, revised by the author. With illustrations by Leopold Flameng. \$1.50. 3. *Chastelard: A Tragedy*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. \$1.25. 4. *Beauty and the Beast*. With original illustrations by H. L. Stephens. Printed in oil colors by F. Bien. \$1.50. 5. *Cinderella, or The Glass Slipper*. Illustrated in oil colors. \$1.50. 6. *Puss in Boots*. Original illustrations in oil colors. \$1.50. 7. *The Water-Lily*. By Harriet Myrtle. With twenty illustrations by Hablot K. Browne. \$1.50.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—*The London Quarterly Review*, October, 1865. *The Westminster Review*, October, 1865. *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1865. American Editions. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Manual of Instruction for Classes of Baptized Children in the Methodist Episcopal Church. By B. Hawley, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter.

A Sermon on Holiness, Preached at the Seaville Camp Meeting. By Rev. A. E. Ballard.

Catalogue of M^cKendree College. 1865-66. Lebanon, Ill. President, Rev. Robert Allyn, D. D. Students, 213.

MUSIC.—*The Boys that Wear the Blue*. Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder; music by Henry Tucker. 30 cts. *Festival March*. By Charles Fradel. 30 cts. *Never Forget; or, The Memories of Andersonville Prison Pens*. Words by Mrs. Kidder; music by Henry Tucker. 30 cts. The above are from W. Jennings Demorest, 39 Beekman-street, New York. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Biuary Brnd.

ADDRESS OF THE BISHOPS TO THE CHURCHES.

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Beloved Brethren.—In the good providence of God we have been spared to see the closing of the first century of American Methodism. The General Conference has ordained that this period "shall be celebrated by all our Churches and people with devout thanksgiving by special religious services and liberal thank-offerings."

No ordinary gratitude will suffice in acknowledging the momentous and incalculable blessings which God has bestowed upon our Church and upon our country, and the world through the Church. From the landing of Mr. Wesley's first missionaries to the present hour the Spirit has blessed and prospered the evangelized labors of Methodism here to a degree unparalleled in

Church history. Your pastors will call to your minds the great facts of this wonderful history in their centenary sermons and addresses, and you will find them recorded in the centenary volume prepared by order of the General Conference, which, we trust, will be read by all our people. We can only now recount a few of the signal mercies which call for extraordinary gratitude and thanksgiving to God.

We have reason to be grateful for the preservation of that pure theology which we have inherited from our fathers. No dangerous heresy has ever taken root among our ministers or people. They still hold those great evangelical doctrines which Methodism was raised up to bear witness to before the world. Repentance, free grace, the testimony of the Spirit to the believer's acceptance before God, and the doctrine of Christian holiness are all preached and held in their integrity.

We have reason to be thankful to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for the acceptance of these truths by multiplied thousands to whom it has been our privilege to proclaim them. Through the power of this Gospel, preached with simplicity and with the demonstration of the Spirit, multitudes have been brought from darkness to light, and have been made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Quickened by the power of a new life, they have been enabled to bear the cross, to follow after Christ, and to testify of his grace.

We have reason to be thankful for the rich legacy left us in the lives and example of our Methodist fathers. Their heroic self-devotion, their labors, and their sufferings, are priceless treasures to us, and will be to our children. The names and memories of Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, Asbury, Coke, Lee, and others, their fellow-laborers, should ever be cherished in the Church with devout gratitude to God, that we can call them fathers in the Gospel of Christ.

We have reason to be grateful for the devoted love of our people to the institutions of Methodism. As the fruit of this love they have cheerfully borne the burdens of the Church. They have never wavered in their attachment to our ministry. They have been inspired with a steady zeal for the conversion of souls abroad, and for the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands. To the fidelity of its local preachers, exhorters, leaders, stewards, Sunday school superintendents, and teachers, Methodism has been largely indebted under God for its rapid spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

We have reason to be thankful for the noble army of witnesses for Jesus who have fought the good fight, and have kept the faith, and have laid down their lives in hope of eternal blessedness. It has been the high privilege of American Methodism to train up uncounted thousands of precious souls for immortality; and though they be not with us any more in the flesh, yet we and they, through the power of Christ, are indissolubly one.

We have abundant reason for gratitude when we consider the blessing which has rested upon our schools of learning. The labors of the Fisks, the Emorys, and the Olins of American Methodism have not been in vain. Our colleges and higher schools have passed beyond the perils of infancy, and give promise of reaching the vigor of matured life. It is for you, beloved brethren, to make the Centenary commemoration the occasion for placing these institutions upon solid foundations. To do our work fitly and well will require the resources of an ample learning, fully imbued with the spirit of Christ, and consecrated to the interests of his kingdom.

As we approach the boundary line which separates the first century of American Methodism from the ages yet to come, it becomes us to praise God for his wonderful works unto us. In every family let special thanksgiving be offered in the hour of household worship. In every hamlet, town, and city, let there be "a holy convocation to the Lord." Let us all, young men and maidens, old men and children, enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. God forbid that we should glory in man! to him be all the glory for the wonderful things which he

hath done, by his word and by his Spirit, for our Church and by our Church among the people of this land.

In the marvelous providence of God the completion of the first century of American Methodism is coincident with the restoration of peace to our nation. The alarms of war have ceased, and blood no longer flows. Our brothers and sons, many of whom were in the ranks of the army, have returned to their homes and to their peaceful pursuits. A monstrous iniquity which threatened the life of the nation, and called upon it the wrath of God, has been put away from among us. Four millions of human beings, many of them our brothers and sisters in the Lord, have been delivered from bondage. The nation begins a career of progress which we fondly hope will be uninterrupted for a century to come. Christ to-day calls us to lofty duties, to a work whose greatness may be as much hidden from our eyes, and yet be as extraordinary as that work of our fathers, which, begun in 1766 in faith and hope, has grown to what we now behold. May the baptism of the Spirit, which was so plentifully poured upon them, descend also upon us! In the name of the God of our fathers let us arise and go forward!

May we not at this auspicious period look for a closer union of all who hold our common Methodist faith? We have already at our meeting at Erie on the 15th of July last expressed the conviction that "with the removal of slavery, the cause which separated us from one another has passed away," and we still trust that the day is not far distant when there shall be but one organization which shall embrace the whole Methodist family in the United States. We would rejoice if in our approaching Centenary there could be a general union of all Methodists who agree in doctrine, and who are loyal to the Government and opposed to slavery. It behooves us to cultivate peace and charity toward all men; as followers of Jesus we should do all in our power to soothe the asperities of feeling excited by the war. Let us, as we are exhorted in Scripture, "be tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us." It is not always given to human wisdom to accomplish its design; yet, on the other hand, it sometimes pleases God to transcend human wisdom by the greatness of his plans, and while working with the human co-laborer, to crown his efforts with such signal blessings that the glory is altogether God's. Such has been the history of Methodism in the century past, and such it may be in the century now before us. In this faith let us be co-workers together with God. That you may begin in the right spirit, we commend to you, brethren, the directions of the General Conference for the conduct of the services of the Centenary year. They contemplate the spiritual improvement of the Church. We ask you, therefore, to gather together on the first Sabbath of the new year, in order to offer special thanks to God for the spiritual blessings which we so richly enjoy. But throughout the year let prayer continually ascend for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the Church, that the year may be one of an unusual ingathering of souls, and that unusual grace may rest upon the people. "And we beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present

your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." The dedication of ourselves to Christ must precede all other gifts. As the expression of your gratitude, the General Conference invites you to make offerings of your substance as God has given you ability for the perpetuation and extension of Methodism in this country. The Conference has presented to your consideration both connectional and local objects. The latter have claims upon you which you will cheerfully meet; yet we trust that you will not forget those connectional and foreign charities which represent the spirit of our Methodism. They have been selected with care by a large committee, of which we ourselves were members, and they have our entire approval. Let us by establishing these strengthen the bond which makes us one. Wherever it is practicable we advise that your gifts be equally divided between the connectional and local objects presented to you.

On one point, dear brethren, it may not be out of place for us to say that we earnestly hope you will not allow your Centenary gifts to interfere with your ordinary contributions to the support of the Church and its missionary and other benevolent movements. To do this would be to vitiate one of the best characteristics of the Centenary donations; namely, that they be an *extraordinary* expression of gratitude to God. Let us take care that his work does not suffer.

Let us all show by our Centenary gifts our gratitude to God for the benefits which he has granted to us through the Church, and our zeal to extend these ben-

efits to the ends of the earth, and to perpetuate them to the end of time. In his name let us lay broad and deep foundations for the Church of the future. But in all our gifts and plans let boasting and vainglory be excluded. The work is the Lord's; we are but his feeble instruments. Let us present our Centenary offerings in the spirit of King David, when he said, as the people brought their gifts of gold and silver for the temple, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thy hand is power and might; and in thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee a house for thy holy name cometh of thy hand, and is all thine own."

T. A. MORRIS,
E. S. JAMES,
L. SCOTT,
M. SIMPSON,

O. C. BAKER,
E. R. AMES,
D. W. CLARK,
E. THOMPSON,

C. KINGSLEY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16, 1865.

Editor's Study.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS.—We see it quietly announced from our Mission Rooms that "the appropriations for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1866 are one million of dollars!" We immediately exclaimed, *Te Deum laudamus!* We honor this sublime faith in the piety, the benevolence, and the ability of our Church. We feel that the General Missionary Committee and Board have become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age, and perhaps have only felt a little in advance of the great Centenary year some of the inspiration of that grand movement. But will it be collected? Of course it will. When has the Church ever failed to meet the announcement of her representatives in the great missionary work of the amount needed for carrying forward these enterprises of the Church? A single glance at the judicious distribution of the total of a million indicates that the committee could not possibly have done less, and that, if possible, they should have done more.

As we look over the appropriations with a scrutinizing eye, we can not see a single point where we think less might have been appropriated. We can see several where we could heartily wish it had been in the power of the Church to appropriate more. The simple fact is, we live in marvelous times, when God by

his providence is rapidly opening up vast districts to the evangelizing efforts of his Church, when events of vast historical significance are occurring with a rapidity that can scarcely be equalled by the recording pen of the historian. God is equally preparing his people by their enlarged conceptions of the significance and purposes of his glorious kingdom, and by an astonishing development of the benevolent spirit of Christianity. Nor is his providence less striking in the manifold sources of wealth which he has opened up for his people by which the means are furnished for the exercise of this enlarged benevolence. Thus God, working in history, is opening the world for evangelization; God working by his Spirit is inspiring the benevolence of his people; and God working in science is discovering the facilities and aggrandizing the means for the accomplishment of the great work.

But let us more minutely turn our attention to the work that is to be done and how to do it:

1. A little less than one-third of the whole amount, namely, \$287,657.83, is appropriated to our Foreign Missionary work. We rather like to see that item close up with the eighty-three cents. It is indicative that these appropriations are not merely guesses at the amount that will be needed for this foreign work. They are the result of the most careful examination,

made first by the missionaries actually in the field, each requirement being accompanied by a statement of the object for which it is needed. This estimate, coming from the missionary, is reviewed by the Missionary Committee, both with regard to the objects for which the expenditure is to be made, and the amounts that are asked for. If the objects for which the missionary asks appropriations do not commend themselves to the judgment of the Committee, that body can set them aside. Thus, when the appropriation is finally made, it is the joint judgment of our missionaries abroad and our representatives in the Missionary Committee at home. These parties have said, for our foreign missionary work we need for 1866 nearly \$800,000. This work embraces eight foreign missions, with nearly a hundred different points of operation, about one hundred and seventy missionaries, and nearly eight thousand members. Four of these missions are in purely heathen countries—India, Bulgaria, China, and Africa; the remaining four are the German and Switzerland, Scandinavian, and South American missions, and the French Conference. As we look over these vast and promising fields we are confident that not a dollar too much has been assigned to the foreign work. Comparing this appropriation with last year, we observe that it is less by \$27,570.22, so that the great expansion is not found in the foreign department.

2. The next is an aggregate appropriation of \$15,550 to "foreign populations residing in our own country." The action of the last General Conference, organizing the German work into Annual Conferences, considerably modified the form of this appropriation, leaving in this class only the Welsh and Scandinavian missions, to which the committee has wisely added the Chinese in California. In the amount appropriated under this head there is but little variation from last year. The same may be said of the appropriation of \$4,550 to our Indian missions.

3. The next item, a liberal one of \$321,150, provides for one of the most important and effective branches of our mission work; namely, "American Domestic Missions," embracing the local and home missionary work, such as giving aid to weak charges and making appropriations for pioneer movements in fifty-eight Annual Conferences, including four German and two colored Conferences. We have no separate Home Missionary Society in our connection, but this ample provision for our local home-work indicates that we have a department in our missionary organization that most carefully and comprehensively studies the home-wants of the Church; and when we come to study the workings of that department, through the presiding elders of the various Conferences, and the General Missionary Committee gathered from all parts of the Church, it strikes us as the most efficient, impartial, and thorough home missionary society in the world. It is, in fact, one of the grand secrets of the marvelous success of Methodism in this country. No lover of the Church will regret, we are sure, to find an increase of about \$100,000 in the appropriation to this department.

4. We now come to a grand appropriation born of the times in which we live. The South, hitherto shut up to the advances of a free evangelism, is now open

to the Church. Four millions of bondsmen, hitherto prohibited from reading the Word of God, and whose religion was as much a matter of dictation from their masters as was their daily toil, are free. The Churches of the vast territory of rebellion are demoralized; their organization is broken, and their influence has been wasted and destroyed by directing it to the unholy purpose of revolution. The eyes of tens of thousands have been suddenly opened to the falsehoods and fallacies that have been imposed upon them by their ambitious religious leaders. Thousands more are bitterly suffering the miseries needlessly and madly brought upon them by these false shepherds. Everywhere are manifest the evidences of disintegration and decay. A merciful God has saved our nation—has given us a moral, political, and physical victory, so signal, so complete, so suggestive, that all are compelled to see in it the movings of His powerful hand. But our glorious victory is only the signal for the initiation of a great moral regeneration of the nation. God and our powerful Government have triumphed over rebellion and slavery; it remains for God and the Church to eradicate from the nation the seeds of moral and social evil which engendered both. All at once, then, a new and wonderful missionary field is thrown upon the Church. The scattered sheep of a thousand folds must be sought and gathered by truer and gentler shepherds. Especially must the millions of God's children, so recently made free, and initiated so suddenly into new moral and social relations, be gathered and folded by the Church. The work is gigantic, but it is also imperative, and demands haste. Never did "the king's business" before require more prompt and efficient action. We thank God for enabling the directors of our missionary enterprises to comprehend so well the situation. It is in this department we find the great increase. For this work is appropriated a little over \$300,000. It could not be less; perhaps the ability of the Church, and other great enterprises which are before us, would not allow it to be more. We rejoice in the appropriation. It is for a great national as well as Christian work, and every loyal man will be ready to contribute to it, as well from patriotic as from Christian motives.

As we thus pass over the items of this appropriation of a million dollars we find no room for retrenchment; nothing is in excess. No advance has been made in our foreign work, and but little in our ordinary home work. It is simply an emergency thrust upon us by the providence of God, and that same providence has made us amply able to meet it.

How is it to be done? We think there would not be the slightest difficulty in doing it, if we had not also other great enterprises before us for 1866. The increase upon last year's appropriations are not nearly equal to the demands that were then made on the benevolence of our people for wants growing out of the war, and which have now ceased. The turning of only a fractional part of the vast contributions of our people to the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, to volunteer and draft funds, etc., would meet this increased demand for our missionary work. But the year 1866 is to be memorable in the history of American Methodism. We are to send down through the future the evidence of our grateful appreciation of a

hundred years of history. We are to consecrate by generous offerings a new and important Church organization—the Church Extension Society. We are to show our gratitude for established peace, and meet the responsibilities thrust upon us by a regenerated nationality. We are at the same time to maintain our regular contributions to established societies. We may as well look at the work before us. The General Conference asks for at least \$2,000,000 as the Centenary offering. The Missionary Society has appropriated \$1,000,000. To the Sunday School, Tract, and Bible Societies we annually give about \$150,000 more. And for local enterprises \$100,000 more. Three millions and a half is the demand for Christian benevolence on the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1866. The Centenary offering is special, and of course should not be allowed to draw on the regular contributions of the Church. We hope it will even surpass the amount named, but we equally hope that not a dollar will be drawn from the regular claims of the Church. It would be but a poor expression of our gratitude for the past hundred years merely to withdraw for this purpose contributions that we have been in the habit of making to our ordinary Church enterprises. Let

the Centenary contribution be extraordinary and alone, every man, woman, and child in the Church making to it a contribution great or small, in remembrance of the wonderful history of the past. Let our regular collections go on as before.

A million of dollars, then, for missions! Remember this is almost four hundred thousand more than last year, and there must be, therefore, a large increase—an advance of sixty-six per cent.—in the collections. But what is a million of dollars after all to a Church of almost a million members, and almost a million of scholars in her Sabbath schools? Two cents a week appropriated to this work by each member would cover the whole amount. A penny a week dropped by the children of the Sabbath school into the missionary box would cover the half of it. It is evident, then, that it only needs that the Church should be worked, that her resources should be actually reached, that every member should do something, and the work would be done. It can be done. Our faith will be greatly disappointed if it is not done. Let the Spring Conferences in the East give us the key-note of inspiration, and the great West will also rise in her strength, and the result will cheer the friends of missions throughout the world.

Editor's Table.

WATCHING THE RETURNS.—Some weeks ago our publishers sent out their lists to the agents in whose hands was the fate of the subscription list of the Repository for another year. A few days ago these lists began to return. We have been watching them to see how many of our old friends were dropping off, and how many new ones were taking their places. So far we have reason to be encouraged; for while we see with regret the fatal pen or pencil drawn through some of our old names, we find a number of new ones that more than fill up the blanks. At this date, January 1st, when our returns are reaching us rapidly, the indications are good for an increase over last year. This is as it ought to be, and we are thankful to our friends for their industry and faithfulness in this matter. In some localities we notice a large increase in the list, and we feel almost tempted to give public acknowledgments to some of our brethren whom we know to have made this large increase by their personal efforts. The time for effort is not passed yet, brethren; try once more when this reaches you, and let us have a large advance in the list this year. We are prepared to send back numbers to subscribers that come in a little late.

THE ENGRAVINGS.—In the "table of contents" we insert for this month the "View Near North Conway." Our readers will remember that we substituted this beautiful picture for our Centenary plate in the January number. It belongs properly to this number, and in binding up the volume it should be so placed. We consider it a gem of a picture. The engraving is as near faultless as it can be in the present state of the art, and like the charming Indian scene from Bierstadt, this picture is also increased in value by being a trans-

lation of a painting by Kensett, one of our best American artists. Mr. Jarvis, in his "Art Idea," thus compares these two great artists: "Kensett is more refined in sentiment, and has an exquisite delicacy of pencil. He is the Bryant of our painters—a little sad and monotonous, but sweet, artistic, and unaffected. In his later pictures there is a phantom-like lightness and coldness of touch and tint, which give them a somewhat unreal aspect. But they take all the more hold on the fancy for their lyrical qualities." Many of our readers we know will welcome the fine portrait of Mrs. Palmer.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following articles are placed on file: My Story; Night; Grandiloquence; Edith Dorne; Hector; Via Revelation; Young America; The Via Dolorosa; Calvary and the Sepulcher. *Poetry.*—The Mother's Reproof; Farewell to the Old Church; As thou Wilt; A Call to Action; Without and Within; Home at Last; Immortality; Two Pictures; Prayer for Help; I Heard his Voice; and Memories.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we will not be able to use. It is impossible to give all the reasons that lead us to decline certain articles. But there are good reasons for every one, and such as, we think, would be satisfactory even to the writers, could we tell them. Mr. Dixon Learning Self-Reliance; The Spas of the Empire State; Evils of Novel-Reading—a good subject, but one that should have more extended and careful treatment; Our Hired Hand; Our Canadian Village; Knowledge is Power; The Christian Family. *Poetry.*—Its Use; Too Late; My Mission; The Two Gatherings; New-Year's Thanksgiving—comes too late; Speed the Gospel; The Hill of Science; One Talent; She hath Done what she could; Centennial; and The Father's Voice.



A VIEW OF THE GREAT GLEN

THE GREAT GLEN, SCOTLAND. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.S.A.





THE ARTIST'S WIFE, 1791

THE ARTIST'S WIFE, 1791. BY JOHN FLAXMAN. (LONDON: R. BARRINGTON, 1791.)

THE ARTIST'S WIFE, 1791.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1866.

TERESA MESZLENYI KOSSUTH.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

A SHORT time ago our morning newspaper brought to our breakfast-table the following paragraph, under the heading "Miscellaneous Items:"

"The wife of Governor Kossuth, the illustrious Hungarian patriot, died on September 1st, at Turin, of the illness from which she had been suffering for years. On account of her failing health her husband, several years ago, repaired with her to Italy, where she has since been cared for by him with the most exemplary devotion. Madame Kossuth, at the time of her death, was fifty-five years old. Her remains are to be conveyed to Genoa for interment by the side of her only daughter, who died a few years ago. Kossuth has, during the last few years, lost several of his nearest relations, and the death of his wife leaves him nearly alone."

Not many, even of those who took an intimate part in the remarkable agitation which centered around the great Hungarian exile during his visit to the United States in 1852, read this sad paragraph with more than transient interest. A few lingered over it with deep emotion, because they know that Madame Kossuth had been, in the highest sense, a heroine—had manifested, as a wife and mother, self-sacrificing devotion which befits her for historic associations with her celebrated husband.

Louis Kossuth and Teresa Meszlenyi were married at Pesth in 1841. Kossuth had been recently discharged from prison, where he had spent three years, under an Austrian sentence, because, in a manuscript journal of the proceedings of the Diet or Hungarian Congress furnished to political clubs in the several counties, he had dared to charge Austria with gross

injustice to the Hungarian people, in flagrant violation of ancient treaties, and by the eloquence and force of his appeals had created influential Magyar associations pledged to resist Austrian encroachments. So strong was public regard for Kossuth that, notwithstanding the danger of displeasure of the Austrian authorities, it was the fashion at Pesth to manifest respect and sympathy by marked attentions to his mother and sisters, who resided there. Among those connected with the nobility, who thus displayed regard for the imprisoned patriot were Madame Meszlenyi and her daughter Teresa. Acquaintance with Madame Kossuth and daughters led to acquaintance with Louis. Teresa Meszlenyi often accompanied the sisters when the Austrian jailers gave reluctant assent that they might cheer, by their presence, the loneliness of their brother's undeserved cell. This prison acquaintance ripened into mutual affection.

Kossuth was discharged from prison in obedience to the demand of the Diet in May, 1840, and on the 10th of January following Teresa Meszlenyi became his wife. During the stormy events which disturbed Hungary between the years 1841 and 1849 three children were born to the Kossuth family, two boys and one girl; and when, in the latter year, by internal treachery and Russian intervention, the Hungarian nation was crushed, and Kossuth, its Governor, was driven into exile, and became a prisoner in the Turkish dominions, his family was separated from him, and his children were separated from their mother. The history of their reunion forms one of the most interesting records of personal experiences which exists in any literature, and proves the merit of heroism we have ascribed to Madame Kossuth. We print the account of her trials as told by herself to Madame Pulsky—wife of the Under Secretary of State when Kossuth was Lord Treasurer of

Hungary—on shipboard during their voyage from Europe to America in 1851.

After giving a brief account of the last sad days of the disastrous campaign of the Hungarians, which resulted in the dictatorship of Görgey, and required Kossuth to abandon his native land in order to escape execution by Austrian authority, Madame Kossuth said:

"Lajos* departed. I could not accompany him. The children were hidden in the country; I had to join them, and to send them, if possible, to London, before I could follow him. I stood at the window when he drove away, and fell to the floor with a shriek as I saw the carriage had passed the gate. My maid and the sentinel raised an alarm; the officers and their ladies rushed to the room and endeavored to soothe me. They were full of bright hopes. Some said the army is to retire to Peterwardein, drawing together the scattered corps, and to renew the struggle in conjunction with the garrison of Komorn in the rear of the enemy. Others were sure that Görgey had previously made an honorable treaty with the Russians, and had secured the rights of the country by the guarantee of the Czar, and that his dictatorship, which was just proclaimed, allowed him now officially to enact what had been previously arranged. At Vilagos the formalities were to be accomplished, and they were only sorry that 'the Governor' would not be present on the occasion to direct the negotiations. I was anxious to witness myself what would happen, though I was fully convinced that Görgey was a traitor. I knew that he hated my husband personally, and I had no belief in his patriotism. With a carpet-bag in my hand, and without communicating my intention to any one but our faithful —, who accompanied me, we drove to Vilagos, where we found the hotel over-crowded. Nobody recognized me; I with difficulty got a miserable room, where the door was not even secured by a latch. I passed all the night in agitation, sitting on a chair, feverish, nearly delirious.

"In the morning my brother, the Colonel, found me out. I implored him to flee, as Görgey would betray the country and his brother officers; but he treated my fears slightly—he trusted his commander. . . .

"I went out in the course of the afternoon and heard that the army was to surrender, and the hussars were in despair. I saw an artilleryman who was weeping bitterly. The officers were still full of hope; but for me there was

no mystery any more—my worst fears were realized.

"I set out to the country-seat of my friends. When I arrived on the next day, guests were at the dinner-table; none of them, except two of the family, recognized me. These told me that my mother-in-law had fallen dangerously ill in the neighborhood; but when I drove thither I did not find her. Sick in body and mind I entreated our faithful — to proceed without me to the children, and to prepare every thing for their escape to England. He departed in tears. My strength broke down, a violent attack of fever seized me, I became delirious. My friends sent for a physician, who, from the ravings I incessantly uttered, soon knew who I was; but as an honest man he did not betray me. In a few days I got a little better. Every body spoke with gloomy forebodings of the future. Some prisoners of war had been shot, and the generals and staff-officers, previously treated with all military honors by the Russians, were now conveyed to the fortress of Arad.

"One morning I perceived an uncommon movement in the house; my kind friend rushed into my room. 'Here they are,' she cried. From below I heard confused noise and cries, interrupted by the report of muskets. I jumped from my bed, dressed hastily, and ran down the court-yard. Here every thing was in the greatest confusion. People ran to and fro, perplexed what to do, and when I inquired what had happened they said the wild Wallack mountaineers were approaching, burning the villages and murdering women and children, now that they knew that the Hungarians had been subdued by the Russians and Austrians. A Honvéd officer, a relative of my friend's, who had found shelter under their roof, was the only person who had not lost his presence of mind. He quickly put horses to a light peasant-cart, lifted me on the straw seat, got a warm cloak and threw it over my shoulder. Ellen, companion of my friend, sat down by me to take care of me on the flight, for I was exhausted by the fever. We were just starting when my friend ran frantically after us with her little son in her arms. 'Take him with you,' she screamed; 'save him!' But when the child was in my lap she again cried, 'I can not part from him, let us perish together,' snatched him from the cart and pressed him violently to her bosom. While she was quite lost in her despair the officer drove off.

"Where to go we did not know: to get away was our only aim. We went on, till late in the evening, with tired horses, we reached a lonely

* Her husband—Lajos being the Hungarian word for Louis.

inn; but we were not admitted there: terror and distrust were spread every-where. The officer had to threaten the innkeeper with violence if he refused to give shelter to a dying woman, who was fleeing from the Wallacks, before the door was opened. They carried me to the room and put me on the bed. The innkeeper's family was rough and sullen, and stared stupidly at us: they did not like us as guests. A few hours had scarcely elapsed when again an alarm was given that the Wallacks were approaching. The publican began to pack up his furniture, and drew the bed-clothes out from under me in order to hide them, and left me on the bare straw. My glance fell on the opposite wall, and the well-known portrait of my husband, with his mild countenance, looked down upon me. I remembered the time when the lithograph had been made, and when I contrasted it with my wretched condition, a laughter cramp seized me. Ellen and the officer carried me to the cart; I was unable to walk. We drove on, but every place and every way were filled with Austrian and Russian soldiers; there was no safety any where.

At last we stopped in a village, for I could be conveyed no further. The officer knew that a poor surgeon lived there, and he drove straight to his house. It was a mere thatched peasant-house; the study in front, the bedroom in the rear, separated by the kitchen. Without further asking the officer lifted me from the cart, carried me to the bedroom, and put me on the bed of the surgeon, who was engaged in the study with some patients, unaware of what was going on in the other part of his house. Four wooden chairs, a rickety table, and a poor bed were his only furniture. I was scarcely on the bed when the surgeon entered, and to his astonishment and dismay found us established in his room. Surprised and impatient he exclaimed, 'How did you dare to put this woman on my bed? She is dying.' But the officer calmly and sternly said, 'If you touch a hair of this lady you are a dead man. She is my sister-in-law, fleeing from the Wallacks.'

'The surgeon was struck, and surmised that the company might be different from what it appeared. He sat down by the bed: I was delirious. Hearing the words I uttered he exclaimed, 'Who can this lady be?' Ellen, fearing he might find it out himself, said, 'She is the wife of one of the ministers who is now trying to escape the Austrians.' 'If only the Governor is safe!' replied he. 'They say he is in Turkey; where is his wife? orders were given to seize her and her children,' and he went on deploring our fate. I did not hear all this;

Ellen told it to me afterward, when, under the care of the good surgeon, I began to recover. He treated me with the utmost attention. Ellen thanked him often, and told him we were not so poor as we looked, and would remunerate him with pleasure. But he declined any fee. He said he was a poor man, but a lady in such circumstances must have more need of her money than he. In a few days my host from — arrived to take me back to his country-seat, as the alarm of the Wallack invasion had proved without foundation. The country was quiet; the savage hordes had been repulsed by the Russians, who no longer needed such allies. When Mr. — saw the state of my health he thought it impossible to remove me; but once more I roused my energies and overcame the feebleness of my frame. I rose, and in the evening I was ready to start. The surgeon entreated me not to leave yet, but to stay some days longer; but I expected tidings from my husband, my children, and my mother-in-law; so I could not remain. The poor surgeon shed tears when we left and blessed me; he refused all remuneration. I had to put the fee without his knowledge into the book which lay on his table.

"My host himself drove the open carriage in which he had come to us. The rain poured in torrents all the night till morning, when we arrived at the castle drenched to the skin, and I again felt very ill. I was confined to my bed, but my chamber was near enough to the drawing-room to allow me occasionally to hear the conversation. The third day after my arrival a gentleman came and related, among other news, that Kossuth's children had been found out by the Austrians and had been imprisoned. 'Kossuth's mother and sisters are also imprisoned,' continued he. He spoke so loud that I heard every word. I could not suppress a scream, but fortunately the visitor was so deeply immersed in conversation that he did not hear it. It was a dreadful moment. No tidings of Lajos, and of the children such terrible news! My kind hostess had noticed my distressing cry—she endeavored, in vain, to comfort me. Soon afterward another guest arrived—not one of the patriots—yet he related with disgust that the Austrian General Schlich had issued a proclamation, threatening every body who should give shelter to the wife of Kossuth with confiscation of goods and trial by court martial. These words too reached my ears, and I heard, likewise, that a price of 20,000 florins was put upon my head. I was determined not to endanger my friends any longer; and when they came to my room I declared that I felt strong

enough to proceed further. They requested me to remain, but I could not accept their self-sacrificing generosity. I did not listen to their entreaties or remonstrance that my health could not stand the fatigue of a long journey.

"At last they yielded to my firm resolution and I drove away with Ellen to the house of a lady with whom I was acquainted. When I arrived she told me that this part of the country was unsafe, and that but a few days ago a patriot had been arrested in the neighborhood. But she offered herself to accompany me to her brother-in-law. We set out; again we found every inn filled with Austrian soldiers. We could not venture to go in, but remained in the carriage. Our horses were fed in a by-street, close to the house of the person who came out and offered us a plate of soup. He inquired for news; whether we had not heard any thing about the Governor. 'I every day pray for his safety,' said he. 'O, that his wife were only with him! What will be her fate if they catch her? They treat his children cruelly.' I began to weep. He kindly asked what ailed me. I answered that I had known the family. Having taken some soup we drove on.

"In the evening we arrived at my companion's brother-in-law's, a rough country gentleman, who was at first angry with Mrs. — for bringing unknown persons as guests in such critical times. But when he saw me he immediately gave orders to provide for my accommodation. He sent what we required to our room; yet he studiously avoided us. He probably had recognized me. I saw that my presence frightened every one who knew me. Next morning, therefore, I requested Mrs. — not to accompany me any further. I would not constantly expose my friends to danger. I was unwilling to go too far from —, whereto alone Lajos would send me tidings; I, therefore, made up my mind to travel with Ellen, assuming to have been hospital nurses, sisters of a Honvéd officer. My intention was to avoid the country seats of those whom I personally knew, and to live among the peasantry. And so we did; we found a home among the lowly. Miss Mary and her sister, the hospital nurses, were well received by the peasants, and were safe in the cottages of the poor. But on the other hand difficulties increased to get reliable information about any thing going on at home and abroad.

"Often when we staid in a village the peasant women came to me and said, 'My dove, you surely are ill; let me cook some soup for you. You look so pale.' And when they heard that I was the sister of a Honvéd officer, they asked me if I knew nothing of their master

Kossuth. God bless him! They had hidden his bank notes; they knew they would be of value again. Such scenes comforted me.

"Once we arrived in one of the large Hungarian villages on a market day. Peasants from all parts of the country were there selling their produce. But the general talk among them was less about the prices than of Kossuth. Where was he—and that he is coming back with a Turkish army—that he was treated by the Turks with all the honors due to a sovereign, and that he had become the ally of the Sultan. They did not hesitate freely to utter his name, proscribed in the castles of the gentry by distrust and fear of the Austrian police.

"When going to — I was very nearly recognized. Sitting on a peasant cart with Ellen, drawn by two jades, clad in a cotton dress, my head wrapped in a blue handkerchief, I little thought that my appearance could rouse suspicion. It was not far from the fortress of Arad, a regiment of cuirassiers came along the road, and we had to stop while they passed. A gentleman of the neighborhood, late of the Austrian army, who had married a Hungarian heiress, was cantering up the way to meet his former brother officers. He passed our cart without noticing us; but when, with the gay company of the Austrians, he again approached us, one of them pointed to me. He rode up close to us and stared in my face. I assumed as stupid a countenance as ever I could, and as he turned his horse I heard him say, 'Peasant women, nothing else.'

"Arrived in the neighboring place I sent to Arad for news, how the prisoners were treated? where Lajos was? I got the answer that my sons were handed over to the Jesuits, my daughter to the nuns; that the generals were under trial by court-martial; that Austria and Russia insisted on the extradition of the refugees in Turkey; that the Sultan was undecided what course to pursue and kept them in prison. But all these were vague rumors; no body knew how far they could be trusted. I saw that I was not safe here, and, therefore, I took a northerly direction. But wherever I came I found Austrian soldiers billeted in the houses of the peasants. We arrived at —, a large village. Night was approaching; the horses were tired; it was cold; I could not obtain any shelter, and I began to weep. A peasant saw it, and asked what ailed me. 'I do not know where to go for this night.' 'I would take you to my house, but it is too far. I pity you very much,' said the peasant; 'but the upholsterer here has a spare room; it is not yet arranged, yet it is better than nothing.'

"We accepted the advice, and we found the upholsterer and his wife such a kind-hearted, industrious, though very poor couple, that I immediately determined to stay with them. When we told them we wished to hire their spare room, and to remain in their house some time, and had concluded the bargain, they offered us food gratuitously, thinking that we must be badly off to hire such a wretched room. Not to arouse their suspicions I promised them a very trifling remuneration, saying we had money left. But I did not dare to buy better furniture for my room; I only requested them to get us, if possible, a Vienna newspaper in the village, because, said I, 'I have a brother with the refugees in Turkey, and I would like to know what has become of them all.'

"In a few days they brought me the *Ost-deutsche Post*, but not of last date. I hastily glanced over it, and read in the correspondence from Widden that the refugee question was settled; they were to be given up; and the Austrian General, *Haustab*, had already gone to escort them back. I became nearly mad, and wrote to my friends in — that if the prisoners were coming they should send me notice without delay, that I might join my husband to die with him. My poor hostess saw my distress, and, full of commiseration, said that she would never again get me a newspaper, as it was very bad for me. Yet at the same time rumors were afloat that the Sultan had refused to give up the Hungarians, and so I remained in an agony of fear and hope for a whole week. It was the most painful time of my life.

"I again got papers: I looked first for the news from Turkey, and it tranquilized me a little; but when I glanced at the correspondence from Pesth, I saw that Count *Lewis Batthany* had been executed. I swooned when I read this. It then struck my hosts that I might perhaps be the Countess *Batthany*; and from that day they made a fire in my stove, though they denied themselves this luxury. On the next market day, knowing how poor they were, I sent *Ellen* to buy three cart-loads of straw. When they were brought to the upholsterer he came to me and asked me who had bought it. I said I had done it. 'Goodness me,' he exclaimed, 'are you so rich that you can spare so much money?'

"When he left me I heard him talk with his wife, that I must be a great lady; and they no longer allowed their journeyman to go into the kitchen when I was there. In the evening my landlord and his wife used to come to my room

for a talk. He smoked his short pipe and inquired if I did not know where their good master *Kossuth* was. 'Had he only never trusted to a gentleman,' said he—'had he only thrown himself entirely on the people—we would have stood by him to the last. Had he only left his children with a peasant they would not be in prison; but the gentry have betrayed him and his children.' Forgetting where I was I said, 'Really the people are good and have noble hearts. If I succeed to get away, and God afterward bring us back, I will richly return your kindness, and I will furnish your whole house.' The pipe dropped from the mouth of my host, and his wife exclaimed, 'Dear me, who is it before whom I stand? Miss *Mary*! it is impossible that you should be Miss *Mary*.'

"I saw my mistake, and told them that my brother had in the last event rendered great service to *Kossuth*, who surely would do every thing for him. After this day they did not quite believe me. They treated me with more respect, and their journeyman made me a present of a foot-stool."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOD'S LOWLY POOR.

DARK are their destinies,
Nameless their miseries,
Count not their frailties,
While they endure.

When, with imploring hand,
They at your threshold stand,
Speak to them kind and bland—
God's lowly poor.

O ye rich ones of earth!
When at your blazing hearth,
Feasted with wine and mirth,
Think of God's poor.

Out in a world of woe,
Out where the tempests blow,
Only themselves may know
What they endure.

Tearful and dark alway,
Onward through life they stray,
Comfort them ye who may,
Still their sad moan;

And the good God who planned
All things in wisdom grand,
Ye, in that brighter land,
Yet shall enthrone.

Dark are their miseries,
Nameless their agonies,
Count not their frailties,
While they endure.

Dublin Nation.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF CHRIST.

EDITORIAL.

NUMBER III.

THERE are special occasions when the power of entering into conscious fellowship with Christ is peculiarly available for the purposes of the Christian life. There are seasons when it is the strength and inspiration of the soul. And perhaps on no occasion is the power of the realized presence of Christ more blessed or more wonderful than in that strange process of regeneration which lies at the beginning of the Christian's new life. To a soul awakened to a consciousness of its spiritual wants, to a sense of guilt and condemnation, to a realization of the discord between it and God, to find a medium through which these wants are met, this sense of guilt removed and peace established between the soul and God, is an experience of the highest possible blessedness. The discovery of a process by which it may be brought about, if of God, as we think it must be, is heaven's best gift to man; or if of men, it is the highest and grandest result of human thought and reason.

That such a process of reconciliation between God and man exists in Christianity is claimed by the system itself, and has been attested by the experience of unnumbered millions. And this testimony has been uniform and the phenomena identical in all the history of Christianity. Of course it avails nothing against this testimony that many declare there is no such experience in Christianity; that they do not believe it and have never felt it. Notwithstanding this, the positive testimony of millions, given in all ages, in all countries, under all variety of circumstances—given not only by profession, but also manifested in a new life corresponding with it—remains the same. This testimony is, that the soul, awakened to a sense of its guilt and wants, finds peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; that the realization of the life, the mission, the death, the intercession of Christ is the vital fact that harmonizes the soul with God.

The want of peace with God, the sense of separation, the feeling of discord, the apprehension of danger, the consciousness of guilt, are universal with mankind—universal in the sense that they are found every-where; that men of all ages and countries have been realizing them and laboring to provide a remedy for them. The existence of worship and the offering of sacrifice the world over is but the outward expression of this inward experience.

It is true that in the presence of all these religions, even of Christianity itself, thousands completely absorbed in a mere world-life are undisturbed by any consciousness of this inward conflict. Evidently this is only a state of latent consciousness, in which all the elements of this spiritual contest are slumbering in the soul, submerged beneath an overlying mass of other thoughts and wants, but ready at any moment to assert themselves with tremendous power. Hence, among the ranks of the thoughtless and unconcerned, multitudes are suddenly and powerfully startled into almost overwhelming realization of these spiritual needs, all the more powerful from the suddenness with which they have risen into consciousness. In the history of Christianity these awakenings are so common and the relief provided for them so certain that almost the entire practical efforts of the Church are directed toward this work.

That wonderful Christian process known as conversion or regeneration is, then, a fact in human history, than which there is no better-attested fact in all human experience. Its phenomena are something like the following: The soul, by a great variety of processes, is aroused to a consciousness of its spiritual state and wants. In this awakened consciousness we find a sense of guilt—a feeling of separation between us and God—a want of harmony and an absence of peace. The claims of God, our Creator and Benefactor, assert themselves upon us—claims which we have been neglecting or refusing in all the past. The realization of the vast interests of the life to come thrusts itself upon us. We are at enmity with God, we are conscious his favor and approbation are not upon us. That this state of discord is not our rightful state is evident. We feel that there should be harmony and friendship between us and our God and Father. How shall we remove this conflict and attain this peace? A mere reformation of our lives does not produce the desired result. The mere abstinence from certain wrongs and performance of certain duties leaves the war waging in our breasts still. Christianity prescribes "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;" the confession and forsaking of our sins, the humbling of ourselves before God, and the realization and acceptance of the life and offices of his Son Jesus Christ. The acceptance of Christ—which implies belief in his divine mission, reliance upon his mediatorship, personal appropriation of his wonderful offices and work as the Son of God—brings peace to the soul, sometimes with a power of thrilling blessedness that is inexpressible, sometimes with a suddenness

that is as marked as any event in human life, sometimes with a calmness and gentleness that hushes the soul into an unspeakable rest. There is peace with God, there is a delightful persuasion of acceptance with him, there is a fountain opened in the heart welling up with love to God and man. Such has been the experience of millions. What is its central fact? Belief in Christ reconciles the soul to God, and is the medium through which a new and blessed life is originated in the human spirit. Account for it as we will, the fact is as undeniable as any joy or sorrow, any pain or bliss in human experience.

But this same realization of Christ is the inspiring element that runs through the development of the entire Christian life. The apprehension of Jesus in the sublime offices in which he is presented to us in the Scriptures sanctifies the human soul, "transforming it into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of God." Accepting Christ as a divine Teacher gives intellectual rest to the soul. It is the solution of great moral and spiritual problems that are utterly beyond the power of human reason to solve—problems that can only be settled by authority, because beyond the reach of human reason—and, what is of infinite importance to us as a race, settles authoritatively many problems which the multitudes have neither time nor ability to investigate in the light of reason. The conception of the unity of God may possibly be reached by the long and careful study of the philosophers; polytheism is perpetually the conception of the masses. The philosophic few may reason themselves into a comfortable hope of immortality; but the authoritative announcement of this truth is infinitely better for the multitudes. But it is an unspeakable rest for the greatest of souls to sit down at the feet of Jesus and learn of him, and the greatest of souls have found in him this intellectual rest, and rejoiced in it.

The contemplation of Christ as a pure and holy example is delightful and powerful in its influence on the human spirit. We have seen this in its power over minds that only see in Christ an exalted human nature. The beauty of Christ's life has converted even modern infidelity, and compelled it to accept him as at least the perfect man. And who can calculate the silent power of that holy life pervading and influencing modern society, even where it is not apprehended with the transforming faith of the actual Christian? How much of the refinement, the gentleness, the modesty, the charity of Christendom flows from the sublime

example of love and tenderness given to the world by Christ! Nay, how much of that refinement and delicacy of taste manifested in Christianized literature and art is the product of this same influence! How much more, then, does the example of Christ become an ennobling, refining power to the actual Christian! He sees in Christ a perfect example, an incarnation of divine perfections, a model toward which his soul aspires. To grow into the likeness of Christ, and to be like him when we shall see him as he is, is the inspiration of the Christian, and "every one that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." Christ, as we have said, is the Christian's model. As the artist selects from actual life a model or creates by the power of his genius an ideal, and then labors to realize it on the canvas or in the marble, and directs every touch of the brush or every blow on the chisel toward the evolution of this ideal, so the devout Christian places before him the perfect ideal found in Christ, and labors to attain it. The very contemplation of this perfection exalts and purifies the soul; every effort to realize it helps to form and fix in the human character the elements and habits of this supreme excellence. Says Jean Paul: "Every nobly-aspiring heart wishes to behold its ideal out of itself, in bodily presence, with glorified or adopted form, in order to attain it; hence, the lofty man can only ripen by a lofty one, as the diamond can only be polished by a diamond." "Follow me" are divine words that no mere man would dare to utter, and which, floating through the ages, are as the voice of God inviting his children to excellence on earth and to immortality in heaven.

The realization of the constant presence, and favor, and power of Christ is the comfort and strength of the Christian in the duties and struggles of life. "This is the victory that overcomes the world, even your faith." What faith? The faith that realizes a present Savior; a friend, a helper, a sympathizer, a shepherd, a leader—the faith that hears the voice of Christ exhorting to good cheer because he has overcome the world, and all his divine strength is ours. "I am with you always," are words of strength to the weak, of comfort to the sorrowing, of rebuke to the wavering and the erring, and of sublime inspiration to every one that would work for God and man. The realization of a personal Savior is essential to the love, and zeal, and steadfastness of the Christian life. Abstract truth, however sublime, is not a sufficient inspiration to move the depths of the soul and sustain it in the conflicts and

duties of a spiritual life. A sacred person, an adored presence, a hallowed name, has always been the inspiring center around which have converged the heroic deeds of the world. In the great conflicts of the spiritual and moral life a living, personal, present Christ has been the inspiration of the individual disciples and the rallying center of his embattled hosts. Amid all changes and modifications of belief, and all varieties of organization, the one truth that remains unchanged—the center and the bond of union—is Christ himself. Among all the names of the sons of men the name of Jesus stands immeasurably preëminent as the battle-cry of hosts contending for truth, and holiness, and freedom, and charity, against error, and sin, and oppression, and wrong. The march of the race toward higher civilization, greater freedom, broader charity, and sublimer truth has been under the banner of Christ.

One of the most solemn facts of our human existence, which casts its shadow over every household and wakes a wail of sadness in every human heart, is death—that mysterious and inevitable destiny that awaits us all. We have ever been trying to fathom its mysteries, to postpone its approach, to soften its terrors, to soothe the passage through its dark shadows. Poets have endeavored to sing away its sadness and mellow its sorrows, and philosophers have labored to lighten its darkness, to reason away its terrors, or to nerve themselves to step into the region of its mysteries with cold defiance. Yet the glory of sanctifying death and of hallowing the tomb belongs to Christ. There is nothing more wonderful in human history than that story of death which begins at the cross, takes its course through the line of victorious apostles, triumphing martyrs, and the saints of all ages and countries, witnessing that death has found his conqueror. For eighteen centuries the song of the death-chamber has been, "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory!" The hymn of the dying has been:

"Jesus can make the dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are."

The language of dying Christians has been, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a joy of death in the world; Christ has removed its sting, dispelled its terrors, and thrown around it a sanctity and hopefulness that makes

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

And this triumph is not found simply in the supporting influence of the doctrines of immortality and resurrection which Christ emphasized for our comfort, but springs from the realized presence of Christ himself. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; *for thou art with me,*" is the secret of this triumph and the inspiration of this peace. "Read to me of Christ," said a dying saint, "that supports and blesses me." "The best of all is, God is with us," were the dying words of Wesley. The presence of a divine friend, sympathizer, Savior, realized by the dying Christian is the power that sustains the soul and gives it victory in this last conflict.

And now what shall we say to all this? The realization of a living, personal Savior—faith in Christ, the acceptance of Jesus in the holy offices in which he is presented to us—is an exercise of the soul which brings all these benefits to us. It gives peace to the awakened soul; it reconciles to God and opens a conscious communion with him; it gives rest to the reason and leads the soul into a realm of satisfying truth; it transforms the life and directs it in perpetual growth toward a perfect model; it strengthens in weakness; it supports in temptation; it sustains in duty; it inspires love, and zeal, and charity; it blesses the world by leading to a truer, higher, freer, nobler life; it removes the terrors of death; it gives victory to the dying and consolation to the bereaved. And that it does all this is the testimony of millions asserting it as their own personal experience.

What is this power that originates such results in human experience, that is so eminently adapted to the wants and necessities of our human life? Is it a delusion or imagination, or is it the power of God? If the former, then happy delusion! blessed imagination! that comes with such power and adaptation to the soul, awakening an experience so blessed, and developing lives so true to the best conceptions we can form of true manhood. All hail to the men that devised this scheme so full of blessings to humanity! But can it be possible that a delusion, or mere fancy, a mere imagined presence of a person and a power that have no reality, can work such blessed influences in our human nature? Is our nature so constituted that it exactly needs a falsehood, an imaginary belief to meet its necessities, restore its harmonies, rouse its best elements into life and action, and develop it to the highest conceivable good? Can it be possible that such is the constitution of human nature that a lie is the

complement of its imperfections, and the belief in a lie sanctifies and perfects it? Yet this is the problem for infidelity to solve. Millions of men have been changed from a state of sin, and guilt, and enmity to God into a state of peace and fellowship with God; have lived lives of the highest moral excellence; have triumphed over temptations; have endured trials with patience; have labored with zeal for God and man; have died with a hope full of immortality, and have told us that the moral force which awakened, sustained, and developed all this was the realization of the life and mission of Jesus Christ. Till this monument of testimony is overthrown, and the world can be made to believe that all Christian life and Christian history has been developed from belief in a lie, infidelity must be a failure, and Christianity must live and grow among men.

THE QUEENLY POWER OF WOMAN.

WE can not determine what the queenly power of women should be till we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We can not consider how education may fit them for any widely-extending duty till we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and the rights of woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man, as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong, perhaps even more foolishly wrong—for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the preëminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the help-mate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we can not get some clear and harmonious idea—it must be harmonious if it is true—of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office with respect to man's, and how their relations,

rightly accepted, aid and increase the vigor and authority of both.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakspeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage, and the still slighter Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus, Cæsar, Antony, stand in flawed strength and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind. Whereas, there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katharine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless, conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of *King Lear* is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakspeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia—and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not and can not in her nature be a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures—Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril—they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence, also, in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakspeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors, incorruptibly just and pure examples, strong always to sanctify, even when they can not save.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakspeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.

Next take, though more briefly, graver and deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady—a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer and show you why he wrote a *Legend of Good Women*, but no legend of good men. I would take Spenser and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times and show you how the great people—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated rather than by his own kindred—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman, and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm and cloudy shield to whose faith you owe down to this date whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world—consistent as you see it is on this head. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion by the lover to

his mistress. I say *obedient*; not merely enthusiastic and worshiping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations, and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defense alike of faith, of law, and of love; that chivalry, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady.

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept.

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding* not a determining function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other can only give.

Now, their separate characters are briefly these: The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest is necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man in his rough work in open world must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause

of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace, the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth, watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfills the praise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were harmless.

This, then, I believe to be—will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that to fulfill this she must, as far as one can use such terms of a human creature, be incapable of error? So far as she rules all must be right or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman.—*John Ruskin.*

THE FUTURE.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW.

THE future in this world has three mortal periods: Youth with a golden dream, manhood with an iron reality, old age with a remembered past—the one with the world all before where to choose, the next with a choice, the last with that choice decided.

The glow of morn upon the hills tinging the heavens and the earth with a transient loveliness is the romance of youth. But the crimson passes like a shadow, and the silver ripples chasing away the purple as morn departs pencil day upon all things. Then the hills, so flushed with morning promise, so pearly with morning dew, grow clear and distinct with midday luster. So that golden dream of youthful mornings becomes a vivid reality in the brightness of manhood. But the luster of noon, fading, mingling with evening colors, represents old age as its day is far spent. A remembered past attends life's evening, although its day of dreams and realities is gone forever.

In an old choral trio of the *Lacedæmonians* the battle cry was sung:

"The old men began—

'Once in battle bold we shone.'

The middle-aged replied—

'Try us; our vigor is not gone.'

But the boys concluded—

'The palm remains for us alone.'"

To the boys, then, as now, all was before them what to choose. A golden dream was the Spartan sentiment. "Be true to the dream of thy youth," are Schiller's poetic words.

But there's a futurity beyond this life. An unexplored sea rolls between *here* and *beyond*, bearing no sails of intelligence. No sign comes to us from over the mysterious ocean. The voyager sails his last voyage. But we who are Christians can say, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when He shall appear we shall be like him." There is in man a harp whose wires mysteriously ring with an immortal music. The stories of history and the rays of philosophy tend to make us believe in futurity hereafter; but the book of holy love alone tells us that the soul can never die. When darkness gathers over the face of nature, and the nations fall in death, "the last man" shall sing the future of the soul of faith:

"It shall live again and shine,

By Him recalled to breath,

Who captive led captivity,

Who robbed the grave of victory,

And took the sting from death."

The two futurities, here and beyond, seemingly separated by the dark river, yet are as a midsummer's day at the poles, where sunset melts into sunrise, and the last ray of evening appears as the first beam of the new morning. So the peaceful and the just, when evening

colors gather around, only die to live in the morning of the new day. When that eternal morning dawns on us who are yet awaiting it, the future will be veiled no more.

FASHIONABLE COSTUMES OF "YE OLDEN TIME"

BY REV. JAMES M. FREEMAN.

THE foolish extremes of fashion have always excited the ridicule and contempt of sensible people. The difference between the person decently and comfortably clad, and the one tricked out in gaudy apparel, put on evidently for no other purpose than a vain exhibition, is as well marked as the distinction between sense and folly. Notwithstanding the satires written on the absurd fashions of the present day, and many of them richly deserve it, we are of the opinion that the world is gradually becoming more rational in the matter of costume. A few of the fashions of late years have been really conducive to health and comfort; as, for instance, thick-soled shoes for ladies, and crinoline, provided there is not too much of it. And though there are still many ridiculous fashions connected with dress, a comparison of the present with former times will show that our absurdities are not so great as those of our ancestors.

An examination of a rare and curious volume written by an English lady of rank has served to strengthen this conviction, and has also, in the main, furnished the materials for the present article.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the articles used in the costume of ladies were somewhat different from those now in use, as the following inventory, from one of the poets of that day, will show:

"Chains, coronets, pendants, bracelets, and ear-rings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroideries, and rings;
Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn, and fardingales,
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combs, with poking-sticks, and
bodkins,
Coyles, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets, and hair-laces;
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colors a hundred-fold."

The poet continues by an account of various cosmetics, which he calls by the names of "waters," "confections," and "ointment." Ever since "Jezebel painted her face," as we are told in the Second Book of Kings, and we know not how long before, these preparations for the skin

have been more or less in use. A lady, in more modern times than those referred to, who prided herself on the beauty and freshness of her complexion, went with a friend to attend a chemical lecture. Shortly after the experimental part of the lecture began, her face, to the surprise of all present, became of a beautiful bright blue. Some salt or acid employed by the chemist had made the wondrous change and spoiled her complexion, while at the same time it exposed the artifice.

Not satisfied with cosmetics, there were those who practiced *patching*. This absurd fashion was in vogue, at intervals, for the best part of a century. It was much admired during the reign of Charles I, and also in France during the reign of Louis XIV. The patches were black and of various shapes, representing suns, moons, stars, hearts, crosses, and lozenges; and some even ornamented their faces with patches cut in the shape of horses and carriages! They occupied different positions; the corner of the eye, the center of the forehead, the corner of the mouth, the middle of the cheek, the fold formed by the mouth in laughing, on the lips, and even on the nose. The French ladies had a different name for every patch according to its position. Addison waged perpetual war against this ridiculous fashion, and is supposed to have been chiefly instrumental, by his satires, in effecting its abolition.

While care was taken to ornament every part of the person, there seems to have been special attention paid to decorations for the head. Not to go any further back, we find that in the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the reign of Henry IV, curious and elaborate coiffures were fashionable. They were made of silk or fine linen, ribbons of various colors, and gold and silver cord, and were usually accompanied by a veil suspended behind. They were of different shapes, some resembling a crescent, and others a heart. In most of them the hair was usually concealed. A few years later the horned head-dress became fashionable. This was a modification of the crescent, with a veil suspended from the points of the horns and hanging on either side. The shape was soon changed again, the tendency being upward and pointed till the head seemed to carry a steeple upon it.

These various styles of dressing the head continued with alterations more or less grotesque, till after the lapse of years the ladies became content to make use of the ornament which nature has provided for the head. Fashion then directed itself to arranging the hair in various forms of curls and puffs, endeavoring to

exhibit rather than conceal. Long, flowing curls were thought the very acmé of beauty. During the reign of Charles I the fops, imitating the example of that monarch, allowed one long curl to dangle over the left temple, as a special attraction for the fairer sex. This was known by the name of the "love-lock." Staid and quiet people were shocked by its appearance, and one good man actually wrote a quarto volume against it, which he styled "The Unloveliness of Love-locks." The ladies, not to be outdone, soon had a corresponding lock on their fair foreheads, which they denominated the "heart-breaker." Are there any of our readers who remember the "beau-catcher" of a few years since?

It was not many years, however, before edifices of various sorts were again reared upon the head. One of the most curious of these, introduced during the reign of the Second James, was called the "commode." If the word is, as Webster states, from the Latin *commodus*, convenient, it was certainly a misnomer, for a more inconvenient affair to put on the head it would be hard to imagine. It was a frame of wire, two or three stories high, fitting closely to the head, covered with very thin linen or silk, and ornamented in a variety of ways. In France, at a later day, one kind resembled an open fan rising from the forehead and having two streamers floating behind.

The "commode" continued popular for a long time. When ornamented with a ribbon or top-knot it was called a "Fontange," after a celebrated French lady of that name. She was in company with Louis XIV on a hunting excursion with a large number of ladies and gentlemen of his court, when a gust of wind rudely disarranged and loosened her "commode." She immediately took a ribbon from another part of her dress and gracefully fastened the "commode" together. The monarch was so pleased with this that he begged her to continue to wear it as a head-dress. This she did, and, of course, all the ladies of the court followed suit.

Another fashionable head-dress was a huge cushion, over which the hair was drawn to a great height and surmounted by a handkerchief of linen or fine gauze. But the most singular device ever dreamed of for a head-dress was the *capriole*. This was a representation of a post-chaise and horses, or a coach and six horses perched on top of the head! The vehicle was made of gold thread, and the horses, coachman, footman, and gentleman within were of blown glass.

These various coiffures were made of different materials. Lawn, muslin, silk, net, lace, gauze,

ribbons, flowers, feathers, and wire were laid under contribution for their production. Their proper formation required artistic skill, and became a very important and profitable branch of trade. In dressing the hair immense quantities of powder and pomatum were used; and so elaborate was the work that it was impossible to dress the hair every day. The coiffure frequently remained untouched for a week or a fortnight, or even longer. One writer states that the hair might be so arranged as to stand a month without combing, but protests against "those foreign artists who advertise that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a quarter of a year."

Common though it is for gentlemen to lecture ladies on the superfluities of dress, they have not much to boast of in the way of moderation, and certainly were quite even with the other sex in the different eras of which we write. Indeed, in the time of Richard II the dress of a gentleman bore a strong resemblance to that of a lady. He wore a "gowne" with wide sleeves, called "pokys," though some designated them "the devil's receptacles," since they were convenient deposits for stolen goods.

A few years after this, while the ladies wore their horned and steeple head-dresses, the gentlemen had their hair dressed to fall over their eyes and their heads surmounted with a hat of enormous height; while the feet, as if to correspond with the head, were incased in shoes with projecting points, varying in length from six inches to two feet. These were called *poulaines*.

The dandies of Charles the First's time stuffed their stockings with articles of various kinds, distending them to enormous dimensions. One poor fellow, with his stockings stuffed with bran, while conversing with some ladies unluckily caught his hose in a nail, which tore a hole and let out the contents on the floor, to the no small amusement of the ladies and the confusion of the luckless swain. It is said that some used them for carrying wearing apparel, and hence they acquired the name of "trunk-hose."

In the middle of the seventeenth century the fops sported long streamers of ribbon of various colors. A writer of the day speaks of one of them who was "drest like a May-pole." The fluttering of his ribbons was like the noise made by "a fregat newly rigged, and in a storme."

Nor was the use of cosmetics confined to ladies. In the early part of the reign of George III gentlemen used washes and paint, which they freely applied to the face for the purpose

of obtaining a beautiful complexion. They had a royal as well as a French precedent for this, for many years before Henry III of France had not thought it beneath the dignity of a monarch to regard these exquisite niceties of the toilet. Every night his hands were covered with gloves, and a cloth saturated with perfumes was laid over his face to improve his complexion. Whole hours of each day were spent in shading his cheeks with red and white paint, and in coloring his eyebrows. Illustrious monarch! what an example for thy people!

Various were the efforts made at different times and among different nations to regulate or restrict by sumptuary laws the fashions of the day. When the Chinese were ordered by their Tartar conquerors to cut off their long tresses, some of them resisted even to blood, and chose rather to lose their heads than their hair. The Tartars also endeavored to compel the Persians to clip their whiskers Tartar fashion, and long and fierce were the struggles resulting.

Henry IV, of England, endeavored, as had some of his predecessors, to restrict dress within reasonable limits. He prohibited, under severe penalties, to be visited alike on tailor and on wearer, certain articles of apparel, such as robes ornamented with flowers and other devices, cloth of velvet and gold, and rich furs, save to the nobility. But in spite of pains and penalties fashion maintained its sway over the people.

Edward the Fourth endeavored to regulate the *poulaines* or long-toed shoes, already referred to. No one under the rank of a lord could wear them of greater length than ten inches. Subsequent efforts were made to abolish them entirely. Fashion then changed to broad toes of most extravagant width, and another law was passed prohibiting these.

Henry VIII was much disturbed about the dress of his people. He afflicted the fops by directing that the hair which had been worn long and flowing should be cropped short, though he permitted the wearing of fierce beards and flowing mustaches. He likewise restricted the wearing of furs and velvets of certain kinds and embroidered apparel to the royal family and nobility.

Elizabeth is said to have made more laws concerning dress than any other monarch. She was a devoted follower of fashion. In her day ruffs and collars assumed their largest dimensions and their greatest stiffness. A quaint author of her reign says, "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and dive

their ruffs, which being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." This starch was sometimes yellow as well as white. Elizabeth was so particular that she had to import a laundress from Holland, none of the good English women having sufficient skill or neatness. This queen of fashion made decrees regulating the style of head-dress, the size of ruffs, and the length of gentlemen's swords. She also appointed officers to enforce her edicts.

The pulpit has in different ages spoken as well as the throne. Almost every article of costume has in turn been the subject of its animadversions. Long trains, embroidered coats, long-toed shoes, horned caps, and various other devices were eloquently condemned from the sacred desk. But hair and head-dresses seem to have received the severest and most frequent blows.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century "periviches," or periwigs, were introduced into England. As the fashion became general, hair became scarce; so that it was dangerous for children with fine locks to wander in the streets alone, since it was no uncommon occurrence for women to entice them into by-places and cut their hair off. The clergy preached and wrote against the periwig, and, it is to be supposed, against the stealing also. But big wigs became fashionable, not only among ladies but gentlemen as well; and this notwithstanding some faithful ministers wore their own hair as short as possible, by way of example to the flock and protest against the fashion.

The commode, or high head-dress, already described, was a frequent subject of pulpit discourse. A faithful preacher of 1698 thus speaks of the fashionable women of his day, and the head-dress they wore: "All their rigging is nothing worth without this wagging topsail; and in defiance of our Savior's words they endeavor, as it were, to add a *cubit* to their stature. With their exalted heads they do, as it were, attempt a superiority over mankind; nay, their Babel-builders seem, with their lofty towers, to threaten the skies and even to defy heaven itself."

Preaching against dress has not often been productive of the end desired, though sometimes the eloquence of the preacher has moved the hearers to reformation. When Henry I was in Normandy a pulpit orator so eloquently declaimed against the wickedness of long hair, that the King and his courtiers wept; whereupon the preacher wishing to follow precept with practice, took from the folds of his sleeve a long pair of shears and cropped the heads of his congregation, courtiers and even King included.

In the early days of English Methodism there were sometimes converts from fashionable life, who showed the sincerity of their conversion by renouncing the absurd fashions of the day and assuming apparel plain and becoming. An old English paper says, "Several fine ladies who used to wear French silks, French hoops four yards wide, *tele de moulon* heads, and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists and followers of Mr. Whitefield, whose doctrine of the new birth has so prevailed over them, that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night-mobs, and old plain bags."

While we would not have Methodists or members of any other denomination dress in uniform, we can not but wish that there was more plainness of attire and less extravagance exhibited by Christian people. Extremes, whether of plainness or of fashion, should be avoided. In most cases good taste as well as Christian principle direct this course; for it is indisputably true that a majority of the new fashions introduced are not according to the instincts of a correct taste. There is something absurd or repulsive about nearly every one of them. But leaving the matter of taste out of the question, there is one simple practical rule for Christian men and women, which rule they ought to follow in view of the great judgment: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

CONVERSION OF CLAUDINE LEVET.

PAULA, the wife of John Levet, and probably the same as Fernetta of Bourdigny, was daughter of the Lord of Bourdigny, in the *mandement* of Peney. The members of this house had been styled nobles or *damoiseaux* as far back as the thirteenth century, and many of them had been syndics of Geneva. This lady, prepared by the teachings of the evangelists who had preceded Froment, "had become very zealous for the Word," and earnestly desired to bring to the Gospel her sister-in-law Claudine, wife of a worthy citizen, Aime Levet. The latter, "an honest, devoted, and wondrously superstitious woman," was upright and sincere, and more than once had combated zealously her sister's opinions. One day when Paula was at Claudine's house, she conjured her to come and hear the schoolmaster. "I have so great a horror of him," replied her sister-in-law, "that for fear of being bewitched, I will neither see nor hear him." "He speaks like an angel," answered Paula. "I look upon him as a devil," retorted Claudine. "If you hear him, you will

be saved." "And I think I shall be damned." Thus contended these two women. Paula was not discouraged. "At least hear him once," she said, and then added with emotion, "Pray hear him once for love of me!" She prevailed at last, though with great difficulty.

Dame Claudine, although yielding to her sister's entreaties, resolved to protect herself thoroughly. She armed herself carefully with all the antidotes provided in such cases; she fastened fresh-gathered rosemary leaves to her temples, rubbed her bosom with virgin wax, hung relics, crosses, and rosaries round her neck, and shielded by these amulets, she accompanied Paula to the Croix d'Or. "I am going to see an enchanter," she said, so deceived was she. She promised herself to lead back the Demoiselle de Bourdigny into the fold.

Claudine entered the hall and sat down in front of the magician in mockery and derision, says the chronicle. Froment appeared, having a book in his hand. He mounted on a round table, as was his custom, in order to be better heard, and opening the New Testament, read a few words, and then began to apply them. Claudine, without caring the least for the assembly, and wishing to make her Catholicism known, crossed herself several times on the breast, at the same time repeating certain prayers. Froment continued his discourse and unfolded the treasures of the Gospel. Claudine raised her eyes at last, astonished at what she heard, and looked at the minister. She listened, and ere long there was not a more attentive hearer in all the congregation. Froment's voice alone would have been "wasted," but it entered into the woman's understanding, as if borne by the Spirit of God. She drank in the reformer's words, and yet a keen struggle was going on within her. Can this doctrine be true, seeing that the Church says nothing about it? she asked herself. Her eyes often fell on the schoolmaster's book. It was not a misal or a breviary. . . . It seemed to her full of life.

Froment having completed his sermon, the children and adults rose and prepared to go out. Claudine remained in her place; she looked at the teacher, and at last exclaimed aloud, "Is it true what you say?" "Yes," answered the reformer. "Is it all proved by the Gospel?" "Yes." "Is not the mass mentioned in it?" "No!" "And is the book from which you preached a genuine New Testament?" "Yea." Madame Levet eagerly desired to have it: taking courage she said, "Then lend it to me." Froment gave it to her, and Claudine placing it carefully under her cloak, among her relics and beads, went out with her sister-in-law, who was

beginning to see all her wishes accomplished. As Claudine returned home she did talk much with Paula: hers was one of those deep natures that speak little with man but much with God. Entering her house, she went straight to her room and shut herself in, taking nothing but the book with her, and being determined not to come out again till she found the solution of the grand problem with which her conscience was occupied. On which side is truth? At Rome or at Wittemburg? Having made arrangements that they should not wait meals for her, or knock at her door, "she remained apart," says Froment, "for three days and three nights without eating or drinking, but with prayers, fasting, and supplication." The book lay open on the table before her. She read it constantly, and falling on her knees asked for the Divine light to shed abroad in her heart. Claudine probably did not possess an understanding of the highest range, but she had a tender conscience. With her the first duty was to submit to God, the first want to resemble him, the first desire to find everlasting happiness in him. She did not reach Christ through the understanding; conscience was the path that led her to him. An awakening conscience is the first symptom of conversion and consequently of reformation. Sometimes Claudine heard in her heart a voice pressing her to come to Jesus; then her superstitious ideas would suddenly return, and she rejected the Lord's invitation. But she soon discovered that the practices to which she had abandoned herself were dried-up wells where there had never been any water. Determined to go astray no longer, she desired to go straight to Christ. It was then she redoubled those "prayers and supplications" of which Froment speaks, and read the Holy Scriptures with eagerness. At last she understood the Divine Word which spoke, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." O, wonderful, she is saved! This salvation did not puff her up; she discovered that "the grace of God trickled slowly into her;" but the least drop coming from the Holy Spirit seemed a well that never dried. Three days were thus spent; for the same space of time Paul remained in prayer at Damascus.

Madame Levet having read the Gospel again and again, desired to see the man who had first led her to know it. She sent for him. Froment crossed the Rhone; for she lived at the foot of the bridge, on the side of St. Gervais. He entered, and when she saw him, Claudine rose in emotion, approaching him, and being unable to speak, burst into tears. "Her tears," says the evangelist, "fell on the floor," she had

no other language. When she recovered, Madame Levet courteously begged Froment to sit down, and told him how God had opened to her the door of heaven. At the same time she showed herself determined to profess without fear before men the faith that caused her happiness. "Ah!" she said, "can I ever thank God sufficiently for having enlightened me?" Froment had come to strengthen this lady and he was himself strengthened. He was in great admiration at "hearing her speak as she did." A conversation so spiritual and so serious must needs have a great signification for the Reformation of Geneva, and as Calvin says in other circumstances where also only one woman seems to have been converted, "From this tiny shoot an excellent Church was to spring."

AT MY WINDOW.

BY VALE CAMERON.

THE earth lieth under the Enchanter's soft hand;
For an hour he throweth sweet spells on the land,
That yieldeth with grace to his power;
While into my brain, and into my heart,
The magic hath wrought with its wonderful art,
And my soul is at peace for an hour.

He hath set out the moon, and summoned the stars
To their ranks on the heights; while below are the bars,
Alternating, of shadow and gleam.
The tree-tops move lightly in rhythmical dance;
But the brown earth beneath, like me, is in trance,
And, like me, the grass hath a dream.

O, heaven, with the crown and the jewels of gold,
And robe of veiled azure in silvery fold!

O, earth, lying thus in the glow
That the shadows break up into forms of strange grace,
And endue with the charm of a pathos the place!
O, air, with such sweet-tempered flow!

O, scene, where the beauty of things taketh sense,
And becometh a soul, through its meanings intense,
Taking hold of the love at my heart!

O, genius of nature—enchanter serene!
Of the magical life that pervadeth the scene,
O, take me and make me a part!

And teach me the language ye use on such nights,
The fluent expression of all these delights,
That would crowd and consume me untold.
We will have a dear friendship; we will converse;
Soft voices shall musical fancies rehearse,
And beautiful secrets unfold.

Ah, let me give thanks! for this joy, for this rest;
The Divine hath encompassed me—how am I blest!

For thee, O Triune! I have praise,
And a prayer—that, as thou hast been with me here
At my window to-night, my life thou 'lt ensphere,
And exalt all my nights and my days.

THE YEOMAN'S WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WHEN she came to the years of discretion she was to be "professed" and enter on her novitiate; but there was in those times a custom in monkish houses, long since exploded, that required the novice elect before her profession to enter the world for a season, that her "vocation" might be judged of, whether it were true or not, or "simply the effect of education or of ignorance." Thus, when Jane Poole was fifteen years old, she was dismissed to her father's house for the space of six months' nominal trial, after which time she must return to the convent forever.

The heiress of the proud Earl of Suffolk returned to her father's house, but not to find a home or to be met with that affection for which her loving heart so long had pined. Dame Elizabeth, her meek-spirited mother, who throughout the whole period of her married life had been the embodiment of silent submission and long-suffering, pressed her disfigured child tenderly to her heart, while she wept bitter tears as memory recalled the bright, fresh, and almost angelic beauty of her hapless child in her early days and contrasted it with her present repulsive appearance. And Jane, as she felt herself clasped in that tender embrace, and looked into that mild, patient face—a face which told the story of long, weary years—found sweet hopes fluttering in her heart—hopes that her ear should sometime be blessed with the words of love for which she had so hungered.

The delusion, however, was soon dispelled. The proud Earl, disappointed in his hope of having a male heir, and of a nature hard and cruel as the granite rock, and who cared for nothing save his own worldly success, had not even a glance of pity to bestow on the child of whom he had once been so proud. He could not look into her heart and discover her superior nature, or how she was longing to pour out the tide of filial affection so long repressed upon a loving parent's breast. If he had been pitying, gentle, and tender, if he had even tried to comfort her, withered and blighted as she was, he might have won her to be his bond-slave, or even to enter without murmur into the, to her, hateful convent life. But he stood coldly aloof, and the glance he threw over her disfigured face was such as to crush at once all hope of ever being able to awaken any tender feeling for herself in a heart so

fortified by pride and ambition. Her sister Katherine, brought up in such an atmosphere, was cold and chilling in her welcome, and poor Jane in a few days found that she could "burn no incense on the altar of family love" within the walls of her father's castle. "Was she to be blamed for her misfortune?" she asked herself again and again; and as the days rolled by and brought no soothing, her determined but nevertheless loving and gentle nature was roused to revolt, of which a fierce antagonism was likely to be the consequence.

This danger was, however, happily averted by the shortness of her visit at the baronial home. Dame Katherine, a Poole, Jane's paternal grandmother, whom we have already introduced to our readers, a fierce proud old woman whose heart was set on the creation of her son's house, and "whose very virtue was her family pride," had not been softened by the passage of time. When she learned that Jane had returned to the outer world of men, she hastily rode over to see this ugly, despised thing, and if she was as unlovely as report had spoken her, to take her from her father's castle to the grim quiet of her own dungeon-like home, where she could be as safely hidden from curious watchers as in the convent itself. They met, and for a moment the proud old dame seemed struck as by the hand of death. "The seamed and scarred face, the closed eyes, one perfectly sightless, the other well-nigh so, the burnt and withered hair, growing in long, ragged patches only, the awkward gait and downcast look, all were like daggers in Dame Katherine's heart, and," says our chronicle, "she rebuked her greatly, seeing she was too loathly for any gentleman who was equal to her in birth." The repulsion was, however, not all on one side. Jane, as she looked upon those stern and rugged features set within the framing of that silver hair, and listened to those unfeeling words, felt that she need hope for nothing more. To oppose or resist in this case would be madness, and poor Jane bore all these coarse reproaches with much outward meekness; but the spirit which they woke up in her was little interpreted by the drooping head and tearful eyes. A fiery demon, born of wounded pride, resentment, and a sense of unmerited wrong, breathing rage and vowing revenge, took such a meek seeming as this, and blinded the old grandmother as well as the selfish father to the mischief they were working till it was too late to repair it.

Dame Katherine de la Poole took Jane home with her, the Earl and his wife consenting in great gratitude to be so well delivered from

such a heavy burden. Dame Elizabeth, the poor girl's mother, truly shed some tears; but she had to wrestle alone with her sorrow, for the stern Sir Mighell had no words of sympathy or comfort to bestow on any one; so her tears were obliged to be quickly dried, and the hapless Jane parted forever from her father's house. Dame Katherine lived in the most perfect retirement, and never admitted any visitors within her walls. Her house, as it stood forth in grim loneliness amid wild fells and barren hills, gave no promise of hospitality to the pilgrim or the traveler; all was cold, bleak, and dreary; but life had gleams of sunshine even here. On each shoulder and sloping side of the hills the blue smoke of peat mingling with the mist gave token of a primitive homestead, and some peasants' cottages built of dark-brown stone scattered here and there were seen crouching in low clusters of half a dozen each, as though they feared being left singly and alone on those exposed hills; yet the houses were in no place sufficiently numerous to form a village, these clustered dwellings being at considerable distances from their neighbors. But to watch the blue smoke as it rose into the overcanopying sky and listen to the song of some peasant maiden, as she tripped over the bleak moor or drove her sheep to the sheltering nooks of the hills, was true happiness to Jane Poole, situated as she now was, and she became each day more resolute to descend into the very lowest path of honest life rather than go back to the convent. "I can keep sheep as well as these maidens," she urged, "and my parents have no right to consign me to a living tomb." It was the fashion of those days for ladies of rank to act the part of Lady Bountifuls to the retainers or tenants of the estate, and as it well suited Dame Katherine's despotic nature to play "leech" in times of sickness among them, she never neglected an opportunity of doing so, as it was the sole variation of her monotonous life.

Jane, on her first arrival, was confined entirely to the house, and not suffered to see any one but the members of the household, from whom her relationship to their mistress was carefully hidden. But there is an education that can be carried on without aid from books or outer sources, and such a one was now progressing in the mind of Jane as she looked forth in silence from the windows over the dull and dreary landscape that surrounded her prison home. Another fate than this was in store for her; her education, in spite of monkish arguments and parental urgings, was to be perfected in a different way from the one

proposed. Not long after her arrival at her grandmother's house an epidemic fever made its unwelcome appearance among the cottages on Dame Katherine's estate, and, being very obstinate in its character, gave the old lady sufficient employment, and took her much from home. During this time she permitted her young prisoner to go abroad for short distances, and as the cases were sometimes urgent, occasionally sent her on a ministration of mercy among the cottagers. This last indulgence was rarely accorded; but what words could speak her delight at being permitted to roam at will over those wild moors, although at that late season their flowers were faded and the Autumn winds swept bleakly over them. How she, poor, blighted, unloved creature, reveled in this unwon liberty of enjoyment; free, unwatched, and alone, she experienced that Nature, because she is God's handiwork, is a minister of happiness, and, like a dead thing renewed by the winds of heaven, Jane's comparative freedom awoke her to a new and better state of feeling. Holier, softer, better thoughts than those which had lately ruled her took possession of her soul, but also increased the most passionate abhorrence of the life to which she was destined. As she roamed abroad dressed in her garb of convent gray, with her scarred face shrouded in a veil, and entered occasionally some peasant home, she contrasted the "homely joys and destiny obscure" of the simple dwellers with her own lot, once so flattering, now so sad; and while she envied their cheerful contentment, a most passionate desire for liberty and affection took possession of her heart. With every breath she drew by the casement or inhaled in the depths of the dark woods she traversed in her rambles, new and stronger feelings arose and turned her forever from the convent gate.

The epidemic continued to spread till the black frosts came heralding the approach of Winter. Dame Katherine had been indefatigable in her ministrations to the sick, but at last was obliged to yield the place she so loved to fill. Sickness seized her, but, more the effect of fatigue on her aged frame than fever, there was no danger to be apprehended. One day, very late in the season, she sent Jane on a visit to a sick person who lived in a distant cottage among the hills. The wind was cold, the sky dark and lowering; flakes of snow fell at intervals and settled on the hard path and barren moor without melting; but, nothing daunted, Jane kept on her way. She dispatched her errand, and had proceeded for a short distance on her homeward path when a violent

snow-storm came on. The short Winter's day was soon shrouded in darkness, and with the advent of night the cold increased. The wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled furiously in the air close to her head, and, drifting fast, soon obscured the path she was treading. The cold became intense, and her hands and feet were fast being benumbed into insensibility; still she struggled on, till, out of breath and exhausted, she at last sank down in the snow. What were the thoughts of the solitary girl as she lay there expecting to be frozen to death we know not; life has charms even for the most miserable, and, perhaps there was no eye to see or ear to hear, she uttered a prayer for deliverance and mercy—a prayer heard by the ear that is never closed to man's appeal. She was, however, fast sinking into insensibility, when the barking of a dog aroused her failing powers. She started up from her bed in the snow and called aloud with all the force she could command. A cheerful "halloo" was the answer, and in a few minutes a young man in a peasant's garb stood beside her. She soon told him where her home was, and learned in return that he was from one of the cottages near the spot where he found her, and within a short distance of her grandmother's house. He had been looking for some sheep among the hills when the storm came on, and was now on his return home. After a brief stay at his mother's cottage, Jane declared she had strength to go on alone; but this William would not permit, and with that natural feeling of protectorship for the helpless which man loves to cherish, he conducted her in safety to her grandmother's house. This incident had a great bearing on her future life, as will be shown.

The allotted six months had nearly passed, when one day Dame Katherine commenced a conversation relative to her returning to the convent and beginning her "profession." To the great surprise and anger of the old lady, Jane peremptorily stated that she would never more enter those hated walls. In vain Dame Katherine insisted; the refractory novice remained firm, and declared that at the very foot of the altar she would refuse to utter the vow; they might take her life if they would, but they should never force her to pronounce the words that would shut her out from God's beautiful world forever. Once more a council of Jane's parents, Dame Katherine, and several priests from the convent near the castle was called; but neither threats, expostulations, nor arguments shook for a moment her stern determination. Timid, meek, and yielding as she

was in most things, she was yet firm in this, her obstinate love of liberty and hatred of restraint. At an earlier period she would, notwithstanding her unwillingness, have been forced to take the veil; but men were now becoming more enlightened, the doctrines of Wickliffe were gaining ground, and severity was not the policy to be pursued at this time. It was, therefore, proposed that she should "give up all claim to her rank and state, and consent to be given forth to all whom she might meet as a poor gentlewoman, godchild to Dame Katherine." To a demand so arbitrary as this Jane at first refused compliance, but time being allowed her for consideration, before the day arrived when she must either comply with this condition or return to the convent, Dame Katherine, by threats and violence, so worked on her fears that she at last consented, "amid grievous tears and bitter reproaches, to be deprived of her name and natural rights, taking an oath never to reveal who she was." "Any thing for freedom," sighed poor Jane, as she took the oath of secrecy; "any lot, any deprivation rather than that living tomb of the nun to which you would consign me."

It was now Dame Katherine's chief care to be rid of her charge. She cast about for suitors, offering a comfortable dower on her marriage, but even the lowest squire refused the offer. But all did not regard her as being so repulsive, for a voice of peculiar sweetness, and a kind of mournful majesty in her whole demeanor, as well as the sweet seriousness with which she had spoken of earth's sorrows and privations to the peasants whom she had visited in their severe sickness, had in part atoned for her repulsive appearance, and they regarded her with sincere love and respect. At length, finding she could do nothing better, Dame Katherine suffered her to marry William Ditchley, the young man who had rescued her from the snow. He was the son of an honest yeoman of Suffolk, and so she was sent forth to take her place in the world as the wife of a common peasant and the mother of a family of peasants.

For years afterward nothing was heard of Jane, who, though thus cruelly exiled from her rank and family, perhaps enjoyed more of real happiness than those who had been guilty of her maltreatment. With the dower he received on his marriage with her the honest yeoman, at her request, purchased a farm in Norfolk, where he lived during his life. And now Jane, the Earl's daughter, although she could never forget the high destiny to which

she had been born, adapted herself fully to her position as the yeoman's wife, and she never had reason to regret the choice she had made in her humble marriage.

The doctrines of Wickliffe, that morning star of the Reformation, had found their way into the remote district where she lived, and her clear mind, aided by her hatred of Popery, soon enabled her to appreciate their worth. She attended the "Lollard" preachings, and learned from their pure tenets that there is One who overrules all events, and can make the wrath of man to praise him. Sanctified adversity, like the mountain breeze, braces, and strengthens, and calls forth traits of heroism which in the calm sunshine of untroubled life would have lain dormant. And so it was with Jane Poole, and in her humble home she exhibited the true heroism, which is to conquer self, to rule her spirit, to "suffer and be still." And, although at times her eager spirit might prompt her to question why such a severe trial had been accorded to her, she was at length able to experience that, although no chastening for the present seems joyous but grievous, nevertheless it afterward yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and the healing that God has vouchsafed to every sorrow it was here especially to know.

Her dwelling and circumstances were not in any respect superior to those of her rude neighbors, but great was their wonder at her steady refusal to join them in their rustic revels at wakes or fairs. Yet, as she never assumed any arrogance of manner toward them, they were never offended, but always treated her with that consideration which a superior mind always demands; and when they would ask honest William why she did so, he would answer "that his Jean had at times queer notions, but that she was the best woman in the world for a' that." And thus, silently and usefully, her days glided onward. During her stay with her grandmother she had acquired a little knowledge of the healing art, and now, as she had opportunity, she judiciously applied it to use. This made her always a welcome visitor at the lowly cot, where she might be found trying to lull and soothe the sufferings of infancy, or comforting the aged and lonely. Thus, too, she had opportunity to speak the heart-touching words of inspiration, and without seeming to be a teacher, she taught them sacred lessons from that dear old book of comfort which is the only true source of the best knowledge. Ever welcome was her presence in the abodes of the tried and poverty-stricken. They did not see that her face was unlovely

when, in the midst of the family circle or in the loneliness of some obscure hovel, she ministered like an angel of mercy to their bodily and spiritual wants, and would tell them how in great necessity there is also great consolation, and how that under every peculiar trial the needful strength to bear it will be unfailingly given from above.

At length her husband died, and her grief was deep and lasting. William had never thought himself her equal, and sometimes was disposed to think her "too high-minded," but he loved her for all that, and was proud of her as the daughter of a poor gentlewoman. He blessed her on his death-bed, and she remained a widow for his sake. As time rolled on the scars which so disfigured her face became less apparent; she covered her head with a cap, and as she grew older her whole appearance became less repulsive. So highly was she respected by her rustic neighbors that many yeomen wished to marry her; but she refused them all. Thus she lived many years, long after Sir William a Poole had become fourth Earl of Suffolk and had had children born to him, long after Jane had become a grandmother; then and not till then the whole of this strange story became known. Jane had kept her vow of secrecy with perfect fidelity; never had she breathed a word to her husband or her children of her title to a proud name or to the family to which she belonged. It was only late in life when, enlightened by the new doctrines she heard preached, she considered her vow—a vow taken under such circumstances—no longer binding. Therefore, after due consideration, and in justice to herself and children, she revealed to her spiritual adviser who she was and what she had suffered. Shocked with the depravity of her unnatural relatives, this pious and learned doctor declared that this strange history should no longer be kept secret, "and," says our record, "commanded her to publish this account to her children and their issues, that they might show of what caste they came, if so be by the great mercy of Providence they might claim their own again. And not only to them, but also to make it known to all men as far as was consistent with her own safety, he said, that the great power of Almighty God should be published to all the world. For this reason was the chronicle written, that all men might take warning, for no deed of wickedness is done in the dark which shall not be dragged forth to the light, and no oppression on the innocent shall prosper before the right hand of Eternal Justice."

MY STORY.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

"ARE we 'most there, mamma?"

We were on the cars bound for Warriston, the place where, for the next year at least, my husband was stationed. It was in the evening, and I shivered as I thought of the cold house probably awaiting us, wishing Nellie had not woken. It did not matter much, though, for when, an hour after, we thundered into the town she was sleeping again.

"Carry her out and I will take the boys," I said to Allen, and taking Fred and Willy by the hand I followed him out of the car. A stout, good-humored gentleman stepped up to us immediately.

"Mr. Graham, I presume. The carriage is waiting—this way," and a moment later I sank back among the cushions of the carriage, and we were on the way home. I caught only a glimpse of brilliantly-lighted streets, a dim vision of rows of handsome residences, then we turned into another street and were there.

Our people had been before us. It was warmed and lighted, the furniture partially arranged, and supper prepared. No crowd, no company of strangers to whom I must wearily talk and smile; only two ladies—Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Effingham. Even then we saw only for a moment. We had come in the last lady's carriage, and after welcoming us and promising to call soon, they swept out, leaving me with the impression that Mrs. Effingham was tall and stately, with the air of good society, and Mrs. Gates small and pleasant-spoken.

The next day was the Sabbath. I had not been a minister's wife long enough to think without trembling of the first entrance; more perhaps now than ever before, for this was the largest and handsomest church to which Allen had ever been appointed. But as I walked up the broad aisle and sat in the luxurious "pastor's pew," my thoughts kept going back to the little church at Millbrook and the plain congregation there. I looked with a shiver of distrust at the richly-dressed people around me, and noted the air of wealth and aristocracy; and even while the great organ's harmony was rolling through the church, and the quartette choir were chanting, "Praise ye the Lord," I was wondering how on Allen's salary we could support a style of living suited to this congregation.

A month taught me that I had not overrated the troubles of my new position—a large

town, our Church the *aristocratic* one, its members mostly wealthy and fashionable people, who lived well and expected their minister to do the same; a thing which on my husband's salary was impossible. I stood alone here, for Allen, absorbed in study, and pastoral duty, not noticing, as men seldom do, matters of dress and table arrangements, could give me no sympathy. He had troubles of his own, too, in the worldliness and frivolity of many of his congregation. So I kept my annoyances to myself and struggled on.

I sat by my sitting-room window one bright October morning thinking of all this. Outside the bluest of skies bent above me: a dead vine that had curtained the window in Summer trailed its scarlet leaves along the sill; an oak outside was burning in Autumn glory. I looked at it all with unquiet eyes, remembering Autumn days gone by when I had never known a care. I had never thought in my happy girlhood to come to this. I had been brought up as the adopted child of a wealthy uncle, and when I married Allen Graham I believed that with the liberal allowance uncle insisted on giving me I might throw money cares away. It went on so for five years. Then came the old story, failure, death, and my little fortune went with the rest. But Allen's next two appointments were in country places, and till we came here I had hardly felt my loss. Now what would I not have given for a little of that little fortune, to settle the bills due that week and buy things necessary for the Winter! Nellie playing beside me had no care. I remember looking at her with almost envy. Then into my privacy and disagreeable thoughts some one interrupted.

"If you please, ma'am, there's no meat for dinner."

"You will have to get some, then, and have it charged."

My neat help hesitated. "Master said we were not to buy on credit any more."

"But I have no money and we must have the meat," I answered.

I emptied my purse on the table as I spoke, three pennies and a silver quarter, and just then the bell rang. I swept the money into my work-basket, and, conscious of deficiencies in my own toilet and Nellie's soiled apron, rose to receive two ladies, Mrs. Effingham and Mrs. Gates.

"We have called on a mission of mercy this morning," said Mrs. Effingham's clear, measured tones. "Last night there was brought to my knowledge the case of a poor family on A.-street. The father is out of work, and the chil-

dren, three very interesting little boys, have not been able to attend Sabbath school for some time because they have not good shoes."

She paused. I thought of the grievously-worn shoes the boys wore, and said, "Can not the father get work?"

"Perhaps so. I have not consulted with him. I thought it a matter of present necessity."

"And we thought," Mrs. Gates went on, "that if the ladies would contribute we might raise enough for their wants now and put the father in a way of providing for his family."

My hands fingered the empty purse nervously, but I uttered no word, and Mrs. Effingham took up the thread again.

"If the minister's wife heads our list we hope to get a considerable amount."

"I have no money with me at present," I said as quietly as I could, "but I will sign if you wish me to."

"Most certainly," said the stately Mrs. Effingham, producing her paper, and down went my name for a precious dollar. Then the ladies left me.

"Mamma," said Nellie, "may I have the pennies?"

A step sounded on the gravel walk, and Allen came in from the post-office. "An invitation out to-morrow," were his first words, "at Mrs. Arnold's."

"I do n't want to go, Allen," pushing my work hastily aside. "I've nothing fit to wear."

"What did you wear last Sunday, Mary?"

"My black silk, that I've worn to every party we have been to."

"Well, wear it to-morrow, then. It will never do to decline, my dear."

He sat down and took out his letters, handing one to me. I glanced listlessly at the post-mark, "Moro," my native place, and I opened it. It was from an old lady, an intimate friend of my uncle, who had been a half mother to me. Reduced to poverty now, and troubled by an obdurate creditor, she appealed to me for aid. "I would not come to you," the letter said, "if there were any other to whom I could appeal, but I am an old woman with few friends, and you are my best one. For the sake of old times grant me this."

I tossed the letter to Allen. "We can not do it," was his comment.

"No," I cried bitterly. "I gave money this morning to some one I never heard of before. This, from my oldest and best friend, we can not grant."

"You know it is impossible, Mary," he answered gravely.

I swallowed a sort of sob, and took from the basket a little stocking, whose dilapidated heel needed repair.

"Where are the children?" asked he.

"Over at Mrs. Taylor's."

"There is fever in the town, watch them carefully," and he left the room.

I looked down at my darling beside me, then a strange fear came into my heart. I pushed up the window and called to the boys. A moment after they came rushing into the house wild with play, yet I looked at their bright, young faces sighing.

"Mamma," cried Fred, "did you know my birthday came next week?"

"Yes, dear."

He twisted his fingers boy-fashion. "Georgie Effingham's father gave him a pair of new boots, and his mother such a splendid horse, his birthday."

"Your shoes are not worn out yet, dear, and you know mamma has n't money to spend for toys. Now sit down here and play with sister."

But though I could quiet him so easily, I could not still the constant cry of my own heart—its weary questions, its murmurs of "unjust" could not get rid of the letter lying before me. I took it up and read it again. How well I remembered one long illness I had had, when she had been my nurse! The long, weary time when I lay on my bed, and the whole world was to me one long, dark room! Now like a touch of a mother had fallen her hand upon my forehead. What cool drinks she had prepared for me! What songs she had sang to lull me to sleep and forgetfulness of pain! I remembered one night when I was the worst, I had looked up to her and murmured "mother," and she had bent over me, saying through tears, "I will be a mother to thee, child." She was rich then; but the same crash that ruined my uncle had made her poor. Now in her need she appealed to me and I was powerless to help her. I wrote again and again on the wrapper Allen's words, "It is impossible," then I dropped it.

There was a prayer meeting that night. Though no one else came the minister's wife must go, I thought, as I tied on my bonnet, and, casting one long look at the great pile of mending in my basket, went to the church. I am afraid my heart was not warmed by the meeting; that I thought more of household matters than of spiritual things; and when, at its close, Mrs. Arnold rustled up to me and said, "What a splendid prayer brother Graham made," I hardly heard her.

The next day came the party. I put on my black silk and went, feeling sick and miserable. I was late: they were all there before me, the long parlors filled with richly-dressed ladies, talking of fashions and the news. I sank into a corner half out of sight, and listened to the chatter which wearied and disgusted me. Two voices near me attracted my attention at last—Mrs. Effingham and Mrs. Howard, a leader of fashion. They were talking, and hardly knowing what I did, I shrank back that I might not hear. But Mrs. Effingham's clear tones I could not miss.

"I have always held," she was saying, "that a minister's wife should dress as befitted her husband's station in society—not make her dress a perpetual petition to the ladies for gifts."

A murmured reply that I did not hear. Then again:

"Mrs. Graham has not done that. I confess I am surprised, and I think if she knew how even these trifles affect her husband's influence in society she would dress more elegantly."

"If she could," I finished the sentence mentally; then as they passed on I could not help glancing at my critic. Tall and stately in person, the subdued richness of her dress telling of unlimited means; the heavy silk sweeping the floor, the rare lace at her throat fastened with a diamond: this was the woman who had condemned me and my dress. The bitter tears came into my eyes, and when, ten minutes later, the hostess sought me, I almost shrank back from her lustrous purple robe, the badge of distrust to me.

"I really can not allow, Mrs. Graham, that you should hide yourself here. Mrs. Effingham would like your opinion of this new book."

"I have not read it."

I felt Mrs. Effingham's eye on me again, and knew that mentally she was saying, "If she knew the help it would be to her husband she would read more," and mentally again I was finishing her sentence, "If I could."

The party was over at last, and very wearily I walked homeward. When we entered the gate of our home Allen stopped me—"Mary, look up." Above us a million stars burned in the clear, blue sky. I looked at them with angry eyes.

"Dear Mary, let us remember that whatever trials come upon us, we have One who has said he will never forsake us."

"The bills will come in to-morrow," I answered heedlessly.

"Can you not trust these things to your Heavenly Father?"

"No, I can not," and I went into the house.

My prayer that night was said by my lips only, for all peace and trust were gone from me. Afterward, while Allen quietly slept, I lay awake for hours thinking of my troubles. It seemed to me that these two days had condensed into them all the little annoyances that so constantly perplexed me. Every thing, from a child's story of a playmate's gifts to this greater trial of the afternoon, had some sting for me. Perhaps afterward I might see good in them; now they only served to confirm my belief that our people were cold and heartless. Again and again, as I went over and over my life at Warriston, I said, "We are forsaken."

Perhaps some great trial was needed to show me how slight comparatively had been all previous ones; something that would take my mind from these worldly cares, and lead me back to the Father. When we rose the next morning we found Nellie tossing in her crib, her face hot, her words incoherent. "It is the fever," I whispered to Allen.

"I trust not," he answered gravely, and went for the doctor.

A great fear came into my heart when the doctor had come and prescribed for her. Something in his grave face alarmed me, and seizing his hand I gasped, "Tell me, will she recover?"

"It is too early now to say," evidently bent on soothing me; "she has the fever very badly, but we will hope for the best."

When he had gone I sat down at my post; my duty now to watch my darling, to lay cooling cloths on her head, give medicines and drinks to her, and answer her questions with tenderest words. I had sent the boys to a neighbor's, for I dreaded contagion, and the house was still as the grave. The hours passed slowly; dinner came; then I was by the bed again. No one had called. I thought they must know, and as the afternoon slowly wore away and still no inquiries, I said bitterly that they had lost all interest in their pastor's family, and were going to leave us alone even in sickness.

A night of watching. At four Allen came to take my place and sent me to lie down. I slept heavily, and the clear chiming from the clock was the sound that finally woke me. I sprang up, pushed open the window for a draught of fresh air, then hurried into the other room.

Two ladies were there, Mrs. Effingham and Mrs. Gates. They came to meet me immediately, and almost the first words were from my dreaded critic.

"I hear you dread infection for the other

children. I have come to say that if you will trust them to me I will take them to my house for the week. Georgie will be glad of some play-fellows, and I promise you they shall be well cared for."

I stammered an assent, and went to get the boys ready: after they were gone Mrs. Gates came to me and said:

"I came to stay, Mrs. Graham. Will you let me help nurse her?"

"Can you leave home?" I faltered.

"As well as not. It was on that ground that I came instead of Mrs. Arnold, for she has many home duties. You will wear yourself out, Mrs. Graham, if you are alone. It has been evident to us all that you have not been well the last week, and we shall insist on your caring for yourself as well as her."

So she staid. Not to take my place in the sick-room, I could not have allowed that; but to take charge of the house; to receive the doctor's numberless directions, which I, nervous and excited as I was, could not remember; to answer inquiries; to do every thing that a friend could.

The bills came in that afternoon. I read them through bitterly, noting that they amounted to a sum we could not pay. While I sat crushing them in my hand Mrs. Effingham came again.

"I have left the boys well settled," she said, "and having a game of romps with Georgie, and I have brought these to Nellie."

She held up a basket filled with luscious hot-house grapes, globes of purple sweetness. All day we had been trying to get something that would cool my darling's thirst. With the quick thought that these would, I held up a cluster before her. "Pretty, pretty," she murmured. Then as I took each from its stem and held it to her lips she ate eagerly.

"You think them good for her?" said Mrs. Effingham. "Then I will bring some every day till she is better."

I faltered my thanks, then slipped out of the room and went to the drawer where lay the letter. I read them through again, bills and letter, and tried then, as I had not tried before, to lay all this upon my Father; and I think I succeeded. After a while I rose and went away, never noticing that I had left the papers lying in a heap on the floor.

In my child's sick-room I learned more than one lesson. If in the trouble before I had forgotten my God, I went back to him now: in the eternity that seemed open before me all earthly care was lost. What was I that matters of dress and living should have been

troubling me, while my child caught the seeds of disease! How unfaithful to my God-given trust to let any care take me from my children! I felt, too, how I had misjudged our people, when, in this our time of trial, they gathered around us, making us feel by words and acts, that they were, after all, more than fashionable people; that my husband's patient ministry had not been without fruit.

"Till she is better." It did not take many days to teach us that Nellie never would be better; that Death would claim our darling for his own. Yet the end was more peaceful than we had hoped. She had been, during her illness, alternately delirious and in stupor; very rarely conscious. Now in that last hour she knew us all, and could answer our tender inquiries by saying that she was better. We had wheeled her bed into the center of the room, and opened the windows that she might have fresh air. We sat there, in the purple hush of twilight, while the new moon slowly glided down the west, and felt that slowly the heart-throbs were growing fainter, as the clock ticked out the minutes, she was leaving us. At last she opened her eyes.

"Mamma."

I was kneeling beside her. At no other voice would I have roused myself. At that dying one I did.

"Give me the posies, mamma," and I laid in her hand the cluster of purple pansies—Mrs. Effingham's last gift. Her little fingers touched them almost wonderingly.

"So pretty, mamma. Do they grow up there?"

"Yes, darling, more beautiful flowers than these."

"I shall see them, then, mamma. Do n't cry; it's only going to Christ, you know, and"—she was wandering again. With a start she finished her sentence, "Please sing, mamma."

And while with choked utterances I sang she left us.

It was two weeks after, and I sat alone in the sitting-room. Five minutes before I had left the boys sleeping the sound slumber of childhood. Yet now, with a restless feeling in my heart that nothing could still, I went into the chamber again and gave them another kiss. Then I came out and stood by the window; and looking out on the first snow as it covered the earth, thought how it was folding about my darling's grave. I trusted that I was not losing the influence of that time; yet a dreary sigh escaped me as I thought of the still unsettled bills.

The door opened and Allen came in. He had been to an official board meeting, and I wondered absently if they had consented to his wish for extra meetings.

"Mary."

"What is it?"

He came up to me and put a letter into my hand. I noticed that he held one hand behind him. I opened the letter wonderingly, wondering still more at the words with which it began: "God bless and reward you for all your kindness to me, and especially reward you for this last gift."

"What does it mean, Allen?"

Another paper was slipped into my hand. Two receipts, the long-dreaded bills were settled at last. I turned to him in utter amazement.

"We have been doubting children, dear Mary. I have good reasons for knowing that our people did not know of our necessities till an accident showed the bills and the letter to Mrs. Gates. They are all settled now, you see, for I received my first payment to-day, and my salary is increased one hundred dollars."

"O, Allen," in a tumult of joy and thankfulness, "you can get your books now; we need never be troubled again!" then as I thought of my doubts, "how weak and sinful I have been!"

"Very weak, dear wife, ever to doubt your Father's promises. But we have both learned a lesson, have we not, for the future?"

"I hope I have, Allen," I said tearfully. "I do think I shall be a better woman for this trial."

"It has borne other fruit, too, our child's death. Mrs. Effingham came to me to-day saying that Nellie's last words had broken her years of indifference. She has been a fashionable member of the Church—God helping her she will be a Christian woman now."

I was weeping and could not answer.

"Faith in God and humanity," he went on. "God has been very good to us, even in bereavement."

"Even in bereavement," I repeated softly. God's goodness, had I not learned to trust him? Even in sorrow, had he not led us through darkness into the perfect light? As we stood there seeing in thought the little white headstone upon whose folded scroll is written, "He carrieth the lambs in his arms," I felt that my lesson had indeed been a life one; prayed that, taught by much suffering, it might never be forgotten.

INCIVILITY is the extreme of pride; it is built on the contempt of mankind.

IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. WM. BAXTER.

MAN is not all of earth;
The glowing splendors of bright fancy's fires—
The boundlessness of all his soul's desires—
Prove him of heavenly birth.

Look on his glorious face!
There the quick play of varied passions see!
Look on that brow of thought! Must it not be
A spirit's dwelling place?

Behold that changing eye!
Does not that glance of tenderness and love,
That look of high resolve, or pity, prove
Something that will not die?

The grave can claim no part,
Save that on which there falleth our sad tears;
Clay can not cover all the hopes and fears
Which swell each throbbing heart.

Would God a palace rear
For a frail being; with no nobler life
Than that which classes with the dying strife?
A life that endeth here?

Ah, no! the tenant must
More glorious than its glorious mansion be;
Whose dome and columns soon, alas, we see
All crumbling into dust.

Dust may to dust return,
Ashes to kindred ashes fall again;
But thought dies not; of all the mind's bright train
None find a funeral urn.

Then, though thine eye grow dim,
And sluggish flow the current of thy blood,
Look up, O man, in steadfast faith, to God,
For thou shalt go to him.

INCONSTANCY.

BY ELIZABETH E. B. PERRY.

LIFE bath sorrows that must lie in silence,
In the dark, still chambers of the soul,
Haunting memories that but mock us sadly,
With a mournfulness beyond control.

O, the bright, delusive hopes that woo us
To the borders of enchanting streams,
But to mock our burning thirst with offerings
Of an empty cup and fading dreams!

Broken vows of those we've loved and trusted,
With the sweet faith of unquestioning love,
Doubting not, till from the ark of promise
We are cast, like the unsheltered dove.

Wandering weary o'er despair's dark waters,
Restless, longing for the changeless shore,
Where are no deceivings or heart-achings,
But love, and peace, and joy for evermore.

Pity such, O God, and lead them gently
Out of the shadows into the cloudless day;
For though on earth a holy pledge is broken,
"Loving and faithful" thou wilt be alway.

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN E. CUTLER.

NUMBER II.

THE longer I live the more I see, the more clearly I see, it seems to me, that people err more in little things and great from weakness, blindness, than from a deliberate intention to do wrong. If they could be brought to see their conduct in just its right light, see its influence upon themselves and upon others in things which they regard as trivial, they would do differently. They fall into these habits unconsciously, by slow degrees. I mean habits of fretfulness of temper, dissatisfaction, disregard of the blight they may cast upon the enjoyment of others by their peevishness, their jarring ways, their neglect of little kindnesses that smooth and brighten the way of life, going contrary to the tastes and inclinations of others when it is not necessary, even when their own happiness is not enhanced thereby, from sheer want of thought, want of reflection, from a failure to see what a vast amount of unhappiness is created in this way, on the whole, more than from what are classed as crimes, perhaps.

And did we view things in the right light with regard to this matter, even selfishness would prompt us to be less selfish, for every time we take away from the happiness of others needlessly, we diminish our own, if not by direct reaction, by the effect that habits of selfishness have in destroying the healthful tone of our spirits and deadening the pleasing sensations that might arise from innocent sources of enjoyment.

"O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense."

I enjoy this communion with myself, my own thoughts, after the active business of the day—enjoy it more than I did when I had little to do but think. Then there were ruts of thought in my brain worn by constant trains, now all my faculties find exercise, and how much fuller and happier life is for me! We do not enjoy holidays when life is all holiday. Now leisure has a freshness for me, and I enjoy it with a zest I never knew before. Thought is a recreation for me after my mechanical labors. They refresh me for the exercise of my thinking powers, and so my handiwork and my headwork help one another; each is more excellent in its kind for the other. Mechanical labor, I said. I hope I do not have any merely mechanical labor. I hope I

put heart and mind into all my labor, dignifying thus the meanest work of my hands by its excellence, its uses. It is to add to the bodily comfort of others; perhaps it is to enhance their health, to increase their happiness, to contribute to their mental improvement. It is to pay a tribute of affection by showing a kindly care for their welfare and pleasure. So what may seem coarse work has a soul of enjoyment in it not visible. How smoothly my life passes, how smoother every day! When I hear housekeepers talk of their little vexations, their great vexations, their constant vexations, which they sometimes make the theme of conversation, thinking they will find in me a sympathizer, I do n't know what they mean. And when I can't enter into the spirit of their detail of grievances, "but you have n't been drilled in the drudgery of housekeeping so long as I have. It is new to you, and therefore you enjoy it. Wait a few years and you will see." Something like this they say.

I do n't think years are going to bring weariness to my employment. I think I shall like it better the farther I go on, the more excellence I attain in the various things belonging to my vocation. Is n't this the legitimate result? Do we not perform with greater ease and pleasure what we love to do, and love better to do what we can perform well? I am afraid it is because they do not know how to lighten their labors by the right spirit that they consider them drudgery.

How glad I am that the truth was opened up to me with regard to this matter! I, too, might have been left to grope my way in blindness, unenjoying, and unable to diffuse joy around me. When I see others with their tempers imbibed by petty cares and vexations, corroding the spirits and dampening the enjoyment of all with whom they come in contact, over whom they have power, I think what a pity they can not be brought to see their moral condition, what a pity they could not have seen the danger there was of falling into it before it was too late! Therefore we need teaching in these things.

I can not get off from this subject. I see so much unhappiness in the world from lack of equability of temper, from lack of geniality, which is, to be sure, in some degree, a natural gift, but which can be increased by culture when the gift is small by genial habits, trying not to jar the spirits of others in little things, trying to enter into their enjoyments.

What a remnant of barbarism is this surliness, this shutting one's self up in self, this indifference to the comfort or happiness of

others! It is in families these things do most harm; but we meet them elsewhere, in public places, where people suppose their individuality is lost in the crowd, and their boorishness will not be observed. But it is not with this phase of roughness I have to do, except that it shows a lack of thorough home culture. A truly-polite person, one who is so in grain and from habit, will be so every-where—in intercourse, when it becomes necessary, with the lowest laborer as well as with those highest in position. He will be so for his own sake, because it is easier and more natural to treat others kindly and politely. It would jar his own spirit to treat them otherwise. It jars him, disturbs his placidity, when a delicate consideration for others is not appreciated, is thrown back, when he is almost forced to meet roughness with roughness.

It is at home in the family that amenities of temper show best; it is there moodiness, selfishness, want of courtesy do most harm. How often I have seen people who in their own families, among their dependents, or in traveling, perhaps, were selfish, morose, discordant, that in their parlors entertaining company overflowed with smiles and affability!

Why can not they carry this temper, this assiduity for others, into their daily life? I have thought. Would they not be happier as well as diffuse more happiness? It must be so, for when their genial qualities were in play their faces would fairly shine with enjoyment. Why don't they exercise them oftener, so they would be always in the ascendant? Then they would not need the excitement, the stimulus of "company" to call them forth.

It is lack of early training in these matters that causes this inconsistency of conduct many times. We are not habituated to the little courtesies of life at the home fireside. I must look to it that I do not by my own example foster lack of courtesy in little things in daily life. I must endeavor to preserve placidity of temper so far as I can, to show a kindly consideration for the tastes and preferences of others, shed sunshine instead of casting shadows in my home, avoid throwing nettles and thorns in the way of others when I may as well strew flowers. I love flowers best myself. My nettles and thorns may wound my own feet, my shadows obscure the gladness of spirit I might have enjoyed.

If I try to lighten the burdens of others will they not try to lighten mine when they press me heavily? So I shall meet even a present reward. Especially shall I meet this from those whom I have taught to lighten

other's burdens, sympathize with their griefs, those whose tender minds have been left to my teaching and guidance. Why do not parents, why do not guardians think of this more? They poison and imbitter the fountain at which they must drink some day. They dry up the springs of sympathy that might in the future gladden and fertilize their own lives. Do they not see this? Short-sighted selfishness, when they are deliberately teaching their children to be selfish and hard, though, perhaps, unconsciously.

I must not lose sight of this subject, making sunshine instead of darkness in my home. I must watch myself. I must observe others to see if there is any thing in their example to imitate or shun. I must cultivate cheerfulness, a habit of self-sacrifice in little things in the young people under my charge. I must keep a record of my own progress or failure in these respects, what I learn and what I must unlearn. I do not know of any subject to which I can devote space more profitably, to which I can devote thought and care more profitably. It is the little cares and vexations of life that corrode the spirit, that we suffer to corrode it. My life has hitherto been comparatively free from them; there was less merit in preserving serenity. Now I must endeavor to manage so as to smooth unnecessary vexations from my path, to smooth them from my spirit. Then I can benefit others—I can brighten their way. Will not this be a creditable life-work for me?

We had buckwheat cakes for breakfast this morning, and we discussed them in more senses than one, and enjoyed them both ways. We said, few housewives knew how to make and bake them in the best manner possible. I think not many persons fond of this article of diet will dispute that proposition. We said, rightly prepared they were a luxury, but that heavy, or sour, or "baked raw," or burned, they were fit only for pigs. And then cousin Allen improvised a parody:

"O, buckwheat pancakes, ye are like
To Jeremiah's figs;
The good are very good indeed,
The bad not fit for pigs."

Cousin Allen said, "were he going to choose a wife he would test her wifely qualities by finding out whether she could make good buckwheat cakes and bake them properly. If she did that well he could easily infer that she would not do other things ill, because it required carefulness and attention, skill, taste, and judgment."

Uncle Tim thought coffee the best test, and thought it was as rare to find it made in the best manner, and that to make it well required not only careful, discriminating qualities, but a refined taste—refined physical taste as well as in an æsthetic sense. Good coffee, golden brown or amber colored, with the indispensable cream floating like a smoke wreath on the top, was a beautiful object to the eye as well as delicious to taste and smell. It delighted all the senses, cheered and refreshed the mind, besides invigorating the bodily powers. It might be the nectar of the gods, while the black, muddy compound dignified by the name of coffee, often set before poor, helpless mortals, might have been concocted for the denizens of an opposite region.

Uncle Allen said "a well-cooked beefsteak was as rare an article as he knew of."

"Yes," cousin Allen responded playfully, "if one likes it rare."

"Well, a beefsteak cooked in a proper manner, rare or well done, was as uncommon an article as he knew of," uncle amended. "It should be juicy, sweet, and tender, and these qualities depended upon the cooking, or at least the best beefsteak would be deficient in them if not cooked as it should be."

I remarked that there was a very good receipt for cooking a beefsteak in Shakspeare, though I was not the original finder or applier of it. It was, "If 't were done, when 't is done, 't were well 't were done quickly."

Aunt Milly said not one housewife in a hundred knew this; they would let it stand over slow coals till it was tough and dry.

I cooked a beefsteak this morning with my own hands, and it was a success, sweet, juicy, tender, possessing all the qualities required in a thoroughly good beefsteak. It was more than tolerable, and I was pleased with my work. I "turned it" when cooking as often as the most exacting beefsteak-eater could require. I stood over it and turned it constantly, according to the most approved mode. I put it on the platter and squeezed it three or four times, as aunt Milly directed.

I have found that a thin steak, such as mine was this morning, if put over coals as hot as they should be, will cook almost as soon as an egg, will cook through thoroughly in as little time, and if there are going to be some at table who like it rare, care must be taken or it will be done too much—hard, dry, before one is aware of it. I regard this as a good deal gained, that I am able to cook a beefsteak well; and it certainly is not one bit more trouble than to have it tough and juiceless,

not pleasant to eat, and indigestible afterward. I can not see how any one can be contented to put it on the table meal after meal in that way when it is so simple and easy to have it different, to have it give pleasure in the eating; and all these little things put together make a good deal of difference in the sum of our happiness, if there were no other reason. Those who prepare ill-cooked food are obliged to partake of it with others, and with me it disturbs my conscience as well as my comfort.

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There is something new I have learned to-day about making coffee, and a good cup of coffee is certainly of importance not only in its health but pleasure-inspiring qualities.

I was in at Mrs. Elliston's and was treated to a cup of coffee. She sees to her own cooking, and when I am there I go into the kitchen sometimes and watch her operations, for she is a model housekeeper, to my mind. The scraps of information I gather may be of use sometime to myself or some one else.

But about the coffee. It was amber colored, clear, and had a fine aroma, yet I observed that she did not use an "Old Dominion" coffee-pot, and I made inquiry therefor. The process was this: First, as an indispensable thing, the coffee must be nicely browned, not burned, but evenly done, and more, she said, failed on this score from want of care than want of knowledge. Then she pounded it in a mortar, not very fine; she was sure the pounding developed some subtle principle that was lost in grinding, though her husband laughed at the idea and called it a whim, yet he acknowledges that her coffee is unequalled. Then she pours the water to it, sometimes boiling, sometimes cold, sometimes lukewarm. She says she has tried it all three ways, and do n't find that it makes much difference whether the water is heated with the coffee or separately, provided the other conditions of making good coffee are observed. Then she sets it on the back part of the stove and lets it steep till breakfast is ready, usually about one hour. She takes care not to have it boil, she says, except "two or three wallops" just before she removes it to the table, when she sets it on a hot part of the stove a moment for that purpose. In this way all the fine spirit, the aroma of the coffee is preserved, which is dissipated by the ordinary process of boiling; its virtues are all brought out by the slow distillation, and it has a flavor and liveliness I never tasted in coffee before. It is Mrs. Elliston's theory that it is just as easy to do things well as ill, and how much better the result!

Coffee made in this way will be clear without any thing being put in to settle it; at least hers was so. It would seem almost as unnecessary to say that coffee must be browned evenly and just to the right point if we would have a good cup of coffee, as for Mrs. Glass to begin her directions to cook a fish with "first catch a fish;" yet we see this foundation fact in the process of making good coffee very little heeded. And how simple the process of making coffee is, after the berries are properly roasted! Nothing but the coffee, and the water, and a settler; yet from the commonness of poor coffee one might imagine it one of the most difficult and complicated things in the world. I don't see how it is that so few women get it just right.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

"PLEASE to help me a minute, sister?"
 "O, do n't disturb me; I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind-mill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it needed only putting together to complete it, and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of this in the fifteen minutes after he left, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. Yet I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance; so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and, sure enough, on the roof of the

wood-house was fastened a miniature wind-mill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the wind-mill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of any unkind word, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my wind-mill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked.
 "Shall we take it down?"

"O, no," replied he. "It seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added, "Do n't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me to fix it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it did not make any difference, for mamma helped me."

O, how sadly these words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awaken! How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead that I had ever spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter and anguish deeper, till, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sport, he closed his eyes, once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart.

He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little wind-mill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he had placed it, upon the roof of the old wood-shed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank, and I remember, also, the thoughtless, the unkind words.

UNLESS the moment is seized when the heart is warm and the enthusiasm kindled, nothing of importance will ever be accomplished. It will never make amends for a neglected duty, that at some succeeding time we have performed some other work God has set to our hand. Every moment has its appointed duty, and one neglected never comes back to give us a new trial.

YOUNG AMERICA.

BY ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

IT appears but vain tautology to repeat the stale truism, that the age in which we live is an era of strange excitement and startling change. In the world about us all outward forces are accelerated in movement and perfected in design by mechanical ingenuity and scientific application. Not only are mature intellects marching forward on the "double quick," but little children, catching the magnetic influence, are no longer content with the simple pleasures of a half century gone by. The heavy Dutch dolls of yore, with the dainty bits of broken glass and china-ware, that once embellished an unco baby-house of domestic manufacture, have given place to fairy establishments, for which a round two thousand is but a fair equivalent.

The workshops of Germany, of France, and of sober England are taxed for life similes of petites femmes, who walk, cry, and talk by active, complex mechanics. Every thing that industry and science can do to puzzle young brains in the designs of their most simple bagatelles is done; hence we find shaggy Newfoundland, pert little terriers, and sleek gray mice, wound up to run an equal race with the living world around them, while miniature engines, jaunty phaetons, and stately landaus go whizzing by within the very walls of our drawing-rooms. The owners of these remarkable devices are sweet, unconscious children, who, bedizened in all the fantasies of a Parisian toilet, stand eyeing the mystic wonders of their toy-houses with an inexpressible degree of weary nonchalance, still longing after the unattained, perhaps unattainable.

The vast laboratories of chemical savans are filled with a sickly odor from morn till morn again, not only in preparation of pure gems of first water, but of spurious brilliants, to suit the extravagance of a flaunting regime, as instituted by a parvenu Empress, of whom, we sincerely indorse the prayer of Mrs. Child's, and heartily thereunto say amen: "May the time come, and that right speedily, when Eugénie shall be gathered to her fathers, and the feminine world rotate in its proper sphere once more!"

All life—human life at least—is hurrying forward with abnormal velocity in the struggle to keep pace with these outward circumstances. The pulses of our being beat with a new and rapid palpitation, followed by the necessary sequence, of painful heart-disease, softening of

brain, and paralysis of nerve and sinew. Medical science is scarce able to run so swift a race as shall keep up with the unknown varieties of physical disorders. The old regime must be cast aside for remedies that will build up or sustain a worn-out, sinking system; not as in the olden time, to deplete and exhaust in order to subdue inflammatory action.

Says Professor Hoyt, late of St. Louis, "We are eminently a fast people. An ague fit is preferred to a fit of reflection. The crash of falling trees, the clang of machinery, the buzzing of spindles, the shrieks of fire-winged locomotives are pleasanter far to our ears than the quiet hum of academic halls or the swelling organ peal of our crowned cathedrals. We are never easy; always possessed of a spirit of unrest. If we sit, unlike the rest of the world, we must rock. Indeed, a rocking-chair under full swing would be no inappropriate heraldic national emblem. If we pretend to sleep, we talk like Lady Macbeth to our deaf pillows. If we stop to think, we whittle a stick or masticate with renewed vigor 'the weed.' It is true, as a German paper says of us, that we chew more tobacco and burst more steam-engines than any nation on earth. Even our letters of friendship are scrawled with the most business-like dispatch, and the boarding-school maiden subscribes her first perfumed epistle to her adorable lover, 'Thine, dearest, *in haste.*'"

"Our young man is sure the world is waiting for him, and he will not tarry in our academic Jericho till his beard is grown, but goes forth with his bow and arrow to the world's broad field of battle to see if he, like the smooth-faced Paris, may not hit some great Achilles on the heel. If ostriches hatch their young by merely looking at their eggs, as the Arabs believe, why may not scholars be hatched in the same summary way?"

Christianity itself is not able to subdue this craving hunger after exciting occupation or hilarious amusement.

The old-fashioned subscription papers, for benevolent purposes, have given place to national fairs and festivals, to routs and masquerades, to religious tableaux and "auctions extraordinary." On these is expended much physical labor, an amount of money often exceeding the receipts, and leaving the public mind more famished than ever. Yet for the hour both men and women have obtained an equivalent in animal or mental enjoyment for the sum donated in charity, and are, therefore, satisfied.

We are indulging in no cynical reprobation of present times and seasons; but, on the contrary, our faith in one fact is immovable;

namely, that the gigantic wickedness of the present century is more than counterpoised by its magnificent beneficence.

This state of things must perhaps exist, when the world is moving so surely and so swiftly to its final purification. We are being drawn within a limited area in the machinery of this world's mill-wheel, and the strange impetus that is hurrying us forward may perhaps thus be explained by simple philosophic truth.

We again repeat, that Christianity does not strive to check the onward course of events, call it progress, or by what name you please.

In view of these facts a simple query arises: Where are we to find mental and bodily recreation for those whose hearts are not brought under the power of a divine and spiritual influence? There is a vast host on this planet of ours who are so destitute of intellectual tastes and devoid of literary culture; who are not vicious or profane, yet are light-hearted, even to frivolity, that if condemned to the monotonous round of study, or simple routine of country life, will break away from such restraint and seek exciting change, even although it be found in unhallowed pleasure. Animal vitality sometimes expends itself in the drive, the hunt, the fishing-tackle, the merry yacht; yet oftener we find that eat, drink, laugh, and play is the motto of each worldling's escutcheon. True, these things ought not so to be, and not a few ask themselves the question, Is it a fit season for intellectual gifts and moral perceptions to be merged in mere animal enjoyment?

Revolution, change, innovation are upheaving every nation upon earth, while the portentous clouds that hang over our own religious world, indicating a still protracted struggle between freedom and oppression, call for all the educational culture, the clear intuitions of right, the deep metaphysical power and ardent piety that can be found in our own or any other land. Mayhap if parents and guardians were more faithful to their sacred trust the case would be different. Yet in how many instances are they equally, nay, more, culpable in this "search after happiness" than their sons and daughters!

As Methodists we look upon our venerable Church mater, and ask ourselves the question, Why is its membership so often inconsistent in their daily life? The vows of confirmation are peculiarly solemn. Not only do its candidates renounce the "pomp and vanities of the world" by simple assent, but there is a comprehensive verbal response, as dictated by the Church formula.

As it exists in this century it is also a very holy faith, for whose sake in earlier conflicts the devoted Latimer, the sanctified Ridley, and timid Cranmer laid down their most precious lives; and yet the subjects for confirmation wrap the mantle of this pure profession about them and enter the unhallowed precincts of the theater and masquerade. Their seats are rarely vacant at the card-table, and where the sound of "viol and pipe" are heard, there they dance the night away. No wonder, then, the query arises, What is the moral power lacking in this case?

Yet do we of other denominations prayerfully consider the momentous inquiry, if the drama, if dancing, if cards are to be classed among the renounced pleasures of the world—and we know they are—what shall be the domestic training of volatile, sprightly, ardent children, apart from religious duty and scholastic routine, in this era of intense excitement, wild speculation, and unsubdued license?

If our children are to be educated as members of our own denomination, as in the English Church, how shall we instill into their young minds just and elevating ideas of the great unknown world of genius and talent, of art and beauty around them, without steeping their souls and bodies in the frivolities of this present era? Where are we to find innocent and suitable recreation for them, as young and very immature Christians? and how draw a distinctive line between lawful and unlawful amusement? While fearless in our denunciations of various forms of pleasure, can we not make certain restrictions in the long catalogue that will not be detrimental to spiritual growth?

We touch upon this string of life with faltering hands, knowing well that its vibrations must extend and be felt through the cycles of eternity.

If the vocabulary of heaven be so pure and spiritual that our earthly and gross conceptions are not worthy to listen even to one word of its ethereal, sanctified beauty; if its very utterance on earth be unlawful, even by one who had listened to its heavenly murmurings within the celestial city itself, how can the finite wisdom of our human language seek out right paths for immortal souls to wander in, where there is no positive command nor divine prohibition to guide us?

In a future number we will renew the subject, and till then can only say, with a celebrated philanthropist and devout Christian, "That no nation, since the world began, has required a tithe of the disciplined talent which is now absolutely indispensable to us. The

terrible activity of our physical life must be guided and elevated, or it will waste itself in aimless exertion, if not in suicidal violence. The nation, not less than the individual, should be educated in youth. It is then, when gross materialism is the preordained law of our being, that we should stir our groveling nature with thoughts of a higher life, and quicken its sight with visions of spiritual beauty."

THE MOTHER'S REPROOF.

BY MRS. E. F. BEQUA.

A LIGHT footfall on the sounding floor,
And a tiny face peeps in at the door;
"Ah, mamma, I've found you out at last;
Why did you shut you in so fast?
Mamma, dolly has lost her shoe,
I can't find it any where; come and look too."
I laid down my pen with numerous sighs,
And started on this new enterprise;
Search and research were all in vain,
Till a bright thought was born in my brain.
I opened the oven-door, and lo!
There lay the shoe as black as a shoe!
Laid in a patty-pan, baked for a pie.
"You've ruined your dolly's shoe," cried I;
She simply arched her eyebrows, when
She answered, "Make her another, then."
Vainly I seek some quiet nook,
In which to hide with my pen or book;
Vainly, for each new-found retreat
Is still invaded by pattering feet;
Pattering feet, and demands like these—
"Mamma, a pencil and ink, if you please;
See, I am coming to sit down by you;
Mamma is writing, I want to write too;"
Till a spirit that nature had never endowed
With marvelous patience, made murmur loud:
"At such a lot I may well repine,
Ne'er was more absolute thralldom than mine."

This, in the day of my pride and strength;
The coveted freedom came at length,
Came, and it lay on my spirit sore,
No pattering feet on the silent floor!
Quiet and leisure, could that suffice,
Quiet and leisure at such a price!
My favorite authors in vain invite;
"No little face will intrude to-night;"
I turned to my needle, the arrowy grief
That pierced me, on viewing the half-formed leaf,
On a little garment that ne'er will be worn;
Well I remember the sorrowful morn,
When two little arms were over it placed,
And I threw it aside in petulant haste.
Mothers, weighed down with a mother's care,
Thinking your burdens too great to bear,
Tempted your hearts at their lot to repine,
Could ye but fathom the sorrow of mine!
Mothers, whose little ones round you throng,
Oberish them, sing to them all the day long.

Ye may rejoice, but never I,
Whose hopes entombed with my darling lie.
O, joyless mother! O, gairish sun!
O coveted wealth that the grave has won!
In this empty world I find no part—
Where shall I go with my breaking heart?
Why sinks not my frame beneath the stroke?
With anguish no words can depict I *wake!*
She lay there beside me in slumber mild,
My lost, and recovered, and *living* child!
Not yet had the light of morning broke,
But her eyes to the touch of my lips awoke.
She marveled to see the smiles and tears
That greeted her waking: "Dearest of dears,
Mother and you will be merry to-day;
You shall help me write, and I'll help you play;
Dolly shall have two pairs of new shoes,
And any thing else that my darling may choose."
The little arms around me were thrown,
The little breast heaved against my own;
Ye only, who thus have suffered, may guess
The hallowed rapture of that caress!

THE INNER LIFE.

BY MRS. E. A. D. MITCHELL.

O, EARTH, how beautiful thou art
In thy rich robe of Spring!
New life, new joy, thrills every heart,
And plumes each drooping wing.
When sight and sound but pleasure give,
It is a glorious thing to live!
Alas, disease may make us dread
E'en light and melody;
The mildest ray, the softest tread,
May yield but agony—
"T is then the soul, shut out from earth,
Lives in its God who gave it birth.
We know not half the charms in Him,
The light, and love, and peace,
Until this outer life grows dim—
Till earthly pleasures cease;
Then we look up, and in His face
What tender sympathy we trace!
And with his presence to illumine,
The inner life grows fair;
Grows sweet and fresh, with bud and bloom,
Pure dews and genial air.
Lovelier far than flowers of Spring
Are graces born of suffering.
Ah, only by hard discipline
The soul grows brave and strong!
And when it conquers all within
It fears no outward wrong.
The crown of thorns is calmly worn,
The crushing cross in meekness borne.
While here within my silent room
Through all the year I've lain,
Amid its darkness and its gloom,
Its weariness and pain,
I've found, O God, how blest may be
A life that's hid, with Christ, in thee!

FROM THE JUDGMENT-HALL TO CALVARY.

BY REV. E. B. WELCH.

AFTER an early morning walk from Jerusalem to the Mount of Ascension, our next visit was to Calvary and the sepulcher by the Via Dolorosa, or Way of Sorrow. From our room, which overlooked the Pool of Hezekiah, we went directly to the house of the Pasha, or Turkish governor, occupying, it is said, the site of Pilate's palace, and constructed in part of the same material. Mounting two or three flights of stairs and emerging on the flat roof, we obtained a fine view of the Mosque of Omar, the court, and the yard. This area was, doubtless, the temple ground in the time of Solomon, and the Mohammedan mosque, as the Moslems affirm, was erected upon the very site of the Jewish temple. The Christian as well as the Jew feels this to be a strange and sad desecration. To the Jew it is a source of humiliation severe and perpetual. Forbidden at his peril to visit the consecrated spot, he beholds it at a distance, and, weeping, repeats the lamentation of the Psalmist—"O, God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled." The Christian pilgrim often receives from the haughty Moslem no better treatment than the Jew. One of our company, offering to pass through the open gateway into the Mohammedan grounds, was driven back with menaces and stones. One's indignation is fairly aroused by such treatment, and perhaps for the moment he invokes the return of the spirit of the Crusaders to fire the zeal of the Church, to restore her altars and her shrines, and deliver Jerusalem from the dominion of the infidel. But with the next moment comes the pacific reflection that even the Moslem reveres Abraham, and holds the Mount of patriarchal sacrifice as a holy place for God, and honors Jesus, whom the Jews despise.

The house of Pilate stands adjacent to the temple area. From the roof one looks directly down upon the grounds, which have the appearance of a beautiful park, every-where covered with verdure, with the octagonal Mosque of Omar in the center. These grounds are adorned in a style of Oriental magnificence, with arches, and fountains, and priestly platforms and niches for prayer. The fragrant orange, the dark, towering cypress, the pale olive, and the bright evergreen lend their sweetness and shade and furnish a fitting contrast with the gray, massive city walls and white marble steps and platforms that sur-

round the Mosque of Omar. Moslems, famous for devotion to their faith and for zeal in worship, could be seen in every direction on bended knee or prostrate on the ground engaged in prayer, while the muezzin call was yet echoing from the minaret of El Aksa.

This scene readily suggests the splendor of Solomon and recalls the magnificence of Herod, which challenged the admiration of the disciples when, as they went out of the temple, they said to the Master, Behold, what manner of stones and what buildings are here? And Jesus answered and said unto them, The days will come in which there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down. The startling prophecy is fulfilled, for the foundation has since been removed, and the very temple ground plowed. And more than this, the dread prediction of Jerusalem's overthrow has been verified, and the Jews have been for eighteen hundred years exiles from Palestine, scattered as outcasts among all the nations of the earth, because they invoked upon themselves the blood of the Son of God, "whom," saith Peter, "ye have taken, and with cruel hands crucified and slain." Of all acts in the world's great drama the scenes enacted in this immediate vicinity are marvelous and preëminent. Calvary and the sepulcher have more attractions for the Christian heart than has even the site of the temple; and we willingly turn from the Moslem display on Mount Moriah to trace with reverent steps the pathway of Jesus from Pilate's judgment-hall to Calvary. One would fain recall every possible association of that way of sorrow and review every memory of that final scene when the Divine Redeemer gave his life for the life of the world. To aid this attempt tradition has, with pious intent but with erring judgment, erected obtrusive memorials along the way, which ignorance and superstition have not only clothed with sanctity, but invested with reality, and declared to be positive relics preserved for eighteen hundred years. Hence the guide officiously points out the two old arches in the house of Pilate, whence the stairway led from the judgment-hall into the street. Tradition says this staircase, or Scala Santa, was removed by Constantine to Rome. We had already seen the "Scala Santa" at the St. John Lateran, and had witnessed the Papal farce of indulgence granted to those who should ascend the steps on their knees. It was during the ascent on this traditional stairway that Luther was aroused from his superstition and penetrated by this great spiritual truth, "The just shall live by faith;" and henceforth he

became a reformer. Nearly opposite the house of Pilate is the Church of the Flagellation, sometimes called, also, the Church of the Crowning with Thorns. It contains pictures of the scourging and the crowning, with altars and lamps, and priests in perpetual attendance. A few paces westward is the Ecce Homo, where Pilate brought forth Jesus, and, presenting him to the people, said, "Behold the man!" The place is marked by an arch crossing the narrow street. Turning suddenly southward, we find a prostrate column, which is said to identify the spot where Jesus, fainting beneath the cross, leaned against the wall and left upon it the impression of his shoulder.

Thus in succession the guide pointed out the fourteen stations which Catholic credulity has dared to pronounce historic, has signalized by monuments, and made familiar to the world by pictures in all the Roman churches. But the guides have learned, from acquaintance with less superstitious though no less devout travelers, that these credulous tales are repulsive to Christians of the nineteenth century, and they content themselves with the mere repetition of names. Doubtless this narrow street, the "Via Dolorosa," follows the general course pursued by the Savior as he went forth to crucifixion. But it is idle to suppose that after the successive revolutions which have swept over the city this would be the identical street and these monuments along the way trustworthy. Yet it is unquestionable that somewhere in this immediate neighborhood took place the insulting trial of Jesus, in which the infatuated Jews rejected the Son of God and cried out, "Away with him! crucify him, crucify him! His blood be upon us and upon our children!" though the Governor said, "Why, what evil hath he done?" that here Barabbas, the murderer, was released unto the people who clamored for it, and the spotless Redeemer was scourged and then delivered to be crucified; that here the soldiers put upon him a scarlet robe, placed a crown of thorns upon his head, bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and spit upon him; then with a reed smote him on the head, and, laying upon him his own cross, led him away to crucify him. Recalling as vividly as possible the thrilling facts recorded by the Evangelists, we yielded ourselves as entirely as we could to their sacred impressions. We sinners, trusting wholly to the merit of his death for our eternal salvation, were tracing his pathway to Calvary toward the consummation of an event which was in truth the climax in time's whole history. With infinite interest

the attention of all heaven was centered upon the stupendous scene. God manifest in the flesh, whom angels worship, is bearing a cross on which he is soon to be crucified, and lost sinners whom he came to save are about to do the deed before high heaven. The way rises more steeply now as we approach the summit; and here is Calvary, where Christ our Passover was slain! Inspired words describe the closing scene. This none others may attempt. The last prayer of God's suffering Son is, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," and his dying words, "It is finished." Nature feels the dreadful shock. Though it is noon-day darkness spreads over all the land. The veil of the temple is rent in twain from the top to the bottom. The earth quakes; the rocks rend; and the graves are opened. That death has been celebrated for eighteen hundred years in various lands as the only hope of salvation for a lost world. And, together with others from the Old World, we came as pilgrims from the New to view the place of crucifixion and the tomb in which the Lord lay. Here a vast church has been erected with more than half a score of chapels, occupied by worshipers from as many Christian nations. It would have been more in accordance with my own feelings to visit Calvary and the sepulcher in the quiet of seclusion, and to find the original simplicity of nature preserved.

"O, if the lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-incrusted shrine,
Or incense fumes' intoxicating spell?"

But this could not be. A thousand pilgrims had already gathered at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher when we arrived; men, women, and children, bishops, and priests, and people from lands remote as well as near; Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, Copts and Italians, French, English, and Americans, New Zealanders and Australians, and with every passing hour the numbers increased.

Calvary and the tomb are covered by the immense Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which, thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilt, was consecrated as it now stands in 1810, A. D. But of these hereafter.

THERE is a burden of care in getting riches; fear in keeping them; temptation in using them; guilt in abusing them; sorrow in losing them; and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—*Matthew Henry.*

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

EDITORIAL.

NUMBER II.

THE EVANGELISTS.

THE news of the planting of Methodism in America soon reached England, and created great enthusiasm among both preachers and people. The first impulse sent to this country the heroic Williams and the zealous King, representatives of the lay preachers of Wesleyanism, whom we sketched in our previous article. Mr. Wesley himself, always cool and considerate, took more time to deliberate. But the calls from America came more frequently and urgently, "Send us an able and experienced preacher;" "we importune your assistance;" "send us a man of wisdom, of sound faith, a good disciplinarian, whose soul and heart are in the work." Webb, Embury, Thomas Bell, the good Swedish missionary Dr. Wrangle, all engaged in this work of importunity. At length, on the 3d of August, 1769, Mr. Wesley brought the subject before his Conference at Leeds. "We have a pressing call from our brethren of New York—who have built a preaching-house—to come over and help them. Who is willing to go?" Two of the preachers, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, offered themselves for the service, by whom the Conference also resolved to send fifty pounds, "as a token of brotherly love." No time was lost by these ardent missionaries of the Cross in preparing for what then, much more than now, might be called "their far-off field of labor." In the latter part of August they sailed for the New World, and after a long, tedious, unpleasant passage of nine weeks, they landed at Gloucester Point, six miles below Philadelphia, October 24, 1769.

In 1772 the indefatigable Webb returned again to England to appeal to Wesley and his Conference for more missionaries. The enthusiasm of the Captain was commensurate with his grand idea of the future of America, and neither one was too large for the occasion or for the result, although Wesley wrote "he is all life and fire," and Charles Wesley gazed on him with surprise, and pronounced him fanatical. He demanded two of the ablest men of the British Conference—Charles Hopper and Joseph Benson. Again in the month of August, and again in the city of Leeds, thus consecrating the name of that city in our early history, the appeal was made by Webb himself for more missionaries. George Shadford and Thomas Rankin responded to the appeal and

offered themselves to go in the following Spring. On Good Friday, April 9, 1773, accompanied by Joseph Yearbry, another preacher, they set sail, and after a passage of seven and a half weeks anchored in the Delaware opposite Chester, about sixteen miles south of Philadelphia. These four men have earned for themselves the title of Evangelists of American Methodism. Two others, Francis Asbury and Richard Wright, were appointed by the Conference of 1771, but the former by his extraordinary and apostolic labors has gained a higher name than evangelist, and the latter is but little known in our history, scarcely more than that he accompanied Asbury.

RICHARD BOARDMAN was about thirty-one years of age, vigorous and zealous, when he offered himself for America. He had preached in the Wesleyan itinerancy about six years. His training had been brief, but thorough, among fervid Methodists, with hard travels, laborious work, and Wintery storms. He set out for America mourning the recent loss of his wife, but courageous for his new career. On arriving at Philadelphia, where they were welcomed by the Methodists of the city, by the good Dr. Wrangle, and by the ubiquitous Webb, he immediately began his mission by preaching in the city "to a great number of people," and then departing for the North, preaching on his route through New Jersey. In New York he met a hearty reception and began his labors in John-Street Church. On the 4th of November, 1769, he wrote to Mr. Wesley: "Our house contains about seventeen hundred people. About a third part of those who attend get in, the rest are glad to hear without. There appears such a willingness in the Americans to hear as I never saw before. They have no preaching in some parts of the back settlements. I doubt not but an effectual door will be opened among them. O, may the Most High now give his Son the heathen for his inheritance! The number of blacks that attend the preaching affects me much."

After spending about five months in New York he exchanged with Pilmoor, and they continued thus to alternate three times a year. We can trace the labors of Mr. Boardman in New York at different times through nearly five years, during which his ministry was blessed to hundreds. He was equally successful in Philadelphia, and made missionary excursions into Maryland, and preached in Baltimore. In the Spring of 1772 he went to Providence and to Boston, introducing Methodism there one year before the first Conference met in America, and eleven years before Jesse Lee,

the apostle of Methodism in New England, entered the traveling connection. Two important conversions are historically associated with the name of Mr. Boardman. On his journey toward Bristol to embark for America, he reached the village of Monyash, where, as usual, he preached in the evening, and, says Stevens, "achieved greater usefulness perhaps than by all his labors in founding Methodism in the New World." A young woman named Mary Redfern went to hear the missionary who was going to America. She was awakened under the impressive sermon, and soon after found peace. The sermon, which was to her ever-memorable, was from the text, "Jabez was more honorable than his brethren," etc. 1 Chron. iv, 9, 10. Ten years after this sermon she married William Bunting, a Methodist layman, and the next year selected from the text of Boardman a name for her first-born, Jabez Bunting, thus consecrating the memory of Boardman with that of Bunting, the chief leader of British Methodism since the departure of Wesley. The other historic name is that of John Mann, one of the first missionaries who, with the heroic Garrettsen and William Black, sowed the first Gospel seed in Nova Scotia, which has produced there a glorious harvest.

The first American Methodist Conference began its sessions in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 14th of July, 1773. Rankin says, "There were present seven preachers, besides Boardman and Pilmoor, who were to return to England." The last sentence indicates the attitude and the destiny of Boardman. The clouds of the approaching contest with the mother country were growing large and dark. He declined to meddle in any way with the vexed political questions of the times, but was loyal as an Englishman to the parent Government, and when the certainty of war was apparent, he quietly retired from the country, and, accompanied by Pilmoor, sailed for England on the 2d of January, 1774, leaving blessings behind him for the Americans, and carrying with him prophetic visions of the young Church to whose planting he had contributed, and which then numbered 2,073 members, 10 regularly-organized circuits, and 17 preachers.

He resumed his itinerant labors in Ireland, and continued zealously and successfully in the work till October, 1782, on the 4th of which month he died in the city of Cork. He was a man of deep and ardent piety, and a preacher of superior talents. Wesley pronounced him "a pious, good-natured, sensible man, greatly beloved of all that knew him." Asbury says,

"a kind, loving, worthy man, truly amiable and entertaining, and of a childlike temper." His Irish brethren recorded on his plain tombstone—

"With eloquence divine he preached the Word
To multitudes, and turned them to the Lord.
His bright examples strengthened what he taught,
And devils trembled when for Christ he fought."

JOSEPH PILMOOR, the companion of Boardman, was a true son of Methodism, converted in his sixteenth year through the preaching of Mr. Wesley himself, and educated at Wesley's Kingswood school. He had itinerated in Cornwall and Wales about four years—a man of good courage, commanding presence, much executive skill, and ready discourse. On arriving at Philadelphia Pilmoor was the first to open their mission from the steps of the old State-House on Chestnut-street. Soon afterward he was preaching from the platform of the judges of the race-course on the common, now Franklin Square. He found Captain Webb in the city, and a society of about one hundred members. The people flocked to hear in multitudes. "Blessed be God," he exclaimed, "for field preaching! There seems to be a great and effectual door opening in this country, and I hope many souls will be gathered in." We trace his course for about five years, alternating between Philadelphia and New York, abundant in labors, extending his excursions into the country, and every-where meeting with favor among the people. In 1770 he went to Baltimore, and other parts of Maryland, to aid Strawbridge and Williams. He preached in that city, standing on the side-walk, and attracting large audiences by his commanding appearance, and his convincing arguments.

The next year he was again in New York, with Williams as his associate. In a rather singular manner he was successful in introducing Methodism into New Rochelle, where a clergyman refused to allow him to address a little company gathered for worship at the house of Frederick Devau. Mrs. Devau, lying sick in an adjoining room, beckoned him to her chamber, and invited him to preach there to herself and the waiting company. He did so; the invalid was converted, and in a few days died "triumphant in the Lord." This was Pilmoor's indorsement for preaching subsequently to the whole neighborhood, and not long after Mr. Asbury formed there the third Methodist society in the State of New York.

There are traces of several expeditions made by him to the South. "He preached in Norfolk, traveled through the southern parts of

Virginia, and through North Carolina, to Charleston, South Carolina, and even to Savannah, Georgia." He spent nearly a year in this excursion, but left no record of its events. He scattered the good seed over all his route, encountering the violence of persecutors, but drawing crowds to listen to his message. The fruits of his earnest labors appeared in the conversion of many souls.

On the 2d of January, 1774, as we have seen, he embarked with Boardman for his native land. On reaching England he hesitated to re-enter the itinerancy, and did not receive an appointment till 1776, when he was stationed in London. Subsequently we find him on the Norwich circuit, and in Edinburgh, Dublin, Nottingham, and York. In 1784 he took offense from the Episcopal organization of American Methodism, and the "Deed of Declaration" for the constitution of the Wesleyan Conference, and retired from the itinerancy. Returning to America, he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church and labored in Philadelphia. Subsequently he served a new Episcopal Church on Ann-street, New York, a branch from Trinity Church, but again removed to Philadelphia, where he was rector of St. Paul's Church, and where he died in a good old age. He never lost his love for his itinerant brethren. Asbury alludes to him frequently and affectionately. Asbury, Coke, and other Methodist preachers were frequently admitted to his pulpit. The University of Pennsylvania honored him with the title of Doctor of Divinity.

THOMAS RANKIN "was one of the commanding men of the Wesleyan ministry. Wesley appointed him at once General Assistant or Superintendent of the American societies." He was older than Asbury in the itinerancy, and an experienced disciplinarian. It is very probable that Mr. Asbury, under whose administration some difficulties had arisen, requested this appointment. Rankin "was a clear-headed and honest-hearted Scotchman, trained in religious habits from his infancy." His attention was attracted to Methodism in Dunbar, where some of the converted troops of the army of Flanders had formed a society. Subsequently he heard Whitefield at Edinburgh, and after a deep and earnest struggle of soul found rest in God. It was not long before he was laboring as a local preacher. In 1761 he entered the itinerancy, and was remarkably successful in his labors. In 1773, as we have seen, he sailed for America, and arrived on the first day of June, and on the 3d was cordially received in Philadelphia by Asbury and the Methodists of the city. Rankin preached that night and sev-

eral times again till the 12th, when, accompanied by Asbury, he reached New York city. About a month later he and the scattered itinerants were gathered at Philadelphia to hold the first American Methodist Conference.

It was a Conference of ever-memorable interest in the history of Methodism. Many evil results of lax and irregular discipline had already begun to show themselves in the young societies, and many grave questions of policy for the new Church arose for discussion. We can not pursue its history here, but may remark that the wisdom and disciplinary skill of Rankin and Asbury then laid the foundations for the effective organization of American Methodism. Rankin was disappointed in the number of members returned, the aggregate being 1,160. This, however, did not represent the full membership of the Church, but the members organized into classes. The whole number was about 2,000.

Rankin and Shadford were appointed respectively to Philadelphia and New York, but were to exchange during the year. It was a year of abundant labors, not only alternating between the two cities, but extending their labors on large circuits around them. Rankin's spirit glowed with ardor. He adopted fully Asbury's views of the itinerancy as an ever-moving evangelism, and exemplified them in his own labors. His labors were attended with great success. On the 25th of May, 1774, he met with the second Conference in Philadelphia. The good effects of Rankin's rigid discipline were apparent in the increased membership and in the aspect of order and efficiency which appeared in the societies. But this rigor, necessary as it had been for the young Church, had given some offense, and Mr. Rankin seems to have been unhappy in his official manners. Rankin says of the session, "Every thing considered, we had reason to bless God for what he had done in about ten months. Above a thousand members are added to the societies, and most of these have found peace with God. We now labor in the provinces of New York, the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia."

For the next year Rankin has left but brief notices of his labors. He remained about six months in Philadelphia, making expeditions to New Jersey and other adjacent regions. In the Autumn of 1774 we find him in various parts of Maryland, especially on the Baltimore and Kent circuit. The agitations of the approaching Revolution began to depress his spirit and awaken his fears. After the Conference of 1775 we can trace him through New Jersey, thence

into Pennsylvania, thence to Delaware and Maryland; "he preached zealously, but fretted continually under the 'alarm upon alarm' from New England." In the next Spring we find him in Virginia, rejoicing in the "great revival" which prevailed there through several counties. He seems to have lingered with delight amid these scenes of revival, his journals and letters glowing with the accounts he gives of them. But little more is definitely known of his labors. The Revolution came, and his thoughts began to turn homeward. He writes, "The British being in possession of Philadelphia, I left Maryland in September—1777—and through divers dangers got safe into that city in the month of November. I spent the Winter there, and left the Capes of Delaware on the 17th of March, 1778, and arrived safe at the Cove of Cork on the 25th of April." He soon reached London, and spent the remainder of his life in that city, "where he preached two or three times a week, led a class, and did other services in the Wesleyan Chapels during more than thirty years." According to the record he "finished his course with joy on the 17th of May, 1810, after having faithfully served God in his generation."

GEORGE SHADFORD "is one of the most interesting characters in the autobiographical sketches of Wesley's old Arminian Magazine." So says Stevens, and says it truly—for he well deserves a volume devoted to his biography, instead of the mere sketches we have had of his character and labors. He had a good religious training in his early life, and was full of the healthful spirits of childhood. He was a soldier in his early youth, tossed about the country in the army, tempted by the vices of his comrades, but escaping most of them, and repenting with tears when overcome. Soon after being released from the army he was converted and became a Methodist. In 1768 Wesley summoned him into the itinerant field, and he was sent into Cornwall, then to Kent, and then to Norwich. In 1772 he heard Webb's appeal for America, and he responded to the call. In America his labors were abundant, and were crowned with glorious success. He had a soul of flame, and was singularly effective in his preaching. Most powerful revivals accompanied his ministry. In New York, in New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, in Maryland, on the famous Baltimore circuit, in Virginia, we find him laboring with an ardor that carried all others with him, and swept the ranks of sin before him. But we can not follow these travels and labors here. His end was much like that of Rankin. He was loyal to the home

Government and greatly suffered for his loyalty. He was threatened with imprisonment, and even felt himself in peril of death. "He could not travel," he says, "without a pass, nor have a pass without taking the oaths." He had a final interview with Asbury at the house of Judge White, where Asbury was in forced seclusion, and only a little while before the abduction of Judge White himself. At this interview Shadford said, "My work is here done, I can not stay; it is impressed on my mind that I ought to go home, as strongly as it was to come to America." With difficulty he obtained a pass for his route northward, but made his journey notwithstanding through great perils to Philadelphia. There he embarked for Cork. He resumed his ministry in England, and labored with great zeal till 1791, and then became a supernumerary. For twenty-five years more he lived a devoted Christian, performing such labors for God and souls as his strength would allow, and enjoying an enviable old age. Nor could some years of blindness interrupt his serene happiness. At length, on the 11th of March, 1816, worn out with infirmities and labors in both hemispheres, he fell asleep in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His memory was long precious on both sides of the Atlantic. A man of tender feelings, warmest piety, and wonderful power in the pulpit, every body that knew him loved him.

The labors of these Wesleyan missionaries though brief, were vital to American Methodism in its incipient state. Their cheerful and prompt response to the call of the feeble Church, linked the struggling few in America to the triumphant multitudes of England. Their zealous labors were an example and inspiration to the native preachers so suddenly raised up for their work. Their devotion to the peculiarities of Methodism insured the adoption of these peculiarities in America, and gave form and character to the Church at its very commencement. Their experience in discipline and their training under the eye of the founder himself, enabled them, especially Rankin and Asbury, to lay the foundation of an efficient organization. Their names are well worthy of perpetual preservation in our history as the evangelists of American Methodism.

"LET the thoughts of a crucified Christ," said one, "be never out of your mind. Let them be your sweetness and consolation, your honey and your desire, your reading and your meditation, your life, death, and resurrection."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY MISS C. M. STONE.

KNOW thyself. To those persons who have calmly measured the length and breadth of this thought it is no insignificant problem; those who comprehend its importance the most thoroughly at the first glance at its magnitude will almost involuntarily hold their breath and ask the question with a terrible sense of the weakness of humanity, "Shall I be able to acquire this knowledge?"

To us it is a sad thing to behold so many gliding through the world as a ship glides over the sea, directed only by the one that may happen to be at the helm; when the storm arises they have nothing within themselves to rely upon, only to appeal to the mercy of the wind and waves. As the furniture is displaced and scattered about in the ship, so the equally-helpless furniture in the forms of clay is quite as sadly disposed of, and, without being able to rearrange itself, is dependent solely upon the aid of another hand. Thus it is that the strife of human passions works a palpable spiritual ruin, and the individual becomes but one of the thousand notes floating in the atmosphere of a diseased and disordered system of life.

But we come to a question which, perhaps, should have been propounded at the first: What is knowledge of one's self? We think we can explain it no more clearly than by an illustration. Suppose two children, born and reared in the same house, and together attaining to years of thoughtfulness and discretion, being totally unlike in temperament and disposition, should enter into a solemn compact to disclose to each other every distinct reflection and emotion, good or evil. Together they are to mingle their congratulations over the inspirations of pure and beautiful thoughts, and together blush with shame over the evil thoughts which assail them. But one is stronger than the other, and a double duty devolves upon him, and if he does not labor continually he loses ground both for himself and his companion; he has not only to combat his own frailty but finds also the welfare of his companion dependent upon his exertions. It is a giant task for humanity, and for awhile we tremble at the quiver of the scales to see which shall rise or fall. If the strong one finally fails, and he determines that he can be counselor no longer, the propensities of the weak will soon tend to lose their hold upon virtue and reason, and but a little time will

elapse before the latter will be ashamed to look the former in the face. They no more put to each other the useful test, one permitting temptation to come to the other, trembling, but believing he will be proof as solid rock against it, and then to rejoice at the overthrow of the enemy; but now, alone and defenseless against the action of evil, deprived of the loving and the warning admonition, there is slight hope for the weak one and more failures for the strong.

As these two began their peculiar acquaintance, so, in order to know ourselves, we must compel the evil within us to listen to and be reasoned with by the good. Sweet and harmless as the deeds of a momentary impulse may seem, yet they are not to be trusted to till we cast a look, a calm and reasonable thought upon the possible danger of the deed. The lives of some are all made up of impulse, and only consist in thoughtless acts, which, while they are far from the intention of deliberate violation of the laws of truth and right, brings us sure pain, as if a flower, having the power to become the arbiter of its own fate, should wish to be transplanted from its native bed to the vase in the parlor because the music was there, thinking for the moment that it could even brave the death that would follow for the sake of one brief hour of enchantment; but when the music ceased and the twilight came on, the bleeding tendrils caused a sickness, a dearth, and a sinking that was insupportable. Thus we see that as we can not escape the inexorable decree which the fall has fastened upon us, fighting and striving is our lot; success is with pain, but O, with failure, what? How can we for a moment be easy with the thought that failure is very possible? The incentive, immortality, is before us, and Reason stands out clear as the noonday sun to our vision and says, "Life is as but a dream of the night, but eternity is endless." We would think that man exceedingly foolish who persisted in digging in a silver mine with soiled clothes and begrimed face when, by heating, and polishing, and casting what he already had obtained, he might by its use become the possessor of the luxuries and the elegancies of life, and spend the rest of his days in ease and refinement. We are to know for ourselves whether we are to listen to the voice of the divine instinct within us, or whether the loud clamor of the earthy is to separate us from ourselves and make us fear to look upon the inner courts as beheld by the Eye that never slumbers or sleeps.

But we would not convey the idea that this

strength of purpose can be obtained unaided by the exercise of a religious faith. Ah, no; it never has been done, and it never can be. It is not within the possibility of human acquirement while the spirit is pampered by human passions and human frailties.

Those who have the finest sensibilities experience the keenest sorrow and the most ineffable joy. It falls to their lot to wring their hands at the brink of despair, and then almost to feel the pressure of angels' palms upon their brows. To these soonest becomes apparent the fallibility of all human propositions; therefore the more necessary for them to seek a retreat beyond the reach of the tempest, where, with the only safeguard, religion, they may escape from a remorseless and sorrow-dealing master, who would finally enchain them beyond redemption.

It is a pitiable sight, it is such an unwise and foolish thing to spend our little life as most do spend it; and yet it is a difficult matter to break away from the thralldom which the customs of long ages have thrown around us. Each seems destined to chase his favorite phantom to the end unaided and alone, for so few walk together to counteract the spiritual retrogression.

People in a sense are all afraid of each other. From those who have the opportunity to be the nearest and dearest helpers in all the world, the little longings and the heartaches are concealed, and over the door of every heart seems written: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther." Much of this is caused by the fact that we, to whom all these little things are even momentous, do not take this into our consideration in the case of others. Tenderness and attention to the first minute outbreak of a pained heart would clear the way to our mission-field, and the misunderstanding, the feeling of wrong, desperation, and disquietude that roams abroad with such painful riot would be abated. Nothing draws us so surely and tenderly toward a person as their inquiries after our welfare, our prospects, and our enjoyments. To know that our happiness is studied by some unselfish being brings exquisite pleasure if we are not deformed by an ungrateful selfishness which renders nothing but exacts the whole. There is mechanical skill and execution to be used, and away beyond the boundary-line of time the edifice which incloses us redeemed, and those redeemed by us, will rise complete and sublime among the dwelling-places of the spirit of light.

This is not a mere subject to dream of and write about. As we have sufficient proof that

death is by no means annihilation, and that the actions committed here fix the nature of our inheritance hereafter, how can a being created with reason and intellect for a moment hesitate as to the course he will pursue when the divine privilege is given him to choose between a glorious immortality by self-discipline here or a future which has no solitary ray of hope or promise, entailed by the indulgence of a few years of thoughtlessness and unlawful pleasure?

OUR LIFE.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

THE power for weal or woe,
The changeful cares and ever-restless strife
For future good, the hurrying to and fro
Through sun and shadow—this is mortal's life.

Hope's radiant budding flowers,
Flushing the brow of youth with promise bright,
The ever-fair to-morrow's rosy bowers,
Though ending oft in disappointment's night.

Deep murmurings within,
Ceaseless as whispers through the wooded vale,
That joyous bird-songs e'er have failed to win,
Or down the surging of that solemn wail.

And the soul's broken peace
Haunts all the silence of the lonely breast;
Earth's sweetest joys can give no balm of ease,
Or bring it back the long-lost Eden rest.

Yet life is beautiful;
All things are lovely to the pure and good:
The glad, fair earth is but a garden full
Of glorious gifts when rightly understood;
And each may richly find
The blessing that true laborers attend.
There's noble work for each capacious mind;
From lowly nooks we may the heights ascend.

Thus on our varied ways,
Through countless toils to gather as we go;
The Summer's sky wanes in the Autumn days,
Life's fever'd stream grows sluggish, faint, and slow

Perchance the shore is strown
With shapeless wrecks, once our artistic pride;
But grave defects experience has shown,
And with the things that were hath cast aside.

Still journeying with our sheaves,
We hasten onward toward the gates of death,
The by-gones rustling by like wither'd leaves,
And dead hopes stirr'd with memory's lightest breath.

Wails yet the spirit's cry,
In every life-throb questioning tenderly,
If it shall have redemption from on high,
The earnest of a bright eternity.

Or hath it sung the lay
Of sweet assurance through the long, long years;
More often fade the blooming flowers of May,
Death hath no season for his spoils and tears.

THE RING.

BY EVE DICKINSON.

"YES, here it is," I exclaimed, glancing in the case pointed out to me, as a gold ring with an irregular oval signet engraved in strange device met my inquiring eye. "Here is the identical ring of Amenophis—name and all, I verily believe. Strange, too!" I murmured as my curiosity became more gratified by continual investigation of the contents of the case, among which were necklaces and rings of tarnished silver and gold, with here and there an ornament of some other kind; but gleaming above all was a coronet and this heavy pure gold ring, as bright as though the finger which wore it was laid in the grave yesterday instead of moldering there for centuries.

In the gallery above were several varieties of embalmed idols, or gods. Two great cases, each containing an immense Apis, couchant, whose extended horns and full eyes had either been unwrapped or burst their bands, and seemed in dull dignity to return the curious gaze of visitors. In others embroidery by woman's deft fingers, with the time-stained remains of work-basket, etc., containing articles of necessary use, even the strange needle with the thread still inserted, as if left the yesterday of long ago, and, forsooth, a bottle containing the dried end of a stick of paint or cosmetic, showing that woman is singularly constant to her fancies. And it needed but this signet-ring, with other of man's personal ornaments, to bring men and women bodily as warm blooded as we are before us, and not as the nominal heroes and heroines of a nursery tale. Very weary, I sat to rest on one of the few seats the hall offered, and, looking up, an immense sarcophagus painted gayly in yellow and gold-red met my wearied vision. "Mercy," thought I, "here is the ring and there is the whole body of the wearer, I suppose, in that painted case," and turned away oppressed with the atmosphere of musty antiquity and redolent with relics of Egyptian mummies of people and gods, with here a foot, and there a hand, and occasionally a whole human body standing stiff and dark in its case. Again my gaze came back to the painted case on its square tomb, and then wandered off; again and again I forced my eyes away, but by some strange fascination they returned to the painted case. Unable to stand the glamour longer, I resolutely got up and investigated the ring—the veritable ring of Amenophis.

Away back went my thoughts to the first Pharaoh, and what he might have sealed with his signet. A dim shadow of a brown face suddenly but unobtrusively close before me looked in the case. As I gazed there came a clearer view of dark, stern eyes, and the strong-defined features of a man's face between me and the other side of the case. Into the case he looked with no emotion on the face; all I know that dark face was there, earnestly looking as well as I. Gradually a large hall opened before me, into which the softened rays of a Southern sun gleamed far across. Immense stone pillars supported a painted ceiling far above my head. The sound of gurgling water and the hum of life was softly heard. The heavy folds of gay curtains as they slowly moved in the breeze gave a feeling of coolness and quiet to the place. A murmur arrested me; turning, I beheld at the further end raised above the floor a seat or throne, on which sat a man with the face that had looked with me at the ring. Nobody seemed to see me. Around the king were few only; no servants bent slavishly before him. But here and there some noble-looking men either stood or walked about as if according to usual custom. A kind of dreary leisure and dreaminess pervaded the hall, which the warm atmosphere induced or augmented. Near the wall behind the king stood armed men, guards, perhaps, whose lounging manner betrayed also the effect of climate and the want of present excitement.

A bustle succeeded the exit of one of the attendants, and suddenly the sound of tingling music and tiny bells, and the entrance of young girls dressed in the airy costume of the sunny south, their ankles and arms hung with tiny bells, and adorned from head to foot with glittering trinkets. Making a low obeisance, they sprang in light accompaniment of heel and toe to the gay music. The dark-browed master of the place looked on listlessly at their tortuous dance, and appeared more engaged in the turning of their twinkling feet than amused with their efforts to please.

Sinking back in his gilded seat a slight frown passed over his features, when at an almost imperceptible motion of the hand the gay troupe disappeared as suddenly as they had entered.

The circle of armed men drew closer around. Something from without arrested the company. Slowly two men were ushered into the vast hall. They paused before the king. The listless monarch looked up, and as they advanced a more interested expression stole over his features. The form of one was very majestic,

tall above the rest; his face was from me, but his long white beard fell low on his bosom, and I noticed he held a rod in his hand. Grave and dignified in every movement, alike free from awe or fear, he stood amid the splendors of the Egyptian court.

The elder but smaller of the two, clad, like his companion, in long linen garments, advanced and bent before the king. He spoke; no tone reached my ear; but the brow of the monarch lowered and his lips compressed as he listened. Dissent was in his face, and must have been in his short replies. Taking the rod which his brother held in his hand, the speaker cast it sternly on the marble pavement. Quick as it touched the floor the ring of soldiers retreated before the serpent, which writhed and twisted itself before their startled vision. Surprise for the moment seized the scornful monarch; then with quick, short command he spoke to his courtiers. In a short time the rush of feet and the rustle of garments was heard, and there entered several priests. Slowly giving place, the two venerable men stood aside to await the issue. The words of the king were few. A scornful smile passed over the face of the foremost priest, and, casting his rod down upon the pavement, a serpent glided over the marble. Each priest cast down a rod, and each rod turned serpent. Back fled the astonished attendants, when before their astonished gaze the serpent-rod of the stranger devoured all the others. Dismay for a moment settled over king and priests. Recovering his indomitable will, the monarch frowningly dismissed his unwelcome visitors.

My vision changed. It was early morning; a young man of noble bearing, attended with several youths near his own age, passed by. Accoutered as if for a journey, part of a great procession, they were treading a long avenue lined on each side with immense pillars strangely carved, painted in brilliant colors and sparkling with golden ornament; slowly moved the throng till they disappeared within the portico of a splendid temple, flanked on either side with towering stone statues, moral sentinels before that sacred house.

The trumpets sound. The audience hall is crowded. In the midst is the young prince and his friends. With bent head he stands before his father, receiving his parting advice. All that religion and power could do had been done to crown the event with success. This youth was to leave his home and the luxuries of his father's court and harden his slender frame with exposure and fatigue, endure the privations of a campaign in a barbarous coun-

try, and become accustomed to influence and command in order to qualify him to rule over a great nation. Stern and inflexible the father, obedient and noble the son. Again the trumpets sound; the rush of the crowd and the busy hum of excitement without is heard like the dull moan of a storm within these immense halls. Crushing back all show of feeling with the pride of place and sternness of will, Sesotris and his companions left the presence of his father never to see him again in life.

'T is night, and hark! the sound of grief, swelling and raising in strength and power, till the midnight air is full of woe, taken up again and again, as startled fathers and mothers look with agony and despair on their children. Every household finds its oldest, its first-loved, its first-born struck by some unseen power lifeless before them. Lamentation and despair burst from every tongue; from palace and hovel comes the terrible cry, from the monarch to the humblest citizen—all echo the wail. Terror gives her wings to the frightened people, and, crowding around their stricken sovereign, they demand help—heart-crushing agony has destroyed their awe of the throne. Conscience whispers to that monarch of his forfeited word, of his iron despotism over an unresisting and industrious people, whom he has trodden down in his scorn as we trample on the despised worm beneath our feet. His often broken faith stares him like an avenging angel in the face. His dead child lies before him as a sacrifice to his hard-heartedness, while from his whole people comes this awful wail of agony. In haste he sends for the god-like men whom he had repeatedly driven from his presence. Humiliated, he commands them to do what before they had asked as a favor: "Rise up, get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; go, serve the Lord. Begone," and added the humble king, "bless me also."

'T is evening. The soft rays of the sinking sun glanced over the immense wilderness, gilding tree and craggy summit with his mellow evening tints, while far in front the sea sends back ray for ray as his parting kiss touches its waters. Here, just over against Baal Zephon, is an immense multitude encamped; not a host of armed men with all the glittering surroundings of war. Armed men are here, but every tent is a household, and, like some vast city, the hum of preparation for the evening repast is mingled with the lowing of cattle and the various sounds of life. Little children hang around their parents' knees and prattle

of the morrow; the mother looks forward to the future in some faith and much fear, but backward also to the comforts of the past with that longing and faltering of the heart which stirs woman's nature when torn from the long-established habit of her life; while the men lounge in tired dignity, waiting for the busy hands of wife or servant to minister to their need. But what comes with the western breeze? The sound of heavy tramping, the rumble of distant wheels, the clang of arms gains on the listening ear. Anon, like frightened sheep when their enemy is upon them, they crowd in dense and threatening mass together and around their leader. With bitter reproaches they revile him. Undismayed with their threats, their discontent or slavish fear, he stands before them, his gentle eyes looking with indignation upon their unmanliness and want of faith. "Fear not," says he, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Calmed by the perfect repose of manner of this greatest and meekest of leaders, quieted of their own fears in spite of the cause of them still advancing upon them, obeying an impulse they knew not from whence, they returned to their tents. Night closed in; nothing disturbed the peace of the multitude, for, like a shield hung between Israel and his pursuer, hung the pillar of cloud inclosing the chosen people in its miraculous folds. In the morning, girt and ready, every tribe in its place, every man at his post, every woman and every child, with all their goods and all their cattle, walked steadily up to the sea. Standing there, magnificent in his delegated power, his countenance radiant with faith and love, his splendid figure drawn to its full height, his long robe floating in the breeze, with his rod extended over the sea, waited their leader. Under that extended hand, armed with that miraculous rod, the sea divided as at the bidding of its master, and between the wall of waters piled up on either side was a passage made for the multitude. Steadily they followed their guide till they had passed over. The Egyptians pursued, with their king at their head; they entered the strange path; chariot and horsemen dashed eagerly forward. Close in front, emerging from the sea, were the disappearing forms of the children of Israel. With shout and cry the enemy pursued. Suddenly the wall of waters broke, and, rushing back in their accustomed place, covered the pursuers; king and subject, horsemen and chariots, disappeared in a moment from the sight of man. But above the rushing waters, above the noise of chariots and clang of arms, arose a cry of despair which broke on the ear

with a horror that froze the blood of the listener.

Gently as the Summer rain falls on the parched grass, soft as the lullaby of a mother over her babe, came the notes of song. Gaining in strength as the vast multitude took up the hymn of deliverance, it rolled and swelled till the whole air was filled with its volume, and every summit echoed back its music.

"Well, I do believe you are asleep," said a familiar voice close beside me, and, starting up, I found that, overcome by extreme fatigue, my imagination had played me a trick; and, resuming parasol and bundle, which according to rule had been deposited on the librarian's table, we left the hall of the Historical Society, glad that we were able to emerge from the heavy atmosphere of long ago into the light and the life of busy New York, and thankful that we lived when people died and were buried undisturbed with the probability of being resurrected till the soul can assume the form intended for it.

GRANDILOQUENCE.

BY REV. R. DONKERSELEY.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."

SIDNEY SMITH thus mimics and satirizes Sir James Mackintosh's grandiose and flowing style: "It struck me last night as I was lying in bed, that Mackintosh, if he had to write on pepper would thus describe it: 'Pepper may be philosophically described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit; an article rather of a condiment than a diet, which, disposed lightly over the surface of the food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition; and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, and explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'"

But Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes throws Sir James entirely into the shade, as may be seen by the following paragraph of *simple* English, which we quote from an interesting article on the photographic art, published some months ago: "Then we place the slide in the shield, draw this out of the camera, and carry it back into the shadowy realm where Cocytus flows in black nitrate of silver, and Acheron stagnates

in the pool of hyposulphite, and invisible ghosts, trooping down from the world of day, cross a Styx of dissolved sulphate of iron and appear before the Rhadamanthus of that lurid hades."

Now the above must, we think, be regarded as among the sublime of the grandiose, and can not fail to be "clear as mud" to the unsophisticated till informed that its plain Anglo-Saxon meaning is, that the photographer brings out the features painted on the plate by washing it with the sulphate of iron and hyposulphite of soda.

A cotemporary thus pleasantly satirizes a class of writers not unknown among us: "Picture of a Peasant Girl Stirring the Fire. A rare specimen of rural simplicity. The figure is remarkably graceful, but the poker is too stiff. A curvilinear delineation from a right line toward the line of beauty would have given to this useful kitchen utensil a much more picturesque effect. Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo would have avoided this defect. The chiaro-oscuro of the tongs, in subdued shadow, is a wonderful effort of art. The shovel, on the contrary, lacks depth and buoyancy."

Sidney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a young lady, who was proud of her flowers, and used, not very accurately, a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said the wit, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?" "No," said she, "I had it last Winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the Spring." Poor Archbishop, he was truly an object of pity, for *Septennis psoriasis* is the medical name for the seven years' itch!

A lady, while in a dentist's workshop one day, took into her hands a set of artificial plates and asked, "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam," was the polite reply, "mastication can be performed with them with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself." "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with 'em?"

About a quarter of a century ago a traveler, in a private conveyance, arrived at a country inn, located on a turnpike between Leeds and Huddersfield, England. The ostler, who was immediately on hand, was accosted in the following simplified English, "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." Need we be surprised that after our traveler had thus delivered

himself the frightened ostler should run into the house exclaiming, "Master, here's a *Dutchman* wants to see you!"

General Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as Jackson was bringing his stump eloquence to a close, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General, they won't be satisfied without it." The "Hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases that he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming, "*E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!*" The effect was tremendous, the shouts could be heard afar off.

How children ever learn any thing at our "higher seminaries" is one of the great puzzles of the age. The moment a man becomes a "professor" his language takes such a highfalutin direction that even "Webster's Unabridged" would not be able to keep pace with him. Some years ago Professor Ferguson, of the New York State Normal School, delivered himself in the following superlatively lucid style, upon the reduction of stars on the hypothetical representation as applied to infinitesimal results: "It is well known that if a series of ordinates be taken to denote the approximate formula of diverging axes, the corresponding abscissæ will denote the respective values of the variable upon which the negative equation depends. But if, under these circumstances, infinitesimal media be substituted for the polarization of reflected vibrations, the physical hypothesis merges the elasticity of the oscillating medium in the angle of incidence, and the solution resolves itself by analytical transformation into a molecular equivalent, whose arithmetical mean, with subordinate maxim super-supposed, the rectilinear intersection of which must be equal to the arc of dynamic fluctuation, will be the calculus of the atomic difference required."

The late John Newland Maffitt was not often outdone by any member of the "spread-eagle" fraternity of pulpit orators. Here is a specimen of that Erin gentleman's style of "astonishing the natives." "White-robed Liberty sits upon her rosy clouds above us; the Genius of our country, standing on her throne of mountains, bids her eagle standard-bearer wind his spiral course full in the sun's proud eye, while the genius of Christianity, surrounded by ten thousand cherubim and seraphim, moves the panorama of the milky clouds above us, and floats in immortal fragrance—the very aroma of Eden through all the atmosphere." Is not that grand? How beautifully the metaphors hang together!

The following very flattering compliment must, we think—intentionally or otherwise—have been “over the left.” A Scotch clergyman, in the country, had a stranger preaching for him one day. The curate meeting his beadle said to him, “Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?” “I think, sir, it was rather o’er plain and simple for me. I like those sermons the best that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. O, sir, I never saw any that could come up to yourself at that.”

Dr. Wordsworth, according to a correspondent of the London Times, preaching at one time among the romantic mountains of Westmoreland to a country congregation, said, “In this beautiful country, my brethren, you see an apodeiknisis of the theopractic omnipotence.” With what delight that audience must have received those eloquent descriptions of nature, clad in phraseology of such homely simplicity! Whether the Doctor “received a call” to that beautiful rural parish deponent saith not.

The preceding cases are perhaps model specimens of “ministers for the times.” We hear much said, of late years, about the “growing intelligence of the masses;” and of the importance of a more highly-cultivated style of pulpit thought and address in order to meet the imperious demand of such growing intelligence. The appositeness of the following can not fail to be apparent:

“That was a masterly performance,” said Mr. Balloon to his friend Mr. Jones as they emerged from the church where the Rev. Gastric Gammon Gasman had been discoursing on the *relation of the infinite to the impossible*.

“Yes, no,” replied Mr. Jones, “I suppose it was very fine, but it was out of my depth. I confess to being one of the sheep that looked up and were not fed.”

“That’s because you have n’t a metaphysical mind,” said Mr. Balloon, regarding his friend with pity. “You’ve got a certain faculty of mind, but I suspect you have n’t got the *logical grasp* requisite for the comprehension of such a sermon as that.”

“I am afraid I have n’t,” meekly replied Mr. Jones.

“I’ll tell you what it is,” continued Mr. Balloon, “Mr. Gasman has a *head*. He’s an intellectual giant. I hardly know whether he is greater as a subjective preacher, or in the luminous objectivity of his *argumentum ad hominem*. As an inductive reasoner, too, he is perfectly great. With what synthetical power he refuted the Homoiousian theory! I tell you, Homoiousianism will be no where after this.”

“To tell the truth,” said Mr. Jones, “I went

to sleep at that long word, and did n’t wake up till he was on theodicy.”

“Ah, yes,” said Mr. Balloon, “that was a splendid specimen of ratiocinative word-painting. I was completely carried away when, in his singularly terse and marrowy style, he took an analogical view of the anthropological.” But at this point Mr. Balloon soared aloft to such an altitude that the more terrestrial Mr. Jones was left crawling on this mundane sphere.

We commend the following cases to the faculty of the Highfalutin University:

A clergyman, while composing a sermon, made use of the words “ostentatious man.” Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself before he proceeded as to whether a great portion of his congregation might clearly comprehend the meaning of these words. He adopted the following test. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, when he was thus addressed by his master: “What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?” “An ostentatious man, sir,” said Thomas; “why, sir, I should say, a perfect gentleman.” “Very good,” said the vicar, “send Ellis—the coachman—here.” “Ellis,” said the vicar, “what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?” “An ostentatious man, sir,” replied Ellis; “why, I should say an ostentatious man means what we call—saving your presence—a very jolly fellow.” It is hardly necessary to add that after these experiments the “ostentatious man” was expelled from the doctor’s sermon, and a less ambiguous personage was substituted. The vicar was a wise man.

Dr. Chalmers, being once interrogated by an aged woman of his congregation as to what he meant by the catastrophe of which he had spoken so much on the preceding Sabbath, told her that the word meant “the latter end of any thing.” This satisfied the old woman, who thought she might now safely introduce so fine a word into her vocabulary. It so happened that the Doctor had to pass the old woman’s house that evening on horseback. Being absorbed in deep thought as he passed along, he did not observe that a large thorn had fastened itself to his horse’s tail, till he came opposite the house of his aged parishioner and heard her shouting, “Ah, Doctor, d’ye see that big thorn at yer horse’s catastrophe?”

A man who can not make things plain is not qualified to occupy a pulpit. First of all, let the preacher think out his subject so thoroughly that his ideas shall lie clear and distinct, like crystals, in his own mind. Then let him remember that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and speak accord-

ingly. What right has he to use an involved and tortuous manner when declaring the great things of God—"darkening counsel by words without knowledge," or by the use of such words as not one in ten of his audience can understand? What right has he to come before the people in the strait-jacket of professional dignity, and talk about "volition" when he means will, of "intellectual processes" when he might have used the more simple word "thinking"—why should he substitute "moral obligation" for "duty," etc., as if the very use of language were, as Talleyrand suggests, "to conceal one's thoughts?" What right has he to give his hearers the hard stone of metaphysics when they are starving for the bread of life? What right has he to bring forward profound disquisitions and curious speculations when the command is, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee?" What right has he to hide that Christ whom he is to make known amid flowers of rhetoric, as Verclest, in his portrait of James II, virtually hid that monarch in a profusion of sunflowers and tulips! When the late young preacher, Erskine Hawes, was dying, he said, "I wish to live to *preach the Gospel more simply*." How many have felt this in the face of death!

"Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man."

THE THREE ERAS.

BY LEAL N. SEVELLON.

Boy, with locks of golden hair,
Full of sunshine tangled there;
From the orb that fills thy days,
With its rainbow-fibered rays;
Back reflecting, from thy face,
Gleams of beauty, heaven's own grace;
Open throw thy heart to love,
Let in heaven from that above,
Keep the sunshine in thy heart,
Painting there the flowers that start;
It shall warm thy soul to bloom
In the land beyond the tomb.

Manhood, with thy hair of brown,
Dark with shadows, falling down
From the clouds that fleck thy life
With the shades of joy or strife;

Enter in thy heart, and sow
Precious grain, which there may grow,
Food for thee, and many more,
Winter sendeth to thy door.
Heed thou not the clouds that lower
O'er thy head in evil hour;
Know that all thy springing grain
Needs the sunshine, needs the rain.

Ah, old man, thou hast been out,
Bareheaded, in the snow-storm's route.
Winter, with its driving flakes,
On thy head a glory makes,
As an ancient mountain top,
Where the weary ages stop.
While the wind blows fierce and cold,
Through the forests stripped of gold,
Enter in thy heart, and sit
Where the fireside comforts flit;
Let the yule-log warm the air,
Christ may hold his birthday there.

MIDNIGHT.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

NIGHT, beautiful night,
With its silvery light,
Sweet vigil o'er earth is keeping;
Over hills and glens,
Where the moonlight blends
With the tears of Nature's weeping.

There's a holy peace
In an hour like this,
A strange, exalting beauty!
Its influence sweeps
O'er the spirit-deeps,
And woeth the soul to duty.

O, a hallowed light
Has a starry night,
A softening power hath even;
An eloquent voice,
Which would fix the choice
Of a wayward heart on heaven.

Dear is the time
When the vespers chime
At the curtaining of twilight;
But a sadder swell
Hath the deep-toned bell,
Which echoes the hour of midnight.

The knell of a day,
Which has passed away
From the reach of all that's mortal,
With its thoughtless mirth,
With the wails of earth;
Gone through the eternal portal!

With the smiles and tears
Of gathering years,
Bearing lifeless forms and faded,
With quivering souls
Fresh from human goals,
O, midnight, thou art freighted!

The Children's Repository.

MRS. WIDEAWAKE AND HER FAMILY.

BY MRS. W. M'CONAUGHY.

IT was a bright Autumn morning when Mrs. Wideawake roused up her little family in the breezy top of a fine old birch-tree.

"Come, come, little dears, the sun is up, and each of you must get his own breakfast. It will be time enough to begin on our Winter stores when the snows come and we can gather no more. Come, Brightie, and Skylark, and little red Robby," she added energetically, as she whisked her soft brush lightly about their ears.

"Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive."

Now, there you are, my little squirrels, as bright a little family as I could wish to see. Run out on the limbs and get your cheeks full of beech-nuts for your breakfast, and while you are eating them I will lay out your work for the day. Your mother has been up and at work for an hour," she added with a grave nod.

Away flew the little Wideawakes, and in a jiffy had their breakfasts all ready, and as it was not their custom to set a table, a rough knot of the old tree or a broad limb answered every purpose.

"Now," said their mamma, as they were enjoying their meal, "I wish you to be very industrious to-day. I have told you, my children, that this fine nutting season will soon be followed by another which will, no doubt, surprise you some. The ground will be covered with a cold white wool, which will hide every thing on the ground for weeks and months together. So you see we have

'No time to squander
In sleep or in play,
Summer is flying,
And we must be sure
Food for the Winter
At once to secure.'

Brightie, I think you had better go over to the hickory-tree on the 'flats' by the creek. Be sure you bring home twenty nuts as your stint to-day—good sound nuts every one. Skylark may bring home as many acorns, all from the white oak-trees, remember, as they are the sweetest. And you, little Robin," said the mother, affectionately caressing her smallest

pet, "I guess you had better stay by the house-tree and gather beech-mast. You are little and inexperienced, and it would not be best for you to wander too far away. I have quite a journey to make over to the hazel copse, so I may not be back before midday; but you are all old enough to take care of yourselves, and I hope you will do your duty faithfully. Remember always to do up your work first, and then play. You will have most of the day for sport after your stints are done."

So saying, she glided off down the tree and was soon nimbly bounding over the dry carpet of Autumn leaves toward the distant hazel copse. She met many companions going to the same spot by different routes, but she only paused long enough for a cheerful salutation and then hastened on her way.

Brightie had soon finished her breakfast and shaken down the crumbs on the ground, when she began to prepare for her journey down to the flats.

"The sooner I am off the better," she said, "for as likely as not there will be a rabble of boys there if I wait, and then I shall hardly be able to hide from the shower of stones they will hurl at me."

How strange that boys can be so cruel! But it is a very common thing among them.

"Wait till they are all safe in school," said Skylark, brushing his coat with great care, for he was quite a foppish little squirrel; "there 'll be time enough then."

"No," said Brightie, "I shall not disobey my mother. Besides, I do n't doubt there will be a truant or two at the hickory-tree after school begins, and I have always noticed that they are the very worst boys there are in town."

So off sped Brightie and her neighbor Nimbletoes, resolved to do up her work well before she thought of play. But it was all play to the light-hearted little workers, because they put all their hearts into it. Such peeping and peering about under dead leaves and into mossy nooks, around the gnarled roots of old forest trees and into little hollows of black, rich mold. Each squirrel had his little hidden corner, where from time to time he carried the stores he collected preparatory to taking them off to the storehouse. Brightie gathered her number twice over, the nuts were so abundant; but she did not even stop to take a lunch till she should get her treasures securely housed. It was very pleasant sport, as work always is when you go about it heartily. Heart power is the great power in the world. She and

Nimbletoes exchanged many pleasant words, and laughed and chatted gayly together all the morning. It is always delightful to have pleasant company when we are out on any enterprise either for business or pleasure. At last they set out for home with the first installment of their collection.

Meanwhile Skylark had not hurt himself with labor.

"Mother did not set you any stint, Bob," said he. "See what you get by being little and delicate. If you do n't pick up a beech-nut she never will say a word, while the rest of us have to work for a living. Come, now, let's have one good race before I go off to the oaks."

The gay little brother was easily led, and so a famous chase they had, up stairs and down among the tree branches, rattling down a shower of leaves on the back of some sober-minded ants, who were plodding on to their daily tasks as if there was no such thing as play in the world. They might have set a good example to the idle squirrels just then.

By and by Frisky, over in the sugar-maple top, spied the little racers, and, as he was a thriftless idler, quickly joined them. They flitted up and down through the trees as lightly as the very birds; but that did not content Skylark, who was always desiring to do something particularly smart. He could leap from one tree to another with the greatest ease if they were not too far apart; but now what do you think this foolish little bunn wished to do? He wished to fly!

"What's the use in being called skylark if I must always creep? I do n't doubt but I could fly as well as a jay if I should only try it. I would spread out my arms in this way, and wave my brush as the birds do their wings. I am determined to try it," said the conceited little squirrel.

"You'd better not," said more prudent little Robin. "You ought to be content to be a little squirrel, since you are made one."

But conceit and self-will often go together, so poor 'Larkie determined on trying the experiment. Taking a fair position he made a great flourish as he prepared to fly to a tree quite beyond his reach. But like most people who try to be somebody besides themselves, he made a lamentable failure. Instead of flying he tumbled over and over down to the ground. Then such a laugh as greeted crestfallen Skylark as he picked himself up from his bed of leaves and proceeded to shake the dirt from his coat! He never tried to fly again. It is a great deal better to be ourselves than to try

to be somebody else, though they may be ever so much grander.

"Well, well, never mind," said Friak, running down the tree, "let us run over to the bank of the run and fill our pockets with red pigeon-berries. They are nice and ripe now."

So off the heedless party ran, little Bob quite forgetting that his mother had bid him stay by the house-tree. The coral-berries were as thick as the leaves, and a merry time they had among them. But even sport will not last forever, so they ran up on the hollow stump of a decaying walnut-tree, and for a wonder sat still a minute and a half. At the end of that long breathing-space they began chattering and whisking about as lively as ever.

"Tu-whut, tu-whut, tu-who!" sung out a solemn, deep-toned voice from the heart of the old stump.

The little ones started in affright; but Friak whispered, "It's only old Wondereyes; he's always a-croaking. Do n't mind him; he never hurts squirrels; he eats mice."

But Wondereyes had quick ears if his eyes were not of much account in the daytime. He was commonly rather surly, so he says, "It's little enough you'll have to eat next Winter, I guess, if you idle away all the harvest this fashion."

How the words smote on little Skylark's ear! What an idle day he had spent when his kind mother was off working for him so faithfully, and his industrious sister, too! Here he was spending the whole day in play and leading his little brother astray, too.

Suddenly turning about, he told Friak he must go home with Bobby and then go to work. Friak followed hard after him, trying to dissuade him, and laughing at him for being scared by an owl. Evil companions always try to keep others from doing their duty. But Skylark went home with his little brother, determined to commence in earnest then to do his day's work.

Brightie had just finished laying in her stores, and saw that the acorn-corner was empty still.

"Why, 'Larkie Wideawake!" she said with indignation, "have you been playing all this day when mother is off working for you? I am ashamed of you. Leading little Bobby off, too. Come, now, Bobby, dear, see how many beech-nuts you can pick up before noon, and I will help you." What a good, kind sister she was! "You had better make haste, Skylark, and be off to those white oaks before mother gets back."

Skylark set off, but not with as light a heart

as usual, for no one is ever happy who has neglected a duty. He could not have been as wary and watchful as usual either, for he never noticed a skillful sportsman who came softly stealing on over the leaves, and before Skylark knew he was near, crack went the rifle-shot right through his foolish little head. For a second time that day he came tumbling down through the leaves; but this time he never could rise up again. However, we will not mourn too much, for the hunter took him home, and he made a nice bowl of broth for a poor little sick girl, which made her feel a great deal better and stronger. Perhaps he did more good in that way than he ever could have done in all his life.

Mother Wideawake came home by way of the white oaks, and there she found the little dark pool of blood on the ground, and a lock of her poor child's hair, and she knew too well the meaning of those tokens. You can not tell how sorry she was, for you do not know how strong the mother-love is in the breast of even a little squirrel. Hunting for sport is a very, very cruel amusement.

The mother got home at last with her load of hazel-nuts, and was glad to find her other children safe in the nest. There they found a peaceful Winter, rejoicing in the abundance of good things a kind Creator had provided for them. There, too, Skylark might have been with them, no doubt, if it had not been for his idleness and disobedience. Such ways are always sure to lead into trouble and sorrow.

WILL'S FIRST SPEECH.

"HURRAH!" cried William Lawrence, rushing into the house like a hurricane, "I'm on the affirmative. The boys are all as mad as March hares about it, I can tell you."

"Why, what for?" said Rose, coolly, as she continued to paste her scrap-book.

"What for!" echoed Will, with a look of an older brother who pities a sister's ignorance, "why, to think I'm put on the question instead of one of the rest! There has n't a boy in our class spoken in the Lyceum yet," added he, jerking his sister's elbow by way of pointing the remark. "I suppose that you know that, do n't you?"

"I know you do n't talk grammar," returned Rose, "and I know you have made me drop a great blot of paste on my book. See there!"

"Well, do n't fuss. Just reach the big dictionary, won't you? I'm going to read up

from the foundation of the world down to the battle of Island Number Ten. Where's Plutarch's Lives?"

"Do tell me, have you got to speak on Ancient History?" said Rose, looking up.

"Of course not, child. Question reads—'Resolved, that the fear of punishment has a better effect on mankind than the hope of reward.' I argue that it has. I think exactly the reverse, mind you; but when we make speeches we do it for the sake of argument, you see."

"Do *wef*!" laughed Rose. "Well, I suppose the fact is, you want me to help you write your speech; that is what you were going to say, is n't it?"

"Me?" said Will, in dignified amazement. "Great help you would be! You can write 'moonlight' pieces and such nonsense for the Lyceum paper; but what do you know about logic? Now, you see, this sort of thing just suits my turn of mind, Rose. I'm going off into the library, and do n't you let any one disturb me till supper-time. I shall write like a telegraph, for my mind is in the potential mood, present tense."

Rose pressed her lips together just in time to prevent a provoking smile. She remembered certain "compositions" which had been wrenched out of his head like sound teeth.

Will locked himself in the library, and tried to collect his thoughts. In the course of an hour the exultant expression had left his face; he began to look puzzled.

"O, bother this writing!" sighed he, "I can't piece the sentences together without making an ugly seam. If I could only get a start now! It's like a spool of thread; if you begin right it will unwind ever so easy; but I can't get hold of the end."

Two hours more. Will's speech, which he had intended should be an iron chain of argument, bedecked with flowers of rhetoric, where was it? Farther off than ever. His thoughts would not come at all; they believed in "State sovereignty," and paid no respect to the Federal hand.

"Look here, Rose," said Will next morning, looking rather sheepish, "you girls have the knack of fixing things up. I've got ideas enough; fact is, I've got too many. All that plagues me is, what to do with 'em. Suppose I tell you what to write and you write it? Now, that's a good girl, Rose; I'll do as much for you some time."

Rose kindly refrained from saying, "Just as I expected," and took the pencil and paper from her brother with a pleasant smile.

"Now," said Will, greatly relieved to find he was not being laughed at, "I want the speech to be real sound, you know, and sort of elegant, too. I must get in something about Demosthenes, or some of those fellows, and that golden-mouthed what's his name? Something about the settlement of America, and scaring the Quakers. Put in that Bible verse, 'Do n't spare the rod or you 'll spoil the child.' Say it's an awful thing to bring children up to expect presents instead of whippings—there's the point of the argument, you know—and wind off with some poetry, it won't make much difference what."

"Well, William Lawrence," said Rose in despair, "I should think your brains had been churned! You've been chasing some great ideas about till you're dizzy, that's what it is. Now sit down and let's talk about it awhile before we begin."

Will obeyed in humble state of mind, very much ashamed of himself for appealing to Rose, who was only a girl, and did not understand logic, yet very grateful to her after all.

Fortunately, she seemed to understand his confused ideas far better than he did, and in due time they had composed what Will regarded as a sensation speech, commencing with, "Mr. President," and ending with a few lines from Milton.

"Now, Rose," said Will, "that's just about the thing. But I found the ideas, did n't I? I'll learn it by heart, and see if I do n't deliver it with a grand flourish. There's a great deal, you know, in the gestures. It's enough to make you ache to see how stiff some of the fellows stand when they speak. They get scared, I suppose."

But Will exulted too soon. People are very brave before they ever have a tooth out, and boys are very brave before they have ever tried to speak in public.

Will thought he was not afraid of any thing, but when called out to speak he felt as if the joints in his body had all turned to hard wood, and would n't bend. He heard a suppressed titter from the little boys, and the eyes of the audience seemed to prick through his nerves like needles. Every body took a savage pleasure in his misery, that was plain. O, to think he should have ever laughed at boys for being stiff when they *could n't* bend!

He made his bow to the wrong side, and turned his back to the President.

"Mr. President," said he in a whisper, turning right-about face. "Mr. President—sir," repeated he in a hoarse voice, that sounded to him as if it came from some other boy's throat.

"Mr. Lawrence," replied the President, smiling encouragingly.

But if Will had been trying to get possession of a rainbow or a flash of lightning he could have caught either of them as soon as one word of his speech. Whither had it fled? Five minutes ago he had it by heart.

"Mr. President," he began in desperation. "I will ask to be excused," thought the poor boy, "and then rush out of the house and hide where nobody will ever set eyes on me again." But Rose, meeting his glance, nodded with a smile that said, "Do n't give up, Will." She did not seem to be ashamed of him. And Rose's friend, that wicked little Fanny Warner, was whispering and laughing to somebody, and Will was sure she was saying, "That's what I call a smart boy." Cruel joke!

Will's pride was touched in a moment. The speech would not come back to him to be sure, but he was determined to say something.

"The question is—ahem—Mr. President, 'Does the fear of reward have a greater effect on mankind, sir, than the hope of punishment?' I contend that it has. If I was in the army, Mr. President, I should want to be promoted, I hope, and that would help me some! but I tell you if I got into a fix, sir, as the men did at Pittsburg, and wanted to back out, the *fear* of being a coward would make the fight come, and I would n't give in; no, not if I died for it! They should n't have it to say *I run*!

"Now, Mr. President, I've forgotten my speech, and if it was n't for the fear of getting laughed at I would n't have said a word. You might know I did n't speak for hope of getting clapped! That's all I've got to say, sir."

But Will did get clapped most heartily. And next day when he showed his teacher the elaborate speech which never was spoken, Mr. Garland declared that in spite of the closing verse of Milton's, he liked the off-hand speech better, because it was a great deal more natural, and not at all far-fetched.—*The Student and School-mate.*

TOWARD night, after a gloomy day, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays shed a flood of light upon the whole country. A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look! O, look, papa! the sun's *brighting* all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how?"

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

HOME AFFECTIONS.—The heart has memories that can never die. The rough rubs of the world—the cold, unfeeling, selfish world—can not obliterate them. It makes no difference how we may be tossed about upon life's turbid and tempestuous stream, these memories still live with us, and oftentimes steal in upon our sadder emotions. They are memories of home—early home! Dear hallowed spot! what magic in the sound! And, as our mind wanders back, far over the misty past, how many tender reminiscences of that early home come crowding upon us! There is the old tree, under which the light-hearted school-boy swung in many a Summer day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the house in which he knew a parent's love and a parent's protection; and hard by is the old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he followed his parents to worship with and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the old school-house, with its dark old walls, which, in youthful days, impressed him with such awe, associated, as they were, with thoughts of ferule and tasks, comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of the "far long ago." There he learned to feel his best emotions; and there, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. O, these are memories which linger around our hearts, ever and anon dispersing joy and sunshine athwart our checkered pathway—memories which the cares of the world can never obliterate. Often in the busy whirl of life they present themselves, and we involuntarily sigh for our boyhood days, when life seemed formed of Summer dreams. But they come not; they are ours no longer; upon the wings of the morning they have fled from us forever. Dear home of our childhood! since we left thy sacred precincts, how many disappointments and sorrows have come upon us; and how many more will overtake us during our pilgrimage through life we can not tell, for the future is a sealed scroll, and we know not what is folded there, whether joy or sorrow, sunshine or shadow.

INFLUENCE OF PLEASURES AT HOME.—Self-control and discipline must be learned at home, or license in after life will surely follow. Let home be the nursery of truth, of refinement, of simplicity, and of taste. Study to make it attractive to your children by every means in your power, and lose no opportunity for improving their minds and cultivating their home affections. Let system and order, industry and study, taste and refinement, be cultivated at home, and comfort,

harmony, and peace will reign within your dwelling, however humble. Do your children love music, or drawing, or flowers, encourage their taste to the utmost of your ability. Indeed, where the love of music pervades a family and is judiciously cultivated, it is an important aid in the training of children; for the child whose soul is touched with melody easily yields to the voice of affection and seldom requires severity. More than this, the harsh tones of the father's voice as it commands, and the cutting tones of the mother as she forbids, become milder and more persuasive, if accustomed to join with her children in these recreations, and thus both parent and children are mutually refined and elevated.

Let me add, that I can not conceive of any purer enjoyment than is felt by the head of a family, as wife and children gather about him, and pour forth their sweet songs of praise at the morning sacrifice and the evening oblation. If the father has money to spare, I do not doubt that he might make a good investment in a piano, a melodeon, or some other musical instrument, to accompany the voices of his wife and children, provided always that practice on these instruments be not allowed to interfere with the practice at the kneading-trough, the wash-board, or any other duty that a true woman—be she daughter, sister, wife, or mother—should understand. These duties and these pleasures are in no degree incompatible with each other, or out of keeping with a farmer's home. Whatever tends to develop the intellect, to refine the taste, and purify the affections, may find a fitting place in every farmer's house. If he has wealth, no one has a better right to adorn his walls with the gems of art, and surround his home with all that is beautiful in cultivated nature.

MARRYING FOR SHOW.—To the question often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps, this may be so; but, as a general thing, the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this again we see a false view of marriage—a looking to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with a loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men of industrious habits, who can not maintain a wife, if they are willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not content to begin life humbly, to retire together into an obscure position, and together work their way in the world—he by industry in his calling, and she by dispensing

with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by fine houses and fine clothes.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.—A very slender apparatus for amusement is found to be enough, where children are accustomed, on the one hand, to much active sport abroad, and on the other are intelligently conversed with, at all hours, by their teacher. Munificent grandmamas and affluent aunts will, spite of remonstrances, continue to be good customers at the toy-shop; but those who have actually had to do with children are well aware of the fact that no delight is so brief as that caused by the possession of an elaborate and costly toy; in truth, the pleasure, as to its continuance, seems generally to be in inverse proportion to the sum that has been lavished upon the gift. And often, in consideration of the kind donor's feelings, a little artifice has to be used in order to make it appear that the splendid article has not become an object of indifference or disgust, the very next day after its arrival.

A crooked stick of his own finding—the handle of a broom, the gardener's cast-off pruning-knife, or a tin mug without a bottom, and converted to twenty whimsical purposes, day after day, perhaps for weeks, and certainly till after the toy which cost what would have fed a poor family as long, has been consigned to the lumber-room.—*Isaac Taylor.*

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.—We wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady by her constant, consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect and almost worship which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old.

A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to Church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when a more powerful appeal from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart. Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sisters, and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentlemen associates have upon him. We believe it is all true that a gentleman's character is formed to a greater extent by the ladies that he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him. We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their young brothers to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle

with gay, dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart;" and they did mingle with them body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with their gentleman companions. It began with their sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of their character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate they may in various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brothers into good ladies' society—lead them along till their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep them from mingling with low society.

If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence at all. This is not possible. You can not live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can without breathing. One thing is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling, which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.—*Home Journal.*

SYSTEMATIC FLIRTS.—If young ladies who pride themselves on their skill and tact in the art of flirtation could only hear all that is said of them behind their backs, we think they would renounce their meretricious blandishments forever, and blush, if not past that wholesome indication of shame, for the false part they had so far played in society. The practical flirt is looked upon by all young men, save those green enough to be her victims, merely as a frivolous piece of human trumpery, with whom it may be well enough to while away an idle hour now and then, when nothing better in the way of amusement offers. She is freely discussed in club-room conversation, and at the bars of hotels, and her tricks of fascination are the subjects of the coarsest jest. She is looked upon as an actress, without the excuse of a passion for the stage, or of necessity, for her miserable dissimulation. Instead of the respect with which all honorable men regard true women, she earns for herself their contempt, while the good and amiable of her own sex look upon her with loathing. Of obtaining a desirable husband she has not the slightest chance, and the probability is that she will either die unmarried or accept, as a dernier resort, some wretch who will avenge upon her, by his brutality, the deception she has endeavored to practice upon better men. In either case she will deserve her fate. We would advise any young lady who is inclined to flirtation to ask some old jilt who has been through the mill, whether she thinks that sort of thing *PAYS* in the end.

A WIFE.—No man knows what a ministering angel the wife of his bosom is unless he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

WITTY AND WISE.

A LITERARY BITER BIT.—Mr. Fields is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. One day at a dinner party a would-be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Fields's arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began:

"Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poem his well-known lines running thus, [repeating the lines he had composed:] can you tell about what time he wrote them?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner.

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idioey. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one."

The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

A SURPRISED FATHER.—A fine-looking man, of noble physique, and clad in overcoat, gloves, and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year-old daughter, a pale-faced child, with bare neck and arms, and morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask, with great apparent concern, after the father's health, adding,

"But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, I was never sick a day in my life, while as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies."

"Indeed!" replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "you took such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes barenecked and in pasteboard shoes, I inferred that it was you that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies, and not she."

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Mr. Webster visited Mr. Adams a short time before his death, and found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams:

"I'm glad to see you, sir. I hope you are getting along pretty well."

Mr. Adams replied in the following figurative language:

"Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, do n't intend to make any repairs."

"I AM A MISSIONARY, TOO."—It is said that when the late Commodore Foote was in Siam, he had, upon

one occasion, the King on board his vessel as a guest. Like a Christian man, as he was, he did not hesitate in the royal presence to ask a blessing, as the guests took their places at the table.

"Why, that is just the way the missionaries do," remarked the King, with some surprise.

"Yes," answered the heroic sailor; "and I am a missionary, too."

There is a most important lesson of Christian devotion and consistency in such an example.

INSPIRATION.—In regard to "poetical inspiration," Fitz Green Halleck, the poet, once told the following story: "Lady Morgan once called upon Rossini, at Paris. The servant said that no one at that hour could be permitted to enter. 'I will take the risk'—and in she went. Rossini was too busy at first to look up. He was seated at the piano with his coat off, in deep study. After a short interval he turned round and wiped the sweat from his forehead. 'Ah,' says Lady Morgan, 'I have found you in a moment of inspiration.' 'You have—but this inspiration is thundering hard work.'"

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.—A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this is n't fair; it is n't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I a'n't worth listening to, go to sleep; but do n't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

"ABOUT MIDDLING."—Old Rev. Mr. R., the Worcester divine, was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his Church, when, after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said:

"My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives!"

Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully saying:

"O, no, brother R., not the best; but about middling—about middling, brother R."

A STRANGE EXCHANGE.—An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months old I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to revenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at their hands, one day swapped me away for another boy belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain-looking."

LACONIC.—"Sire, one word," said a soldier to Frederick the Great when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant.

"If you say two words," replied the king, "I will have you hanged."

"Sign," answered the soldier.

The king stared, whistled, and signed.

A POINT OF HONOR.—"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charley."

"What is 'honorably,' mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, ma, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

Scripture Cabinet.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BIBLE.—The Bible is specifically distinguished from all other early literature by its delight in natural imagery, and the dealings of God with his people are calculated peculiarly to awaken this sensibility within them. Out of the monotonous valley of Egypt they are instantly taken into the midst of the mightiest mountain scenery in the peninsula of Arabia; and that scenery is associated in their minds with the immediate manifestation and presence of the Divine power, so that mountains forever after become invested with a peculiar sacredness in their minds, while their descendants, being placed in what was then one of the loveliest districts upon the earth, full of glorious vegetation, bounded on one side by the sea, on the north by "that godly mountain" Lebanon, on the south and east by deserts, whose barrenness enhanced by their contrast the sense of the perfection of beauty in their own land, they became, by these means and by the touch of God's own hand upon their hearts, sensible to the appeals of natural scenery in a way in which no other people were at the time; and their literature is full of expressions, not only testifying a vivid sense of the power of nature over man, but showing that sympathy with natural things themselves, as if they had human souls, which is the especial characteristic of true love of the works of God.

Consider such expressions as that tender and glorious verse of Isaiah speaking of the cedars on the mountains as rejoicing over the fall of the King of Assyria: "Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art gone down to the grave no feller has come up against us.'" See what sympathy there is here, as if the very hearts of the trees themselves were moved. See also in the words of Christ, in his personification of the lilies: "They toil not, neither do they spin." Consider such expressions as, "The sea saw it and fled;" "Jordan was driven back;" "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." Try to find any thing in profane writing like this.

I can not pass without pointing out the evidences of the beauty of the country that Job inhabited. Observe first, it was an arable country. "The oxen were plowing, and the asses were feeding beside them." It was a pastoral country; his substance, besides camels and oxen, was seven thousand sheep. It was a mountain country, fed by streams descending from the high snows. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid; what time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place." Again: "If I wash myself with snow-water, and make my hands never so clean." Again: "Drought and heat consume the snow-waters." It was a rocky country, with forests and verdure rooted in the rocks. "His branch shooteth forth in his garden; his roots are wrapped around the head, and seeth the place of stones." Again: "Thou shalt be in league with the

stones of the field." It was a place visited, like the valleys of Switzerland, by convulsions and falls of mountains. "Surely the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place." "The waters wear the stones; thou wastest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth." "He removeth the mountains, and they know not; he overturneth them in his anger."

I have not time to go further into this, but you see Job's country was, like your own, full of pleasant brooks and rivers rushing along the rocks, and of all sweet and noble elements of landscape. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are therefore calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.

Then at the central point of Jewish prosperity you have the first great naturalist the world ever saw, Solomon; not permitted, indeed, to anticipate in writing the discoveries of modern times, but so gifted as to show us that heavenly wisdom is manifested as much in the knowledge of the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, as in political and philosophical speculation.

The books of the Old Testament, as distinguished from all other early writings, are thus prepared for an everlasting influence over humanity; and finally Christ himself, setting the concluding example to the conduct and thoughts of men, spends nearly his whole life in the fields, the mountains, or the small country villages of Judea; and in the very closing scenes of his life will not so much as sleep within the walls of Jerusalem, but rests at the little village of Bethphage, walking in each morning and returning in the evening, through the peaceful avenues of the Mount of Olives, to and from his work of teaching in the temple.

It would thus naturally follow, both from the general tone and teaching of the Scriptures, and from the example of our Lord himself, that wherever Christianity was preached and accepted, there would be an immediate interest awakened in the works of God as seen in the natural world.—*John Ruskin.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED BY EASTERN LIFE.—An English lady, Miss Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop Whately, went to Cairo, Egypt, for the purpose of establishing a ragged school for girls in that city. In a little volume called "Ragged Life in Egypt," she sketches with both a skillful pen and pencil the ways and manner of life of the lower classes. Dwelling among the poor, she learned not only from personal visitation but from daily observation their mode of life; for now, as in ancient time, the "house-tops" are constantly used for domestic toil and social enjoyment.

Her little book furnishes many illustrations of Scripture texts which, to those ignorant of Eastern life, now seem strange or fanciful, but which are beautiful and suggestive when taken in their original meaning.

"The roofs are usually in a great state of litter, and were it not that an occasional clearance is made, they would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing seemed never cleared away, however, and that is the heap of old broken pitchers, shreds, and pots that are piled up in some corner; and here there is a curious observation to be made. A little before sunset numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish, where they have been sleeping in the heat of the day or pecking about to find food. They dart upward and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays so that they really resemble shining, 'yellow gold;' then, as they wheel around and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light colored. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of light in these regions can hardly be described to those who have not seen it. Evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance. 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.' Psalm lxxviii, 13.

"It was beautiful to see those birds rising, clean and unsoiled as doves always do, from the dust and dirt in which they had been hidden and soaring aloft in the sky till nearly out of sight among the bright sunset clouds. Thus a believer, who leaves behind him the corruptions of the world, and is rendered bright by the Sun of Righteousness shining upon his soul, rises higher and higher, and nearer and nearer to the light, till, lost to the view of those who stay behind, he has passed into the unknown brightness above."

With reference to the "street-cries," Miss Whately writes: "Perhaps no cry is more striking after all than the short, simple cry of the water-carrier. 'The gift of God,' he says, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is impossible to hear this cry without thinking of the Lord's words to the woman of Samaria—'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.' It is very likely that water, so invaluable and often scarce in hot countries, was then, as now, spoken of as 'the gift of God.' If so, the expression would be forcible to the woman and full of meaning.

"The water-carrier's cry in Egypt must always rouse a thoughtful mind and make the Christian wish and pray for the time when the sonorous cry of 'Za-atees Allah!' shall be a type of the cry of one bringing the living water of the Gospel to the poor Moslems, and saying, 'Behold the gift of God!'"

THE BIBLE OUR MALAKOFF.—The cruel battles fought some years ago round the Malakoff tower showed that in that fortress lay the key of war, and on it depended defeat or triumph. So the multiplied attacks directed in our days against the Bible indicate that it is, in the view of our adversaries, the tower which above all must be torn down. Let no one, by an unhappy error, range himself among those who assail the edifice of Divine Revelation. The Holy Scriptures and the cross are the positions and the arms

which God gives us wherewith to gain victory. "They overcame him," says Revelation, "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." Remember these words, my dear brethren, students in theology now listening, and let not these well-tampered arms lose their virtue in your hands. And all ye people of God hear the cry of his prophet: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—*Dr. Merle D' Aubigne.*

BE PROGRESSIVE.—We should recount the goodness of the Lord in enabling us to grow in grace, and to do work by which he is honored and souls saved, or otherwise blessed. Yet we must regard all such facts of the past only as incentives to even greater diligence for the future, and as encouragements to hope and pray for still greater blessings from God. In this sense it is our duty to "forget the things which are behind and reach forward to those which are before," ever pressing onward. In following Christ we need the spirit which the great commander, Sir Charles Napier, once impressed upon a subordinate in the following incident: "At the battle of Meeanee an officer, who had been doing good service, came up and said, 'Sir Charles, we have taken a standard.' The General looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began speaking to some one else, upon which the engineer, thinking he had not been heard, repeated, 'Sir Charles, we have taken a standard.' Sir Charles turned sharp round upon him, and in a thundering voice, said, 'Then go and take another.'"

HEAD-DOUBTS AND HEART-FAITH.—The personality of God is the most sublime thought which the mind can conceive. Prof. Tholuck, when passing from the Pantheism in which his early years were shrouded into the light of Christianity, was much troubled by the question, Is God a personal being? After hearing an American student, who is now a distinguished professor of theology, pray, he said to him, "I would give worlds if I could say *Thou* to God as you do. At the heart I think I am a Christian, but at the head I am still a philosopher." A poor youth, blind, and deaf, and dumb from his birth, had been led by the tact and perseverance of a kind teacher through a slow acquaintanceship with outward objects into the gradual conception of a great cause of all things. Alarmed one night by an unusual noise, the teacher hastened to his pupil's room and heard a loud, uncouth voice saying over and over again, "I am thinking of God, I am thinking of God."

WITH THE HEART MAN BELIEVETH UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS.—When Clementine Cavier was relieved from the burden of sin by the sight of the cross, she wrote to a friend: "I want to tell you how happy I am. My heart has at length felt, what my mind has long understood, the sacrifice of Christ answers to all the wishes and meets all the wants of the soul; and since I have been enabled to embrace with ardor the fullness of its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquillity. Formerly, I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me, but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment, and I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross."

Literary, Statistical, and Miscellaneous Items.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the report rendered by the Corresponding Secretary of our Sunday School Union we take the following facts and reflections:

Ten years since we had 10,469 Sunday schools connected with our Church and Union. Now we have 13,891. Increase, 2,822 schools.

Ten years ago we had 113,159 officers and teachers. Now we have 152,745. Increase, 39,586.

Ten years since we had 579,126 scholars. Now we have 917,932. Increase, 338,806, or nearly sixty per cent., in a decade which includes four years of rebellion and bloodshed such as no nation so young as ours ever witnessed.

This increase is nearly twice as great as the movement of our national population, which has averaged about thirty-four per cent. per decade during the past seventy years. The fact is noteworthy, especially by those who imagine that the march of Methodism is slower than that of the people. It also calls for gratitude to Him to whose blessing this great prosperity must be attributed.

The spiritual productiveness of our Sunday school work finds a glorious illustration in the grand fact that 190,950 conversions in our schools have been officially reported to the Union during the decade. What a magnificent contribution is this to the strength of the Church and the moral stamina of the country! Let us thank God for it, and be encouraged to press our Sunday school work to the extent of its broadest possibilities.

In its benevolent department the Union has performed a princely work. During the decade it has given assistance to 13,641 needy schools, which contained, by computation, not less than 682,000 pupils. Without its timely assistance many of the schools must have fallen to pieces, and multitudes of these scholars have been deprived of the books which are now teaching them the truth that is making them wise unto salvation. The cost of this truly great work has been only \$123,214. Can any other benevolent institution in the world show such results obtained at so low a price?

To supply this grand army of children with reading, the Sunday School Union, through its editor and the Book Agents, have published during the decade 432 new bound volumes, and 198 books in paper covers, etc., making 530 new publications.

The whole number of bound volumes issued during the same period was 5,744,907; of paper-covered books and tracts, 8,014,526. Of the Sunday School Advocate, 46,786,865 copies have been issued, and of the Teachers' Journal, 602,000. The whole of this reading matter, if printed in 18mo, would be equal to 3,769,255,755 pages.

The number of bound volumes now published by the Union, 1,529; of tracts, paper-covered volumes, etc., 812; making a total of 2,341 different Sunday school publications.

Surely the decade has neither been idly nor unprofitably spent by this Union. It has done both a great and good work among the little ones and youth of the land. May God continue to bless the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church! May he make our Sunday schools places of spiritual blessedness to the million of children and teachers which gather in them every Sabbath to study that holy Word which is the power of God unto salvation!

AUTHORS OF THE APOSTLES' CREED.—The precise origin of this simplest and most ancient of all the creeds is involved in some uncertainty, and has long been a matter of dispute among learned theologians. It is at least certain that its universal use in the Church may be traced back, if not to the Apostolic age itself, yet to that immediately succeeding; and there is a very old tradition that each of the twelve articles of the creed was composed by an apostolic author. It is said that the twelve assembled in council before dispersing themselves to preach the Gospel throughout the world to frame the symbol or watchword of the Christian Church; and it will be interesting to many of our readers to know the apostle to whom each article is ascribed. The tradition is as follows:

St. Peter.—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

St. Andrew.—"And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord."

St. James the Great.—"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

St. John.—"Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried."

St. Thomas.—"He descended into hell;" (or, "he went into the place of departed spirits," which are considered as words of the same meaning,) "the third day he arose from the dead."

St. James the Less.—"He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

St. Philip.—"From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

St. Bartholomew.—"I believe in the Holy Ghost."

St. Matthew.—"The holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints."

St. Simon.—"The forgiveness of sins."

St. Judas Thaddeus.—"The resurrection of the body."

St. Matthias.—"And the life everlasting. Amen!"

DATES OF SACRED EVENTS.—We give the following dates of events so sacred to all Christians on the authority of the late Rev. Samuel Farmer Jarvis, D. D., LL. D., an eminent scholar and divine of the Episcopal Church, whose profound learning and diligent researches into antiquities would have distinguished him in any age:

Our Savior was born on Wednesday, December 25, 4707, Julian period; 193d Olympiad—2d year, 6th month—A. U. C. 747—9th month, 5th day—Julian year, 39.

He was baptized by St. John in the river Jordan on Sabbath—Saturday—January 6, 4738.

His public entry into Jerusalem was on Palm Sunday, March 21, 4741, Julian period; 201st Olympiad—4th year, 9th month—A. U. C. 780; Julian year 73, A. D. 28; 19th year of the associate reign of the Emperor Tiberius; 15th year of his sole reign.

He was betrayed by Judas Iscariot on the following Wednesday evening, March 24th.

He celebrated the Passover and instituted the Eucharist on Thursday evening, March 25th.

On Friday morning, March 16th, at the third hour, or 9 o'clock, he was nailed to the cross, the hour when the lamb of the daily morning sacrifice was offered in the Temple. At the 9th hour, or three o'clock, P. M., when the lamb of the daily evening sacrifice was offered in the Temple, he expired. At 5, P. M., his body was taken down and deposited in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

On the first Easter Sunday, March 28th, about the beginning of the morning watch, or 3 o'clock, A. M., he rose from the dead. It was the morrow after the last Jewish Sabbath, when, according to the law, the first sheaf of the earliest ripe grain was waved in the Temple, by which the whole harvest was sacrificed,

that Christ, "the first fruits," rose from the dead, as a type and pledge of the future resurrection of his faithful followers.

On Thursday, May 6th, he ascended into heaven.

On Sunday, May 16th, the day of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles and disciples.

MISSIONARY FORCE OF THE WORLD.—The whole number of American foreign missionary societies is 16, having under their charge 2,388 missionaries, native preachers, etc., 54,000 Church members, 22,000 pupils, and receipts amounting to \$1,100,000. In Great Britain there are 20 missionary societies; missionaries, native preachers, etc., 5,216; members, 185,090; pupils, 201,000; receipts, \$3,094,000. On the continent of Europe there are 12 societies, of which 6 are in Germany. They have 811 missionaries, etc., 79,000 Church members; receipts, \$267,000. Total of Protestant missionary associations, 48; missionaries and native helpers, 9,418; Church members, 518,000; pupils, 235,000; receipts, \$4,481,000. This is exclusive of minor missionary efforts, undertaken, as on various Pacific islands, by converts among the heathen, for the benefit of other and still more degraded tribes.

GILBERT J. PALMER.

FOUR YEARS IN THE OLD WORLD: Comprising the Travels, Incidents, and Evangelistic Labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Second Thousand. 8vo. Pp. 700. New York: Foster & Palmer.—We have received a notice of this interesting work from the pen of Prof. Thomas C. Upham, and, confident that we can not do better, we allow the Professor to speak: "The motives which led the authors of this work to visit their ancestral land were peculiar, at least as compared with the motives which commonly prompt men to action, and remind one of the journeys of Paul and of other Christian laborers, who went forth in primitive ages to testify for Christ. It was not to gratify a merely natural curiosity to see the beauties of nature, and to become acquainted with wonderful works of art, but rather to learn the designs and possibilities of the Holy Ghost, and to place themselves in harmony with any work he might have for them to do. In other words, it was a voyage of the heart, quickened and guided by the great inward Teacher; not an æsthetic journey for the purpose of gratifying the outward senses, but an expedition undertaken in the interests of Christian humanity. And they found the land which they visited already white for the harvest.

"The work, which is given to the public as the written result of their missionary journey, is interesting in many respects—scrupulously exact in its description of the scenery of the lands which they visited, and of ancient remains and of interesting incidents of various kinds, so far as it was proper to notice them, and describing and narrating them in a simple, animated, and graphic style. The great and special interest

of the work, nevertheless, is this, that it is a minute and faithful account of man when he is awakened to a sense of his responsibility and his deep religious wants, and of the manifestations and operations of the Spirit of God in convincing and converting the soul. And considered in this light it stands almost alone, although in the better day which is approaching, and which is already at hand, we hope it will prove the precursor of many others, which shall narrate with similar thrilling power the triumphs of Christ and the presence and power of his Spirit.

"There is one characteristic of the work which is especially worthy of notice. I refer to the prominence it gives to the doctrine of holiness, and to the practical illustrations which it furnishes of the mighty power which attends a fully-consecrated heart and life. The Christian world is beginning to learn the value of assurance of faith founded upon entire consecration—principles which involve and accept the responsibility of man on the one hand and the absolute truthfulness of God on the other, and which in their combined action and result open the affectional fountains of the soul and reveal that pure and mighty love which in heaven and earth is recognized as the image and the glory of God. The possessors of the blessed experience which is implied in this statement are truly the younger brothers and sisters of Him who gave his life for the children of men. And I think it is not unbecoming to say that the writings and labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have done much under the Divine blessing to increase the number of this chosen and consecrated host." The work merits, as it is receiving, an extensive circulation.

MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION. 8vo, cloth. Pp. 296. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The volume appears without an author; the preface dates at Wheatland, September, 1865; from which, as well as from the whole spirit, style, argument, etc., we can easily infer the authorship. The book has been sufficiently dissected, and its false reasonings, its absurd theories, its utter failure of vindication of the mistaken and fatal policy of Mr. Buchanan's administration, have been exposed by the daily and weekly press, so that we will refrain from occupying the small space allotted to these "notices" with what we think and feel as we read these pages. Mr. Buchanan's fame, we are quite certain, would have been better off without this "vindication." Then he might have gone down to quiet oblivion with, perhaps, some commiseration following him to the grave as a sadly-mistaken old man. The "vindication" will only serve to perpetuate the knowledge of his failures, and to exhibit the unsound reasoning which inevitably led to them. We never considered Mr. Buchanan a traitor, or as purposely working into the hands of traitors, bent on the destruction of their country. He only failed to understand his duties as President of the Great Republic, and to appreciate the crisis which had come upon the nation. He was unfit for the occasion; he was confounded, and in his confusion knew not what to do, and, therefore, did the worst of all things—did nothing. So we thought five years ago, so we are convinced as we read the "vindication." The world has moved considerably within the past five years, but not so Mr. Buchanan. He yet can see only two points in the great revolution through which we have passed, namely, "that the original and conspiring causes of all our troubles are to be found in the long, active, and persistent hostility of the Northern abolitionists against Southern slavery, and the corresponding antagonism with which the advocates of slavery resisted these efforts;" as a consequence came secession and armed resistance, and the President of the United States had no authority "to defend the country against approaching rebellion!"

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE; with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions. With Special but not Exclusive Reference to Fuhchau. By Rev. Justus Doolittle, fourteen years a member of the Fuhchau Mission of the American Board. With over one hundred and fifty Illustrations. Two Vols. 12mo. Pp. 459, 490. \$5. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We have given the ample title of this work, as it is of that kind the character of which can be so largely determined from the title itself. A personal acquaintance of several years' standing with Mr. Doolittle, and personal knowledge of the field and subjects about which he writes, enable us to affirm the competency of the author to treat his subject ably and thoroughly, and an examination of the work before us assures us that he has done it well. We welcome it as the last and best work on China and the Chinese. Mr. Doolittle was an indefatigable missionary, mingling constantly with the people, carefully observing their customs and studying their opinions, and has here given us the results of fourteen years' observation. It

is China as it is and the Chinese as they are, admirably described by a competent observer. The publishers have issued the work in excellent style. We shall have more to say of this book at another time.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE HEBREWS. By J. Wesley Carhart, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 195. New York: Sheldon & Co. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—Dr. Carhart, whom our readers will recognize as a contributor to the Repository, whose pen has given us some good poetry and other articles, has produced here a work congenial with his own poetic nature. He has studied, doubtless, with great interest and carefulness, but not with great minuteness, the poetry of the Bible. His work is not critical but popular; he studies the genius, spirit, and sentiment, and reveals to us the rich treasures of thought, and feeling, and poetic expression contained in the poetry of the Hebrews. "The work," he tells us, "was entered upon with a view to call the attention of younger readers from the light and unsubstantial reading of the day to the purer and more elevating attractions of the Bible," and we can heartily commend the object and the execution of his plan. Every youth who will read the book will find himself possessed of a better understanding and a broader appreciation of the import and value of the grand hymns of the Old Testament.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOTIONAL STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D. From the Seventh London Edition. 12mo. Pp. 193. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is an admirable book to accompany the preceding. That elevates and expands our conception of the emotional religious life as uttered in the poetry of the Bible; this leads us to a profound appreciation of the blessed truths and wonderful adaptedness of the Book of God to our wants. Like the former, also, it is addressed rather to youthful minds with the view of leading them to more uniform, careful, and "devotional" reading of the Scriptures.

THE PILGRIM'S WALLET; or, Scraps of Travel Gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haven. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. Crown 8vo. Pp. 492.—With the eye of a painter and the fancy of a poet the pilgrim walked through the old world and gathered the picturesque scraps which filled his wallet. Here he has assorted his sketches, culling the best and stringing them together for our entertainment. He has done his work well. We read his scraps not as a fragmentary excursion but a rounded and complete journey. The style is simple, the descriptions clear, and the whole work an attractive and pleasant narrative.

THE CHILDREN AND THE LION, AND OTHER SUNDAY STORIES. By Samuel Wilberforce, D. D., Lord Bishop of Oxford. Twenty Illustrations.

A VISIT TO AUNT AGNES. For Very Little Children. Nine Illustrations.

Both the above are from the press of Carlton & Porter. They are beautiful small quarto books, printed on tinted paper, handsomely bound, and richly illustrated. The former contains twenty allegorical stories, actually related by the author to his children on suc-

cessive Sunday evenings, and the beautiful book may be either placed in the hands of the children to read for themselves, or, like the good Bishop, parents may gather the little ones around them and read the instructive stories to them. Such a course would add brightness and goodness to many a Sunday evening.

ON THE FERRY-BOAT. *By Jennie Harrison.* 16mo. Pp. 90. *New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—A very neat little book containing a very neatly-told little story.

MISS OOKA M'QUARRIE: *A Sequel to "Alfred Hagart's Household."* *By Alexander Smith.* 12mo. Pp. 228. \$1. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Those who have read that beautiful and touching story, Alfred Hagart's Household, will remember that it stopped without ending. Mr. Smith now gives us the sequel, written in the same pure English, and continuing and concluding the story in a manner even more interesting than the former part.

THE WOOING OF MASTER FOX. *By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Illustrated by White.* Square 12mo. *Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.*—This is a very beautiful little book, printed on finely-calendered paper, heavy binding, and illustrated by several exquisite pictures printed in colors. The story is taken from Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and is arranged for children by O. D. Martin. The story with its moral is worthy of the fine setting which the publishers have given it.

SHAKESPEARE'S MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS. 16mo. Pp. 36. 50 cts. *New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This neat little book consists of ten questions, to each of which are given twenty answers quoted from Shakespeare. It is designed for an interesting entertainment in a social gathering, and may be made very amusing. One person holding the book asks one of the questions. Some one chooses a number, and the quotation attached is read. The response thus secured is likely to be quite ludicrous. The amusement furnished might well take the place of some others much more objectionable.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.—*North British Review*, December, 1865, *American Edition.* *New York: Leonard Scott & Co.*—The North British is one of the best of the foreign Reviews, occupying at home a very high position in British periodical literature. It is the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, but is not strictly a theological or religious journal, but, what is more needed at present, a journal that treats general subjects from a Christian stand-point.

Methodist Quarterly Review, January, 1866. *New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.*—We would often like to say something about our own Review, but as it is a quarterly and we a monthly, by the time we get ready to notice any particular issue of it another one is about appearing, and we feel ourselves behind the times. We do say, however, that no Review in the world is more welcome to our sanctum and to our home than the Quarterly. We would as soon think of doing without the Repository as dispensing with this graver issue of our Church. We feel very confident, too, that it ought to have and might have three or four times the circulation that it now has.

Good Words.—Messrs. Strahan & Co., the English publishers of the excellent magazine bearing the above title, have established a branch house in New York, and hereafter the magazine, as well as many other of the publications of this house, will be issued simultaneously in Great Britain and America.

The Sunday School Teacher.—This is a new monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Sunday School. It is edited by a committee of clergymen, of whom Rev. J. H. Vincent, the well-known Sunday School man, is chairman. The magazine would prove a valuable aid to every Sunday school teacher.

A Half a Million of Money. A Novel. *By Amelia B. Edwards.*

The Belton Estate. A Novel. *By Anthony Trollope.*—These constitute No. 262 and No. 263 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels."

Centenary Herald.

AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.

We rejoice to see the women of the Church heartily and grandly at work in preparing to have their share in the celebration of the Centenary of American Methodism. The ladies of Chicago and vicinity have the honor of leading off in this important movement, by organizing a Ladies' Centenary Association, having for its special object an offering from the ladies of the Church of the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be employed in the erection of a home for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute, to bear the honored name of Barbara Heck. This Association, feeling that the plan of organization which they had adopted might be made available for the whole Church, and might be

used for still broader purposes, submitted their plans to the General Centenary Committee, and that body recognized their organization in the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Committee has heard with great pleasure the letter and documents from the Ladies' Methodist Centenary Association of Chicago, and, cordially approving of the general design, refer the documents to the Central Committee, with instructions to enlarge its basis, and to extend the application of its funds to such other connectional objects as they may deem advisable, provided that equal sums be given to the Biblical Institutes at Boston and Chicago; and provided further, that nothing in this resolution shall be construed as discouraging local associations of ladies for the furthering of other objects.

After further deliberation the Central Committee, at a meeting held in New York, December 20, 1865,

adopted the following resolution enlarging the basis of the Association and the application of its funds:

Resolved, That the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association be and is hereby authorized to appropriate \$100,000 from the funds first raised by it, in equal parts of \$50,000 each to the Biblical Schools at Evanston and Concord severally, and that all funds beyond that sum of \$100,000 shall be given to the Centenary Educational Fund.

Thus the Association becomes a connectional organization, recognised and commended by the proper authorities, and is making its appeal to the ladies of the whole Church. We shall be greatly disappointed in the ladies of American Methodism, if this Association does not make itself felt in the history of our Centenary celebration. We remember the active part taken by the ladies of Wesleyan Methodism in the Centenary of 1839, and the enthusiasm which they created in many parts of England by their hearty efforts in behalf of the celebration. Let the ladies move in this matter throughout the Church, and in the manifold ways which they understand so well, arouse the enthusiasm of the Church for this great occasion.

The officers of the Association are: Mrs. Bishop Hamline, President; Miss Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary; Rev. J. S. Smart, General Agent. The address of the Secretary is Evanston, Ill. We give the Constitution as revised in accordance with the suggestions of the Central Committee.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.

I. NAME.—This society shall be called the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association.

II. OBJECT.—The object of this Association is to coöperate with and aid the Central Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in accomplishing its beneficent designs.

III. FUNDS.—The funds of this Association, after paying current expenses, shall be appropriated as follows: To the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, for the purpose of erecting a dormitory hall, or home for students while pursuing their theological course, as a Centenary memorial edifice, to be called "Heck Hall," in honor of Mrs. Barbara Heck, "the foundress of American Methodism," and to the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, to be removed to the vicinity of Boston, in equal sums till each shall have received fifty thousand dollars, after which all contributions shall be paid to the Connectional Centenary Educational Fund.

IV. MEMBERSHIP.—Any lady by paying one dollar into the funds of the Association may become a member, and will be entitled to have her name recorded and preserved in the archives of the aforesaid Biblical Institutes.

V. TITLES.—The payment of ten dollars shall constitute a life member, twenty-five dollars an honorary manager, one hundred dollars a patroness, one thousand dollars or more a benefactress.

VI. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—All members of the Association shall be entitled to vote in the election of officers.

VII. THE OFFICERS shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, Recording Secretary, ten Corresponding Secretaries; one in Chicago, one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Pittsburg, one in Buffalo, one in Glencanali, one in St. Louis, one at San Francisco, Cal., one at Portland, Oregon; and a Board of Managers.

The wife of every traveling minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church is a manager of this Association, and in each station or circuit as many more may be elected as may be deemed necessary to insure a thorough canvass, and wherever considered important to accomplish this end, formal auxiliary associations may be organized.

VIII. DUTIES OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENTS.—The du-

ties of the President shall be such as are usual to that office. The first Vice-President may perform the duties of the President in her absence. In the absence of both, the duties of the President may be performed by any one of the associate Vice-Presidents.

IX. DUTIES OF SECRETARIES.—The Recording Secretary shall keep a written account of the transactions of the Association, and perform such other duties as are usual to this office.

The first Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the general, and her associate Corresponding Secretaries, the local correspondence of the Association. They shall receive the subscriptions and pay them over to the Treasurer of the Association, or to the General Treasurers of the Central Committee, Messrs. Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry-street, New York, taking a receipt for the same, shall accurately preserve a record of the names and residence of the subscribers and the amount subscribed by each, shall make monthly reports of the same to the Treasurer of the Association, and shall give special attention to the promotion of the interests of the Association through the press.

X. DUTIES OF TREASURER.—The Treasurer shall hold all moneys of the Association which may come into her hands subject to the control of the Board of Managers, and shall make a monthly financial report both to the Board of Managers and to the Treasurers of the Central Centenary Committee.

XI. BOARD OF MANAGERS.—The Board of Managers shall consist of the President, the resident Vice-Presidents, the Recording Secretary, the first Corresponding Secretary, the Treasurer, and forty other ladies chosen from Chicago and vicinity, nine of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

This Board and its several members shall promote in all appropriate ways the objects of the Association.

XII. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The Board of Managers may appoint an Executive Committee for the transaction of all business arising in the intervals of its own meetings, which Committee shall keep a record of its proceedings, and report the same to each succeeding meeting of the Board. This committee shall consist of nine persons chosen from the Board of Managers, of whom five shall constitute a quorum.

XIII. PLAN OF OPERATIONS.—The pastor's wife in each station or circuit as a manager of this Association is expected to call a meeting of the ladies of the charge who shall devise and put in operation such measures as in their judgment shall be best adapted to secure funds and otherwise to promote the interests of the Centenary cause.

In each Church in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Glencanali, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Oregon, and their respective vicinities, two or more managers may be appointed to coöperate in a general meeting for the purpose of organizing a Branch Association and electing the Corresponding Secretary for their several localities. At the call of any five of these managers so appointed, a meeting shall be held to consist of said managers, and such members of the Association as may choose to be present, which shall organize as aforesaid and take such other action, not inconsistent with this Constitution, as may be deemed necessary to promote the objects of the Association.

XIV. CHANGES.—This Constitution may be altered or changed at any duly notified meeting convened for the purpose, by a two-thirds vote of the members present and voting, subject to the approval of the Central Centenary Committee.

The Association has made an arrangement with Rev. Abel Stevens, LL. D., for the immediate publication of a book on the celebrated women of Methodism, to be issued by Carlton & Porter, and to contain in an appendix documents of interest pertaining to the Association—its Constitution, Appeal, etc. It is a sort of companion volume to his "Centenary of American Methodism," just issued, and will be an offering to the Church from this Association. There will be two editions—one for general circulation, in the style of the

Centenary volume; another, superbly executed in every respect, and designed especially as a prize for those who send ten subscriptions to the fund of the Association. By the time this reaches our readers the volume will doubtless be ready to be placed in their hands.

THE CHILDREN'S FUND.—Here is something also for the children of the Church. In order to enlist our Sunday schools in the Centenary movement the General Committee, at its last meeting, inaugurated the following plan:

"1. That a Sunday school children's fund be established for the following purposes and under the following conditions: (1.) The fund to be vested in and administered by the Board of Trustees already authorized, but to be kept as a separate fund. (2.) The interest of it to be appropriated to assist meritorious Sunday school scholars of either sex who may need help in obtaining a more advanced education. (3.) Each Conference is to share in the annual proceeds of this fund proportionately to the number of Sunday school children under its care. (4.) That the beneficiaries within the bounds of each Annual Conference be selected in such manner as each Conference shall direct.

"2. Each Sunday school scholar who shall contribute one dollar to the Children's Fund, and each one who shall collect five dollars for the same, and pay into the treasury, shall be entitled to receive a medal as hereinafter described.

"3. That the medals be of fine gilt; that the head of Rev. John Wesley be upon one side, and that of Bishop Asbury on the other."

Here, then, is a fund to be raised by the children and for the benefit of children. The annual interest is to be appropriated "to assist meritorious Sunday scholars of either sex, who may need help in obtaining a more advanced education." We much mistake if the little busy army to whom this work is committed will not roll up a large sum, sufficient to be a monument of the power of Sunday schools, and perchance to form the germ and basis of a great educational society for the denomination. Let the children hear of it. Let the pastors and superintendents take it into the Sunday schools, and let every one of our nearly a million Sunday school children have the opportunity of hearing of the Centenary of the Church and of making his and her little offering to the grand occasion. Let the children's names all go down in the Centenary Record Book and be preserved in each Church, as having lived in this memorable year, and given their mite to the great memorial.

We append a few additional valuable thoughts on this matter from a recent "Address of the Central Committee to Sunday School Superintendents:

"It is believed that when they [the children] comprehend the relations between their offerings and the educational privileges flowing from them, they will be stimulated to an effort resulting in a Centenary gift so large as to excite the admiration of all Christendom. We have in round numbers a million of Sunday school scholars. Is it too high a mark to suppose that by proper effort they will raise an average of a dollar each? May not a million of children contribute and collect a million of dollars?

"At six per cent this sum will produce annually sixty thousand dollars. If one hundred dollars each are allotted to bright, but indigent boys and girls, we may enjoy the spectacle of six hundred children helped to a 'more advanced education' through the offerings of their fellow-scholars. Besides, will the fund stop here? May it not be indefinitely increased by donations and bequests from the friends of Sunday schools, till its influence shall be so widespread as to reach each school in the entire Church, and eventually afford a channel through which every scholar who desires it may attain a higher education?

"Much, brother superintendents, depends upon your interest and exertion in this matter. It is not expected that each child can give a dollar; but most can collect a dollar, while many may raise sums from five to twenty dollars, or more. In each instance when one dollar is given, or five dollars collected, a suitable medal will be furnished commemorative of the Centenary year, to be preserved as a token that little hands helped to raise this monument of gratitude—the Children's Educational Fund.

"We add a suggestion, that it may be wise on the part of the school officers to offer a suitable prize for each child who raises a higher sum than five dollars. Stevens's 'Centenary of Methodism,' in its various bindings, will afford an admirable and suitable prize. In addition to the medals, the committee will furnish suitable blank books for the use of collectors.

"It is thought best to begin the collections as early as April next, and continue them monthly or weekly till the last Sunday in October, when the general religious observances will take place.

"Now, brethren, to the work. The honor of Methodism is in your keeping. Speak the word, and little hands and hearts shall be all employed in the great Centenary offering. Inscribe on your banners, 'A dollar for every child; a million for the children's monument.'"

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A hundred years ago the United States was the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great Republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America—steam-engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not till the year 1789 that the gallant and adventurous Boone left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer did not settle till twenty years after that time. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any which has elapsed since the creation.

Editor's Study.

LECKY'S RATIONALISM IN EUROPE.*

MR. LECKY has given to the world a very important work, the reception of which by different parties will depend upon the stand-point from which they read it, and we may say, too, upon the design they attribute to the author in producing it. All will agree that it is a work of great learning, of extensive research, of much thought, and of amiable spirit. Mr. Lecky gives constant evidence of large and accurate scholarship, and of a mass of reading that is really surprising. His style is most excellent; he commands attention from the beginning and holds it to the end, not merely by the great interest of his facts and the novelty of some of his theories, but also by the elegance and singular clearness of his composition. Whatever may be our opinion as to the merits of the book as a history or a philosophy, it is certain that by this one effort, his first introduction into the world of letters, too, Mr. Lecky has won for himself a permanent place in English literature. He is constantly treading upon delicate and debatable ground, and yet all must concede that he has done his work with an amiable spirit that is delightful in its contrast with the offensive bitterness, and even malignity, which characterize some writers of the school to which we must assign him.

We have intimated above that the reception of this work will depend, in part at least, on the general design which the reader attributes to the author, or, in other words, on the place which he assigns him as a rationalistic writer. And this is evident from the fact that already it has been both highly commended and strongly condemned by both Christian and skeptical authors. The highest praise has been given to it by the careful and judicious *Edinburgh Review*, and equally high commendation by the liberal and skeptical *Westminster*. If Mr. Lecky is simply an honest writer of history with no ulterior or sinister object in view, we can join in the praises of the *Edinburgh*; if his work is looked upon as only an ingenious attempt to conciliate by careful method and amiable spirit the Christian public, while he covertly saps the foundation of Christianity, and plays into the hands of what is properly called rationalism, then we can see why it so pleases the *Westminster*, and why it is justly condemned by many Christian writers.

The difficulty in assigning this work to its true place will be seen as we endeavor to convey an idea of its character. In the first place the title of the work does not convey an accurate notion of its spirit or purpose, and Mr. Lecky has either been unfortunate or very ingenious in adopting it. The word "rationalism" has acquired among us a specific and restricted meaning. "It denotes the application of the powers of the understanding to reduce the supernatural occurrences and

dogmas of revealed religion within the limit of natural causes." It is a word introduced among us in its technical sense from the Germans, and limited to theological controversy; and the inference immediately drawn from the title of the work is, that Mr. Lecky intends to give a history "of this invasion of the sanctuary by the free-thinkers of Germany and other countries." And yet in the whole work there is not a single reference to this special phase of rationalism. The author employs the word in a wider sense. "He means by it that progress of the human mind which dispels by reasoning fallacies of every description injurious to the welfare of man and of society—fallacies of superstition, fallacies of the Church, fallacies of politics, fallacies of science, and fallacies of trade." According to his conception of the word, all the triumphs of the human mind—the Reformation, the invention of printing, the discovery of the laws of trade and of the principles of political economy—are the results of what he terms "rationalism," although "rationalism" itself in its received Germanic sense, is only one of the indirect, remote, and unessential products of this spirit of which he treats. His work, certainly with less euphony and less novelty, might be entitled, *A History of the Progress of Modern Civilization and of the Spirit which has produced it; or, A History of the Elimination of Ecclesiastical and Political Fallacies*. Whatever else the work may be, it certainly is not a history of rationalism in its received Germanic sense.

And yet the title contains the key of the book; and as that keeps constantly suggesting the rationalistic attempt to cast out every thing that is supernatural and Divine from the Bible, from Christianity, and from human history, so the book seems to be constantly presenting to us a "spirit," a "tendency," a "standard of probability," which is ever approximating this rationalistic stand-point. As we read this book we could easily conclude either that the author has not had the slightest reference to rationalism properly so called, or that the tendency of his whole work is to lead the reader to commend, approve, and accept that principle which is the center and life of rationalism; namely, that all occurrences and all dogmas must be brought within the sphere of natural causes. Hence, we have said, the title is either unfortunate or very ingenious; unfortunate if Mr. Lecky intends simply to give us a history of the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a corrupt Church and the reign of superstition, under the growth of reason and of a better understanding of the truth and spirit of Christianity; very ingenious if he intends the whole book to convey the lesson that this emancipation from what all concede to have been terrible evils, was effected alone by the assaults of reason, waging war against the Church, against theology, and against superstition; thus enthroning reason as the great agent which has developed all the benefits of modern civilisation, and thus also throwing the whole weight of his work on the side of

* *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*. By W. E. H. Lecky, M. A. London: Longmans. 1865. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

that phase of rationalism which is still laboring to eradicate every thing supernatural and divine from human history. The book will bear either interpretation, and we are disposed to believe "that, although it deals severely with many forms of error, and of theological error among the rest, and unrolls a melancholy picture of the absurdities and crimes which have been believed or committed in the name of religion, it is not an irreligious or an anti-religious book."

It is a lamentable fact that Christianity has had to bear the burden of nearly fifteen centuries of the darkest records of human history; that for as many centuries her truths were distorted, her offices perverted, and her spirit transformed; that for the same period she was buried beneath the weight of a gigantic hierarchy, putting not only Christianity, but every other human interest under its feet, crushing governments, crushing reason and truth, crushing science, crushing liberty under a ponderous mass of absurdities, superstitions, fallacies, and crimes. Mr. Lecky has told the dreadful story, perhaps with as much impartiality and faithfulness to the truth of history as is possible, and certainly with a spirit remarkably free from bitterness and commendably amiable. And while he draws fearlessly this terrible picture, and denounces certain opinions which have, he thinks, exercised a pernicious influence on the world, he shows that these are not the essential truths of Christianity, but have, on the contrary, been ingrafted upon it by the prejudices or ignorance of men.

It is also true that Christianity with a new life and spirit has arisen out of this grave of centuries, and that humanity has almost entirely freed itself from this political and ecclesiastical despotism, and that a new era of civil and religious liberty has been inaugurated. And Mr. Lecky records also this transition; but we think the weak or dubious part of his work is found here. Strange as it may seem, we agree with the Westminster in finding fault with the same thing in this work, but, of course, for a very different reason. "When we turn from the changes effected in the religious and social life of Europe," says that Review, "to the causes which have produced those changes, we can not but feel some regret that Mr. Lecky has been tempted to generalize on evidence too slender to warrant his conclusion; that he has treated causes which abundantly explain a portion of the phenomena as if they explained the whole, and is, therefore, led from time to time—perhaps unconsciously—to modify his own statements." Exactly so. Mr. Lecky gives us some causes which "abundantly explain a portion of the phenomena," but leaves the most important of these phenomena unaccounted for, except by a very broad generalization.

The great agency which has brought, about these wonderful changes, in his theory, is not the rising spirit of Christianity, not the triumph of controversy or the weight of argument, but "the spirit of the age." The main object of his work is to show "that there is a law of orderly and progressive transformation to which our speculative opinions are subject, and the causes of which are to be sought in the general intellectual condition of society." Again, he says this change is "entirely due to the diffusion of a rationalistic spirit, [by which he means a spirit of intelligence, of reason,]

and not at all to any active propagandism or to any definite arguments." And again at the end of his work he repeats the broad proposition that "a great religious change is effected, not by direct arguments, but by a predisposition to receive them, or, in other words, by a change of sympathies and bias." We can not refrain from asking, Whence this "spirit of the age?" whence this "general intellectual condition of society?" whence this "change of sympathy and bias" that have wrought these wonderful changes, and that have originated all that we mean by "modern civilization?"

Evidently the cause assigned by Mr. Lecky itself must have had a cause. Doubtless the influence producing "the spirit of the age" and "the intellectual condition of society," is a complex one; but preëminent in this influence is not infidelity, is not rationalism in its technical sense, is not unassisted human reason, but is Christianity itself, rising from her grave of ages in a new and glorious life, breathing a purer and nobler spirit, touching with a divine inspiration the hearts and the intellects of men. There has been vast progress in religious truth, in social life, in civil government, in arts, sciences, and trade, but it has only been in Christendom. In pagan lands, from the days of Greece and Rome till now, and from the once pagan Britain to the now pagan China, there has been no "spirit of the age," no "general intellectual condition" that has started the nations on this march of progress. There has been a vast elimination of errors, of superstitions, of fallacies; absurd beliefs, foolish practices, ridiculous customs, cruel persecutions have been well-nigh destroyed; but the elimination and destruction have only been in Christendom, and the very evils of witchcraft, deviltries, absurdities, and cruelties which the author shows to be eradicated in Christian Europe, are as rife to-day as they ever were in pagan Asia. The satires of Plautus, of Suetonius, of Juvenal, and the portraiture of St. Paul, descriptive of pagan Greece and Rome, are descriptive of all paganism to this hour. Arabia, the birthplace, as so many claim, of science, is still the land of superstition, of credulity, of wandering Bedouins, and of Sabman idolatry, while the religion of Averroes, whom this class of writers enthrone as the father of modern philosophy, still leaves its believers with prostrated intellects, in political stagnation, and in the practice of every form of injustice and barbarity.

But Mr. Lecky seems to have some idea that he has not solved the whole problem, and that Christianity itself has had much to do in developing the great transition of modern times. He asserts that "the great characteristic of Christianity and the great moral proof of its divinity is, that it has been the main source of the moral development of Europe;" and he tells us that it has done this, "not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal."

But we have consumed our space. There is much more that ought to be said of this book. We repeat, it is a book of great power, capable of both good and evil; it contains much that is true and that ought to be known, much that is false in theory, much that is unsound in pretended philosophy. It is, perhaps,

sufficiently reliable as a history; it is greatly at fault in the inductions made from the facts given. A very different history might be written of the progress of Europe from the errors and cruelties of the middle ages to the clearer light of present civilization, no more true, perhaps, to facts than is the history of Mr. Lecky, but much more true to Christianity, to the philosophy

of history, to the Christian spirit which itself has been the chief impulse in this wonderful progress. But Mr. Lecky belongs to that school that eliminates the Divine factor from history, having no fixed notion of God and Providence, and ignoring the agency of a Divine Spirit in educating both the Church and the world, and therefore can only write history on the human side.

Editor's Reply.

A LIBRARY IN EVERY CHURCH.—On our table lies a circular addressed by the Corresponding Secretary of our Tract Society to the "Tract Committee" in each charge throughout the Church. It is a proposition to initiate the formation of a library in each Church. The plan is very simple. A list of about two hundred standard works in the department of practical and experimental religion is appended to the address, with the prices given. When any Tract Committee or pastor will purchase for the use of the Church fifteen dollars' worth of these books there will be made a deduction of thirty per cent. from the prices named, and in addition the Tract Society will donate the "Earnest Christian's Library," containing four elegantly-printed and valuable volumes, to be used also as a Church library. For every additional fifteen dollars' worth of books ordered the Society will add five dollars' worth of books of its own selection.

Thus with fifteen dollars in hand the pastor or Tract Committee may order books from the list given to the amount of nineteen dollars and fifty cents at the prices named, and the Tract Society will add five dollars' worth more. By the same process, for thirty dollars forty-nine dollars' worth of books could be procured, which could be made quite a useful circulating library. These books could be properly labeled and then loaned to such members of the Church and congregation as would be found willing to read them. By such means a single copy of any good book could be made to circulate through a whole congregation. With from twenty to fifty different works they could keep a whole society supplied for months with reading that would promote the growth of intelligent piety, and provoke many to love and good works.

We heartily commend this movement to the pastors and Tract Committees, as we would commend any judicious movement that would give promise of circulating our books among the people. It is a disagreeable fact that the mass of our people neither purchase nor read many of the excellent books published by our Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati. Perhaps the fault is not so much in the people as in the seeming difficulty of procuring the books. They are not generally on sale at the bookstores. The preachers do not care to keep them on hand and offer them for sale, as was formerly the habit of our ministry. From these or other causes the people go unsupplied, and many of the most valuable books published in the country lie unsold on the shelves of the Book Concern. This is not only a "disagreeable fact," it is a very serious problem in our book-publishing interests; and

it is becoming a very important question, How shall we get our books within the reach of our people? That our pastors and Tract Committees can do much toward solving this problem is clear to us, and we hope this plan, originated by the Tract Society, may prove the beginning of a great and good thing.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.—We present this month another of those delicately-executed engravings by Mr. Hunt, from a picture by Worthington Whittredge in the possession of Mr. S. P. Avery. We will say nothing of the picture, but a few words about our celebrated western artist, Mr. Whittredge. He is a son of Ohio, born in the year 1820, and making his first efforts in art in the city of Cincinnati. His first picture of importance was exhibited in 1845, and received sufficient commendation to stimulate and encourage the young artist. In 1849, with a number of commissions from some of the leading men of this city, he visited Europe, where he spent several years at London, Paris, Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, among the mountains of Switzerland, and at Rome. On his return he settled in New York, and after a few admirable paintings of foreign subjects, devoted himself principally to American landscapes and New England interiors. He now stands in the front rank in the department he has chosen. In the fine sentiment which characterizes his works there is no American artist who occupies a higher position. There is a poetic vein running throughout his compositions which imparts a charm to all his productions.

All our readers will appreciate and admire the beautiful plate by Mr. Wellstood—"The Heavens Declare the Glory of God."

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Gerald Massey; The Best Cheer; The Gentleman; Dark Days; Minnesota; Fate; Alabama; Half-Hour with the Humboldts; Rev. Robert Hall; Overpayment; Spring; Looking Away; The Sho-sho-ne Warrior; Heart Treasures; Over the River; Hunted to Death; Prayer at Eve; The Wanderer's Return; Jessie Boone; Religion in the Family; and A Mother's Love.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Mabel's Confession; The Star of Bethlehem; Education and Religion; The Vagabond; Thoughts of Aunt Hattie; Origin of Words; Address to the Ladies, etc.; Some Suggestions about Style; Fear Not. *Poetry*—The Mother's Sacrifice; My Native Valley; The Object of Life; Praise; I would go Home; Amendment is Repentance; Looking Back; Alone; and Meet Me in Heaven.



Designed expressly for the Ladies Repository (Curl) by R. B. Smith, wood from a picture by A. L. Smith, wood by J. H. Smith

DEER IN THE WOODS





THE END OF THE



W. W. Loomis, N.Y.

JOHN E. FLOYD
REBEL-MAKER GENERAL

AND HIS REBEL-MAKING REVENUE

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1866.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

BY MAJOR JOHN LAWRENCE.

A QUARTER of a century ago you might have seen on any Winter evening in a humble western cabin a sturdy little bound boy, lying before a blazing fire, intently engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Slates were rare then, black-boards and chalk unknown, paper scarce, and candles a luxury to be indulged only when the preacher came round; but our little hero was not to be disheartened by these trifling disadvantages. The dry beech-wood afforded abundant light, a broad, smooth hearthstone was slate enough for our ambitious youth, and for writing material the big fire furnished him all the coals he could desire. He has seen some fine lettering on a store box—"Townsend & Smith"—and he reproduces it in back hand on the hearth, then rubs it out and tries it again. Then he tries his own name, and when he has executed it in pretty good style, associating it with the name of a young friend, he dreams of days to come when he may be a merchant. After completing his writing-lesson he applies himself to "Daboll;" and thus, with cold feet, roasting head, and little hand as black as the ace of spades, he works vigorously till bed-time.

Walk with me now into the head-quarters of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands for the district of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama, and allow me to introduce to you Brevet Major-General Clinton B. Fisk, the Assistant Commissioner. He will receive you in the most courteous manner, and you will find him to be a gentleman of very agreeable *personnelle*. In height, five feet ten, stoutly built, slightly bald, complexion light, aquiline nose, eyes deep blue and well arched, massive brain, voice mellow and

strong, and a face so frank and kind that you can not be embarrassed in his presence. If you enter his office to abuse the Bureau you will abandon your purpose, put on your blandest countenance, make yourself as agreeable as possible, and go away saying, "Well, the Bureau may be a very bad invention, but I declare I would like to have its chief for my neighbor." You will find him early and late at his desk working rapidly and persistently, and writing the same bold back hand which he practiced in his boyhood upon the broad hearthstone with "*Townsend & Company*" for a copy. He uses a gold pen now upon clean white paper; but he will never forget the charcoal, the smooth hearthstone, nor the blistering heat of the old cabin fire. Would the reader be pleased with a brief sketch of this Christian gentleman's life?

General Clinton B. Fisk was born December 8, 1828, in the village of York, Livingston county, State of New York. His parents were of New England origin, and of the same family from which sprung Dr. Wilbur Fisk, of precious memory. Benjamin B. Fisk, the General's father, removed with his family from Western New York to Lenawee county, Michigan, in the year 1830, and died at Clinton, Michigan, in September, 1832, leaving his widow with six boys, the subject of this sketch being the fifth. The widow and her boys were soon reduced to almost pinching poverty, and at an early age Clinton was sent from home to live with a farmer, who for several years gave him plenty of work, early and late, with few other benefits. Three months' schooling in the Winter were his early educational advantages, yet his old "Daboll" and "Olney" give evidence of persistent study. At the age of fifteen he was removed from Clinton to Spring Arbor, Jackson county, Michigan, to live with Deacon William Smith, who had married his mother,

and by whom he was adopted and furnished with increased educational advantages. He was a student of Michigan Central College, then at Spring Arbor, now at Hillsdale, at its first term; but he had learned his first lessons in Latin and Greek while plowing in the field, and without the aid of a teacher. He once went ten miles to get the proper pronunciation of "*Mu-sæ*." He prepared for college at Wesleyan Seminary, Albion, Michigan, under the lamented Dr. C. T. Hinman, but, being prevented from prosecuting his studies by a protracted inflammation of the eyes, he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits. In 1850 he married Miss Janetta A. Crippen, daughter of L. D. Crippen, and sister of J. B. Crippen, of Coldwater, Michigan, and with these gentlemen was associated as a merchant and banker till 1858, when he removed to the city of St. Louis, where his residence has since been.

General Fisk was among the early consistent and influential loyalists of Missouri, where the great struggle commenced. He had already pushed his way to the front rank of business men in that city, among whom there was a large number of traitors. In January, 1862, he and nearly a hundred other staunch loyalists were rejected as members of the Chamber of Commerce on account of their devotion to the Union, whereupon they, with other Union merchants, organized a new Board of Trade, styled the "Union Merchants' Exchange." The General was chosen secretary, treasurer, and executive officer. The enterprise was a grand success, and in a few months entirely swallowed up the old Chamber, and its influence upon public sentiment was wide-spread and most salutary.

The General was connected with the early "Home Guard" organization, and contributed much toward recruiting and fitting out volunteers. When the call for "three hundred thousand" more was made in July, 1862, Missouri was asked for eight regiments. The recruiting commenced slowly, and the Governor of the State desired Mr. Fisk to raise a brigade, General Blair having been authorized to raise one. The merchants of St. Louis, with great unanimity, resolved to aid the recruiting, and requested the General to raise the "Merchants' Brigade." He entered upon the work with his characteristic energy, and placed his regiment, the Thirty-Third Missouri Infantry, in the field in advance of all others, and by his personal influence did much toward the prompt filling up of Missouri's quota. He was promoted, November 24, 1862, to Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served on the staff of Major-

General Curtis till January, 1863, when he was ordered to the command of a brigade in the army of General Grant, then operating against Vicksburg. He served in the Army of the Tennessee, till June, 1863, when he was ordered by President Lincoln to the Department of Missouri, where he was placed in command of a district in South-East Missouri, and for many months defended it from invasion with which it was constantly threatened. His forces captured Jeff Thomson, and broke up the nests of guerrillas in North-East Arkansas, who had united their fortunes with the "Swamp Fox." In December, 1863, the General's command was enlarged by uniting his District with the District of St. Louis, and his head-quarters were changed from Pilot Knob to the city of St. Louis.

At this time Missouri was shaking not only with the tread of contending armies, but by political agitations. The Union men had broken into hostile factions. An old quarrel between General Fremont and General Blair had divided them into "radicals" and "conservatives," and the fierce contest between them was working immense damage to the country. General Fisk, although decidedly radical in his convictions, was eminently successful in restoring good feeling and promoting harmony of action, and his judicious administration of affairs in a most difficult situation was highly commended by the President, with whom his private correspondence was full and free.

In April, 1864, he was assigned to the command of the District of North Missouri, including all that portion of the State lying north of the Missouri River. This was one of the most difficult commands in the country. It was the center of the organization known as the "Order of American Knights." The entire disloyal element of Missouri had, in secret conclave, combined and pledged themselves by terrible oaths to bushwhacking, murder, and bloody revolution at the ballot-box. The sturdy loyalists of North Missouri rallied around General Fisk and nobly sustained him in his difficult work. The invasion of the State by Price in September summoned the General with his scattered forces to the defense of the State capital, and with one-third the number of Price's troops he successfully resisted and defeated him. He remained in command of North Missouri till May, 1865, when he was ordered to duty in the Freedmen's Bureau and assigned to the supervision of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama.

His administration as Assistant Commissioner has been eminently successful. He is thor-

oughly radical in his convictions, yet his heart overflows with kindness toward all men, and it would be impossible for him, constituted as he is, willingly to do injustice to any. If he is severe, his severity is tempered by love. This kindness of his nature was highly appreciated by our lamented President, and in reply to a letter written during the exasperating Missouri conflict among the friends of the Government, he wrote:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Oct. 25, 1863. }

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK—*My Dear Friend*,—I have received and read your letter of the 20th. It is so full of charity and good-will that I wish I had time to more than thank you for it.

Very truly, your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Now, this marked feature of his character has been of immense advantage to him as Assistant Commissioner. It has inspired confidence and promoted harmony and good feeling in thousands of instances. The freedmen know that he is true to them, that he is their best friend, and they esteem him as second only to Abraham Lincoln; at the same time he enjoys the confidence and shares the esteem of every man who is in earnest to reestablish peace and good-will, and to reorganize society upon a healthy and permanent free basis. With cheerful faith, charity for all, malice for none, and firmness for the right, he is working out the great problem of free labor, and no one here can doubt the result.

As a public speaker the General may be ranked among the very best in the United States. He is perfectly self-possessed, has a ready utterance, a superb voice, fine command of choice language, and is able to place himself *en rapport* with his subject and his audience; moreover, his varied attainments enable him to address a political gathering on the stump or a company of merchants on 'change, a convention of divines or a congregation of convicts, a squad of soldiers or houseful of children, an elite assembly in Cooper Institute or a mass meeting of poor freedmen with equal ease and eloquence.

He is very happy in his addresses to the freedmen. It is really refreshing to hear them exclaiming when he goes out into a new place where the gospel of freedom has never been heard except as it has been thundered forth by loud-mouthed cannon, "O, bless God, General Fisk has come! That's him!" "We'll hear the truth now." "He'll tell us what to do." And he does tell them, and while he speaks in his kindly way they devour every word, and their large liquid eyes are never for a moment

removed from him. I have seen four or five thousand of these "wards of the nation" crowded around the General's stand in a compact mass listening to his words, and a more interesting and in some aspects affecting spectacle I have never witnessed.

By the way, some very ludicrous incidents have occurred at these public meetings, one of which must be related. Last Summer the General addressed the freedmen at Edgefield, near Nashville, where a school-house had been burned by the enemies of "nigger schools." He spoke in his usual vein, and greatly to the edification of his colored auditors. In the crowd was an old colored Baptist minister, whose head was white with the frosts of eighty Winters. Upon hearing the blessed words which fell from the General's lips he became very happy, and, like old Simeon, exclaimed that he was now ready to depart in peace. Grasping the General's hand at the close of the address, he said, "General, you is a Baptist, fur no man can talk like dat, 'cept he been washed all over in Jordan!" The General was delighted, for he has a keen perception of the ridiculous. The old minister, becoming confidential, hinted that the Methodist minister of the village was not much, and added, "De Methodists, General, are a low set. You know they are. They came from Wesley, and he a outcast, and you may look the Bible clar through and not find Wesley; but you find Baptists, John the Baptist, and the Baptists come from him. Yes, General," he repeated as he gave his hand another squeeze, "*these Methodists are a low set.*"

The General was blessed with one of the best of mothers. Her Christian teachings have been the ground-work of his success. From his boyhood he has been among the foremost in good works. He is one of the most zealous Sunday school men in the country, and often states that he was reduced from the rank of a Sunday school superintendent to wear the uniform of a general officer. He carried his religious life into the army, and his voice was heard in camp, and fortress, and hospital in prayer, sacred song, and exhortation. By the cot of the dying soldier he was often found with words of hope and consolation.

He was one of the originators of the United States Christian Commission for the Army and Navy, and contributed largely to the success of that magnificent charity. His headquarters were always well stocked with the Scriptures, hymn-books, and religious newspapers, and a card was prominently posted there—"SWEAR NOT AT ALL." *Attention is called to the 3d commandment and the 3d Article of War.*"

The General tells an interesting swearing incident. When he was organizing his famous Thirty-Third Missouri Infantry Volunteer Regiment at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of conducting religious meetings with them on the Sabbath in the great amphitheater of the St. Louis fair grounds. These meetings were of great interest. Thousands of citizens of the city were regularly in attendance to join in the services, and some one of the loyal clergymen were present each Sabbath to preach. One Sabbath Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church, was preaching earnestly upon the necessity of a pure life, exhorting the men to beware of the vices incident to the camp, and he especially warned them against profanity. The Doctor related the incident of the Commodore who, whenever a recruit reported to his vessel for duty, was in the habit of entering into an agreement with them that he should do all the swearing for that vessel; and the Doctor appealed to the thousand Missouri soldiers in Colonel Fisk's regiment to enter into a solemn covenant that day with the Colonel that he should do all the swearing for the Thirty-Third Missouri. The regiment arose to their feet as one man and entered into the covenant. It was a grand spectacle. In relating this incident in the hall of the House of Representatives in January, 1865, in the presence of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, the General stated that "soldiers, like government contractors and members of Congress, sometimes made pledges that were broken." For several months no profane word was heard in his regiment. But one evening as he sat in front of his head-quarters at Helena, Arkansas, he heard some one down in the bottom lands near the river swearing in the most approved Flandersian style. On taking observation he discovered that the swearer was a teamster from his own head-quarters, a member of his own covenanting regiment, and a confidential old friend. He was hauling a heavy load of forage from the depot to camp, his six mules had become rebellious with their overload, had run the wagon against a stump and snapped off the pole. The teamster opened his great batteries of wrath and profanity against the mules, the wagon, the Arkansas mud, the rebels, and Jeff Davis. In the course of an hour afterward, as the teamster was passing the General's head-quarters, the General called to him and said, "John, did I not hear some one swearing most terribly an hour ago down on the bottom?"

"I think you did, General."

"Do you know who it was?"

"Yes, sir; it was me, General."

"Do you not remember the covenant entered into at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, with Rev. Dr. Nelson that I should do all the swearing for our old regiment?"

"To be sure I do, General," said John; "but then you were not there to do it, and it had to be done then!"

The incident passed from camp to camp and out into the wide world as one of the humorous incidents of the war.

Nature has enriched the General with a ready wit, a most excellent fancy, a keen perception of the ridiculous side of things, and above all great good humor. There is nothing sour or morbid in his composition. He is fond of a good joke, and sometimes indulges in grim humor. A very fashionably-dressed lady approached him one day with a verbal petition in relation to the restoration of some property. He suggested that she should put her request in writing, and offered her desk, pen, and paper. She declined using them, as she could not write. The General pointed to a colored clerk, a detailed soldier of the Ninth Heavy Artillery, who would write it for her; and after sundry contemptuous looks, she sat down by him and he wrote out her petition in excellent style. The General enjoyed the joke hugely. A few days since he organized in Nashville a benevolent association among the colored people, and as he was drafting the constitution his love for a joke could not be restrained, and he wrote that the object of the association should be to provide for the poor *without distinction of color*! Some days since he was telegraphed from Washington to know whether there was any danger of an insurrection in the South-West. His reply was, "No, not of the negroes."

Very soon after he entered upon duty as an Assistant Commissioner his head-quarters at Nashville were crowded with refugees and freedmen seeking aid and information. About this time a North Alabama refugee woman, one of the lowest order of "white trash"—a dirty, slouchy, sauff-dipping, tobacco-chewing, negro-hating specimen—presented herself at the General's desk, and in Sand Mountain dialect addressed him: "Be you Ginerall Fisk?"

"Yes, madam, I am General Fisk. What can I do for you?"

"Wall, Ginerall, I want to git transfurtation to Alabam. You see, I and my old man and seven children was tore up and drug out by rebs and Yanks both, and we bin refugeeing up in Indiany two years. We hearn tell that you all was going to give the refugees the farms of the old secesh, and we all wants 'em."

The General was not prepossessed with the fugitive feminine, especially as she indulged in many profane words, and as he was giving a negative reply to her importunities, a neatly-clad and genteel colored woman made her appearance and requested a word or two with General Fisk. She was kindly told to proceed. Her story was one of wrong done to her child. A daughter had been spirited away from Nashville by the former postmaster of the city and sold down in Georgia, after she had been made free by the act of Congress. She came to petition for aid in bringing her daughter back to her home again. The General treated the anxious mother with kind attention, and made such orders on the spot as ultimately restored mother and child in one household. The colored woman courteously expressed her gratitude and withdrew. The Sand Mountain feminine meanwhile, boiling over with wrath because the colored woman had received so much attention, broke out:

"General Fisk, be you an abolitionist?"

"Yes, madam, I be."

"Well now, General, you do n't believe in nigger equality, do you? I am sure you ain't as bad as that."

"Madam, I do not think you need have the least uneasiness in the world on the question of equality, for you certainly will have to learn a great deal more than you now know, and will have to conduct yourself in a much better manner before *you* become the equal of that good colored woman who just left the office."

The Sand Mountaineeress took a fresh dip of snuff and hurried out of the presence of the General with some very emphatic condemnations of the "Nigger Bureau."

The General became a Christian in his childhood, and can remember no period of his life when he did not love Jesus, and he is one of the very best specimens of a Methodist layman extant. Calm, earnest, large-hearted, liberal, ever ready to speak and to do, he commands the respect and confidence of all. To his perseverance, determination, and unswerving loyalty to his God and country, the Union Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Louis owes much of its early prosperity.

Not less in her sphere is the gratitude of the country due to the noble wife of the General than to himself. In and out of season, through storm and sun, she has been the devoted friend of the soldier. Her name is embalmed in the memory of thousands of our brave men in the North-West. Many also have gone to their last sleep with her benedictions of love upon their dying moments.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

NUMBER III.

EDITORIAL.

THE APOSTLES.

THE four men to whom we are disposed to give the appellation of apostles in their historical connection with American Methodism, are Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, and M'Kendree. The first, as the immediate connecting link between Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as a man of extraordinary zeal and devotion, and of abundant labor, unsurpassed by even Mr. Wesley himself, and of great usefulness in the organization of the Church, well merits this title. The second, as approaching as nearly as any man in Christian history to the abundance of labors, the extended travels, the repeated perils, the wise counsels, and the holy zeal of St. Paul, may well wear, in the accommodated sense in which we now use it, this honor of apostleship. The third, as the last of Mr. Wesley's representatives, as the co-laborer of Asbury, as a most saintly man, a faithful soldier of Christ, and untiring laborer in laying the foundations of the Church, merits this honorable association. The fourth was the first native American Bishop, the connecting link between the East and the West, a proper representative of the ever-aggressive spirit of Methodism, on whom fell the mantles of both Asbury and Whatcoat, and who for some time bore upon himself alone the weight of all the Churches. Surely we may place M'Kendree in the honorable rank of an apostle of Methodism.

It is impossible, in our brief space, to give even an outline of the lives and labors of these men, and this is not our intention. We purpose rather to glance at their relation to the origin and organization of the Church. As the first Bishops or Superintendents, mighty in counsel and powerful in influence, to them especially are we indebted for the incorporation and preservation of the peculiar institutions and doctrines of Methodism in the organization of the American Church. The first three of them being immediate disciples of Wesley himself, well indoctrinated in his theology and experienced in his usages, and profoundly in love with Methodism, as they believed it to have providentially developed itself under Mr. Wesley, were the bearers of the same system to America, and the conservators of pure Methodism in the trying periods of organizing the new Church. True and inflexible themselves, and yet wise enough to see the modifications required by the new circumstances, they on the

one hand gave us a genuine Methodism, and on the other, with eminent wisdom adapted its mechanism to the wants of the New World. Their labors extending from the arrival of Asbury in 1771 to the death of M'Kendree in 1835, a period of sixty-four years, they were able to stamp their impress permanently on the Church, and lived long enough to see the great establishment they had organized working with smoothness, solidity, and every promise of permanence.

In 1771, in response to another urgent call from America, Mr. Wesley appointed Francis Asbury, then a young man about twenty-six years of age. He had been in the traveling ministry only about five years, but had previously been a local preacher for nearly five years, having begun to preach when not yet eighteen. He was an extraordinary youth, early maturing in mind and in religious experience, and evidently chosen of God for a great work in the history of his Church. He arrived in America in the Autumn of 1771. There were then about six hundred Methodists in the Colonies, and about ten preachers, nearly all of them Wesley's missionaries, or men of English origin. Boardman was then in charge of the infant work and arranged the plan of appointments. No Conference had yet been held. In the Autumn of 1772, while Asbury was laboring in and around New York, he received a letter from Wesley appointing him "Assistant" or Superintendent of the American societies. For a short time he took charge of all the societies and the appointments of the preachers, subject to the authority of Mr. Wesley. Difficulties soon arose in the administration, and there is reason to believe Mr. Asbury asked to be relieved by a successor. On the first of June, 1773, Thomas Rankin arrived, clothed with the authority of "General Assistant for the American Societies," being Mr. Asbury's senior in the itinerancy, and an experienced disciplinarian.

The first Conference, Rankin in the chair, began its session in Philadelphia on the 16th of April, 1773. There were ten members, all Europeans. The aggregate returns of the membership were 1,160. Grave irregularities and serious difficulties had already risen in the young Church. Rankin, though somewhat blamed for sternness, was equal to the occasion, and with the excellent assistance of Asbury, corrected the irregularities and reduced the organization of the American societies to Wesley's model. Mr. Rankin continued to act as the Representative or "Assistant" of Mr. Wesley till he left the country in 1777. He did not well under-

stand the Colonial life and spirit of America, a spirit which of course also profoundly affected the life of the Church; he reduced many irregularities to order and postponed many threatening difficulties, but did so with an iron purpose and offensive rigidity. He failed also to understand and appreciate Mr. Asbury, and even went so far as to request Mr. Wesley, in 1775, to recall Asbury. By a good providence the letters ordering him home did not reach Mr. Asbury, or as a dutiful son in the Gospel he would doubtless have obeyed, and the mighty man would have been lost to American Methodism. Mr. Asbury honorably passed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution, and stood true to the Church, and to the country too, although exposed to constant suspicion and danger. Mr. Wesley saw that he had erred in recalling him, and soon after the departure of Rankin again appointed him "General Assistant." From this time till the organization of the Church, six years later, Asbury acted as the representative of Wesley, traveling throughout the connection, meeting the Conferences, appointing the preachers, and disposing of questions of discipline.

Till 1773 no Annual Conference had been held; from that time till the organization of the Church nineteen sessions were held; sometimes two in a single year, and in one year three. These sessions were considered adjourned meetings, held at different places for the convenience of the scattered itinerants. In 1784, eighteen years after Mr. Embury's first sermon in America, the membership of the societies was 14,988, of which 1,607 were in the Northern States, 13,381 in the Southern. There were 84 itinerant preachers, and 46 circuits; there were scores of local preachers, hundreds of class-leaders and exhorters; there were chapels in most of the principal communities of the United States, and in many of the rural towns; and yet, properly speaking, there was no Church. There were societies of Christians pure in life and fervent in spirit, linked together by certain peculiarities in the distribution of the preachers and certain peculiarities in the prominence which they gave to some important doctrines; they met in chapels and other places to worship and hear the Word of God, but they had no sacraments. Their converts, in most places, were received into the societies without baptism, and the children of Methodist families were growing up without that holy rite, except in the comparatively few cases which received the ordinances through the brief action of the measures adopted by the Fluvanna Conference in 1779. "It was a Church without a sacra-

mental altar, though as pure and valid as any other on the American continent."

The want of the ordinances was creating dissatisfaction, manifesting itself more and more at each succeeding Conference. At the Conference of 1779 a majority of the American itinerants, representing a majority of the circuits and people, attempted to provide the sacraments by irregular measures, which produced a temporary rupture, only healed by a further compromise in 1780, procuring a delay till the counsel of Mr. Wesley could be obtained. Mr. Wesley was convinced that something must be done to relieve the suffering societies, even if it should require extraordinary measures. What was wanting was an ordained ministry for America. How to get it was the question to be solved.

Mr. Wesley, like many other clergymen of the Church of England, had long since given up the conceit of apostolic succession, and had long believed in the validity of presbyterial ordination; yet in view of his connection with the Establishment, and wishing to avoid any seeming "irregularity," he wrote an earnest and touching letter to Lowth, Bishop of London, entreating the ordination of at least one presbyter to administer the sacraments among the American Methodists. The Bishop declined his request. Mr. Wesley, equal to the emergency, as he had been to a thousand before, determined to do what was necessary to be done, solemnly acting under the necessity of the case in the fear and for the glory of God. On the first day of September, 1784, assisted by two presbyters of the Established Church, James Creighton and Thomas Coke, Mr. Wesley, himself also a presbyter of the Church, ordained Thomas Vasey and Richard Whatcoat deacons, and on the next day ordained them elders or presbyters. On the latter day he also ordained Thomas Coke Superintendent or Bishop of the Methodist societies in America.

Thomas Coke was born in 1747 at Brecon in Wales. The only child of a wealthy house, he was educated for one of the learned professions, and for himself early chose the Church. Soon after entering upon his ministerial labors he came in contact with the Methodists. Their earnest religion and his warm nature were congruous, and soon he was a Methodist, admonished by his Bishop, dismissed by his rector, menaced by the mobs of his own parishioners, "chimed" out of his Church, and at last compelled to abandon his parish. He immediately found refuge in the Wesleyan Conference, and became the friend, counselor, and coadjutor of Wesley himself, received at once into delightful fellowship with Wesley, his brother Charles, and the

sainted Fletcher. A learned, wealthy, holy, practical, energetic, even enthusiastic man, he was evidently the child of Providence to meet most opportunely the coming wants of Methodism. "He was to traverse continually the United Kingdom, the United States, and the West Indies. He was to have virtual charge, for years, of the Irish Conference, presiding at its sessions oftener than Wesley himself. He was to win the title of the 'Foreign Minister of Methodism.' He was to cross the Atlantic eighteen times, defraying his own expenses; to organize, under Wesley, the Methodist Episcopal Church, as its first Bishop; to originate the constitutional organization of English Methodism by Wesley's Deed of Declaration; to found the Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies, in Africa, in Asia, in England, in Wales, and Ireland; to represent, in his own person, down to his death, the whole missionary operations of Methodism, as their official and almost their sole director; lavishing upon them his affluent fortune, and giving more money to religion than any other Methodist, if not any other Protestant of his times. Dying at last, a veteran of nearly seventy years, a missionary himself, on his way to the East, he was to be buried beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean, 'the greatest man of the last century in labors and services as a minister of Christ.'"—*Stevens*.

On the 18th of September, 1784, in two weeks from the time of his consecration for the work, he embarked for his great mission, accompanied by Vasey and Whatcoat. On the 3d of November they landed at New York, and after spending only a few days in the city, started on their journey southward in search of Asbury. On the 14th of November the two great men met at the famous Barrett's Chapel. Dr. Coke was in the pulpit, "a man of small stature, ruddy complexion, brilliant eyes, feminine but musical voice, and gowned as an English clergyman." Asbury ascended the pulpit and embraced and kissed him before the whole assembly. Preliminary arrangements were made for holding an early session of Conference, and Freeborn Garrettson was sent off to scatter the message in every direction, calling the preachers together at Baltimore on Christmas eve. Dr. Coke in the mean time made a tour of about a thousand miles, preaching and consulting with the itinerants and the people.

On Friday, December 24th, 1784, began the first "General Conference," in Lovely Lane Chapel, in Baltimore, sixty itinerants being present, and Dr. Coke occupying the chair. A letter from Mr. Wesley was laid before the Conference, detailing his proceedings in the case

of Dr. Coke and his associates, and making suggestions with reference to the organization of the Church, and especially recommending Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury as Superintendents. In accordance with these suggestions it was agreed "to form themselves into a Methodist Episcopal Church, and to have superintendents, elders, and deacons." Mr. Asbury declining ordination, unless in addition to the appointment by Mr. Wesley his brethren should formally elect him, he and Dr. Coke were unanimously elected Superintendents.

On the second day of the session Asbury was ordained a deacon by Dr. Coke, assisted by Vasey and Whatcoat. On Sunday they ordained him elder, and on Monday he was consecrated Superintendent, the holy and catholic Otterbein, of the German Church, assisting in the rite. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were spent in enacting rules of discipline and the election of preachers to orders. On Friday several deacons were ordained; on Sunday twelve elders and one deacon were ordained, "and the Conference ended in great peace and unanimity."

Thus was organized the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. It was no longer simply an aggregate of scattered societies, it was a Church, thoroughly furnished with the offices, sacraments, and institutions pertaining to an evangelical Church of our Lord and Savior, and providentially adapted to the wants and circumstances of the New World.

It is impossible for us here to enter into the study of the organization then effected, or to pursue the labors of these two great apostles and Bishops of the young Church through the years of unparalleled toil and devotion which they gave to its forming history. The planting of Methodism during their own lifetime in every State of the Union, in remote territories then unorganized into States, in Canada, Nova Scotia, and the West Indies; the organization of nine Annual Conferences, each covering a territory now occupied by four, five, or six Conferences, and divided into circuits, many of them larger than whole Conferences at present; the growth of the Church into a membership of 214,235 with 695 itinerant preachers, and the continued efficiency and unparalleled success of the Church since they passed away, are sufficient monuments to the indefatigable labors and unwearied zeal of these mighty men, and sufficient proof of the wonderful efficiency and adaptedness of the Church which, through the blessing of God, their genius organized.

Till the year 1800 Dr. Coke, although frequently itinerating between America and En-

rope, taking quite as large a share in the developing history of English Methodism, as in the planting and training of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave efficient coöperation to Mr. Asbury in the general superintendency. At that time, on account of the frequent absences of Dr. Coke and also the infirm health of Bishop Asbury, it was found necessary "to strengthen the Episcopacy." Richard Whatcoat was elected Bishop, having four votes over Jesse Lee. On Sunday, the 18th of May, 1800, the ordination sermon was preached by Dr. Coke, and Mr. Whatcoat was ordained a Bishop in the Church of God by Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury, assisted by several elders. "Never," says father Boehm, "were holy hands laid upon a holier head."

Richard Whatcoat was born of pious parents on the 23d of February, 1736, in the parish of Quinton, Gloucestershire, England. At the age of twenty-one he was converted and became a Methodist. In 1769 he was received into the traveling connection by the same Conference which sent Boardman and Pilmoor to America. He traveled two years in England, and then was sent to Ireland, and in two years more was sent into Wales. He was selected by Mr. Wesley, along with Thomas Vasey, to be ordained and sent to America with Dr. Coke. Arriving in this country he humbly took his place as a regular itinerant, frequently traveling over a vast territory in company with Bishop Asbury. But he had done the most of his work before he was ordained Bishop, being permitted to occupy this office only about six years.

On the 5th of July, 1806, he gave his soul to God and his body to the dust. Seldom has the Church lost a brighter ornament, seldom heaven received a purer spirit. He was one of the sainted men in our early history. "In him were seen majesty and love. His whole deportment was beautiful, and adorned with personal graces. His amiable, heavenly, and courteous carriage was such as to make him the delight of his acquaintances." (Lednum.) "As a man," says father Boehm, who knew him well, "he was most remarkable, for in him was blended a dignity that commanded reverence, and a humility and sweetness that inspired affection. The benignity that shone in his countenance revealed the character of the inner man. He loved every body, and all loved him in return. A holier man has not lived since the days of the seraphic Fletcher, whom in some respects he strikingly resembled."

The death of Bishop Whatcoat left the care of all the Churches again resting on Bishop

Asbury. The General Conference of 1808 attempted to relieve him, and elected William M'Kendree to the office and work of a bishop, and on the 18th of May he was consecrated by Bishop Asbury, assisted by such mighty men as Garrettson, Bruce, Lee, and Ware. Mr. M'Kendree, as we have said, was our first native American Bishop, and, indeed, an American patriot; for he entered into the Revolutionary army, and attained the rank of adjutant. He was born in King William county, Virginia, July 6, 1757. In 1787 he became a Methodist, and very soon gave himself to the Virginia Conference. He filled various appointments as preacher and presiding elder in the Virginia, South Carolina, and Baltimore Conferences, till the year 1800, when he was transferred to the Kentucky district of the Western Conference, to take the place of the eloquent but failing Poythress.

The famous old Western Conference was regularly organized in 1796, embracing then the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; but it advanced its outposts as the settlements extended, and soon embraced Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Western Virginia, Western North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. In this same territory we now have not less than thirty Annual Conferences, exclusive of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. It originally had two districts, one for Kentucky and one for Tennessee. In 1799 the two were united and Poythress was the presiding elder. To this district, embracing more than two whole States, Mr. M'Kendree was appointed. The Conference for that year, 1800, was held in the Bethel Academy, in Kentucky. There were present eight preachers, beside the two Bishops. The membership within the bounds of the Conference was less than 3,000. Eight years afterward, when M'Kendree was made Bishop, the membership had grown to 15,000; the two districts had increased to ten; the seventeen laborers had multiplied to one hundred; and the fourteen circuits had become seventy-one. After such a report it is scarcely necessary to say that a leader of such activity, energy, and success was worthy of the mantle of Whatcoat, and of association with Asbury in leading on the conquering hosts of Methodism.

For eight years he was the equal of Asbury in travels and labors; and in 1816 caught the falling mantle of the dying hero and bore it up alone till George and Roberts were elected to share the responsibilities of the Episcopacy with him. He continued to render full and efficient service till 1824, and for ten years

more survived to give the benefit of his counsels to the Church, and actual service, indeed, equal to that of most efficient men at the present day. Then on the 5th of March, 1835, full of honors and full of hope, he passed away, bequeathing to the Church that anthem of triumph which has thrilled millions of hearts, "ALL IS WELL."

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEALY.

OVER the river they're waiting—
The loved ones I have known;
Thinking on me with pity
As I walk on the earth alone,
And of all the pain and sorrow
Of a soul not understood,
But which found the low, base impulse
Where it thought to find the good.

Over the river they're waiting—
The mystic river of Death,
And I shrink from its chilling waters,
Which stifle the shortened breath;
And I fear the surging billows,
So black and grim they roll,
That they chill, like a reeling iceberg,
My weary, fainting soul.

Over the river—I see her—
The mother of long ago,
Who left me, a tiny maiden,
With heart as cold as snow!
O mother! the weary longing
To hear thy voice once more,
But only the faintest murmur
Can reach me from that shore.

Over the river, my darling,
My blue-eyed angel girl,
I can see in a sun-bright halo
Each clustering, golden curl.
O, a little more of waiting
And your mother will be there,
To help you tune your harp-strings
And smooth your radiant hair!

Over the river, my father,
I shall see you once again,
Where your love, on earth unuttered,
Shall flow like Summer rain.
O, I know I never knew you!
For your feelings still were pent,
But over that rolling river
The prisoned soul has vent.

Over the river—I'll know them—
I'm sure it will be so,
For heaven would not be heaven
Without love's golden glow.
And there in that blissful Eden,
Never to part again,
Our loves shall not be smothered—
Our hopes shall not be vain!

UTTER DEN LINDEN.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

IT is unnecessary to state that this is the most noteworthy street of the city of Berlin, since, by name, it is not only well known over Europe but also over America. It is the general promenade street for all, is the most full of life and activity; and yet one can walk therein and feel more alone, more unobserved, can see and not be seen, more than almost any where else within the business limits of the city. This is because of its many divisions and of its width, it being near one hundred and seventy-five feet wide. It derives its name from a double row of linden-trees on either side, making four rows in all. Between the buildings and first row of trees there is a broad plaster pavement and a stone-paved carriage-road; between the first two rows another carriage-road, probably earlier designed for horsemen especially, and the cavalry practicing daily yet choose this passage; then comes in the center the very broad promenade for footmen, which is provided with frequent seats, where one can rest if weary, or sit and watch the people. At convenient intervals there are stands where one can buy refreshments or walking-sticks; these seem to be considered merchandise appropriate for the needs of the place.

The finest hotels are mostly found on this street, and the most extensive mercantile establishments display their elegant silks, cloaks, shawls, and furs, or massive gold and silver plate—all, perhaps, as fine as in the world—through crystal-clear glass windows, which go nearly to the pavement. There are also numerous picture and statuary shops, whose windows are very attractive, and offer fine opportunities for studying art. On wintery mornings, if the street is the least icy, it will be found sprinkled with a beautiful yellow sand, so that it is safe to promenade here at all hours; and there is no time in the day when it does not seem full of life and activity. It was a favorite *retreat*, as one may say, of Baron von Humboldt, and, doubtless, of the many other renowned thinkers and philosophers who have lived and died in this city, and whose imaginary forms with thoughtful and measured tread still appear hither and thither through the lindens. The trees extend along a space of about thirteen hundred feet, but the street reaches from the Brandenburg Gate on the west to the Palace Bridge on the east, then opens out into what is called the Pleasure Garden—an open square

before the royal palace. The view through this street, terminated by this gate, says one author, "is not much surpassed, if at all, by the celebrated view of the *Quai de Louvre*, in Paris."

BRANDENBURG GATE.

Between the western end of the lindens and this gate lies Paris Square; and this distance between us and it is needed in order to survey it to advantage. It is said by some to be the first specimen of architecture in the city, and probably the most magnificent portal in Europe. It was built between 1780 and 1790, in imitation of the Propylæum at Athens, though very much larger, its length being nearly two hundred feet, and its height, to the top of the pediment, about sixty-five feet. The pediment is supported by a double colonnade, formed by twelve Doric columns forty-four feet high and nearly six in diameter, with five entrances between them, the central of which has a heavy iron gate eighteen feet high. There are structures on either side, which might be called wings, whose roofs are supported by eighteen columns, only a little over half as high as the larger one. On the front of the pediment are *bassi reliev*i, representing daring deeds of some hero, and beneath these sculptures representing the conflict between the Centaurs and Lapithæ. On the top of the pediment stands a car of victory drawn by four horses abreast, twelve feet high, and in the chariot stands the Goddess of Victory, bearing an eagle and an iron cross, the whole in bronze. The group is nearly twenty feet high. In 1806 it was taken, by order of Napoleon, to Paris, but after the battle of Waterloo the conquering Prussians brought it back, gave it its former position, and added the eagle and iron cross. One experiences a strange sensation when first standing before this portal and seeing high in the air this imposing figure, and the four so life-like, fiery steeds, as it were, so rapidly approaching.

EDIFICES AND MONUMENTS.

As we start from this gate to walk through the street toward the east, we have at our right the palaces of two counts, and a little further on that of the Russian ambassador, all of which are handsome, but not more so than many others owned by private individuals. At our left is a beautiful structure—the school of the artillery and engineers. Passing down through the center slowly, studying people and architecture till about to the end of the lindens, we are weary, and sit down on the last of the

seats under the trees in full view of the immense Royal Academy, the University, the king's palace opposite, and immediately before us, in the center, the bronze monument of Frederick the Great, erected in 1851, "probably the grandest monument in Europe." It was modeled by the renowned sculptor Rauch, many of whose works adorn the city, and whose statue stands in the Museum. It consists of a pedestal twenty-four feet high, surmounted by an equestrian statue, which is eighteen feet high. Frederick is said to be equipped in his usual costume, modeled after relics still preserved, with the exception of an ermine mantle, which the sculptor considered necessary to the dignity of a figure when placed so high. The pedestal is composed of three divisions, the lower of polished granite, and inscribed with the names of eighty eminent men and soldiers of Frederick's time. The second contains on its sides the inscription and the life-size portrait figures of thirty-one of Frederick's favorites, both military and literary, with the names inscribed under each. Prominent among them stand Lessing and Kant, the latter with his impressive forefinger before the face of the former, as if measuring out philosophy sentence by sentence, while Lessing wears an expression duly attentive, as if weighing them with equal deliberation. The portraits and costumes are said to be very true to life, which makes the monument of great value, historically. On each of the four corners of this division stands a horse and his rider, the riders being the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Generals Seydlitz and Ziethen. Above these, on the third division, are female figures representing four cardinal virtues—Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. Between these are reliefs, emblematic of the education and career of the king. About the whole there is so much to attract the attention not only of judges and critics of such works of art, but of the uncultivated in this respect, and even of the ignorant in all respects, that one may safely say that there are very few minutes of the day when some eye is not giving it undivided attention, when some foot is not pacing slowly around its base.

The Academy of Arts is not particularly remarkable in outward appearance. The university, earlier a palace, is an immense structure with two side-wings, which, with the high iron fence, inclose a large open court. On the top of the building, along the front, stand fourteen statues. The king's palace is not particularly distinguishable from other palaces, all of which may be known by the two soldiers

who patrol before them night and day. Next on the right, and joined to the palace, is the Royal Library, facing the Opera Square. This has a curiously-shaped front, said to be owing to a freak of Frederick II, who showed the architect a peculiarly-shaped bureau as a pattern to build after. This building has not less than eighteen large statues along its front. Looking across this square we see the Catholic St. Hedwig's Church, built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. In the square, but against the street, stands the Opera-House, also intended to resemble a famous pattern—the Parthenon at Athens. It is nearly three hundred feet long, presents a range of handsome, fluted Corinthian columns, and is capable of accommodating about three thousand spectators. To the right of this stand three bronze statues of the Generals York, Gneisenau, and Blücher, and opposite to these, to our left, is the Royal Watch House, with the statues of Bülow and Scharnhorst, in marble, at the sides. These five statues are all works of Rauch. Here one may spend some time pleasantly in studying out the meaning of the reliefs.

Passing on but a few steps, we have at our right the beautiful palace of the Crown Prince, once occupied by the King, Wilhelm III, as Crown Prince, and a hundred years earlier by Frederick II. At our left stands the Arsenal, of which a French author says: "This structure is of a beauty so complete that it is pretended that no fault can be found in its architecture." It is a square building of two hundred and eighty feet to a side. Over the main portal is a bust of Frederick I.

Now we are at the Palace Bridge, on either side of which stand four marble statues on pedestals, on the front of each of which we find the Prussian eagle. The statues, each a group of two over life size, represent a youth under the culture and protection of the Goddesses Minerva and Victory, while he applies himself to the use of arms, goes to conflict, conquers, is crowned, gets wounded, and till Iris bears the fallen conqueror away to Olympus.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN.

Here ends Unter den Linden; but when one has gone thus far there seems to be no stopping place till the walk around the great open square, from which branch off many streets, is accomplished. Here stands first the old Royal Palace, which from its age—founded in 1689—from its enormity—474 by 284 feet—and from its dark bluish color, assists one wonderfully toward a belief that once prevailed; namely, that it was haunted by a ghost called the

White Lady, who appeared only to announce the death of some member of the royal family. It is composed of four courts, and has five hundred habitable apartments. In an open court stands a large equestrian bronze statue of St. George in conflict with the Dragon, and at either side of one of the portals facing the square stands another bronze group, the Horse-Tamers, which were presented by Nicholas of Russia. At a little distance from here is the *Dom*, and a little farther around the square the renowned Museum. This is one of the achievements of the great architect Schinkel, whose statue stands within. It is over two hundred feet long. The whole front, behind which is a vestibule, is supported by eighteen beautiful Ionic columns, above each of which on the top sits the eagle with outspread wings. On the four corners stand Genii, and on the corners of the roof of the rotunda, which rises higher at the center, stand copies, in iron, of the Horse-Tamers of Monte Cavallo, in Rome. At the right and left of the broad flight of steps leading up to the vestibule are equestrian bronze groups, the one of an Amazon in conflict with a panther, the other of a youth with a lion. Both are near fourteen feet high, and cost about fifty thousand dollars.

Directly in front of the building, and but a few yards distant, stands a colossal granite basin, twenty-two feet in diameter, and of some seventy-five tons in weight. It was cut from a famous stone, which a few years ago lay some thirty miles from Berlin, but was brought here on the River Spree, and highly polished by means of steam. In the midst of the square, which is planted with trees, is a broad fountain surrounded by seats, in which the water, springing up through a lotus plant, plays in the air and sunshine, making a spray and mist for the manufacture of rainbows and a delicious freshness in the air during the Summer months. From here, having seen enough for one day, it already being dusk, we are ready to turn our steps homeward, and as we again step upon the bridge what a magnificent view does Unter den Linden present by night, with its six rows of lamps, besides the many with their reflectors, in the gorgeously-adorned windows! A forest of light, of which the effect is magical.

THE mind is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.

JESSIE BOONE.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

HE was a man. He, Albert Fenton, or "Bertie Fenton," as we who claimed him for a friend loved to call him, our minister, was a true, strong, earnest man, who felt and demonstrated by his daily life that the crowning glory of a noble manhood is a pure, sincere, Christian character. He was a man whom to know was to be made to feel continually the holy truth and beauty of those few significant sentences in the latter part of the first chapter of Genesis: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

He was a man who let his light so shine that he exerted an unconscious influence over those around him, and before whom the most profane, the most outbreking, the most heaven-daring sinners in the village were careful of their language and manners. And then, too, he was so gentle, so kind, so forbearing, so patient, so considerate of the feelings of others that he was loved by old and young. And so he went about happy and blessed, doing good and getting good.

She, Jessie Boone, was the wildest, most wayward, most unmanageable little piece of humanity that ever tormented a maiden aunt or turned the heads of half the boys in a village. She was a wicked little sprite, always saying and doing odd things in odd ways, always bringing upon her devoted head the stormy reproofs of the maiden aunt with whom she lived, and always flying for refuge either to me or to the great beech-woods just beyond the village. I can see her now just as she used to come down the road from town with her hat pushed back and hanging by the strings, her short bright curls dancing about her white brow, her deep-blue eyes flashing under the white lids and long brown lashes, her cheeks burning, and her red lips pouting, and I can hear her wild, sweet voice that I always declared had the breezy call of a wild bird's song in its floating up through the maples that threw their shadows over the path that led up to our house from the road—"Lutie, Lutie, open your arms, I'm coming!" O, I can see and hear it all so plainly that I some-

times reach out my arms as I used to do, forgetting that she is sleeping so white and still under the green mantle of the Summer grasses, and the tears will gush from my eyes as I close my arms and find them empty. But I digress.

Jessie was not so very wicked as her aunt thought. She had a loving heart, which none but a loving hand could open or loving words touch. She was a sort of fanciful little body, and loved to wander idly away to the great woods and there dream that she was a bird, picturing to herself the delight of soaring up to the sky that always seemed to smile upon her, or wondering whether the God whose power was so visible in all the works of nature would, as Bertie Fenton said, allow even such wild, naughty girls as herself to approach him and call him "Father." She thought that it would be beautiful to be good if she could be as good as Bertie, for then she would not be so fearful of coming before the throne of God and asking his favor; but she had been taught from her very childhood that she was a dreadful sinner, and that God was terribly angry with her.

So the poor child lived on in her dreaming, fanciful way, with often a sharp longing in her heart for something better and purer, scolded and reproved at home, petted and flattered by the gay young people of the village, and caring nothing for any of them. Bertie Fenton was the only one who seemed to thoroughly understand her. True, I was her dearest friend, and she came to me with her joys or troubles, but I always felt that there was something in her nature that I could not understand, and she was always surprising me by her wild fancies and odd ideas. But Bertie seemed to read her very soul. He knew just when to speak seriously and admonishingly and when to be merry and gleeful with her. And she had so much faith in him that she would talk with him as she never did with any one else. All her strange fancies and wild conjectures, all her longings and desires were told to his ever-ready ear and answered by ever-ready arguments or exhortations.

Such was Jessie Boone at seventeen. Sweet, loving, and lovable child! But O, how much more so was she after the great change which came over her!

It was in this way. We were having a blessed revival in the village, and the influence of the Spirit was felt in all hearts. One day Jessie came to me with a troubled face. Her voice as it rang out on the clear, sunlit Winter air in that old, familiar call—"Lutie, Lutie, open your arms, I'm coming!"—did not sound

so merry as usual, and the face which she lifted to mine for my greeting kiss was pale and sad.

"Jessie, you look ill," I said, startled and alarmed as I held her small hand in mine.

"No, I'm not sick, that is, not bodily," she said wearily, as I drew her into the house, and she went over to the stove and sat down upon a low stool with her hands folded together in her lap. It was her favorite position when she felt sad.

"Then you are ill in mind, Jessie."

I drew a chair close beside her and sat down, laying my hand as I spoke upon her bright head. She bowed it a little, but did not answer me, and presently a low sob broke from her lips. I drew her close to my side in a moment, and her head was on my shoulder.

"You will tell me what troubles you, won't you, pet?" I asked.

But she only sobbed on in a pitiful way like a broken-hearted child. I kissed her tenderly many times, and stroked back the short, bright curls, and my voice trembled with pity for my wild bird as I said, "Jessie, you know that I am your true friend. Now, won't you trust me with this that troubles you and let me help you bear it? Please tell me, Jessie, darling."

She lifted her face to mine, all white and tearful.

"O, Lutie, I want to be good! I'm so bad, so wicked! Won't you help me to be good, Lutie?"

It was so like her, so like her artless confidence in me that the words touched me with a sense of my own unworthiness.

"God will help you, Jessie; have you asked him to?"

"O, I'm too bad! Aunt Jane says that God is terribly angry with me, and I'm afraid to ask him. Do you think he will let me love him, Lutie?"

I drew from my pocket a small Testament, and opening it read these words: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Then I paused, and, turning to her, said simply, "Do you believe that, Jessie? Can you take God at his word?"

"Please, Lutie, read that again, won't you?"

She lay back in my arms with her hands clasped and her eyes fastened upon my face while I repeated the words slowly and earnestly. She seemed to long to take the words to her heart, yet feared to, and again she buried her face in her hands.

"Let us pray to God, Jessie," I said at last,

seeing how weak her faith was, and how much she needed God's help.

"Yes, Lutie, but not now, not here. Let us go to the beech-woods, Lutie; may be God will speak to me there."

"Very well, Jessie, we will go."

I tied her warm hood under her chin and wrapped her soft thick shawl about her, and, donning my own cloak and hood, I led her down the maple avenue to the road and away to the beech-woods.

I tried to comfort her as we went along, and talked as well as I could of God's love toward fallen man; but she could not rid her mind of the impressions made in childhood. At last we reached the woods. Here all was peace and quiet. The dry leaves rustled beneath our feet, and the wind sighed softly through the naked tree-tops. We heard the partridge drumming on the bare trunk of some dead tree, the timid rabbit bounded past us, and now and then a squirrel, lured from his nest by the warm sunlight, darted gayly aloft to the top of a neighboring tree and looked saucily down upon us from his secure height. There was a hush in all nature that had a soothing effect upon both our minds.

"O, I love the woods!" whispered Jessie, her heart alive in a moment to the effects of the scenes around us.

"The groves were God's first temples," I said softly.

I saw that she felt it, and prayed that she might in this his temple learn to worship him aright. We walked on a little distance and paused at her favorite seat, a great log beneath a beautiful beech-tree. We sat down upon it, and Jessie folded her hands in her lap and gazed away at the blue sky, and soon the great tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, Lutie, if God would only let me love him!" she said, as she bowed her face in her hands and the sobs broke from her lips.

"He will, Jessie. He says in his Word that he will receive all who come to him. Darling Jessie, he is waiting for you to cast your care upon him, and his promise is that they who seek him early shall find him. Let us ask God to help you to believe, Jessie."

And so, amid the hush and silence of the wild beech-woods, we kneeled down, Jessie and I, and I told God in my weak, childish way all our desires and weaknesses, and asked his guidance. I know not what I said now, but I felt then that God as my Father was very near me.

When we arose from our knees Jessie threw herself into my arms. I told her simply and

earnestly how tenderly God had said that he would love those who loved him, how Jesus all along his weary journey through this world had loved his enemies and had blessed them who cursed him, and how even on the cross he forgave his murderers, and how the soldier's spear opened a cleansing fountain for all mankind. And I told her how God had loved me ever since I had given my heart to him, and how good a Father he had been to me. And then I pointed to the evidences of his love as shown in the works of nature, and led her by every persuasion that I was mistress of to view him as a loving Father and not as an angry judge. She listened eagerly, and by degrees the agony in her face gave place to an expression of hope, then it grew into trust, and by and by the full light of a happy spirit broke over her whole face. For a moment she lay in my arms motionless and with clasped hands; then she threw her arms about my neck, and her joy broke forth in low murmurs of praise, and in sobs and joyful tears.

"O, Lutie! Lutie! I do believe that God loves me. I really do believe that he is my Father. Lutie, I am so happy, so happy!"

And I wept and rejoiced with her, and we felt that the wild wood was a glorious place for us. We went home when the sun was setting in the west.

Jessie turned as we ascended the steps of the veranda and gazed thoughtfully at the glorious sunset. The beautiful halo of light rested like a glory upon her forehead.

"It is more beautiful in heaven," she said softly.

"Yes, Jessie; in heaven all is glory, and there is no need of sun or stars, for God is the light."

"God is the light," she repeated softly.

"That is what makes heaven beautiful. It would not be heaven if God were not there."

"Jessie, little sister, have you learned to feel this?"

It was Bertie Fenton who spoke. He had come out of the house unperceived by either of us, and we both turned quickly.

"O, Bertie, I have learned it! I have learned to feel that God is my Father, and O, I am so happy!"

"Thank God, Jessie!"

Bertie spoke fervently, and I knew that he rejoiced with us. We all went into the house, and, sitting there in the dim light of the sunset, Jessie told us all her old fancies and dreamings.

"I shall always love the beech-woods," she said, "for there I first felt that this life is not

the end of man, and there I learned to call God 'Father.' I used to wander away there by myself after auntie had scolded me, and I would sit for hours in the still quiet and hush of the woods listening to the bird-songs and to the low rustling of the leaves that sounded like the flapping of millions of little wings, and I would remember what I had read about all nature praising God, and I would wonder if I was the only ungrateful thing in all the great wood. And then I would wish that I might love God; but I would remember that auntie had told me that I was so very bad, and that God was so terribly angry with me, and I could not love him, for I can not love any body who is angry with me. I want to love because I am loved. And so I lived on all these years, and I wanted to be good and could not because I did n't know how. But this morning, while I was looking at the picture of my dead mother, there came such a great longing into my heart to be good so that I might go to her. I tried to shake off the feeling, and I said to myself, 'I won't be good, for God won't let me.' But the thought would come back, and I felt so sick at heart that I thought I must die, and I felt that if I died then I never could go to mother. So, Lutie, I came over to you, for I would n't tell auntie how wicked I felt. When you read about God's love I thought that may be there was hope for me, but when I tried to believe it seemed as if a great cloud swept between me and the promise held out by the Savior, and I could not grasp it. But when we went out to the woods, and I saw all the old familiar sights and heard all the dear old sounds again, and when you pointed to the works of nature as tokens of his love toward man, when you told me of the wonderful love of Jesus, of his great sacrifice for sinful man, and how he forgave those who tortured him to death, there swept all over my soul such a sense of the love of God that I could only cry out, 'O, God, my Friend, my Father!' And all my doubts vanished, and such a sweet, sweet peace filled my heart! It seemed as if I had got home from a long journey, as if God had opened his arms and taken me, all tired and weak as I was, into the fullness of his love. O, Bertie—Lutie, if this is like heaven, what must the full glory of heaven be!"

We gazed into her earnest face almost in awe; a glory seemed to rest upon her young brow—a glory of heaven, not of earth. We felt that she, our cherished pet, had been very near the Father.

"I thank God with you, Jessie, that you

have learned to feel that he is a loving Father and not always an angry Judge," said Bertie, fervently.

"It is beautiful to love God! O, it is beautiful!" murmured Jessie, as she laid her bright head on my shoulder.

We sat a little while silent and very full of the joy of loving God, and then the bell of the village church called us to the sanctuary, and we went, feeling that God had been very near us that day.

It soon became known that Jessie was converted, and people were curious to see what effect it would have on her. She was just as merry and gladsome as before, but there was a gentle, meek, forbearing, patient spirit in her heart that had not been there before. She was no longer impatient when her aunt found fault with her, and she tried hard to please her. She no longer shunned the bed of sickness and death, but her chief delight was to minister to the afflicted and to comfort the distressed. Bertie often found her in his pastoral visits at the bedside of some sufferer, or reading the Bible to some aged Christian. So she was learning how beautiful it is to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

We were much together, she, and Bertie, and I, and every little word and act of our almost idolized pet was cherished by us, for somehow we felt as if they would soon be all that we should have of her. Bertie used always to call her his little sister, and I know that few brothers love their sisters more tenderly than he loved Jessie. It was beautiful to see her sitting at his feet through the long Winter evenings while he talked of Jesus and heaven, and I in my quiet corner plied the busy needles. O, I love to think of those happy hours when we were so happy and gladsome, for O, the shadow came soon!

Days and weeks passed, and one day in early Spring I went to see Jessie. I found her lying on the lounge asleep. Her cheeks were flushed and her hands were dry and hot. I wakened her gently, and she looked up wildly, and then moaning wearily sank into my arms.

"Jessie, darling, are you ill?" I asked anxiously.

She did not reply, and I called her aunt.

"Jessie is sick," I said hurriedly.

She came forward quickly, and I knew by her anxious face how dearly, in spite of her stern discipline, she loved her niece. A physician was called, but when he came we knew by his grave face that our darling was in danger. "Inflammation of the lungs," was the knell that rang in our ears as night and day

we watched at the bedside of our suffering Jessie.

Long weeks we prayed and waited, hoping against hope, that she might be spared. Bertie came often to see her, and his strong faith in God comforted us. Sometimes Jessie knew us, and said many sweet and precious things to us, and sometimes she was delirious, and would talk of the beech-woods and of the beautiful sights she seemed to see there, and often she talked of Bertie, her dear brother Bertie, and of me and others who had loved her.

So we watched by her, hoping and fearing, till there came a time when, to our inquiries, the good old doctor shook his head and sadly answered, "She is in God's hands; I can do no more. God pity you!"

O, I can not write the agony of that moment and those other moments when we were watching for the angels to bear her away from us!

She bade us good-by lovingly and cheerfully, and then sank back exhausted in my arms. Bertie stood beside her and held her hand, and we held our very breath almost lest we should disturb her.

"Jessie," said Bertie Fenton softly through tears that were an honor to his manhood, "Jessie, little sister, is Jesus near you now?"

She opened her eyes, and a holy light broke over her face.

"O, Bertie—Lutie, all is bright, bright! I see the angels, and—O, there is mother! Open your arms, mother, I'm coming. Lutie, darling, kiss me to sleep, it is getting very dark, and I'm so tired."

Her voice grew very low, and she shrank close to me as if she feared to enter the dark valley after the glimpse which she caught of the brightness in the heavenly city. Soon she opened her eyes again with a smile.

"Hold my hand firmly, Bertie, till I get into the boat so that I shall not fall. I shall soon be over now, for it is not far across. Lutie—Bertie, come soon; I'll meet you when you get to the river. Now, I'm going over—mother, be ready for me—Jesus—O, there's heaven! It is beautiful—beautiful!"

Her voice grew fainter and died away as if she were floating out from the shore. Fainter and fainter it sounded till it ended in a whisper. Her eyes closed peacefully, a faint breath swept my lips as I bent to kiss her, and our beautiful darling had gone from us to the better country.

When the beech-woods were green and the earth had put on her mantle of beauty, and the birds were going up to heaven with the songs they had learned in the arches of the

woods, we laid our darling sadly away in the bosom of the green earth, and Bertie Fenton said above her to comfort our hearts, "'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' She walked with God, and she is not, for God took her. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Bertie and I live in the little parsonage very near to the church-yard, and often we go to Jessie's grave and talk of our darling who has gone before us to the better land. I have laid her picture and a tress of her hair away among my treasures, and now as I sit in the hush of sunset or wander away into the still, cool solitude of the beech-woods, the memory of my lost darling comes back to me, and I rejoice that in the land to which she has gone there is no shadow of pain or sorrow, for the Father is the light of that land, and he wipeth all tears from the eyes of those who behold his face. I rejoice that, although he oftentimes washes our eyes with tears, it is only that we may see more plainly the land where tears come no more.

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall stand sometime by the water cold
And list to the sound of the Boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the Boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

TWO PICTURES.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

Two pictures—one, the negative,
As long as life itself will live,
An offspring of the will.
Time's camera lights and shades will bring;
Our lives will give the coloring,
If either good or ill.

The outlines may be boldly drawn;
The picture fair to look upon—
A soul-entrancing sight.
Yet it may have its hidden parts,
But God, who knoweth human hearts,
Will bring it all to light.

The other one the proof will be
Revealed in vast eternity
Before the Judgment Throne;
And every eye will view it there,
Condemned, or else divinely fair,
Accepted or unknown!

TERESA MESZLENYI KOSSUTH.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

(CONCLUDED.)

"SOON after I saw by the papers that there was no longer any danger that Lajos should be given up: they even said that he was on his way to London. But I had as yet no letter from him, and no tidings from my children. My kind friend from — visited me, and said that he heard a gentleman had arrived from Widden with letters for me, and that on the morrow he would be at the country seat of Mr. —. I immediately ordered a cart to proceed thither. My friend cautioned me not to go, as this might be an Austrian trap, and the gentleman from Widden an Austrian spy. But I was determined to risk any thing to obtain certain information. The weather was so bad that I had great difficulty to get a driver. I paid my lodgings, took leave of my good hosts, told them that in case I did not return they should keep the things I left in my room as a remembrance, and I went. The driver was in a bad humor. He grumbled about what a folly it was to travel in such weather, and then he cursed the Austrians for the new taxes, and began to talk politics. He said to me, 'We will not obey the King; for he is no king, he is only a German Emperor; he has no right to command in Hungary. He is not even crowned, and, therefore, is a usurper.' 'But, sir,' said I, 'if they find the crown and crown him regularly, what will you do then?' He paused a moment. 'Then the lightning of heaven shall strike him; we won't obey him,' he angrily replied.

"When I arrived at the village, I sent Ellen to the castle to say that I was waiting in the hotel. The gentleman of the manor came hastily in great confusion to me, and said that he had not admitted the messenger from Widden, for he distrusted him. He reproached me that I dared to come to a place strongly watched by the Austrians; he asked whether I desired money, and entreated me to depart immediately. In fact, Austrians were at his table, and he could not stay one moment longer without rousing suspicion equally fatal to himself and to me.

"I wept that my hopes were again defeated; for I had made up my mind to proceed with the messenger to Widden. I had to return again to the kind upholsterer.

"My great object was now to send money and tidings to Lajos, because the Austrian papers

had stated that he had been robbed in Turkey of all he possessed, and that the refugees were starving and ill-treated. I knew, moreover, that there was a report spread, perhaps by my own friends in order to deceive the Austrian police, that I was dead. I did not wish that such tidings should reach Widden, and I, therefore, was willing, in case the papers should mention it, to declare through the press that I was alive. But how to convey a letter to my husband? To get to him myself seemed now impossible. I had no choice of obtaining a passport under an assumed name; for my friends would not venture such an application; they were paralyzed by fear. I looked for assistance to another quarter. I had learned from Ellen that the son of the schoolmaster, an educated young man, had become an apprentice at our upholsterer's. I sent for him. He came up stairs whistling, his cap on his head. He opened the door, but when he beheld me he turned pale and trembled. He had seen me formerly in Pesth, but had little thought Miss Mary and I were the same person. He asked for my commands. I told him that I wished to send him with a letter to Widden. He answered that he could not do it without the consent of his parents; his brother had fallen in battle, and he had promised his bereaved mother not to go into any dangerous enterprise without her knowledge, but he did hope that she would not deny her consent. Next day he returned blushing, and declared that he must decline my commission. His mother had kneeled down before him and entreated him to keep clear from politics. For her sake he had given up the career of learning and had turned upholsterer; he could not resist her wishes, and felt ashamed that he could not serve me. I did not utter a single word, but I was in despair. I had to wait again.

"One evening we heard heavy steps in the street; a detachment of soldiers was coming and stopped before the house. Ellen entreated me to flee, as they were surely to seize me, but I was too tired to attempt any thing for safety. I said apathetically, 'Go down and open the door; I do not conceal myself.' She went down, but soon returned laughing. It was a mistake. The soldiers were not seeking me. In the dark they had taken the upholsterer's house for the town-house. A couple of days after this adventure there was again a great alarm. In the evening two persons knocked violently at the door, and said aloud in German, so that I should hear it, 'Does Miss Mary live here? We have a message for her from Turkey.' I rushed to the door, pushing aside the upholsterer, who

would not admit them. A lady and gentleman entered, and handed me a letter. It was the handwriting of Lajos. My emotion was so sudden that I could not read; I sobbed violently. I was soon apprised that Lajos was to be detained somewhere in Asia, and I declared that I was ready to follow my new friends to join him. Madame W. and Mr. —, who had come from Widden to take me to Turkey, were utterly unknown to me, and they asked me whether I trusted them, and did I not suspect it was the Austrians who had sent them? 'Had all the despots in the world sent you,' answered I, 'you bring me this letter and I follow you.' I now first learned that another letter had previously arrived, but my friends had burnt it that it might not induce me to attempt an escape over the nearest Turkish frontier, where the Austrians were keeping strict watch. It was with the greatest unwillingness that they had revealed my hiding-place to the messengers of my husband, so general was their suspicion. Mrs. W. told me we had no time to lose; she had a passport for Pesth, and as the last steamboat was to go thence in a few days down the Danube, if we did not reach Pesth in time the difficulties would become incalculable. I immediately prepared for departure, and next morning, the first of December, we started in a light, open carriage for the railway. A snow-storm had beat upon us all the way, and my face became sore from the frost. At Szolnok we took seats in a third-class carriage, trembling lest some passenger should recognize me in my disguise. We were surrounded by danger. Several Jews who happened to sit near us mentioned the name of my husband, and spoke of me. In the first-class carriages I remarked at the stoppages several ladies whom I knew. When we arrived at the railway terminus in Pesth, a great crowd was waiting for the train; I held my handkerchief before my face, and Mr. M. requested the policeman, to whom he had handed my passport, not to delay us long, as I had a violent toothache. The policeman let us pass; we took a cab and drove across the Danube to the lodgings of Mrs. W., which she had kept ever since she had set out in search of me upon her arrival from Turkey. It was a small house. The landlady was cooking in the kitchen, through which we had to go to the room. 'Good morning,' she said to Mrs. W.; when we arrived, and when she saw me turned red and began to weep, but did not say a word. The wife of a tailor across the street had also recognized me. She told Mrs. W. that her late brother had appeared to her in a dream, saying that the lady of the Governor was at Buda, and

that every body should be punished severely who should betray her; and she believed the vision, as her brother had been a pious priest. Mrs. — gave her ten florins, with the advice to have a mass read for the repose of her brother, that his soul might not haunt her sleep; and she also reminded her that in these hard times it was very dangerous to have such dreams.

"Through the kindness and exertion of Mrs. W. I got further opportunity to send a letter to the prison of my children. But in the mean time Winter set in suddenly. The Danube froze, no steamer could leave Pesth, and we had to go by land, where annoyances and dangers with passports and visitations were unavoidable. With the greatest difficulty I got a passport under an assumed name. My friends were indefatigable, and left no means untried to get it. At last they succeeded. When we started our landlady kissed my hand and said, 'God, the Almighty, bring you back.' Everywhere on the Theiss and on the Danube I found the same feeling among the many. Through snow and cold we reached the fortress of Peterwardein after a tedious journey. We again found the hotel overcrowded, and were shown to the ball-room—the only room unoccupied.

"It was a large hall, dimly lighted by the tallow candle which the waiter put on the table. The door was not locked, and people occasionally peeped in. I recognized an Austrian partisan. He seemed to suspect something wrong and entered the room. Fearing to be recognized I again complained of a violent toothache, hiding my face with my handkerchief; and my companion inquired of the Count if he did not know a dentist in the town, and began to overwhelm him with so many questions that he was annoyed and withdrew. The next morning we proceeded further; but scarcely were we fifteen miles on our way when some soldiers came up to our carriage and stopped it. 'We have orders to escort you to the nearest magistrate,' said the sergeant; 'you have to give up your passports.' 'Why?' asked Mr. —. 'Because you are denounced as traveling under assumed names.' It was a very disagreeable moment, but no choice was left. We arrived in a small borough and were escorted to the town-house. The sergeant went into the court-hall. We had to wait in the ante-room, but in a very few moments were summoned before the magistrate. He stood at his desk in a dignified manner—a stout, jolly, red-faced German gentleman—with our passports in his hand, and in a solemn way he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you are accused of traveling under assumed names. This is a serious charge, and I must

immediately enter upon the inquest; you had better confess your misdemeanor, as I shall easily ascertain the fact.' After this preamble he turned toward me and inquired, putting a pair of spectacles on his nose, 'What is your name?'

" 'Mary Smith,' I said boldly, with a light courtesy.

" 'Mary Smith,' he repeated emphatically, and looked into the passport. 'Mary Smith; why, this is really the name of the passport. Where from?'

" 'From Pesth.'

" 'Where to?'

" 'To Semlin.'

" 'For what purpose?'

" 'To visit friends.'

"After every one of my answers he again looked into the passport and said, rather astonished, 'But every thing is correct.'

"After Mrs. W. and Mr. M. had gone through the same process, the magistrate turned to the sergeant and sternly reproached him for having dared to interfere with peaceable travelers, whose passports were entirely regular. He turned toward us and dismissed us, with an apology that he had detained us. The sergeant grumbled and mumbled something about his orders.

"We soon arrived at Semlin. Across the Danube there lay Belgrade—for us the place of safety; but the difficulty of crossing was increased so much more by the quarantine regulations, as our passports were good only for Semlin, and not further. Mr. M., who traveled in the character of a paper manufacturer, went to the police office and requested the gentleman there to grant him permission to visit Belgrade, as he had some business to transact with the printer of the Government paper. After some delay the permission was given. Mr. M. went away, but he returned again to the officer and said that his sister, and her friend who traveled with her, would worry much if he did not take them to the Turkish fortress. They wished to buy samples of the celebrated Turkish dried prunes on the spot. It was an affair of but a few hours; they would leave all their luggage at the office, as they were only going to take a peep at the Turks. His eloquence carried his object. A quarantine officer was sent with us to the river to keep an eye upon us; and in high spirits we hired a boat to carry us over to Serbia. But when we put off the Hungarian bank, deep emotion overcame me. It was my country that I was leaving, perhaps for a long time, perhaps forever, and I wept.

" 'What is the matter?' asked the quarantine officer.

" 'She is frightened on the water,' said Mrs. W. 'Might we not founder here?'

" 'Nonsense,' answered he, and laughed at my cowardice.

"At Belgrade M. stopped at the first public house and invited the quarantine man to take a glass of wine with him, for he felt quite chilly, and the ladies also were hungry. As there was no difficulty to persuade the Austrian we went in and ordered breakfast. The two gentlemen began to drink. Mrs. W. remarked, after a little while, that while they were emptying the bottle and the breakfast getting ready, we should go across the street to buy shoes.

" 'Do n't stay long,' said M.

" 'We shall return in a minute,' was the answer. But once in the street we hastened to the British Consulate—and I was safe. Mr. Fonblanque, the British Consul, was not in town; but we found out the Sardinian Consul, who congratulated me on my escape. Mr. M. soon joined us; he had left his companion at the bottle. Shortly after Mr. Fonblanque arrived, and showed me great kindness during my stay in Serbia. I sent a message to the Serb Minister that I expected, from the chivalrous character of his nation, that they would grant me protection and the orders necessary for travelers who pass through a country without highways, where no conveyance can be found, but by special order of Government. The Minister was surprised, but soon answered and offered every assistance. I was invited to a country seat of the Prince, to remain there till Spring; for they said the roads were impracticable in Winter; nobody could travel otherwise than on horseback. A Winter journey by carriage was unheard of, and in an open sledge it would be dangerous to my health. I was detained in this way for a whole week, and began to fear that I should not be allowed to proceed to my husband. When I complained of the delay, I was requested to state precisely what I wanted. I replied, 'Nothing but to be able to join my husband; and if no orders are given to this end I must consider myself a prisoner, and will escape when I can.'

"The aidecamp of the Prince now came to me and told me he would be happy to accompany me on my journey if I had made up my mind for many toils and difficulties, as a Winter journey was unusual for ladies in these parts. But when I refused to stay longer in Serbia as their guest, he begged to be excused if he could not afford me all the comforts he wished. He handed a letter of protection from

the Prince, and said that orders were given along our whole road to receive the lady escorted by him as the guest of the Prince. We set out; the cold was intense; the roads dreadful; the snow impeded our progress; often we heard the howl of wolves in the evening; the sledge was upset; sometimes we could not get horses and had to go forward with oxen. Occasionally we had to sleep in a stable, as I would not go into the underground, unclean, unventilated huts of the peasants. At other times we found a comfortable shelter in the houses of the lord lieutenants of the counties and the Government officials. The orders of the Prince had roused considerable curiosity along the road; people could not guess who the strange lady was traveling so mysteriously with an English passport in Winter as the guest of the Prince. When we arrived at places where accommodation could be found the gentleman of the manor received us at the gate in his picturesque national costume. On the threshold we found the lady in the rich Serbian dress; she attended us at dinner in the antique way. When we sat at table she remained at the door; the meal: were brought by the servants to her, and she tendered them to us with the natural dignity and grace peculiar to the East. At night she came with her maids, who carried the pillows trimmed with French lace, and the richly-embroidered silk blankets; one after the other were handed to her; she prepared the couch and invited me to rest. The aiddecamp was often asked who I was; but he always met the inquirer with some joke and evaded the answer. He seemed pleased with the mystery which surrounded us. Once only, in the moment of our departure, he told the lord lieutenant of a county, who had entertained us with splendid hospitality, that his guest was the wife of Kossuth. He was evidently struck, and exclaimed passionately, 'Why did you not tell me before? I would have treated her with greater honors.'

"At Widden the aiddecamp left me. He was a most amiable, chivalrous man, who, even on the Turkish territory, defended me against the Austrian Consul, who, even here, in a foreign country, attempted to annoy us by examination of passport and visitations of luggage. He probably thought that I carried the crown of St. Stephen in my carpet-bag. From Widden the Pashaw sent me to Shumla, and after five months of dreadful separation I was again united to my husband."

How forcibly this narrative of heroic adventures portrays the deep and abiding affection for Kossuth existing among the Hungarian people!

After five months of dreadful separation the patriot exile and his devoted wife again shared, under the same roof, the sorrows of recollection and the anxieties of hope for their beloved country; but their children were held as prisoners by order of the Austrian Government. When sent into the country by Madame Kossuth, after the departure of the Governor, they were seized by soldiers in the county of Vezprem, and conveyed to prison at Pressburg. They were denied ordinary privileges for exercise, and were served with the indifferent prison diet. The kindness of friends in the town, often secretly manifested, prevented them from suffering from want of palatable and healthful food. When they had been two or three months in prison the execrated Austrian General, Haynau, visited them and deeply impressed their memories with his fierce look and rough manner. They had been six months in prison when, upon the earnest and oft-repeated application of one of Kossuth's sisters, who is now a resident of New York, they were discharged and placed in the keeping of their grandmother Kossuth, but under the surveillance of the police. The people bestowed upon them many tokens of regard. Presents of rare food were urged upon them; tailors sent them clothes, shoemakers competed with each other for the honor of presenting them shoes, and the people said, "We will keep the children; Kossuth will come back then. He will not stay away from his children." These tokens of affection for the Magyar chief troubled the Austrian authorities, and to be relieved of them the Government determined to send the children to Turkey, which was done a few weeks subsequent to the time at which Madame Kossuth joined her husband.

They left Pesth in May, 1850. Thousands of devoted Hungarians assembled to bid them Godspeed and to send messages of good cheer to their parents.

In August, 1851, Kossuth was informed by the Turkish Government that he was at liberty to select for himself a place of residence. He accepted the invitation of the United States, and with his family and a few personal friends embarked on the steamer Mississippi on the first of September. Having determined to visit England before coming to the United States, he disembarked at Marseilles, and went to Southampton on the steamer Madrid. Madame Kossuth and children were objects of great interest in England. When Kossuth and wife came to the United States the children were left with friends near London.

During the remarkable journey which Kossuth made through the United States, Madame

Kossuth, naturally retiring in disposition and averse to public displays, became but slightly known even to those who shared most intimately the confidence of her husband. She could not speak the English language well. With those who could converse in German or French she talked freely, but those who addressed her in English found it difficult to maintain a conversation. She was very short-sighted, which, together with her natural reserve, caused people who were introduced to her to regard her as uninteresting and indifferent. Her presence was not commanding. She dressed with exceeding plainness, except when making or receiving formal official visits, and she had no especial charm of grace or manner unless when speaking or bestowing some personal attention upon her husband. For these reasons the enthusiasm which surrounded Kossuth, in America, did not associate itself with his wife; but she was an attentive observer and obtained the enmity of some of the native friends of the Hungarian patriot, because she endeavored to persuade him to make America his permanent home, or at least an asylum till revolutionary events should require his presence in Europe. Her wifely devotion, as exhibited in the trials through which she passed in order to escape from Austrian despotism and rejoin her husband, was the great feature of her character. From knowledge of it Washington Irving might have been inspired to write the beautiful paragraph with which his touching sketch of "The Wife" is begun.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. The disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly arising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

After his return to England in 1852 Kossuth resided near London, but on account of the failing health of his only daughter removed to Italy four or five years ago. Daughter and wife make sacred now, to all true Hungarians, a graveyard at Genoa. What a sad picture now—that solitary exile in a distant land brooding over the wrongs of his nation at a desolate fireside!

First brought to notice by nobility of character during an alarming pestilence; by talent and patriotism becoming the people's leader; suffering terrible imprisonment for political offense given to despotism; liberated at the people's demand; by eloquence and statesmanship rising to be the chief of a revolution; betrayed by treachery; by foreign intervention driven into exile; and in that exile becoming historic as the most fervent and impressive orator of modern times; disappointed in every hope of justice for father-land; burying an only daughter in a graveyard far from her native home; beside that grave being compelled to prepare another—a tomb for the remains of the wife whose maiden sympathy illumined a prison cell, and whose marital devotion never permitted reproof from that early promise; an old man full of sorrows and eminently acquainted with grief—Louis Kossuth stands, in incident of career, in virtue of character, the most interesting and suggestive personage of the present day. His years are now past threescore. Ere many more elapse he must join the innumerable host to which the martyrs of Hungary belong. He will be mourned as the great and good only can be. His many faithful friends earnestly trust that he will leave prepared for publication a record of his eventful life.

OUR LIFE CROSS.

BY ELIZABETH E. R. PRAY.

LIFE hath many heavy burdens,
 Life hath many weary cares,
 But we will not faint nor falter,
 Though the shadow of despair
 May at times hang darkly 'round us,
 And we can not see the way,
 Still we'll hope and trust the promise
 Of a better, brighter day.

Though the way seem long and dreary,
 Never murmur, never fear,
 There is One who, never weary,
 Watcheth o'er his children here;
 One who will our weak hearts strengthen,
 If in faith we trust his love,
 Who will kindly, gently lead us
 Safely to his home above.

Say not thus, "my lot is hardest;"
 That thou hast a double share;
 Thou mayest never know the burdens,
 Frailer ones than thou must bear;
 But wherever duty calls us,
 With a firm and fearless heart
 Let us labor, striving ever
 For the nobler, better part.

CALVARY AND THE SEPULCHER.

BY REV. R. B. WELCH.

CALVARY and the sepulcher, as I remarked in a previous article, are covered with an immense Church, consecrated as it now stands in 1810, A. D. At our arrival we found the grand entrance thronged. Soldiers stood guarding the doorway. Official Turks with drawn swords offered to examine peaceful pilgrims to ascertain whether they carried weapons. Some Americans suffered this impertinence from Moslem guards at the threshold of the sepulcher. I was glad to be able to pass unmolested.

Already the large Church was filled. It was St. Patrick's day. Devotees walked directly to a marble slab surrounded by a low railing, covering what tradition declares to be the Stone of Unction, on which Christ's crucified body was anointed for the burial. They knelt and devoutly pressed the marble slab with forehead and lips, then, rising, advanced to a large rotunda surmounted by a dome like the Pantheon at Rome. In the very center of the rotunda stands the holy sepulcher. Beneath the dome a small building twenty-six feet long has been erected over the tomb. The entrance is from the east. A gloomy antechamber dimly lighted, called the Chapel of the Angel, to commemorate the rolling away of the stone, leads to the narrow door of the sepulcher. Around and in this antechamber a dense crowd had collected. Not a word was spoken, but each one was moving eagerly toward the entrance. Almost every kind of feature and style of dress were represented here. All were uncovered; some were kneeling, some were standing with bare feet upon the cold pavement. In the small, dim antechamber I stood for awhile unable to advance through the crowd, endeavoring to collect my thoughts and order them aright, as one should if standing beside Joseph's new tomb; honored as no tomb ever has been or shall be; preëminent as the only one in all history which has been consecrated by the presence of real Divinity; signalized by a conflict such as even Calvary had not witnessed—a final conflict, in which death, and hell, and the grave struggled to retain the Son of God a captive, in which the issue involved the glory of God and the redemption of a world, and in which the powers of heaven gained an ultimate and decisive triumph. During those three days of darkness and of dread, invisible conflict, the poor disciples, not taught as we are, understood not the progress or the issue of the strife. To them the Savior lay silent in

death, apparently unable to save himself; the door of the sepulcher was barred and sealed, and thus made sure, was watched by his enemies. His disciples, disheartened and driven away, were undergoing the severest trial of their faith, when heaven was securing for them and for itself the crowning victory. An angel from heaven smote the watchmen with dismay, rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulcher, and sat upon it, to demonstrate the reality and defy the Roman guard longer to hold the tomb; and Jesus was "declared to be the Son of God, with power by the resurrection from the dead."

The Scripture narrative of angels and men, of friends and foes, the burial of the Redeemer and the seal of Cæsar, the resurrection of Jesus, the early visit of the pious women, the eager, startled search of Peter and John as they entered the empty sepulcher, was recalled with strange clearness and power.

At length the opportunity arrived, and, bending low, I entered and stood within the sepulcher. With two other Americans I lingered beside the tomb in silence, unmolested by the crowd, and undisturbed by skepticism, for I did not choose to doubt whether this was the identical place where the Lord lay. That it is not no one ever yet has proved, nor I think can prove. If perchance it be not the identical spot, yet to my mind it represents the place of his burial and his resurrection, and this for me is enough. This representation involves the essential truth in Christianity, the turning point in the Gospel: "For if Christ be not risen then is our preaching and our faith vain." Standing reverently beside this empty tomb, the angel-voice speaks to my heart: "Behold the place where the Lord lay. He is not here; he is risen." And so from this sepulcher of death "life and immortality are brought to light." I yielded myself without reserve to the emotions which such thoughts are calculated to inspire, and felt and was glad to feel intensely moved.

Erring zeal has cased the tomb in marble. But what to me is the marble covering? It conceals not, it disturbs not the vital import. Pious hands have decked the tomb with fragrant flowers and lighted the sepulcher with burning lamps that never expire, while the priest stands here to bestow upon the pilgrim a cluster of buds and blossoms from Gethsemane, blessed and sprinkled with symbolic baptism. But even these may be received as emblems—the lamp of hope, and the flower of immortality. The empty tomb was the fitting subsequent to the place of crucifixion. The one solved the mystery of the other. The resurrection of

Christ was the consummation of his death, and so "death was swallowed up of life." "I lay down my life," saith the Savior, "that I might take it again." In the light of the resurrection Calvary is relieved of gloom. Passing now from the empty tomb to the place of crucifixion, we felt as never before the force of these Divine words: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Calvary, as tradition locates it, is near the sepulcher, only one hundred and twenty-six feet distant. And this agrees very well with the inspired account—John xix, 41, 42—"Now, in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There they laid Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulcher was nigh at hand." Both are now included under the same roof. Calvary is not a mountain. It is never in Scripture, I believe, called a mountain, or even a hill. Golgotha, the Hebrew word, signifies "a skull." Calvaria is only the Latin synonym for Golgotha. And Calvary is the English word. The spot, however, as it is here designated, is elevated several feet above its surroundings. We reach it by an ascent of eighteen steps. Here is the Chapel of the Cross, with marble floor and low, vaulted room. At the eastern end a raised platform supports an altar, which is said to mark the place of crucifixion. Lifting the movable covering, the naked rock is disclosed, with three mortises, each to receive a cross. An irregular, deep rent cleaves the solid rock, into which I thrust my hand, and which one can trace as he examines the firm, broad rock from beneath the floor, to which there is an easy entrance. I mention these things as I saw them, without comment, although some claim this as a visible proof of the earthquake, when the rocks were rent and the graves opened. A throng of devotees approached the altar on their knees, kissing the marble floor as they advanced. The altar and every part of the Chapel of the Cross was rich and gorgeous. But the display and confusion disturb one's feeling, and tend to dissipate solemnity. As we lingered, the Greek bishop and clergy, in black flowing robes, black caps, and long gray beard, entered the church in procession, advanced to the Stone of Unction, kissed it reverently, and then proceeded to the sepulcher to bestow blessings on the pilgrims.

Various chapels and tombs have been congregated in this immediate vicinity, such as the

Chapel of Adam, the Tomb of Melchisedek, the Chapel of Helena, the Tomb of Godfrey, the chivalrous crusader, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, and the Tomb of Baldwin, his brother and successor on the throne. But these I need only mention, as well as the Church of the Latins and the rich Greek Church, gorgeous with embroidery and gold, and which contains a marble column, said to mark the center of the earth.

Once and again I visited the place of the sepulcher and the cross, and with ever-increasing interest. The architecture, the numbers, the display becoming familiar availed less to divert my attention. My last visit in the early morning of the day on which I bade farewell to Jerusalem was most favorable for communion with the sacred and sublime associations of the place. The doors were just opened. None was present but the porter. It was an hour of quiet. Alone and undisturbed, I ascended to Calvary and stood beside the sepulcher. The blessed truth that Jesus "was delivered for our offenses and was raised again for our justification" was welcomed to my heart with unspeakable delight. I reviewed the scene of the crucifixion as described by the evangelist, and knelt beside the tomb in prayer that henceforth I might live, not unto myself, but unto Him which died for me and rose again.

PRAYER AT EVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

O, God, if in this ending day,
Thy hand hath made so fair,
Our feet have wandered from the way
It pleased thee to prepare;
And if our hearts, by sin beguiled,
Forgetful were of heaven,
And stood disordered and defiled,
We pray to be forgiven.

If we have faltered from the faith
In idle word or deed,
Or made a falsehood of our breath
Whereby we might succeed—
If we have shunned the kindness claimed
By spirits wronged or riven,
Which would so make us to be blamed,
We pray to be forgiven.

If we have smiled where we should weep,
Or left the good untried,
And willfully foreborne to keep
Christ's sufferings sanctified—
If a pure sense of endless love
Has failed where it has striven
To bear our lowliest thought above,
O, let us be forgiven!

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER III.

"OUT of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—the pen writes. Different ways of preparing food occupy my mind lately, and my pen records it. It will be easy for me after awhile, I hope, so I can do every thing without effort, and shall not have to think so much about it. I regard the subject as worth giving a good deal of thought to, a good deal of care and effort—so much depends upon it, so much of comfort and of health, so much of temper even, and of moral states, and our devotional feelings may be influenced by the kind of food we eat, and our manner of taking it. Ill-cooked food makes us heavy and dull in our whole nature.

I avail myself of aunt Milly's knowledge as much as possible, though she says her ways are such old-fashioned ones they will not suit me. This is true with regard to many things, yet she has sterling good sense, and I get a good many useful hints from her with regard to ways and means.

Aunt Milly is not one of those old persons who think every thing must be done as it was in by-gone times. She believes in improvement. She believes that perhaps the best way has not been found out in any thing yet with regard to cooking and managing a house, so she encourages my experiments, my trying to find out new and better ways of doing things. "Do n't put the stone in one end of the bag and the meal in the other because your father and grandfather did," she said laughingly one day in reference to this matter. "Too many make mistakes in this respect, jogging on in the old way, without looking to see if it is the right way, the best way."

But I find some of aunt Milly's old ways of doing things better, it seems to me, and more wholesome than any I have been able to find out yet. They are so to my judgment, and I shall adopt them till I find some way I think is better. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Aunt Milly told me this morning that salting a steak when it is first put upon the gridiron makes it tougher. This is a very simple thing to know, yet it may be a very useful one if it makes the beefsteak better; and it is just as easy, of course, to salt it just before it is done as when it is first put on the gridiron.

Susy, the girl, looks with an unfavorable eye upon my improvements. I go steadily on and

do n't appear to notice her. I was inly amused this morning when I was cooking the steak. I knew by the way she jerked things about she was not pleased with the operation. On her way to the dining-room with the bread she stopped suddenly, and said, in a tone half of authority, half of contempt, "You have n't salted it."

"No," I said quietly, "aunt Milly thinks it is better not to salt it till just before you take it up."

I heard a sniff, a sneer made audible, and she passed on.

Said uncle Tim, speaking of the irregular habits of some households and the disadvantages arising from them, "Nature sets us an example of regularity. Suppose the sun should rise and set just as it happened, and the seasons be irregular in their recurrence, so we would never know what to expect, how would all human affairs be deranged!"

True enough, and this little home over which I preside is a miniature world. Yet some people's lives are on this chance principle. We are not as apt to forget any thing that we have a set time for doing. The winding of a clock, for instance, if we have a regular time for it—the last thing before going to bed or the first after getting up—it will seldom be forgotten, while if we leave it to chance it will often be neglected. So with other things. I must impress upon my mind the importance of order by thinking of it often—thinking of its advantages and its disadvantages.

I have fixed, regular hours for meals, partly because it is better if we want to be regular in other matters and partly because I think it is more healthy to be regular about eating. I have made my breakfast hour half-past seven. Aunt Milly, I knew, would prefer it at seven, the children, and perhaps the other members of the family at eight, though I suppose a half hour one way or the other would not make much difference to either party, so I conceded as much to her as to them all; for, though they are greatest in number, I consider her greatest on account of her age, and the respect due her from us all for the life of self-sacrifice for others she has led, from which we have all received our share of benefit—though if I had made my breakfast hour at nine she would have said nothing, and no one would have known she was incommoded by it. We are not apt enough to think of these things.

My plan met with the approval of all, and there was a good deal of sport in the morning about hurrying up and pretending to feel very

much afraid of the consequences if one should happen to be a half a minute behind time. Allen got up two hours before breakfast the first morning after I announced my plan. He said he woke, and, finding it light, "hustled himself out of bed," for fear of being behind time. He says he finds his head clearer for study for rising earlier. Where he boarded before he came here they did not have breakfast till nine o'clock, and, as he said, being unable to set his mind vigorously to work studying in the morning till he was "wound up with a cup of coffee," he got a habit of lying in bed late. So a little good I can see results from my plan.

I have considered the good of all so far as was in my power in my plans—the comfort, the taste, the habits, the convenience of all, yet I hope upon an ascending scale; that is, with a view to improve those whose habits are wrong, yet not to remove my marks so far from their former habits that they would not be likely to reach them.

I must endeavor to improve in hired-girl tactics, as well as in other directions, if there is any fault in my mode of managing with regard to them. There are some general rules that will apply to all; for instance, that they should be treated with kindness and firmness, like children.

If a woman, to manage a household well, should have the qualities necessary for a good general, no small share of skill and strategy is needed for the kitchen division. The present incumbent of this department has stood almost in the place of principal for so long that it is somewhat difficult to remove her from her position. She evidently regards me in the light of an interloper—a usurper of privileges which she claims by right of possession. I must let her down by degrees, but shall probably be obliged to install some unsophisticated Biddy who will acknowledge my supremacy.

Yet the amusing thought occurred to me to-day that should I propose a change to her, I might find myself in the position of an old gentleman I read of, who had a servant that had lived with him so long and been so much indulged he assumed to command rather than obey. His conduct becoming unbearable, the old gentleman called him up one day and told him he could not endure his insolence any longer—they must part.

"Where does your honor think of going?" the servant asked, coolly.

So I think, should I suggest a change to my subordinate she would expect me to leave. I

must dispose of the question with regard to her as soon as may be.

"Whenever any body does any thing that is lovely, think about it and do it also." This is the golden rule of a tribe in Africa. They say their god gave it to them. It is a beautiful rule, let it come from where it will.

If we want to be good and lovely we should look at other people and see what looks hateful or lovely in their conduct. Sometimes things look wrong to us in others that we are in the habit of doing ourselves, but we do not know it. We should watch ourselves closely if we want to be loved by others, if we want to be good. Our own faults do not look to us as the same faults do in others. We should think that they look to other people as other people's faults do to us. Not long ago I was at a house where there was a little boy ten years old. His name was George Wilson. He went out one afternoon to play with some of his mates at the house of another boy named Billy Jones.

When George came home, "Mother," he said, "Billy Jones is a very bad boy; I do n't want to play with him again."

"Why, my son?" his mother asked.

"Why," answered George, "his mother was so good. She set a little table for us in the yard and put nice warm cakes, and honey, and apples on it for us to eat. And she was so pleasant, and waited on us so nice; and when we had got through his mother wanted Billy just to run to the post-office and take a letter, and he answered her real cross, and said, 'I do n't want to, I want to go and play again.' And then he took up his bow and arrows that lay on the ground and started off. He said, 'Come,' to me, but I said I'd go for Mrs. Jones, and I took the letter off the corner of the table and ran away with it. When I came back Billy would n't play with me any more. His mother said, 'For shame, what a naughty boy!' and said she would tell his father. 'I do n't care,' Billy said as cross as he could, and he was so cross all the rest of the time that I only shot my bow a few times and then came away."

"He was a naughty boy indeed," George's mamma said, "to behave so to his mother when she had been so kind to him; and it was not polite, besides, to behave so when he had company. It made his mother feel unhappy, and you feel unhappy, and of course he felt unhappy himself. People always do when they behave ill."

It was not more than two days after this

George was running bullets by the kitchen fire. His mother was going to have some company in the evening, and she wanted him to go for some hickory-nuts. George scowled when she asked him, and said, "That is always the way. When I begin to do any thing I always have to run of some errand. Jake Alderman said if I would run a dozen bullets for his rifle he would give me two shillings."

"But you can finish when you come back," his mother said pleasantly. "I have no one else to send. John is away and will not be back soon enough, and I want to crack them now while I have time."

"I do n't care," George said, "I do n't want to go. Let Jane go"—his sister.

"I will wait," his mother said, "if you will promise to go as soon as you get through."

George did not promise. He said "well," in a grumbling tone; but when he had finished running his bullets he went out and did not come in again till bed-time. I wondered he did not think that his conduct looked as bad as Billy Jones's. Yet I do not think he thought of it.

So the best way for little boys, and girls, and older people to correct their faults is, to think how the same things they do look in others, and to think they look just the same to others in them; and when they see others do any thing lovely, to think they may be lovely in the same way.

I went in to see Mrs. Ingals to-day, a young woman with a baby a few months old, and found her sitting rooking her baby with one hand, the other hanging listlessly by her side, while tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"I'm glad you've come in," she exclaimed, sobbing choking her utterance, but smiles breaking through her tears; "I've got the blues."

"The blues! why should you have the blues, young, healthy, happily situated, not to mention other advantages?" I said.

"Yes, I know them. I know I am young, and healthy, and have a great many advantages—a kind husband, a pleasant home, plenty, and a pretty baby," she added, smiling down upon the little thing in the cradle; "but all these avail me nothing because of my ignorance."

"Why, what now? You, the accomplished young woman, a graduate of Mrs. Blank's seminary—a graduate with the highest honors!" I said playfully.

"That's it; that's what grieves me," she said. "The time I spent there studying sciences that were distasteful to me, that will never be

of any earthly use to me. I not only had no pleasure in acquiring them, but they will never be of any real profit to me. With regard to my home duties I know nothing. This was brought home to me at present by two household calamities. Yesterday my girl left, and I do n't know where to get another, and my baby was sick and I did n't know what to do for it. Only a diarrhea; but you can't imagine what intense anxiety I felt, how helpless and ignorant I felt. I got up in the night with it; there was no body in the house but sister Susy and me. Henry is away attending court, and I thought of Hagar in the desert, unable to find a drop of water for her perishing child, thinking my anguish was like hers, in kind if not in degree. My babe was suffering, its slight disease might lead to something serious, and I powerless to help, to prevent, fettered by my ignorance. We have doctors, to be sure, but a sick child needs the constant care of an intelligent nurse. I see and feel this so vividly now. I remember once reading of the mortality of children in cities. I said, Why should so many children born healthy die so young? Aunt Jane said it is owing to their mothers' ignorance of the laws of health."

It is strange how ignorant people are of the plainest principles with regard to health and sickness, and how ignorant they are content to be. Mrs. Ingals did not know that a chill to the surface of the body would cause derangement of the bowels. She had dressed her child the day before in thin muslin, and had it out toward night, and the evening was very cool for the season. When she told me that, I thought it was the cause of the child's illness.

"I shall kill her yet by my ignorance," she said, hugging the child to her bosom, tears falling.

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

ALAS, for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates when he is excluded by the present! The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

A REMINISCENCE.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

WE never hear of a Baptist but we think of Robert Hall. It was our fortune, when a very small boy at school, to hear that excellent, eloquent, strange, good man preach many a time and oft at the old Baptist Chapel, on Regent-street, Cambridge; and subsequently, two or three years later, to sit in the same room with him in the old Dandaff Palace of that place, and see him drink endless cups of green tea, smoke many a "church warden" pipe of "returns" tobacco, and listen greedily to his half-whispered talk, once with Professor Schofield, the great Grecian of that day, and several distinguished gownsmen—and more than once with good old pastor Edmonds, whose servant Mr. Hall had married—the father, too, of Cyrus Edmonds, author of the *Life of Washington* in Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, if we remember aright. Newton Bosworth, too, of the great nose, was present on one of these occasions. O, what a nose that was, to be sure! Bardolph's must have been a baby to it; and then it was so rotund at the extremity, so rubicund—and altogether so mighty a nose, that we doubt if any other human being besides him, whether layman or ecclesiastic, ever wore such an all-observed facial member, except the hasheeah-eating men whose noses are so vividly described in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

And yet Mr. Bosworth came to no harm through his nose, was a right worthy gentleman, a faithful minister of the Gospel, a great Anglo-Saxon scholar, and, better still, a trusted friend of Robert Hall. Many are the jokes reported to have been made at the expense of both these worthies; and so far as Mr. Hall is concerned, we can testify that he regarded his ugly features with sufficient complacency to poke fun out of it himself. For example, some well-meaning deacon, very long-winded in his prayers, and not over courtly in his rhetoric, once prayed that the Lord would open wide the mouth of his servant—Mr. Hall—who was that morning to hold forth for the edification of a lukewarm Church and congregation. "Brother," said Mr. Hall to a friend, who was present on the occasion, "did you hear that man pray that the Lord would make my mouth bigger than it is? As if he had n't made it big enough, sir! Think of that, sir!" And upon another occasion he said to Newton Bosworth, "If your nose, sir, and my mouth had

chanced to have got upon the same face, what a scarecrow of a minister it would have made in the pulpit, sir! Did you ever think of that, Mr. Bosworth?" Poor fellow! his fearful disease and ceaseless study broke down his intellect at one period of his life, and threatened it with irretrievable ruin and desolation. But he recovered and preached more or less till his death, although his brilliant eccentricities never left him.

And what a preacher he was! Those who have been accustomed to the cut-and-dried discourses in which some ministers, even in this day of tremendous energy and fiery ordeal—do sometimes indulge—can form no adequate idea of the extraordinary eloquence of this great preacher. Well do we remember him; and it seems to us impossible that all those long, long years should have gone over to the majority since we heard him in that quaint, old-fashioned chapel on Regent-street, with Downing College for a background to it. In a moment, from the dusty galleries of memory, the scene comes back to us in vivid picturing. It is an ancient building, without pretense of any sort or the slightest architectural adornment; presenting a striking contrast, therefore, to the magnificence of the old churches and the monkish grandeur of the scholastic edifices. It is not even a large building, and will not hold more than seven or eight hundred people. The floor is divided into three compartments of pews, with two aisles running from the entrance doors to the pulpit. It is surrounded by galleries, with the exception of the pulpit wall. Every seat is occupied all over the house; and the aisles are crammed with gownsmen and laymen. There is a great pressure at the doors, and we can see the influence of it in the surging to and fro of the people who are standing up in the aisles. A mighty but hushed murmur pervades the congregation. We are in the gallery close to the pulpit, along with eighty or ninety other "fellows," some of whom are on the reporting list, and have to take notes of the sermon. It wants three minutes to half past ten o'clock, morning service. We look over the balcony upon the heads below. There is the great square singing pew, where the Fosters and the Brookes, rich city bankers, are leaders of the choir, or part singers. There is no organ, nor instrumentation of any kind. It is vocal throughout. Mighty congregational singing, the mightiest of all. We remember all the old faces with a perfect memory. Here is good Mr. Sidney, the basso, with his bald head and deep-black, sunken eyes. He is a friend of ours, with whom we take tea occa-

sionally. He looks up to us with a smile of recognition. We knew he would—he is such a kind, excellent, generous gentleman. Here, too, is young George Hind, the mathematician, who is sure to come out senior wrangler when he graduates. What a crush there is this morning! The murmur is getting more and more articulate. Hark! The clock strikes the half hour! The congregation adjusts itself in one simultaneous movement—the vestry door opens—the verger appears, a little, old man, in unimpeachable black garments. He advances to the pulpit, opens the door, and slowly following him comes a middle-sized, middle-aged, rather stout man, supported to the stair by one of the deacons. It is Mr. Hall; he is very unwell; walks almost double, with a painful expression of his strongly-marked face. In another moment he is in the pulpit. And now there is a silence all over the place as if death had suddenly put out every life in it. Not a breath disturbs the still air. It is absolutely distressing. One can feel the silence; and literally, if we had Alpine echoes here, it seems as if the sound of a pin-fall would come back to us in thunders. Every eye is fixed upon the minister, for the moment riveted to him. So eager and earnest are all, that it is difficult to say who are strangers. Hold! we have found one at last. He is a freshman, too—a newcomer to the University. One can see that by his unsoiled gown and by his rather rustic manners. In his heart that man is a Dissenter. You can read it in his eyes, they are so full of delight. What a tall, lank fellow he is! How anti-city fashioned are his leonine, tawny locks! He is so eager to get a good look at the great man in the pulpit that he is almost rude to his neighbors. See! he fairly jostles that old gentleman, with the white powdered hair, at his elbow. Now he is localized to his satisfaction, and his big, saucer eyes take in the whole portrait of the preacher. We should like to know what he thinks of him.

But see, he rises. His back is bent almost to a deformity. It is the physical upheaving of a great inward agony. He leans with both arms on the pulpit desk, supporting the book in his two hands. He gives out the hymn, and that breaks the charmed silence. The turning over of the leaves of seven or eight hundred hymn-books is like a mimic of the multitudinous laughter of the salt sea waves. What a vast, lunar face it is! round, full, and white as alabaster. He is nearly bald, and strange to say, his broad, vaulted forehead seems to retreat into his "top head." Behold that immense, that terrible under-jaw! How it pro-

jects, putting the anatomical angle out of joint—thick and huge like the jaw of a gladiator. That is the symbol of the man's power—an animal symbol of animal power, too, which, passing through the alembics of his intellect and conscience, is converted into spirit, and makes him a spiritual Goliath. It is that projecting jaw that "carries off" the forehead, as the artists express it. His eyes are of a liquid blackness, and they kindle up as with the fires of heaven as he reads the hymn, while his whole face quivers with nervous excitement.

That is a picture of the man, Robert Hall—the great and marvelously-eloquent preacher, the fine, scholarly writer, analyst, and critic, whose writings are worthy to take rank among those of the divines of the English Commonwealth—to range with Jeremy Taylor's and Isaac Barrow's. His *Life*, by Dr. Olynthus Gregory—whom we also knew—who was born at Yaxley, four miles from the cathedral city of Peterboro, Northamptonshire—the birthplace of the present writer—is an 'organic performance, and an honor to the literature of the Baptist Church. We fear we have dwelt too long on this theme already, and yet we must add a few more sentences, or the historic sketch which we design will not be complete.

When Hall rose to speak it was with evident trepidations. He used to say that he has often looked to see if the vestry door was open when he began his sermon, that peradventure he might make his escape that way. He leaned ~~on~~ his arms while preaching, as that was his easiest position. At first his voice was scarcely audible; he breathed out his words. But as he became inspired by his theme he warmed up into animation and eloquence, although he rarely spoke loud enough to be heard at the extreme end of the building, and would not have been heard but for the uniform silence which prevailed. The Chancellor of the University had forbidden the men to attend his ministrations, but they went in spite of his fulminations and the dread of rustication. So perfect and Grecian were the finish and ornamental imagery of his rhetoric, and so startling the form of his annunciations, that it was well-nigh impossible to keep from testifying one's pleasure by actual applause; and on more than one occasion we have heard a distinct round of such after the utterance of some unusually fine passage.

It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MERTOWN, JUNE 10TH.

YOU were right, my dear Kate. If years of patient effort and compliance with every whim of my brother's are powerless to subdue his spirit of domination and contradiction, other methods must be tried or the man will be unendurable.

It is true that I have become somewhat habituated to his contrary spirit, and if the dear girls were to be always here to divide the care of him with me I should find it easier to submit to his dictation than to assert my rights; but there are glimpses of a matrimonial future opening before each of them, and I tremble when I think of being left alone to "beard the lion in his den." Another reason for attempting his reform is, that my disposition is losing its natural serenity, as any temper short of a glorified saint's must do here.

His irritable temperament is acquired. It is not constitutional. From whom could he inherit it? Our mother was an angel of sweetness, and our father was a kind-hearted, agreeable man, with the manners of the old polite school, which, if a little ceremonious, were at least provocative only of good feeling. I am a branch of the family tree, and of all things in this world, I do abominate contention and quarreling.

My brother has been most pleasantly situated all the days of his life. Till his marriage he was never suspected of possessing those arbitrary, intolerant traits, and to his wife belongs the credit of developing them. If she had not been the weakest of all women I could find it in my heart to reproach her even in her grave. What right had she to degrade the dignity of a wife to the position of a menial?

All day long she made it her chief business to find out his likings and dislikings, and to humor the same. Very likely she lay awake half the nights to contrive means of giving him pleasure. It is an inscrutable mystery how such women become wedded to *such* men. Of course, it did not take long to bring out the selfish helplessness of his nature and to develop the full-fledged domestic tyrant.

I remember my amazement on one of my visits here when, on going down stairs one night at a late hour to fill my water-pitcher, I found him reclining in an easy chair reading a newspaper, smoking a big, dirty pipe, and she, poor, tired wife, who had groveled in spirit before him all day, was refreshing herself by washing his feet. They had been mar-

ried three years then. You can picture for yourself her after martyrdom.

What was peculiarly aggravating in the case was the fact that neither of them ever doubted that he was a pattern husband. If I should go down to his room this morning after all the past and say to him, "Clem, you were a heartless tyrant to poor little Paulina," he would think I had lost my senses.

As the children came, one after another, to add to her cares and labors, it never occurred to her or to him that any one of her unreasonable attentions to him could be dropped. If it had she would never, with her yielding temper, have been able to emancipate herself. People used to think it strange that she was not oftener seen in Church, and that she never went into society, and my brother used to tell her that she ought to go out more, especially to Church, for the sake of the example; but I spent two Sundays at their house when Clarence and Josiah were babies, and I only wondered that she ever went out at all. When the scarlet fever took the twin boys away she was too heart-broken to go out, and then Cora was born not long after.

But about those Sundays. In the first place, my brother is very particular about his Sunday dinners, and, although they were never then, and are never now, cooked to suit him, he eats as reverently as if it were a part of the religious observance of the day. Paulina used to get up very early in order to superintend the preparations for this devout meal, and the twins used to insist on early rising, too. The breakfast must be personally attended to, the deluded woman fancying that she understood his tastes and preferences better than the kitchen girl. Perhaps she did, but I suspect that they were past finding out, even by himself. It was a late breakfast, because the 'Squire must have his morning nap on Sunday, the day being appointed for man to rest in. It was Church time when the meal was over, and then she had to get the 'Squire ready.

"Here, wife, while I am reading a chapter in the Bible you may put a clean collar on me and brush my hair. Tie the cravat loose. You always forget that unless I remind you."

"Yes, dear."

"And take these slippers up stairs and bring my boots. But first fetch my pipe. I can smoke while I am reading."

"What a curious way to 'tend prayers!" I said involuntarily, but in an undertone fortunately. Both babies beginning to cry, my speech was unheard.

"Paulina, how often must I tell you that

nothing so annoys me as the crying of babies? Can't you keep them still? The tobacco, if you please."

"In a minute, dear. There is a pin pricking Clarence."

"Do you not see that it is nearly time for the bell?"

"Yes, love, I am hurrying. There, baby darling, let mamma go."

"My overcoat needs brushing; you will find it in the hall. And one of the buttons is nearly off. You can just fasten it with a stitch, if it is Sunday."

Do you wonder Paulina died? Even upon her death-bed her chief care seemed to be to extract a promise from somebody to wait upon him. I am glad I was not here. To soothe her I should have promised all she wished, and so have bound myself over, soul and body, to slavery.

Yet, knowing all this, I have tried what conciliation and a yielding spirit might do; but I have not submitted to wash and dress a great, fat man, who has muscular power enough to groom forty horses daily. Why should I?

God has fashioned me slenderly, delicately, but not weakly either in body or mind. Intellectually I am my brother's superior, though he is ignorant of that fact. I was not created just to minister to his gratification, to humor his whims, but to render to him all true, sisterly, womanly service.

How well I remember the morning after my arrival here! My parting with you, dearest Kate, seemed like cutting myself off from all that was enjoyable in life. To whom should I go for daily, nay, hourly sympathy in all my joys or sorrows? I scarcely looked out of the car window all the way, but gave myself up to the pleasure of making myself miserable. After taking so much pains to become dissatisfied I rather astonished myself by having a good night's sleep and awaking in the best of spirits the next morning. My opinion of the extent of my sacrifice changed considerably as I opened my window and looked out upon one of the most delightful views in the world. You know how entirely it differs from our tame inland town. I thought then, and I have learned since that I was not mistaken, that one could not be wholly without happiness in such a country.

I had forgotten myself and my anticipated troubles when I was roused from my reverie by a voice beneath the window.

"I say! Do n't you know her, Fred? I do. That is, I know her name. She has been craning her long neck out of that window by spells

ever since sunrise. She belongs down east somewhere, and she is an old maid. What she finds to look at so much, I really do n't know."

"The bay, perhaps. It is worth looking at, I am sure. And if she comes from any inland place, Bob, the shipping off the harbor must be a novel sight. I like people who take notice of things."

"Then you will like her. She has got the bump for observing. She would n't be the Squire's sister otherwise. The faculty runs in the family, I expect."

"Well, Bob, I fancy she will not prohibit your visits to little Miss Maggie till the child is several years older. So you need not hate her in advance."

"That is nonsense, Fred. But I do wish the old maid had kept away. Her name is Phillissa. Nigger name, any how."

I started from my seat by the window and leaned out to look at the speakers. They were, as I learned soon afterward, the son and nephew of a near neighbor of my brother's. Both of them were great, awkward boys, somewhere about twenty years of age. In a city they would have been young men already used to society, perhaps tired of it; but they were country boys here.

The youngest one, Bob, had described me very well. I did belong down east, and my name was Phillissa. I was an old maid, and I had a habit of "craning my long neck" to observe whatever was passing around me. But I thought that a married woman, *not* from down east, with a short neck and a pretty name, might be well excused for particularly noticing the prospect before me.

The beautiful village was laid out in the form of a crescent fronting the sea. Behind it there were hundreds of soft green hills or bluffs rising one above another and fairly shutting it in from the rest of the world. There were houses scattered here and there upon the tops of these lovely eminences. On one of these stood my brother's dwelling, and it was so situated as to command a view of the whole. The "attic of the village," I had christened it, remembering Sidney Smith's quaint cognomen for Edinburgh—"The Garret of the World."

I laughed outright at the embarrassment of my youthful critics as I "craned my long neck" out of the window to observe *them*. The oldest blushed like a girl, and the youngest stammered, by way of apology, "I thought you had gone down stairs to your breakfast. I heard the bell."

"Did you? Well, I did n't hear it. Thank you for telling me."

I was about to close the window when the boy spoke again.

"I say!"

"Well."

"I did n't mean any thing wrong, you know."

I laughingly accepted the implied apology and bade him good morning. That was six years ago.

Six years! What a tiny lapse of time to look back upon! and yet six years to come seems to stretch far into the future. Six years since my brother sent for me to be his house-keeper and help him educate his motherless girls. Help him, indeed! I have had to do it all.

Bob is Lieutenant Robert Newleigh now. He has been in the army, and has a scar on his face which it is difficult to see with the naked eye, and another on his arm which looks to me like the place where he was vaccinated. As I write I hear his voice in lively conversation with my pet Maggie, who is at work in the parlor below me. He is pretending to help her, but I am quite sure that unless Leonore, my pattern niece, shall be inspired by their united shiftlessness to take the brush into her own hands, the carpet will remain unswept and the furniture undusted.

Hark! It is my brother's voice calling me. There is something or somebody at fault when he calls like that.

"Yes, I am coming," I answer, adding as an admonition to myself to avoid unnecessary hurry, "I shall come when I get ready."

I laid down my pen rather peevishly at the close of the last sentence. But my brother did not detain me long.

"Phyllissa," said he the moment I appeared, "I want to know who makes my bed."

"One of the girls, I do n't know which. Cora made it yesterday."

"Then I desire you to instruct my daughters in bed-making. Just look at this," throwing open his bedroom door. "Here's a hollow, and there's a hump, and nobody knows how long there has been a slit in that pillow-case. It is perfectly scandalous. There are five women in the house, and such a bed as that! I never slept a wink last night."

"That is not strange, Clement. Your snoring disturbed me a good deal, and there is this wide corridor between our rooms. How could you expect to sleep with such terrific noises coming out of your own head?"

This was quite a new style of reply from me, and my brother dropped his spectacles from his forehead to his nose to look at me.

"Phyllissa"—I can give you no idea of his solemn air and tone—"Phyllissa, do you not know that the chief ornament of a woman is humility?"

"There is a difference," I said, "between humility and humiliation—humility, that sweet and gracious feeling, the twin sister of peace, and humiliation, the essence of undeserved shame, and wrong, and helplessness."

Before he had time to reply I backed into my room and shut the door. I should like to see the bed that he would not find fault with. Every woman in the house has tried in vain to suit him. There is nothing in my Bible against his making it himself.

Cora is in the kitchen learning to make puddings and pies. She is my oldest niece, and is engaged to a clergyman who has not yet commanded a salary sufficient for his own support. This fact puts the wedding-day far in the future, but as "distance lends enchantment to the view," she is very happy. She is singing hymns over her work. What a sweet voice it is! She will be the light of the minister's dwelling—when he gets her.

Whew! what a dust! Bob is beating the door-mats against the piazza pillars in spite of Maggie's laughing remonstrances, and the wind just blows the dust back into the house. So, remembering the "long ago" and Bob's unflattering comments, I proceed to "crane my long neck out of the window" and bear a testimony.

"Bob!"

"Ma'am."

"Miss Phyllissa is here, sir—the 'Squire's sister—from down east. She is an old maid, and has the faculty of observing."

Though so long a time had passed since he had thus described me, and the dear boy had served three years in the army, and had been in I do n't know how many battles, he remembered it all instantly, and astonished Maggie by coloring rosiely and offering the old apology: "I did n't mean any thing wrong, aunt 'Lissa."

"No, I suppose not. But what has become of your cousin, Robert? Do you get no tidings of him?"

"Nothing reliable; only contradictory rumors which are got up no one knows how, and are circulated by no one knows whom. I can't tell you how much time and money I have spent since the war closed in chasing these shadows with the vain hope of tracing him."

"Papa says there can be little doubt that he

died at Andersonville," said Maggie. "I think he is right. The wonder is that any body lived to get out of that horrid pen. Do you remember, Bob, when we read of the black hole at Calcutta and I fainted away? I was a little girl then, but I should faint now at the thought of Andersonville, only the idea of it makes me so indignant I can't. It is lucky that the abominable rebels have not got to be sentenced by me. Nothing short of the positive annihilation of the whole set would relieve me in the least. Poor Fred! He must have been tempted to believe there was no God, or that he had forgotten them."

Maggie did not look at all like fainting away as she spoke, but her eyes flashed and her cheek crimsoned. Robert dropped the mats and began to walk rapidly up and down the short path to the front gate.

"Aunt 'Lissa"—he had learned to call me aunt from Maggie—"I would give every thing I possess for any reliable news of Fred. I went all over that miserable burying-place, but if he sleeps there there is nothing to trace him by. Do you ever see Jack Cushing?"

"I do," said Maggie. "He is first mate of the *Isabella* now. Why, Bob, did n't you know that when he was at home the year you went away he was here ever so often?"

"No, I did not."

Robert looked slightly aggrieved that he should have been kept in ignorance of any of the family doings. Maggie noticed it and continued:

"He was here last evening. Aunt 'Lissa did not see him. She was writing in her room. O, he is a splendid fellow! I wish you could hear him describe the countries he has visited. And he brought me the *prettiest* India scarf!" added the little coquette.

"I was going to tell aunt 'Lissa," pursued Robert, gravely, "that I saw Jack Cushing, and he told me that he saw in New York last week a soldier who was a fellow-prisoner of Fred's. He told him that my cousin escaped from Andersonville nearly two months before he was released, but in so weak a condition that it is doubtful whether he reached any place of safety."

"He may be living yet, Robert," I answered, hopefully.

"I have been so often disappointed that I dare not hope. I wish I could find that soldier. Jack did not ask for his address."

"Are you going away again, Bob?" asked Maggie in a low voice. She was already repenting of her attempt to excite his jealousy.

"Yes. I shall try to follow up this clew."

"How long will you be away?"

"I can not tell."

"Bob!"

"Yes, Maggie."

"I want to tell you something."

"Yes; what is it?"

The color came and went in her cheek, and he was obliged to repeat his question.

"It is only that Jack comes here to see Leonore."

Did you ever know an old maid who had not a lively interest in the love affairs of their nieces? I am no exception to the general rule.

But I must stop writing and go down to superintend the dinner. I do not expect to suit the 'Squire, but I begin to feel hungry myself. Let me hear from you as soon as possible, or I shall be tempted to reply to my own letter, just to open the way for another.

Affectionately, PHILLISSA BROWN.

IN THE GLOOM.

BY MISS ANNA BASSETT.

THE sullen evening gathers round,
The sky broods low and dull;
Coarse tears are dropped upon the ground;
The winds go forth with doleful sound;
Dull probes seek out the mind's last wound,
Its healing to annul.
Sluggishly beat the pulses of the world,
And all its hope-fraught banners now seem furled.

Where are the stars, and where life's fires?
What does this gloom portend?
Is it that Nature's spirit tires,
And yields at last her sweet desires,
Knowing no purpose that inspires
Her work to worthy end?
So falter mortal hearts when shines no goal
Of glory with fair promise to the soul.

When thus discouragement and pain
Settle o'er earth and heart,
And low cares press like dreary rain,
How can we trust yet to regain
The light and faith which shall sustain
To any noble part?
Will the sun glow again, and life delight?
And an unclouded heaven bless our sight?

We know that to the outward scene
Shall be, anon, release;
Skies reappear and shine serene,
And these sad moments that between
Disturbed the soul of nature, e'en
Yield her a sweeter peace.
So may the mind shake off its heavy fears,
And strengthen to go onward through the years.

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER III.

ABOUT SUCCESS.

DO you see that oleander? Beautiful, is n't it? Do you know its rich foliage and superb flowers are an embodiment of human thought and care? To be sure God planned it—made its model away in Palestine possibly—but a sorry chance would the purpose to produce its like have in this ill-natured climate, unless a human heart were found whose love for the beautiful would second this Divine plan—I speak reverently and to a purpose—a patient hand, to shelter and care for the tender, glorious thing. Yes, the oleander stands for an exquisite thought of God, wrought out by human carefulness. My neighbor, Mrs. A., undertook to bring about this style of home ornament; but failing to study its needs, she treated it precisely as she did her roses and geraniums, and it died of thirst. Mrs. B.'s oleander did splendidly the first Summer; but she left it by an open window one Autumn night, when a ravaging frost was prowling about, and the next day the poor thing was dead. The "olive plants" that God sets "about the tables" of human culturists often fare but little better, I fear.

The Divine thought of a Christian family, wrought out by our friends, the Morlands, did not develop itself through its own inherent strength. It had taken prayerful, workful years to bring it as near perfection as we find it.

Mrs. Morland had brain power enough to have made her more than a mediocre student, author, or artist. She had set out in life with a flinty determination hidden away in her heart, like the wedge of gold under Achan's tent—a determination to be somewhat in the literary and artistic world. It was God's plan for her to do this at second-hand—work in silence and darkness, if need be, as do the stout roots. He sets feeling through the soil for its strength, to send skyward in tree branches. His requisition upon her was not for one pair of hands, one brain, one heart to work for him, but these quadrupled, their strength refined, sublimated in a Christian home. Of course, according to the fashion of such strong natures she had her rebellion, with its immeasurable bitterness. At last her resolute feet stumbled, and she sunk beside a little grave that seemed to hide the best of her life away in its gloom. One glorious and gentle lifted her up and comforted her, for her white lips murmured, "Not

my will, but Thine." Then she accepted her life mission, and set about working what she thought and felt of the beautiful and good into the young lives placed in her hands. Her children were her anthem, her painting, her poem; and infinitely more happy and honored was she in them than many lonely ones who

"Sit still

On Wint'ry nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising the far off."

So it came about that with the young people of the household the mother was the autocrat of the æsthetic, the social, the spiritual. Their father had watched over them with a stout, practical, Greatheart care, but their mother had wrought her ambitions, and culture, and life into theirs.

One boisterous Winter evening the Morlands were sitting about the fire, in a wondrously quiet mood for them of late. Harry was home for the holidays' vacation, and a merry time they were having.

"It seems hugely nice not to have sleighing, or skating, or company on hand to-night," said the young collegian, throwing himself back in his arm-chair in a comfortable way. "Most time for father; is n't it?" glancing at his watch.

"Hope he'll bring me a letter from Chum, and Sis'll hear from her essay," glancing toward Mary, who was stitching dozily, her thoughts weaving themselves into a pretty, waking dream.

"What did you say, Harry? O yes, yes, I think I've waited about long enough."

"They must have decided about the prizes weeks ago. I just wish I had them by the nape o' the neck, I'd hurry them up."

"For my part, Harry, I do n't blame them. I presume my essay was n't of much account beside the rest."

"Now, Sis, you're provoking! You know better! I'll warrant they won't have a better thing than yours in the whole lot."

"There's one good thing, Harry," said the mother cheerfully, "Mary do n't have to write for bread."

"But, mother, what is the reason young writers have to have such a wretched time of it before they can get any sort of recognition?" Harry put the question a little petulantly. Mary, next older than himself, timid and shrinking, had been the object of his boyish care ever since he donned his first pair of boots. All the chivalric force of his wide-awake vital nature went toward shielding her. These trying encounters with that rough, old clown, the world, incident to her first attempts at author-

ship, vexed him sorely. Without stopping for an answer he ran on: "Now, Mary may send them a first-rate article—a hundred times better than lots they publish, but because she's a new writer she must be kept waiting weeks and months before she knows what they're going to do with it. They won't use her so when she gets established and don't need their help. It just seems as though these literary umpires were a set of savages, determined to kill off every aspirant that comes within their reach. Look at Keats! such a splendid fellow! They murdered him outright. And Byron—they might better have finished him than to have mixed the wormwood and gall all through his life, as they did. And poor Charlotte Brontë! what a time she had of it! Even in this country, where the best places are open to every body, it is just about equivalent to courting martyrdom to try to get position as a writer—especially for a woman."

"A pretty strong statement, my son. I think I shall have to defend the literary craft. If I'm not mistaken they act in this matter very much as other people do. Monopolies are the rule in this selfish world, you know. The only way to get up, is to climb upon some one else's shoulders. The very idea of your being *up*, implies some other men being *down*. People who *will be up*, very soon get a trick of patting the back that can lift most for them. When a "rising man" has a call to help another, his first instinctive query is, 'Will it help *me*?—bring *me* business?—give *me* influence?' And, Harry, with all your fine philanthropics, unless you have that deep, self-abnegating piety that makes a man look upon men as Christ did you will find yourself, when you get into the pastorate, making your best clerical bow to people whose names sound well in a church or congregation; who carry influence—help with them. You can't deny that too many ministers seem to do this, and if they fail at this point, what can we expect of men in other professions! Now, about this prize; I did n't much expect Mary would get it. Suppose the choice to have lain between her essay and that of one whose literary reputation is established. She has name—Mary has not. They give her the prize, though her article may have less merit. They pay their money and get an equivalent—part essay, part name. 'Mrs. So and So, author of such and such popular works, writes for this magazine! A splendid thing!' Do n't you see? It pays!"

"I do n't care, mother, if it does pay; it's all wrong—miserably wrong!"

"Yes, Harry, it's the general understanding

that our social machinery is grievously out of repair. As Christians, we must do what we can to right things. But I can't see that editors and publishers are so much more reprehensible than other people. We meet this thing every-where. Just go into a first-class city store. If your dress is plain and cheap, indicating that you have n't a superfluity of greenbacks to spend, the clerks will hardly notice you. If you ask for an article, they'll throw it down with a take-that-or-none air. But let a mighty madam, in silks and furs, sweep in, and instantly they're all attention. Nothing is too much trouble. 'It is so much, madam, but *to you* we'll make it,' etc. The very ones who do n't need a good bargain get it, because with their money they give the *prestige* of their names. 'A splendid silk, ma'am; I sold Mrs. Hon. So and So a dress of it only yesterday.' How ridiculous all this must look to the pitying angels, who watch over poor struggling humanity; but how terrible it must look when they meet it in God's house, shutting out and driving away Christ's weary, heart-hungry poor!"

The mother's voice was low and full of feeling. Its sad cadences echoed earnestly through the strong, young souls before her. At length Harry broke the silence.

"I know it's all as you say, mother, and yet of all people those who aspire to literary position feel the grinding of this coarse selfishness most keenly—suffer most neglect, and most often fail of success. Now, why is it?"

"Put him to the proof, please, mother. Make him show that they do have so much worse time of it than younglings in other professions."

"Keep still, if you please, 'Squire,' mother's lawyer enough for me."

"James's hint is a good one. I must deny your premises, Harry. Take law, for instance. Success in that profession means to stand abreast of thousands of men, who make a good living and look forward to a seat in Congress. Now if James, after ten years' practice, attains that position, we shall be satisfied with his success. Mind, this will not bring him into competition with the first order of legal talent, senators, supreme judges, and the like. Give Mary the same number of years in her profession, and Fannie in hers, and they will not be regarded successful unless they stand beside the very first authors and artists—a coterie of geniuses that you can almost count upon your fingers. Further to climb, don't you see? And then the pecuniary view of the case. The further you go from the physical, the less the pay

in dollars and cents. Lawyers help people get money, and they're willing to pay for it. Writers and artists offer them fine thoughts, but they're so engrossed in the bread-and-butter question they'll hardly give their wares a look, unless there's power enough in them to force attention."

"There, mother, I fancy for once I'm getting the start of you. You denied my premises at first, and now you admit them."

"Not so fast, my son. In talking about success we've taken the superficial, world-side view of it—the pecuniary. Now let us look at real success. What is it?"

"Why, doing a big thing and having it appreciated."

"Well, what is the greatest thing a man is capable of? Is n't it doing his life-work after God's plan? Be it great or small by the world's measurement, *this only is success*. God sets men weaving their life-web. Some follow his pattern. The world may not applaud—'appreciate,' as you say; nevertheless, they are a success. Others try to work in a figure of their own—tangle the warp, waste the woof, please men, displease Heaven. They are a failure! God may set a man to make a book. It may struggle feebly from the press. The critics may think it not worth throttling. It may lie hidden for years, like the wheat in the mummy's hand; but when God's time to use it comes, its vitality will force itself through contempt and neglect; it will come forth an agency of power. I take it to be the grandest thing that can happen to a man, no matter whether the world gives him thousands or begrudges him a crust, for God to utter one of his own glorious truths through his lips or pen. Look at Wesley. He brought to his work brain-power, executive ability, enough to have made him Premier of Great Britain—culture of the highest order—years of closest thought and hardest toil. What were his personal gains, as the world reckons? Mobs, domestic trials, calumny, poverty. And yet Wesley did just the things God made him to do, and we regard his life any thing but a failure.

"There was Luther, with his gigantic strength and Herculean labors, not a whit behind those of the First Napoleon. He never rose higher than a simple doctorate of theology. No title, no broad lands, no grand retinue, no crown, no scepter, as this world goes, and yet what a success was his life! I love to think of the sublime old man in his threadbare cap and gown, as he walked away from the University, turning with a wave of his kingly hand to silence those sturdy German students who were shout-

ing, 'Luther forever! Luther forever!' 'No, no, young men, Jesus Christ forever! Jesus Christ forever!'"

Mrs. Morland paused. Her little audience were looking upon her beautiful, glowing face with intent, enkindled eyes. Harry was the first to speak.

"Why, mother, you're real eloquent! I've wondered scores of times why you never took the rostrum as a lecturer."

"It seems, my son, God has given me a select group of listeners. He may mean me to speak through their lips and lives some time."

"Please go on with what you were saying, mother."

"Yes, I was going to speak of Paul. You often hear of his culture, his Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Though he lived when thought was crude—most of it in the mines—yet his writings are a study for the first intellects of this ripe era. Paul had perils, and scourgings, and dungeons, and at last martyrdom; and yet I hardly think you would call Paul a failure. And then the Savior, Jesus; we reach the climax in him. A life of sorrows—a death of shame—yet how glorious a success!"

"But, mother," said Fannie, after a little reverent hush, "you've spoken of only the people that God set to do the wonderful things. They could afford to wait. It was coming out so gloriously by and by. They would be remembered and loved centuries after the pompous little kings and queens were forgotten. What about the thousands of common folks, like us, who feel such aspirations to do, and be, and get on in the world, and yet whose way is so constantly hedged up?"

"I think, child, you forget those lines of Lowell,

'We see dimly in this present, what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate.'

Nobody knows whether God has given him a great or a little work. God does n't want his laborers to bother their heads about that question at all. They are to work to the top of their strength self-forgetingly, and he will take care of the results. I doubt whether Wesley, and Luther, and Paul, as they plodded on, step by step, had any sort of idea they were immortalizing themselves. Indeed, I presume that was the least of their care. As Mary said in one of our talks last Summer, they merged self in a great cause. The way to fame and position seemed to lie just contrary to where God was leading them; but they said, 'Never mind.

"We count all things loss for the work of God," and he gave them just what they had given up for him."

"James, don't you remember," asked Fannie, "reading me one of your college pieces two or three years ago, down in the arbor one vacation? It was something about what mother's been talking of."

"Yes," musingly, "O yes, I do recall something of the sort. Rather worldly and commonplace beside mother's talk, though."

"You have it yet, have n't you?"

"Let's have it, Jem."

"Please, James, we'd all like to hear it."

"Do, Jamie, I know it's first-rate."

The young gentleman went a little reluctantly to his room for the essay. During his absence the conversation rippled on in the same channel, but nothing particularly noteworthy was said. Presently he returned, and seating himself by the lamp, began to read.

HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD.

Ah, that's the question, and a difficult achievement does it concern, as many an aspiring young American can testify. One of the most obvious differences between us and our transatlantic *confrères* lies in the direction of the "rising" propensity. Where monarchies, petty and *magnifiques*, shadow the soil, there is a dead, rusty, creaking, grinding-on of the old machine, year after year—no matter how brainless the upper stratum—no matter what hard hunger for the beautiful and good gnaws the souls of the unwashed delvers. The great, dark, crushing thing is upon them; its iron paw holding every thing in place till the strain becomes too intense somewhere—something gives way, and then

"The brute despair of trampled centuries

Leaps up with one hoarse yell, and snaps its bands,
Grope for its rights with bony, callous hands,
And stares around for God, with bloodshot eyes."

This they call a revolution, and only a revolution of the grinding machine it generally proves. It turns some of the crazed, purblind diggers up to the light, rolls some of the imbeciles under, and down they sink to the old, effortless, hopeless, Dead Sea changelessness. Not so in this land of free schools and a free press. The corner-stone of the Republic, human equality, gives every man a standing-place; and if it is in him to rise to competence, respectability, eminence, he has the opportunity. But how? The *modus operandi*—that is what we want.

I think but three things are essential to success on this continent, in this latitude. If you

had chanced to be born across the water your future would almost inevitably have shaped itself according to the sound of your father's name. If the like misfortune had happened to you in the oligarchal portion of our own country it would have depended altogether upon whether you came to consciousness with a whip in your hand or with a whip on your back; whether you were "poor white trash" under the heel, or the aristocratic heel grinding itself into "poor white trash." As you were fortunate enough to be born where talent and worth are the acknowledged orders of nobility, the only conditions of your success are *toil, time, trust*.

One of the myths of the past is the fatalism attending the advent of human beings into this world; electing one to the guardianship of a good genius; leaving another to the tender mercies of a superintending demon; while the destiny of a third is determined by the star that happened to be in the ascendant when he drew his first breath of pain. Fatalism, whether from the Stoa, the Crescent, or Geneva, is vanishing before the clear, incisive thinking of this nineteenth century. Every man holds his own fate; that is the formula now. Given a decent amount of good, sound brain, a certain quantum of work, a patient number of years, a firm trust in the Overruling, and the result is a man!

Agassiz defines genius "a capacity for an infinity of work." The young man who wants a place in the airy, elegant "upper rooms," the doors of which are so temptingly ajar, need not fold his arms and wait for a Providential tilt into a large medical, legal, or any other sort of practice. He must begin at the alpha and work his way up; work till the muscles are weary, aching, sore; work till the brain throbs and trembles with the strain; work, work, work—morning, noon, and night. Yes, young man, you must work, and wait, and trust. If you have leisure—and beginners are not apt to be overburdened with patronage—do not idle or lounge it away; or worse, waste it in habits you will give an eye to be rid of by and by. Acquaint yourself thoroughly with the details of your business or profession. Spend your cigar, and billiard, and theater money in books. Have a flinty "no" to fling at the tempter every time he comes whispering around about "fashionable amusements," "keeping up with the style of young men of your expectations."

Never be impatient of delay. Mushrooms grow in a night, but it takes a century to make an oak. Never chafe under discipline. It is a waste of nervous force—a "kicking against the pricks," that will subject you to

just so much more of the same thing—more wormwood tonic, more using of the scalpel, before you are the steady-nerved, well-poised man that can be trusted.

Men who have clambered up these rough, stony, thorny ways, and who might so easily reach down and pull you up, seem sometimes to exhibit a paganish indifference toward strugglers below them. Something after the fashion of music-teachers in Germany. A German music-student told me once that his teacher would kick him off the stool if he played an exercise wrong after being shown once or twice; thus goading him by sharp physical fear to the utmost of his capacity, "to see," as he said, "if there was any music in him."

These time-toughened M. D.'s, D. D.'s, and LL. D.'s regard it no mortal sin to hurl their pronged lightnings down upon the heads of ambitious climbers-up: "to see," as the German said, "if there's any thing in them." So you may as well bite back the pain, laugh off the hurt, look for the thin places in your armor, strengthen them, and crowd unfalteringly on.

But after all your working and enduring, your success can not be complete without a vital, obedient trust in the great and good God. He rules this world yet. The puny humans crawling about on this little ball find out, sooner or later, that the only real success is in working in harmony with the grand principles of right underlying his government.

It takes steady toil, patient years, and God's blessing to turn out a true, successful man.

James finished reading, and for a while the little company thought in silence.

"Well, Jem," said Harry at length, "I don't see but you understand the matter."

"I thought I did when I wrote the thing, but I see now, particularly after what mother has said, that I had my piece leveled at the wrong mark. Perhaps I hit. The boys seemed to think I did when I read it, but I think now I should take higher aim."

Silent thanksgivings went up from the mother's heart. Her voice was a little softer and deeper than before as she said, "A good sign, my son; a proof that you are growing. I like your essay. I think it might do good. Because we have been helped along into the higher mathematics and enjoy their problems best, it would be nonsense for us to talk only higher mathematics to beginners. Perhaps they ought to understand us; they may be old enough; they may have been in school long enough; but then they don't, and if we want to help them we must go down to their level and say what they can comprehend. Some good people miss

the mark in this thing. The higher modes of Christian life are so simple and easy to them they will talk nothing else, and seem sometimes to get sorely discouraged with the weak ones who can't understand them. Suppose a young man to know only the alphabet of Christianity. He is in all the more danger from the temptations to idleness and bad habits that you hint at. I would say, stir his self-respect and ambition till you've led him further along, and he can take in higher motives to effort. The primary school gives prizes and encourages emulation. Schools of philosophy expect men to study from the love of it. I want my children to aim at real success. Not getting an elegant home, having a fine reputation, plenty of money, flattery, and all that sort of thing; but doing God's will cheerfully, gladly, with just the surroundings it may please him to give them. The highest glory of a disciple is to be 'as his Lord.' Jesus might have come with a splendid retinue and lived in a magnificent palace, but 'for the joy that was set before him'—the joy of saving the perishing—and there's none like it. He 'endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!' That epitomizes a successful life. May God help us to keep it before us as our model, that 'we may be like him, and see him as he is!'"

HEART TREASURES.

BY HANNIE C. CUNNINGHAM.

My heart treasures are not diamonds
In their caskets laid away,
Costly for intrinsic value,
Flashing back the light of day.

Neither are my treasures golden,
Locked in coffers strong and true;
Hoarded by the past year's toilings
To buy pleasures for the new.

But my treasures are my children—
Sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth—
Fadeless jewels that shall brighten
In the new, celestial birth.

Two have eyes of midnight darkness,
Two have eyes of violet hue;
And we know not which are dearer,
Eyes of black or eyes of blue.

O, we thank thee, blessed Father,
For these dear gifts from above;
For the treasures thou hast given
To our store of earthly love!

May we keep them all untarnished,
Is the prayer we offer thee;
And when sundered here, in heaven
May we reunited be!

CHASTELARD, AND RECENT POETRY.*

EDITORIAL.

MR. SWINBURNE is the author of several quite popular poetic works—"The Queen Mother," "Rosamond," and "Atalanta in Calydon." The last is of itself sufficient to secure to him the poet's crown and make permanent the honorable position he holds in literature. The first two, while containing much that exhibits his power as a poet, add nothing to his fame, while his most recent production, Chastelard, although exhibiting no diminution of his poetic power, will rather detract from his reputation, at least among lovers of pure art. There is certainly a great descent from the story of the heroes who surrounded Meleager to the loves and follies of the French sycophants who hung round the court of Mary of Scotland; from the virgin huntress of Arcadia to the fair but false Scotch queen; and from a poem in which "was displayed pure, noble passion, highly wrought and simple, expressing itself in clear language, without confusion of character and incident," to a poem irregular, confused, unnatural, and extravagant, endeavoring to clothe in immortal verse the gayeties, frivolities, and intrigues of a licentious court.

The subject of the poem is an episode in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Chastelard was a gentleman of Dauphiné, of good family and fortune, brave and accomplished, beautiful in person, a poet and a singer. He had been at the court of Mary in France, and followed her to Scotland in the train of M. de Damville. Returning to France, he did not wish to engage in the religious wars, and so again visited Scotland. He gained the Queen's attention by his poetical effusions, and, finding that Mary deigned to read and admire them, he made her thenceforth the only theme of his presumptuous muse; conceived for her a violent passion, which led him to a boldness and audacity of behavior which demanded at last the interposition of the law. In February, 1562, he stole into the Queen's bed-chamber, where, in concealment, he awaited her coming. Discovered by her maids of honor, Mary, though much enraged at his conduct, did nothing more than reprimand him severely, and ordered him from her presence. Two nights afterward he insolently committed the same offense. Mary in vain commanded him to leave; he was deaf to both threats and entreaties, and the Queen

found it necessary, to save herself from violence at the hands of a madman, to summon assistance. Chastelard was seized, imprisoned, tried, and on the 22d of February was executed.

This is the whole story as history gives it. But how different is the story as poetized by Mr. Swinburne! Here the unholy passion of Chastelard is reciprocated; she answers his amorous songs; like a beautiful and treacherous tiger lures him on to his destruction by amorous and licentious advances; singles him out for special notice and attention in public; becomes jealous because of a pretended discovery of infidelity on the part of Chastelard; in her pique suddenly chooses and hastily marries Darnley; repents of her hasty marriage; meets Chastelard in her bridal chamber; confesses her love, but urges him to leave; he delays till discovered and arrested.

While Chastelard is in prison, Mary plays with her victim's life as a tigress with her vanquished prey. At one time she is determined to save him; at another she urges Murray to assassinate him. She beseeches Darnley for his release, knowing that the rousing of his jealousy will only make the doom of Chastelard more certain. Before an assembly of her lords she avows her purpose to save her lover, and sends him a reprieve. The enthusiastic lover refuses to accept it, and the Queen on the morning of his execution visits him in his cell, and the poet presents to us a scene of intensest passion, in which the Queen asserts her undying love for the madman, and her purpose yet to save him on the very scaffold itself or die with him. She is present at the execution, finds a new lover in the very presence of her expiring old one, and gayly returns in the company of "my lord of Bothwell!"

We have no fault to find with this poem as a work of art; the poetry in many passages is exquisite; the portraiture of the Queen, as the author conceives her character, is given with great skill; indeed, it is the very fact that Mr. Swinburne possesses such poetic force that makes us regret that he uses it so unworthily.

The poem is false to history. Darnley, Chastelard, Bothwell, and the Queen are brought on the scene together. The center of the tragedy around which revolve the events, and from which the character of the Queen must be judged in the poem, is her marriage with Darnley; and yet Chastelard was executed in 1562, and Darnley never saw the Queen till early in 1565, and probably never saw Chastelard at all. Again, the intensest part of this very intense poem is the scene in the prison an hour before the execution, and perhaps the

*Chastelard: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

most skillfully-dramatic stroke in the book, by which the character of the Queen is crushed by a single blow, is the last two lines which represent the fickle Queen as basely transferring her love at the scaffold itself from the dying Chastelard to Bothwell; and yet the intrigue with Bothwell began a considerable time after her marriage with Darnley. It may be allowable for the poet to introduce these masterly strokes, stamping a character by a single dash of the pen, when the person is a fictitious one of his own creating; but surely he has no right thus to distort history for the purpose of holding up to eternal shame a real, historic character.

The poem is therefore not only false to history, but it is shamefully unjust to the memory of the unhappy Queen of Scots. We do not intend to vindicate the character of Mary; at best it is involved in doubt and dispute. "She may have been a beautiful fiend or a terribly-wronged and innocent woman." Mr. Swinburne assumes the former, and with all the power of the poetic art, and in a poem ablaze with the flame of passion, presents the Queen to us as a fickle and passionate, lustful and heartless monster, developing this character from an episode in her life which in scarcely any particular does he render true to history. Mary is painted a harlot, and Chastelard her paramour. It may be said by some that her character is correctly drawn in this poem. With that we have nothing to do at present. Our affirmation is that Mr. Swinburne draws this wretched character from an episode in her life which he distorts from beginning to end. He might have done differently; he surely might have found in the real life and death of that most unhappy Queen a better subject for his pen, one that would have made a more thrilling poem, full of lessons for the world, and which his genius might have made most poetical and artistic—a tragedy almost without a parallel in history. He chose otherwise, and gave us a passionate love-story, unjust to the memory of the Queen, instead of the really mournful tragedy of her life.

But doubtless Mr. Swinburne did what he intended to do. He selected his subject not for the sake of a grand and touching tragedy, nor even to present a portraiture of the Queen of Scots, but as a center around which to weave an intense love poem. This he has achieved. From beginning to end it is love-talk, with a perpetual undercurrent of lewdness. It boils over with passion; it is the poetry of lust; it is the latest and maddest love poem of the century. Its love, too, is of the basest kind,

physical, sensuous, passionate. Moral feeling is utterly wanting, not only in Mary and Chastelard, but in all the other characters. There is not a single noble thought in the book. Of course we shall quote none of these passages, against which we utter our protest. There is a phase in this intense passion that becomes startling and blasphemous. Chastelard says Mary is "the one thing good as God"—and that "it were joy enough for God's eyes up in heaven, only to see" this paragon of beauty; and that God himself would be so much in love with her beauty that he could not punish her for her crimes!

It is painful to see this current of lewdness pervading so much of our recent literature; to find our best poets, with a delicateness and skill of which they only are capable, poisoning the best poetry of the age with this stream of sensuality. We find no fault with the highest and most artistic treatment of the true, and pure, and beautiful, and earnest affection of human love. But it is not love, it is a low, sensual, physical passion—in a word, it is lust that pervades this book and not a few like it. Mr. Tennyson has stooped once to the same thing, and has given us in *Maud* a mad love-story unworthy of him, and perhaps serving as the inspiration to the school that has followed. A little while ago Mr. Story, our American sculptor, gave us through the pages of *Blackwood* an intense and passionate portraiture of Cleopatra, unnatural and extravagant in the highest degree. It has been extensively copied into popular journals. A short time since "Owen Meredith" gave us "*The Apple of Life*," in which the beautiful conceptions of the Song of Solomon are put in the mouths of two lewd women, one of them the Shulamite herself. The most finished character in the poem, who also utters the best poetry of the book, is an Egyptian harlot. In Mr. Swinburne's Chastelard John Knox is introduced, not in person, but reflected in a shadow of fanaticism, bigotry, and superstition.

It is, perhaps, vain and useless to protest against this poison of lewdness and infidelity that is diffusing itself in recent literature, but we can protest against its introduction into Christian and moral households. If our poets will taint their works with this foulness, they lay us under obligation to receive their works with suspicion, and to shut them out from our homes till we have discovered whether we can safely allow them the place on our center-tables which we desire to give to the poets. If they will write the poetry of lust, let their auditors be those who sympathize with them.

THE GENTLEMAN.

BY HON. G. P. DISCOWAY.

"A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days.
 The shepherds heard it overhead,
 The joyful angels raised it then;
 Glory to heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men."

THIS is punning on the word "*gentle*" in gentleman, and found often in English literature. Its origin and investigation are both curious and instructing. Gentle originally meant gentlefolk and gentleman, just as we say in our day, "*of a family*." In the Middle Ages this meaning gave the word such an honorable and cherished meaning.

A prioress, about the commencement of the fifteenth century, wrote a book on Armory. She was distinguished for learning and beauty, and begins her work with this piece of heraldry: "Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Habraham, Moyse, Aron, and the profetys, and also the king of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne, very God and man; after his man-hoode kynge of the land of Jude and of Jues, gentilman by his moder Mary, prince of cote-armure."

Who does not remember how his heart glowed in the days of childhood when teachers or parents, with smiling approbation, said, "You are a little gentleman!" The most eminent schoolmasters should consider it their highest aim to make the scholars under their charge feel like Christian gentlemen. Whenever an officer of our army or navy is tried for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman," and the court pronounces him guilty of the charge, his character is ruined. "On the word of a gentleman" is considered next to an oath, or equivalent to its solemn character; and to say, "You are no gentleman," is a charge most degrading among men of education and respectability. Lord Erskine, one of England's greatest advocates, once said while pleading, "He is an *English gentleman*, the best thing a man can be;" and when the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas, wished to impress the English ambassador that he was speaking with the most perfect sincerity and truth, he remarked, "Now I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a *gentleman*."

The eminent Judge Talfourd, of England, made a most remarkable expression shortly

before his sudden death. In the public theater the defendant of the case had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me; I am a gentleman and you are a tradesman." "Gentleman," said the learned Judge, "is a term which does not apply to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artisan who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however big his station."

We embrace this definition of the greatly-abased term, coming, as it does, from the bench, and in a land where custom, fashion, or usage greatly circumscribes its true meaning. In Great Britain every man above the cast of a yeoman, embracing noblemen, have been reckoned gentlemen; but in a more limited and exclusive sense a man is a gentleman who, without title, bears a coat of arms, or whose ancestors were freemen.

In our own happy land, where, thank God! we have no well-born classes, privileged orders, or titles by law, the term is applied to men of education and good breeding of every occupation and pursuit. A man of politeness and civil manners will ever be distinguished among us from the vulgar and clownish. Franklin truly says: "A plowman on his legs is higher than a *gentleman* on his knees."

We need not lose time in giving the well-known etymologies of the word or its meaning in the English law. These may be readily found by the curious in Blackstone's Commentaries and other books of reference. Some are native gentlemen, happily born so, like natural poets, orators, and artists. I have seen negro slaves in my travels obliging, dignified, polite, true, and pious—real gentlemen in their humble spheres.

How amusing it is to us in the middle of the enlightened nineteenth century to read the antiquarian enthusiasts of England! One observes "that there are four several qualities or degrees of gentility arising from the grant of coat-armor. One who inherits a coat-of-arms from his father is styled a gentleman of birth; if he derives it from his grandfather he is termed a gentleman of blood; and if he succeeds to the same from his great-grandfather, or other more distant progenitor, he is entitled a gentleman of ancestry; if he obtains the grant himself he is simply a gentleman of coat-armor. From these facts it is readily seen

that when once a family is created by a grant of heraldic honors, it obtains, at every remove from the founder, an added dignity in the scale of descent and an acknowledged precedency of worth and estimation as compared with others of later origin. The admirers of ancient blood look with comparatively little respect on arms granted at a period subsequent to the reign of the Tudors, and venerate with an almost superstitious regard the possessors of arms deduced from the era of Plantagenets. There are still appointments connected with the court which can only be filled by gentlemen of ancient families; and it is much to be regretted that the good and wise regulation which excluded from the profession of the bar all but gentlemen of four descents of coat-armor was ever rescinded."

The immortal Shakspeare seems to have fallen into this false notion of a gentleman, for throughout his entire works the term is almost exclusively used either for a nobleman or one of the higher classes. It scarcely ever designates the true modern gentleman, although the great dramatic poet uses the word in five hundred different places.

The boasted spirit of chivalry and the cavalier was much distinguished by dress, plume, and lace, but the modern gentleman shuns such gaudy external distinctions, and his refinement manifests itself in a more reasonable and plainer way. Whatever the earlier knights possessed of value we have in our day, and the world for untarnished honor and truthfulness now stands far above them. We do not mean the puny idol of modern fashion, decked with tinsel imitations of pure gold, for true gentility, but the real patterns of virtue and religion, who always manifest an active, ready, inward manliness in their gentleman-like conduct as the natural result of a refined, polished mind.

We must not omit the great importance of a gentlemanly spirit in all our international transactions. It mitigates greatly the hardships of cruel war, and very few things aid more in promoting and welcoming peace among the belligerent than such a spirit in rulers, officers, and men toward their enemies. Prince Eugene and the great Duke of Marlboro, immortalized themselves as much by their kind treatment of prisoners as by their bravery. Their noble and generous conduct in this respect has been grafted in the modern law of war, and now forms a striking characteristic of our Christian civilization. Take even princes and noblemen, made so by law or custom, in their own lands, the men of "family," and out of their stations

they are no better than a mechanic or rustics. No matter what their positions, there is no difference of their *persons*. Such boast a superiority of their persons by *birth*, but surely there is nothing in this, for they *entered* into life just like others, and, having done good or evil for a few days or years, they go out of it in the same way.

Some arrogate to themselves honor from their *titles*, but who wants to be informed that title is one thing and *honor* another? As is a person's behavior so should be the regard that is due to him. With respect merely to the *body*, the laborer is just as tall, straight, and as strong, swift, handsome, healthy, and often more so, than the prince, nobleman, or proud shoddyman among us; that the body of the one is to be deposited in Westminster Abbey or Greenwood and of the other in the humble churchyard, makes no difference. What becomes of the soul after this is as much the concern of the laborer as the courtier or fancied gentleman.

The famed Patricians among the Romans was a title given to the descendants of the fortunate senators chosen by Romulus, and by him called "Patres"—fathers. They were then only Roman nobility, as distinguished from the Plebeians, or populace, or common people. But how fleeting was boasted Roman honors! Genealogies becoming obscure from length of time and changes in the government of the "eternal city," a new order of Patricians was created, depending not on *birth*, but the Emperor's favor for *nobility*. In process of time, the Plebeians broke through their illiberal restraints with true Roman spirit, claiming a participation in the high places of trust, dignity, and emolument. And their power gradually increased till it overmatched the Patricians, and they were not the only gentlemen in old Rome.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

REAL religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired; but for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communication with God, to retire into his closet and transact all his affairs with an unseen Savior, to walk with God like Enoch, yet to smite upon his breast in the language of the publican, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus—these are the life and acts of a new creature.—*Cecil*.

WOMAN.

BY EVE DICKINSON.

WOMAN, woman's rights, woman's duties, and now woman's needs have been respectively introduced before the public, discussed, quizzed, and at last dropped into the abyss of things that were. But unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately for those who require some new thing to interest them, woman herself is very nearly where she was, and, sorry to say, what she was. Just like a stream which some disturbing power has raked up till every thing which can float or swim, even the mud from its bed, has soiled, and muddled, and been on its surface, each in turn or all together, till the very character of the water appeared changed. Let the cause of all this be withdrawn, and in a little while you see the stream obedient to the laws of Him who created it and gave it a path to run in, flowing on with as much purity in its waters, as much music in its tone, and, for all we can see, doing just as well and as little as it did before.

If you would alter that stream you must dig another channel, let it flow through different earths, imbibe other qualities from its new juxtaposition, and you may turn the gentle, singing rivulet into a sparkling, dashing, astounding cascade, by damming its natural flow and digging a pit deep enough, with rocky surroundings hard enough to force it into its new course. But some time, when in your gratified rest after the accomplishment of your improvement, you have forgotten something, or neglected something, or had not anticipated something, for occasionally man is a trifle fallible, your stream becomes impeded accidentally, the water at its source becomes choked and can not follow its new bed, or for some reason there is not room to carry off its rapid accumulation of water; while you are sleeping it breaks its artificial barriers and sweeps every thing before it, may be you too, and, obedient to its nature, seeks the level established by its Creator and finds it.

So woman, put her in an artificial position, surround her with all the adulation that fashion and folly can permit to cluster and fall from the lips of man, naturally her fancy's ideal, and you have the lovely, sparkling belle of society, turned into the heartless, or, I would rather say, thoughtless, reckless wife of the disgraceful domestic dramas which are so often paraded before the public.

Educate another of fine natural ability to think she is a wonder; that her intellect is equal

to any of her friends; that her judgment is as good as So and So, and her opinion is quite as valuable as Mr. Some One Else; that such brilliancy should not be hid under that domestic bushel, the kitchen, and in a short time her ambition is excited, she disdains the duties of home-life, and sighs in discontented idleness, or launches forth, determined to establish her right to an equal place with her life-long compeer, man. She becomes the idol for the moment of a class of men whose homage she wins as much by her youth and novelty as her eloquence, or, rarer still, wins their sincere admiration by her honesty and singleness of heart. But, alas! those who worship her are they from whom she turns away disappointed and sick at heart. Those to whom her spirit bows are still above her. These around her she feels in her inmost soul are neither her equals in talent, or intellect, or, saddest of all, in morals. Then she must either give up the race or reach higher yet and fail; for seldom does a monarch voluntarily give up his crown and place it on another's brow, and if woman really wins she is either an unacknowledged superior, or she sits enthroned on a glittering summit, but glittering in all the coldness of Mt. Blanc, and contrasts her elevated grandeur with the warmth and beauty of the fruitful valleys at her feet. Fortunately few reach this point. Her want of strength or her taste wins her from so cheerless a destiny. She either hides her half-won laurels under a husband's name, or lays them on the cradle of her boy to wither till his hand twines them around his manly brow.

In the present day a new want is discovered—something for woman to do. People are quite concerned. She is pushing the young men out of the stores; she is selling tape and needles, or she can do so; she is considered an excellent waiter at table, far superior, the gentlemen say, to men; but do ladies think so? It is even discovered that she can make a tolerable copyist; but, better than all, she does not ask as much for her work. That is a great point, and tells strongly in her favor. For though philanthropy is fashionable and very pleasant to talk about, and hear about, it is always more fashionable and more charming when the purse does not have to be undrawn very far.

It is not clear what has created the present urgent need; whether the avenues of domestic life are all crowded, all the woman's work done and she has to sit with her hands folded, or is getting into the mischief that folks used to say was prepared for idle hands to do. Worst of all, are woman's wants increasing in a greater ratio than her means of supply, or is the doc-

trine of the equalization of the sexes still in vogue? and women now outnumbering men, whose ranks have been thinned five hundred thousand during the war, and the public does not know what to do with her.

In this dilemma the old proverb, that Hercules helps those who first try to help themselves, might be a good watchword. In the first place, if woman is to occupy a new place in society; in plain words, if she is going to work and maintain herself, she will have to educate herself for it. This has not been a part of her education in this country. She has been taught that she loses caste if she makes her living by any kind of manual labor. It will be difficult to divest society of this prejudice for a time—to meet the averted eye, the scornful lip, the toss of the head, and the cut direct of the *crème de la crème*. Adaptation to circumstance is soon learned, however, for necessity is a good teacher, though an exacting one. But a part of female education, generally neglected more or less, is keeping accounts. Perhaps not one half of the young women of our day have the least idea what becomes of the money they so freely spend, or could make out a fair and intelligible account of their yearly expenses, and make it balance without an awful gap. Habits of order and method have been sorely neglected among young ladies. Trained as they are and have been to one idea, that, like a fashionable novel, their lives and exertions terminate in marriage, they hide their deficiencies in other arts in the sacred precincts of the family circle.

Woman can be better educated, better and nobler. With all her wealth of kindly feeling, all her inherent gentleness, and tender sympathies, she is like some sweet-toned instrument, that in the hands of an accomplished musician will pour forth notes of ravishing melody or impassioned fervency, while the strings thrum, and wail, and grate under the harsh and rough touch of inexperience. Woman knows her destiny, at least all have a faint but clear idea of it, if not crushed out by the iron heel of a fate which she never voluntarily seeks. She feels that to her belong the amenities of life; that kindness and gentleness are or ought to be her province, that home is her especial refuge. Let woman's educators and lawgivers take her with a full and correct knowledge of her nature, all their teachings having reference to the place her Creator intended her to occupy, and there will be less anxiety and time expended on the place she ought to fill, and the part she is to play in the economy of nature.

But educated or not, woman is just where she was at the beginning, man's helpmeet,

whether she admits it or not; whether she assumes the supremacy, or whether, in the language of an old pioneer, long since passed into rest, "man is the head and woman the neck, but the neck turns the head." Whether for the time in an assumed or her natural place, she must, like the river, obey the law of her nature and find her level, and does so in spite of all resistance. She is man's helpmeet and the educator of his children. The highest encomium she could wish is her Creator's decision. After saying, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," he says, "it is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a helpmeet for him." Here is her place, the patent of her equality. Man was made in the likeness of his God, and woman is a helpmeet for him.

But forgetting her high destiny she turns to follies. She raises an altar in her heart, and, forsaking the God who made her, she places thereon an idol of earth, and bows soul and body before it. Turning from the duties which were destined for her, she occupies her time in things too frivolous for an immortal being. And when the path she blindly treads leads to ruin, she beats her breast and grovels in the dust, where lie the shattered remnants of her earthly idol. But even here a star sheds its feeble light in her darkness. The promise that her seed should bruise the serpent's head; that between her and the temptation which lured her from right there is eternal war; that from her feeble nature should spring the Hope of Israel, the Redeemer from all sin, gives her bruised heart a hope to rest on. With hope in her breast she is almost re-created. She goes forth to give that hope to others. Now she tries to fill her right place; her heart beats grateful for her redemption from folly, and steadily turning from the seductions of pleasure she tries to win her mate, the cause and front of her offense, to tread the new path with her. Her character comes out, no rebuff turns her from her purpose, no scorn stops her. With her whole heart in her effort, her whole treasure in her venture, it is do or die. No persuasion is untried, no sacrifice of comfort or gratification too great, if but by that she can win. Buoyed on by hope and backed by the knowledge of right, she presses on till success or death closes the scene. Such is woman. Full of warm and gentle feeling, prone to idolatry, weak in her follies, but strong and enduring in sorrow, she walks beside man either his idol or his slave, seldom appreciated, rarely understood, never altogether despised, because by the fiat of the Creator she is a helpmeet for man.

TO A BIRD.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O SWEET throat, up in the tree,
 What do you hear or see
 To make you so full of glee?
 While I listen, and listen below,
 Yet, wondering, never can know
 What you mean by your strange delight—
 For your world is all out of sight
 Of my questioning soul—can I guess
 What your tender, sweet tones express
 So akin to my longings, that I,
 As I listen intently, and try
 To interpret the soul of your song,
 Can almost believe we belong
 Indeed to no different sphere;
 And that now, as I linger here,
 I have stolen the silver key
 To your liquid-sweet language—that we
 Henceforth in our kinship shall know
 Of the thoughts and the raptures that grow
 In our souls at the sight of the dawn,
 Or the great white clouds sailing on
 In the far, solemn calm of the sky,
 And that you, as you soar so high,
 And soaring still singing so,
 Can surely but choose to know
 What I think as I wait below
 To watch your free flight? but, nay,
 I know if I listen all day,
 And wonder as much as I may,
 That I have no power to explore
 The depth of your mystical lore—
 That I never can learn any more
 What you struggle to say when you sing.
 Is it sorrow or joy that can bring
 Such a passion of speech? for I know
 That the uttermost rapture of bliss
 Is so near to despair that a miss
 Of a hair's breadth would make it all one
 Whether straight from beyond the sun
 Our souls caught the key-note of song,
 Or were buried in anguish—not long,
 O dear Bird, the distance—the speech
 Of the soul does not differ for each.

So how can I tell what you mean,
 As, longing, I listen and lean
 To your music? O, strange,
 How all-separate still is the range
 Of our spirits. Dear Bird, can you see
 How we two could ever agree
 In our notion, we'll say, of this flower—
 This violet bloom of an hour
 In the bright April grass? Could you tell
 How that live bud could gather, and swell,
 And break into bloom, and, as well,
 Vanish, after a day, out of sight?
 O, when you sing low at night
 Do you think of the souls of the flowers?
 Are they nearer to you than ours?
 Do you know where they go when they fade
 Out of memory? Know you what made

The gold of my crocus grow dim
 In the dark of the night while I slept?
 O, I wonder if any thing wept
 In the wide world over its death,
 Do you know? When the delicate breath
 Of the lily floats out on the wave,
 And it sinks unmourned to its grave,
 Where is it? Do you ever go
 To a land where the soul of its snow
 Is abloom again? Who can tell?
 O Bird, it were just as well
 To question the wind as you—
 The sweet western wind that blew
 Through the trees this morning—you sing—
 But for all the answers you bring
 To my questions—you might be still—
 For, sing as much as you will,
 You are dumb to my soul—O Bird,
 I have wondered sometimes, when I heard
 From the tree-top your tremulous trill,
 If the spirits, that walk with us still,
 Can understand better our speech
 Than I yours; and if, each to each—
 The human and heavenly—are strange;
 If they are so out of our range
 That they can not tell what we say—
 Or know whether we praise or pray.

O, Bird, it may be—for 't is true—
 As little as I know of you—
 Human souls get no nearer than this
 To each other—no height of his bliss,
 No depth of his sorrow can one
 Express for another or feel.
 O dear Bird, our woe or our weal
 Is our own. Sing on your own song
 And I mine; it will not be long
 For you or for me till we cease.
 O Bird, let us be, then, at peace
 With ourselves and each other—since one
 Is the hand that hath made us, and done
 For us each what was best. We can see
 Not so much of God's purpose that we
 Can afford to stop song to complain.
 And, Bird, not a song is in vain:
 Somebody, surely, will hear and know,
 And, mayhap, your simple song will grow
 In the life of some loving human heart,
 Till its tender tones shall form a part
 In its own language of joy or pain;
 So that some other soul, hearing again,
 Shall be soothed and softened to sweeter speech.
 Who can tell how far your song my reach?
 How long the sweet sound of your voice may be
 heard?
 Sing on, sing on, O blithesome Bird!

O FOR a bliss unbounded! Far beneath
 A soul immortal is a mortal joy;
 Nor are our powers to perish immature,
 But, after feeble effort here, beneath
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
 Shall flourish fair and put forth all their bloom.

FATE

BY MARIE COLLINS.

IN the old mythology the three fateful sisters were peculiarly prominent. The idea of destiny seemed so indisputable that none doubted. Man was not the arbiter of his own destiny. The thread of his life was spun without his assistance of the length and quality that suited the caprice of the Fates, and then unceremoniously severed and his reluctant soul plunged into the dark realm of Pluto. All noble achievements were wrought because "*sic volvere Parcae*"—all ignoble acts attributable to the urgings of dark destiny. The most noble of the Latin poems—the *Æneid*—is saturated with this belief.

This idea of destiny and necessity seems so natural to our fallen nature that, more or less modified, it has come down through the ages even to us. Reading lately the works of one of the greatest and strongest writers of the century we were struck by this elegant passage: "In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny reappears continually." Is this so? Are the best, noblest lives marred by destiny? Can no pure, unsoiled surface be given to the statue of life?

We look upon our own lives. This place we intended should be perfect—beautiful. We carefully studied our models, earnestly and prayerfully set about our task, but as we're progressing satisfactorily, lo! before our astonished eyes appears the black vein where we so desired perfect whiteness. Our life is indeed marred by no apparent fault of our own. We see *now* how by a little more fullness in the outline the dark vein would not have appeared. But human eyes can not penetrate the block that human hands must labor upon. Humanity is impotent to pierce futurity with its eyes of clay.

It is hard to see the very brow of one's life so marred—so darkly disfigured. Is it, we ask, the result of fateful effort? of the mastery that some dark, demoniac power has acquired over our feeble humanity? Is it impossible, even with the promised assistance of the Infinite Author of life, to mold the little block committed to us into symmetry and beauty? I trow not. Let us not so look upon our labor. Let us inquire into the causes of these imperfections of our life-statuary. The Creator never forgets us nor our labor. He gives us strength. He has said, "All things work together for good to them that love him." Will he, then,

permit what we trustingly labor upon to be marred at the instigation of malignant powers? We have not so learned him.

But, we say, when we have been neither careless nor indolent we see the fairest portion of our life darkened by some influence. What shall we call it? Call it the dear care and providence of God. We know that in some mystic manner the sunlight playing upon the dim negative gives us the photograph. Laid away in obscurity the dark spots that seem to deface the crystal would remain mere blemishes, but the light brings from these dimmed places jewels or features of beauty. So in the light of God, which illumines the forever, the black veins of our life will become its ornaments of glory. Seeing our utter poverty, God from his opulence fills the block he commits to us with beautiful possibilities. If we ask his assistance in our labor, he, seeing us about to miss our chief adorning, touches our arm and it is brought to view. We, with clouded vision, think our work is irreparably marred. But God is patient; he waits till, with weary hands, we have finished our labor, then with loving care he removes from our spirit-statue its mortal covering and lifts it to the light that floods eternity, and the dark disappointments are bright jewels. The blackened brow is crowned with a diadem sparkling as the stars forever and ever. Every defacing spot is beautiful as

"Antique jewels set in parian statue stone."

MENTAL STOMACH.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

MY friend of the rubicund face and plump muscles slapped his hand upon the region of the diaphragm and gave vent to the following piece of condolence: "Ah, my boy, if you had such a stomach as I have got! Why, when I eat a slice of meat, in five minutes it is turned into blood." Not quite so quickly as that, my extravagant friend; for Dr. Alcott says that a man's food never does him much good till about twenty-four hours after it is eaten. Still, with a poetic license, we will allow some truth in the assertion; and I have thought of a mental analogy, which is worth an attempt to develop for the benefit of all brain workers.

I see the same difference between men's minds that there is between their bodies as regards the digestive faculties. Some men are great gormandizers, and yet are gaunt and pale. Nobody can solve the mystery where the food goes to; but one thing is clear enough, to-wit:

That it does not go to blood and fiber. So I know a man who is a perfect devourer of book-stores; some people call him a bookworm, but a worm is n't a circumstance to his consuming capacity, which it would take a menagerie of quadrupeds to represent.

You can hardly name a modern pair of muslin-covered boards, with a gilt back and title, but he has swallowed all they contain, from preface to "Finis." And yet, speaking brain-wise, he is one of the most attenuated of all creatures. Never a day but you could lay your two fingers in the hollow of his cheek, and count all his ribs. That the mind experiences no growth, is evident in many ways, and among others, by the fact that in conversation he gives you no ideas, but only the sharp rattle of dogmatism, and you may settle it that a bigot is mentally a skeleton.

Another man I am very well acquainted with; he will fling himself on the sofa ten minutes before dinner, catch up a volume of Littell, read a paragraph as long as your finger, a scrap of biography, mayhap, or a bit of natural history, an idiosyncrasy of a bee or an alligator, an anecdote of Arctic travel—any thing, not much matter what; and by next Sunday it will be all worked into blood and fiber, and electric fire, in the shape of a sermon that makes sleepy deacons rub their eyes, and gives the flock soul-provender for the space of six carnal days. Burn up this man's library to-morrow—saving only the Bible—and he could drive a thriving business at sermon-making for a year to come. There is a wide difference, my student friend, between a brain-stomach that is a receptacle, and one that is a factory. Books are nothing but pig-iron to a manly brain; the molding and forging powers is the test of real utility, no less than the proof of active life.

Now, if I have succeeded in dragging my idea into the light, I have uncovered a fountain of inspiration and of consolation to overtaxed preachers. What doleful dirges do we ministers sing because we can not read more! A diurnal rush of miscellanies drives us out of the study into the street. Physiologically by the way, this is a merciful destiny, because oxygen is better for the brain than musty folios, and peripatetic theology more orthodox than that which is sedentary. Long ago have I ceased to vent such jeremiads. The hunger for books may become a dyspeptic craving, and gluttony may accompany gauntness. Perhaps preachers do not read too much—though I am acquainted with some who are great transgressors in this direction—but it is certain they do not think enough. Thought is what the people

want, and they will not tolerate any substitute for this. Knowledge is not surely contemptible; but if it is not transmuted into fiber, it is lumber. And so we have a natural philosophy of soporific pulpits, stuffed with erudition, obese with all literatures, yet in beggary for lack of original ideas.

A single other hint. This rare faculty of the mental stomach is susceptible of culture, and is not often an original endowment, as its corresponding physical power. You must set your brain on a hard bench and hold a rattan over it, and compel it to self-reliant work, else it will evermore want crutches. "Give thy mind sea-room," Dr. Young somewhere says. Books can not compass this problem, but thought and space are kindred to each other.

WOMAN A CIVILIZER.

IF God were to take the sun, and moon, and stars out of the heavens, the chances for husbandry would be what, if God were to take women out of life, would be the chances for refinement and civilization. Woman carries civilization in her heart; it springs from her. Her power and influence mark the civilization of any country. A man who lives in a community where he has the privilege of a woman's society, and is subject to woman's influence, is almost of necessity refined, more than he is aware of; and, when men are removed from the genial influence of virtuous womanhood, the very best degenerate, or feel the deprivation.

There is something wanting in the air when you get west of the Alleghany Mountains on a sultry day of Summer. The air east of the mountain is supplied with a sort of pabulum from the salt water of the ocean, by which one is sustained in the sultriest days of midsummer. Now, what this salt is to the air, that is woman's influence to the virtue of a community. You breathe it without knowing it. All you know is that you are made stronger and better; and a man is not half a man unless a woman helps him to be. One of the mischiefs of camp life is that women are removed from it. The men may not know what it is that lets them down to a lower state of feeling, or what that subtle influence was that kept them up to a higher state of refinement, but it is the absence of woman in the one case, as it was the presence of woman in the other. Woman is a light which God has set before man to show him which way to go, and blessed is he who has sense enough to follow it!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Children's Repository.

HETTIE'S FALSEHOOD.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SIX little children, Hettie and Fannie Starling, and Rosie Marsh, and Sarah, and Rupert, and Willie Hoffman, were out in a pasture one pleasant afternoon in June. The grass was very soft and green, and a flock of sheep nibbled the soft spears at a little distance from the children, while a half dozen snowy lambs chased each other over a hillock and on to a decayed log that lay half imbedded in the earth. A high hill towered back of them, and just below their feet a little brook danced over the pebbles, keeping time with sweet songs that cadenced the whole air around them. They had been climbing the hill for the pleasure of running down again, and jumping backward and forward over the brook, and trying to catch the lambs till, tired, they had at last sat down on the grass to rest. First they talked about the clouds in the western sky, and Rosie thought one small cloud far to the south looked like a chariot painted with purple and gold, and she wished she could ride in it around the sky and visit the moon and the stars; but Rupert laughed at her, and told her it looked more like a company of soldiers starting out to battle. He declared he could even see the captain with his sword and sash, and his color-bearer with his streaming flag; and Willie, who was younger than Rupert, and always thought just as he did, said it did not look any more like a chariot than the tree before them. He could even see the bayonets on their guns, only they were not of the right color. Hettie, who had been talking to Sarah about her spelling-lesson all the while, here raised her voice, and Rupert inquired if she said that she had been to the head the most times.

"No," replied Hettie in a sharp tone; "I was first in the class till Lucie Stone moved here. I wish she had staid away."

"Lucie is a real good scholar and a very pretty girl," and as Rupert finished the sentence he began to whistle and look away in the distance, as if he was still thinking about what he had said.

This was very provoking to Hettie, for Rupert Hoffman was the smartest boy in school, and Hettie had liked to play with him since she

first began to talk, and she had been ambitious to learn, to be an equal companion for him; and now to hear him coolly praise up a girl who had just moved into the place, and who had no beauty to boast of, except her curls, which were of the color of the golden sunset clouds, with the faintest blush of brown breaking through them!

"I do not think she is pretty or a good scholar, only in spelling, Rupert Hoffman. You know that half of the time she can not tell a noun from a verb. Little Fannie can do better than that, and as for geography, what a miserable blunder she made locating St. Domingo in Cuba to-day!" and Hettie closed her lips firmly and looked up to Rupert as she paused, and then turned away and began to pull the long grass near her very spitefully.

"You know, Hettie, she is too diffident to tell what she does know. There is not one of us but will own that she beat the whole class in reciting those disagreeable rules of grammar that used to plague me so last Winter."

"Yes, but she looked in her book just before she recited. I caught her at it," and Hettie's face as she said this turned very red, and her eyes dropped suddenly as if they had become clear like water, and something was shining through them that she could not bear to have seen.

To tell the truth, Hettie had told her first lie, and it seemed to her guilty heart that each of her companions, that even the little singing brook, and playful lambs, and the sweet little birds that she loved so well knew it and despised her for it. She had always been so truthful, almost proud that she was so, and now to think that she had defiled her soul and blackened her lips with a lie! She had been hurt at Rupert's words in praise of Lucie, so jealous through fear that she should supplant her in his esteem, and instead of trying to overcome the feeling and cherish kind thoughts of her, she had felt as if every encouraging sentence from Lucie's teacher, every word of praise or preference toward her had been so much defrauded from her just right. Even the pretty curls that God had given her had called forth envy; and this lie that Hettie thought so suddenly was but the brimming cup of wrong thoughts that for days had been in her mind, that had suddenly run over her lips in words.

"Let us go home," she said abruptly to Fannie, and when Sarah tried to coax her to stay a little longer, she crossly told her there was no fun staying in the old pasture, she was tired and hungry.

Rupert walked beside her to the bars, but

she scarcely replied to his words, and he, turning back, told Rosie Marsh that he did not see what was the matter with Hettie, she was as cross as his old dog Pomp, and he reached down and picked up some pebbles and began to skip them across a little basin of water made by the brook, then whistled off all puzzling over the matter in a lively tune.

Every thing went wrong with Hettie after she left her schoolmates. Fannie would not walk fast enough to suit her, and she made them perfectly ridiculous humming tunes in the street, and her apron was hitched one side, and she almost brought sobs to her little sister's lips by telling her that after this if she did not behave better when she went abroad she should stay at home, she would not be seen with her. Little Carrie Starling was up in a chair at a window when Hettie and Fannie came through the gate, and she clapped her hands and struck them against the window-pane to attract their notice; but Hettie only declared that she was in hopes the little tease would be abed, and she hung up her bonnet and took up a book and commenced reading without taking the least notice of the sweet child, grieving her so that all of Fanny's petting and kissing could hardly smooth out the dear little rosebud mouth into beauty. When Mrs. Starling came in from the pantry with a nice plate of doughnuts for the supper table, and paused a moment to inquire if her little girls had enjoyed their play, Fannie replied "yes" with both her lips and eyes; but Hettie never looked up or answered a word, and her mother, wondering what had come over her usually demonstrative daughter, turned away, thinking that she was tired and hungry, and hastened to the kitchen to hurry up the fire, so that tea could be upon the table in a few minutes.

It was a comfortless supper and a cheerless evening to poor Hettie, for she was fretful to Fannie at the table, and gave her mother a short answer which brought a severe reprimand from Mr. Starling, and she bade them good-night with tears in her eyes, and passed up to her chamber and laid her head upon her pillow, not daring to kneel and say her prayer to a pure God with lips so lately polluted by a lie.

Fannie leaned over and kissed her, then dropped asleep with one arm thrown over her head, and Hettie watched her in the fair moonlight that stole through the window, and the tears dropped fast upon the pillow as she listened to her sister's quiet breathing, and thought of the peace that let her take such sweet rest, and of her own eyes, kept awake

by miserable thoughts that made her as wakeful as at noonday.

It had been warm and beautiful at twilight, but clouds began to pass over the moon, shading it like a veil, then all would be bright, and Hettie leaned over and saw that the western sky was full of heavy clouds, and low and muttering, startling her into a tremble, came the heavy tones of thunder, vibrating through the heavens. Hettie was always afraid of a thunder-shower, but this, in her state of mind, seemed fearful, and as the wind swept the branches of the trees heavily against the house and sobbed and wailed through the leaves, and the vivid flashes of lightning made the deepening gloom of the room bright as noonday, she covered her head and called Fannie by name, and gently pressed her arm to wake her up to be company in her hour of fear. Soon heavy drops, sounding like tiny running feet, came upon the low roof, and the wind cried and wailed louder, mixed in with crashing thunder, and Hettie trembled like a leaf, and cried aloud, and promised God again and again if he would only forgive her this time and spare her life she would never be so sinful again. Fannie, wearied with her play, still slept on, while crash after crash shook the house, and the lightning flashed in the poor girl's eyes, even under the bed-clothes, and she, still confessing, and sobbing, and fearing instant death, felt her mother's hand upon her brow.

"O, mother, I have been so wicked!" and Hettie threw herself on her neck and clasped her tightly with her hands.

"What is it, my child?" questioned Mrs. Starling, feeling that it was no common fear that was so agitating her daughter.

"O, mother, you do n't know; I have been so sinful, and I am afraid the lightning will strike me dead before I am forgiven," and with words broken by sobs, and face hid close against her mother's neck, she confessed her sin.

"I will pray for you, Hettie," and Mrs. Starling knelt, clasping her daughter's hand, and with fervent, humble words begged aloud for forgiveness for her child and help to sustain her in all future time in the hour of temptation, and that with meekness and true penitence she might be willing to confess and undo her sinful words as far as was in her power.

No more was said, but Hettie's sobs grew quieter and her form ceased to tremble, and as the heavy clouds rolled to the east, and the moon broke through and shone into the chamber and lay across the bed like a bow of peace,

the clasping hand unfolded from Mrs. Starling's, and with a sigh she bent over and left a soft kiss upon her daughter's closed eyelids, then passed with quiet step from the chamber.

Hettie was not a child to turn back when she had made up her mind, and, though the hardest and most humiliating trial of her life lay before her, yet she went to school with a firm step and a heart full of the purpose to try to do right.

She met Lucie with a pleasant smile and a kind good-morning, very different from the cool nod of other days that had seemed forced from her, and Lucie's face brightened as if a great pleasure was flooding her soul, for she was a child that was very sensitive to kindness. At noon all the children except Hettie ran down the hill to the river to wade and play in the water, and she sat alone with a book in her hand in the teacher's desk, idly turning over its pages, when Rupert, whistling and merry, bounded into the door after more contents of his dinner basket.

"You here, Hettie, all alone? Ain't you well?" he ejaculated, finding in the question a solution of her changed behavior of the night before.

"Rupert, I am sick, sick at heart. I was so wicked when I told you that Lucie looked in her book before she recited; I made it up, and it was a shameful lie. I do n't know what made me say so. It came so suddenly, but I now know that I have been committing sin by hating her ever since she got above me in the spelling-class, and to think how proud I have been ever since I can remember because every one depended on my word. They said I always told the truth. O, Rupert, I have been dreadful wicked!" and Hettie's face dropped upon her hand and she burst into tears.

"Do n't, Hettie; do n't cry. If you had only stopped to think I know you would not have said it, and I will smooth it over to the rest of the girls that heard you if you will only come out and play and forget all about it," and he reached for her bonnet and placed it upon her head.

"I can not this noon, Rupert, and you need not smooth it over, for it was just as bad as could be. I will tell Sarah and Rosie myself. I shall never be proud again, but you will believe me, won't you, Rupert?"

"As quick as I would my mother. Do not fret any more, Hettie; it was all because you did not stop to think," and, though Hettie shook her head sadly, he persisted by thought and word in his belief.

Years have passed, and Hettie is now a

young lady, respected by all, and she has never since been tempted into a falsehood; but the memory of her one lie has been an ugly blot upon the fair page of her life that at any moment since she would have given much if it could have been erased.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

IT was a chilly, foggy evening in Autumn. Edith sat by the window, looking out into the gray gloom, in a state of mind something like that of the weather, disconsolate and depressed, she could not tell why. She was not alone in the room; her father was there, and a group of brothers and sisters.

"No one takes any notice of me, or cares if I feel sad," she thought. "Now, when one feels gloomy it is so pleasant to have some one come and cheer one up." Conscience whispered, "Do you know what is the matter with you? You are a little tired, and idle, and cross." She did not listen much to the voice. Suddenly there darted into her mind the words which she had taught little Lulu that morning, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

She did not care to listen to these words either, but they would not be dismissed; they seemed to say themselves over and over again in her memory, more times than little Lulu had repeated them in her anxiety to say them correctly at school, till at last she began to see what they meant.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if I really must do for somebody else every thing that I want somebody else to do for me."

She turned from the window and went and stood by her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must have had a wet and disagreeable walk home. Do n't you want your slippers?"

"Why, yes, I believe I do. I was too tired to think much about it, though. Thank you, dear. It is pleasant to get home."

The mother just then brought in a lamp.

"It was such a gloomy evening I thought I would light up early," she said, drawing the curtains.

Edith looked round on the group. Susie was lying on the sofa with hot, flushed cheeks.

"Poor little girl!" said Edith, kneeling down beside her, "you have one of those troublesome headaches, I know. I have something good for you—the nice cologne in the red bottle aunt Julia gave me." And in a minute she was bathing the hot forehead with it.

Meanwhile she noticed the cloud on her brother Russell's face as he pored over his school books.

"What's the matter, Russ?" she said, looking over his shoulder.

"Matter enough," he answered. "See here, I have eight sums to do, and I can not get the first one, and I do n't know how many hours I've wasted on it."

Not many, Edith suspected, but she did not say so. At any rate, he wasted no more, for a few words of explanation gave him the clew to the solution of all his difficulties.

"I say, Edie," said Max, seeing that she looked propitious, "get me some string, will you, and the bottle of glue?"

"O, you inventor!" she said, bringing them, "what are you making now?"

"You'll see when it's done," was his only answer.

Lulu's ever-happy face was full of smiles as usual, this time at her doll, preparing for bed. Edith laid a caressing hand on the fair curls as she asked, "Where's Fanny, little pet?"

"Up stairs," said Lulu; "please tie Bessie's night-gown?"

As "Bessie" was laid to repose, with her staring blue eyes wide open in her cradle, Edith went up stairs to find Fanny, wondering what could keep her up there alone in the cold. Fannie was next to herself in age, and shared her room. She was sitting in a little arm-chair in the growing darkness.

"I missed you, dear," said Edith, "and came to find you."

There was no answer, and Edith sat down on the arm of the chair and asked, "Are you sick?"

"No, no," cried Fannie, bursting into a flood of tears on Edith's shoulder, "but I want to be a Christian, Edie, and I can not do any thing till I know that Christ has forgiven all my sins."

Edith was startled; she had not thought of this.

"I am so glad, darling," she whispered.

The bell rang for tea.

"Go," said Fannie, "I am not going down, I can not."

Edith lingered, reluctant to leave her, but yet she did not know how to lead her as she would be led. She sent her mother to her as soon as tea was over, staying in the nursery herself to put little Lulu to bed.

A happy family rejoiced that night with one who was beginning to know the joy of salvation, having found Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Edith pondered upon her new application of the Golden Rule.

"How selfish I was," she thought, "to sit there moping because no one came to cheer me up, when, after all, I only needed to go and do my duty, and there was nothing to be gloomy about! Next time I think I want some sympathy I'll remember to go and sympathize with all the rest."

It was a good resolution, for she had been in considerable danger of becoming one of that numerous class of persons who demand and expect a great deal from others of notice, and consideration, and sympathy, but never seem to remember that there is just as much reason for them to give all these freely as to require them at the hands of others. And now, as I am closing, let me say a word to you, my friend. I know your case well. I have heard it a hundred times. The members of the Church have not treated you with the distinguished attention which they should; they do not call upon you; the minister has not been to see you for a long time; you miss religious conversation; you feel slighted.

Let me give you a word of advice. Call and see your minister this afternoon, not to find fault, but to cheer and encourage him who has many discouragements in his labor, of which you know nothing. Then call sociably on your fellow-members, and talk, not of gossip, but of the things of the kingdom of Christ; be friendly with your brethren, be a center of warmth and not a lump of ice which you wonder there is not heat enough to thaw. That is the demand of the law; that is the keeping of the Golden Rule.

GOD HEARS.

"JESSE," said a little boy to his sister, "do n't talk naughty, for *God hears*."

Indeed he does; but how many children *feel* this—how many grown-up people? The Bible says, "There is not a word in my tongue but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

O, how many complaining words, teasing words, cross words, hard words, thoughtless words, wicked words, foul words, false words, lying words, bitter words God has to hear! Even if they are whispers he hears, and he knows whose mouth speaks them, whose feelings they express, all the harm they are meant to do, and all they do do to both speaker and hearer. In the hubbub of voices no body's word is so drowned but God hears it and knows it. "Do n't talk naughty, for *God hears*."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.—It is when we begin to examine the subject of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment, nay, the idea of employment of it at all, seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could not this afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be done with, or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two or even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool, practicing music, good for either mind or body—extended, too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding it pleasure from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great, if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim, in the majority of instances, being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is an indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but where there

is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

CLAY, PLASTER, AND MARBLE.—The Evangelist draws an impressive moral from the processes of the sculptor, in preparing a bust or human form for immortality:

"At Rome I visited the studio of Bartholomew, of Hartford. He showed me many marvels of art, among them the repentant Eve, which made me both proud of my countryman, and surprised that he was not better known. In the outer apartment were many pieces of statuary, finished. Not far from these were workmen engaged in chipping the marble from blocks, in careful imitation of models placed before them. After examining what was to be seen here, we passed into a smaller room within. About it were disposed many models in plaster. But in the center was one still incomplete, in clay. On this the sculptor had been engaged when called out to meet me; and while talking about it he made two or three changes in its details, in a moment, with his fingers. The clay was soft, so soft that it barely held together on the inner frame to which it adhered. The slightest touch indented it.

"The statue was of Washington, and since that I have seen it in marble in the chief street of the city of Baltimore.

"The process of the sculptor is this: first the clay, then the plaster, and then the marble. In the clay a change may be made with the greatest ease in the briefest period. If the plaster does not suit, you may break it in pieces and get a new mold from the clay. But when once the statue has been put into marble it endures. At Rome you see many things in marble older than 2,000 years. In plaster or clay, not one.

"What lessons come from the clay, the plaster, and the marble! Parents, and Sabbath school teacher, and minister of Christ, what lessons to you! Childhood is the soft clay; youth, the plaster which is molded on it; and mature age—and what is beyond it—the enduring marble, shaped from the plaster and the clay. When I saw that statue in stone, with the swelling waters of the Atlantic between it and the spot where it was born in clay, I had a look into eternity. All there was fixed which here is facile. All there was done which here is doing. O, sculptor in immortality! look well to the molding of that which, when once it has passed from thy hands, thou canst change no more forever! Look well to that which shall endure to *eternity*! Mold not out of thine own heart or intellect, but after *Christ*! Remember the clay, the plaster, the marble!"

PERSONAL NEATNESS.—Some say it is quite impossible for farmers' wives and daughters, who have so many duties to perform, always to look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them—but such declarations do not, in my opinion, militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter may be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to appear negligently dressed, on the plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, whitewashing, etc.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded, soiled, bad-fitting gown, with a sun-bonnet in keeping, worn in the house or out of it, slipshod shoes, no appearance of a white collar, hair squashed upon the head, with plenty straying about the neck, do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself, a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions, nor will the daughter, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably.

I am a wife and a housekeeper, and have been a daily worker for twenty-five years, but I have never seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System, and a desire to be cleanly, will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasure. My husband never has, and never shall have, an occasion to twit me or the girls in relation to a matter which every woman's pride or self-respect should guard against. Will not, then, my sister housekeepers give this question of domestic propriety, or respectability, their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but especially their daughters, and in no small degree their sons also.—*Martha*.

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.—A connubial little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a cotemporary print: "Wife and mother, are you tired, and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at these sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, 'What a fool I was to marry and leave my father's house, where I lived in ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for their comforts and their joys? O, wife and mother! what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms, and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by

the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do, if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for believe it, thou wife of a true and loving husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own. The present is all you can enjoy; use it well.

LIVING IN HEARTS.—It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances or a disobliging landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one can not be expelled from a true and loving heart, save by his own fault; nor yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill desert; but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image, the object of which they are more eager again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in his life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot—the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kindred now sleeping in the dust—there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove can bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one's solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home-feeling, the union of hearts which death can not destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is, when a person talks of his "dear old mother!" Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mamas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all-embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin or modestly attired in bombazine.

HOME INFLUENCE.—We shall never know, till we are ushered into eternity, how great has been the influence which one gentle, loving spirit has exercised in a household, shedding the mild radiance of its light over all the common events of daily life, and checking the inroads of discord and sin by the simple setting forth of that love which "seeketh not her own," but which "suffereth long, and is kind."

WITTY AND WISE.

ANECDOTE OF NEANDER.—The following anecdote of the great historian is a good illustration of the inability of the routinist to do even the most common thing out of the beaten track:

"In Berlin, where Neander lived for years, he knew no streets except those leading from his house to the university. At one time a square through which he was to pass was filled with soldiers on parade. He attempted to pass, but was repulsed by the guards, and told to go around the square.

"But I do n't know the way," said the great historian.

"Then find it," replied the rude fellow, not knowing to whom he was speaking.

"In his distress, Neander applied to the bystanders for assistance; and, as there was a person near who knew him by sight, he took him round the square, and put him on the familiar path on the other side."

ANSWERED.—A sub-committee of a school board not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question: "If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear," said the committee-man. "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee-man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

WHAT DENOMINATION?—A Western farmer who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the treasury notes. The clerk inquired:

"What denomination will you have them in?"

Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied:

"Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the heft on 't in Freewill Baptist."

No one enjoyed this anecdote more than the honored president of the convention, Chief-Justice Chase, who, when Secretary of the Treasury, had much to do in spreading these "denominations" over the country.

AN APT SIMILE.—Mr. Mudle, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea party at the house of the Rev. Dr. M. The Doctor was reputed for the suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said in his wonted manner: "Do take a little honey, Miss —, 't is so sweet—so like yourself." Mr. Mudle could not restrain his native tendency to humor, so handing the butter dish to his host, he exclaimed: "Do take a little butter, Doctor, 't is so soft—so like yourself."

A DANGEROUS CASE.—Some twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dickied, with a cap on one side of his head, met a celebrated doctor, and accosted him in this wise:

"Can you, ah, tell me, doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the, ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him, saying, "Take these, sir, and go to bed; and if you do not feel any better in the morning, call at my office."

CUNNING SON.—"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighbor's children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall punish you."

The next day Jack was over there again, totally oblivious to the interdiction till he saw his father enter the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home; there he was caught.

"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again that you would punish me."

"Well," said the father.

"Hold on, father," said the little reprobate, who knew if he could make his father laugh the matter would be all right; "you did n't catch me there, you caught me here!"

The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped.

SELF-RIGHTEHOUSNESS.—"It was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

STOCK RUNNING LOW.—A good story is told of a Methodist, at whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who, when bed-time came, and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good Book, with the naive remark, "I did n't know I was so near out of Bibles."

A GOOD REASON.—"Mother," said little Nessie one morning, after having fallen from his bed—"mother, I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that was not the reason. It was because I slept too near where I fell out."

PILLARS IN THE CHURCH.—There are some men who are pillars in the Church, and do not seem to know it; there are others who think they are pillars, but are only caterpillars.

Scripture Cabinet.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.—The following valuable facts and thoughts about the Bible have been furnished for our Scripture Cabinet by our esteemed contributor, Rev. Richard Donkersley:

The following table shows the manner and order of time in which the Bible was translated into English:

| Date. | Translation. |
|-----------|--|
| A. D. 708 | Adhelm, Saxon Psalms. |
| " 721 | Egbert's four Gospels. |
| " 734 | Bede's St. John's Gospel. |
| " 880 | Alfred's version of the Psalms. |
| " 1340 | Rolles, or Hampole's, Psalms. |
| " 1380 | Wicliffe's Bible. |
| " 1526 | Tyndal's New Testament. |
| " 1631 | Tyndal's Jonah. |
| " " | G. Joye's Isaiah. |
| " 1534 | G. Joye's Jeremiah, Psalms, Song of Moses. |
| " 1535 | Coverdale's Bible. |
| " 1597 | Matthew's (J. Rogers's) Bible. |
| " 1639 | Cranmer's Great Bible. |
| " " | Traverner's Bible. |
| " 1660 | Geneva Bible. |
| " " | Bishop's Bible, (Parker's.) |
| " 1682 | Rheims's New Testament, (Cath. trans.) |
| " 1690 | Donay Bible. |
| " 1611 | Authorized Version. |

In speaking of the different translations of the Bible, such expressions are frequently used as would lead those unacquainted with the facts to suppose that they formed so many independent works. But there is, in fact, but one version of the Protestant English Bible in print, altered and improved by different hands, and which has received the subsequent amendments of many learned men. But from the first to the last there has been but one actual translation. Let any one compare the earliest and the latest translations, and he will find a diversity of words, but such similarity of expression as can not be accidental.

We are indebted to King James for the excellent translation of the Bible now in use. It was undertaken in performance of a promise made at Hampton Court Conference. Dr. Reynolds, the great champion of the Puritans, by whom it was there suggested, was one of the divines engaged in its execution. Forty-seven of the best Biblical scholars undertook this great labor of love, dividing themselves into six classes, each undertaking a given portion of the whole. These several classes met and revised as a body their separate versions. One general version was next agreed upon, which was subsequently revised by each of the several classes. Two of the classes sat at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster. Three years were spent in the undertaking, from 1607 to 1611. The new version was dedicated to the King, and printed by Robert Barker in the year of its completion.

Up to the time of James I all Bibles were printed in German character, or black letter. After that date the Roman letters were adopted, and soon superseded the old-fashioned manner of printing.

The appearance of St. James's Bible forms a very interesting event in the history of the English language. It had the immediate effect of recommending to common use a very considerable number of words derived from the learned languages, for which the translators had been enabled to find equivalents in the

current English of the time. At present it performs a service of an opposite nature, and keeps in use, or at least in remembrance, many valuable words and expressive idioms which would otherwise have been rejected with disdain by the fastidiousness of modern taste as homely and familiar.

The formation of the complete Christian Bible was slow and gradual. For at least a century after the death of Christ, the Old Testament was all the Bible the Christian possessed. During this period there was no wide-spread definite idea of supplementing the records of the Old Testament by records of the New Testament. There was no feeling, as yet, that more was needed for the guidance of the Church than the interpretation of the law and the prophets in the light of the apostolic teaching. But meanwhile a written New Testament was in the very act of formation. The different types of doctrine, sanctioned by the apostles, found an outward embodiment; and the original writings in which those types were preserved stood out, with unchanging power, amid the shifting traditions which for a time preserved their substance.

Early in the second century the more frequent intercourse and wider experience of the Christian societies resulted in the definite establishment of a catholic Church—catholic, because it included all that was true in the partial views of heresy—and soon after the whole Bible was received as the pledge and witness of the whole truth.

The first book ever printed was the Bible. The first Bible was printed between the years 1450 and 1455, at Mentz, by Guttenberg—the reputed inventor of printing—a native of Strasburg, and Faust, who furnished the funds. It was completed in two folio volumes, 1280 pages, on good paper, and for a long time after it was offered for sale, none, save the printers themselves, knew how different copies could be fac-similes, as no two manuscripts could present such exactness. We marvel not that the Parisians, when Faust offered his copies for sale, were impressed with the horrible idea that he was assisted in his work by the "evil one." Eighteen copies of this first edition are said to be still extant. Four of these are printed on vellum; two in England, one in the Royal Library of Berlin, and one in Paris. Of the other fourteen, ten are in England in public libraries, and two in the collections of different noblemen.

The original book upon which all the kings of England, from Henry I to Edward VI, took the coronation oath is now, we believe, the property of a noble family in Norfolk, England. It is a manuscript of the four Evangelists, written on vellum; the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to the Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and fitted up for the coronation of Henry I. The original binding, which is still in good condition, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right-hand side, as

the book is opened, of the outer cover, is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration. The whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins.

The whole number of books in the Old Testament is 39; New Testament, 27; total, 66. Chapters in the Old Testament, 929; New, 260; total, 1,189: verses, Old, 23,314; New, 7,959; total, 34,173: words, Old, 592,439; New, 181,253; total, 774,692: letters, Old, 2,728,100; New, 838,380; total, 3,566,480. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter, Job xxix; middle verse, 2 Chronicles, chapter xx, between the 17th and 18th verses. The middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians; middle chapter, between Romans xiii and xiv; the middle verse, Acts xvii, 17. The conjunction "and" occurs 35,543 times in the Old, and 10,683 in the New Testament. The word "Jehovah" occurs in both 6,855 times. Ezra vii, 21, contains all the letters in the alphabet.

The Bible makes mention of the following books: The prophecy of Enoch, Jude 14. The Book of the Wars of the Lord, Num. xxi, 14. The Book of Jasher, Joshua x, 13, and 1 Sam. i, 18. The Book of Iddo the Seer, 2 Chr. ix, 29, and xii, 15. The Book of Nathan the Prophet, 2 Chr. ix, 29. The Acts of Rehoboam, in Book of Shernaiah, 2 Chr. xii, 15. The Book of Jehu, the Son of Hanani, 2 Chr. xx, 34. The Books of Solomon, treating on the nature of trees, beasts, fowls, serpents, and fishes, Psalm cli.

The price of a Bible, fairly written, with a commentary, was, in the year 1274, from \$150 to \$250, though in 1240 two arches of London Bridge were built for \$125. In the year 1272 the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was about \$180. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years if he would possess a copy of the Word of God. Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully-printed copy of the sacred oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

Men, distinguished for talents, learning, and discretion, throughout all Christendom, have given their testimony to the value of the Bible, in every age, since its publication to the world. True, there have been found men of learning and talents among its enemies, but such men were usually either unacquainted with the sublime teachings of the Bible, or else a corrupt life compelled them to attack its sin-reproving and sin-condemning truths. No one of those opponents of the Bible could say as John Quincy Adams said a short time before his death to a friend, that ever since he was thirty years old he had been accustomed, among the first things, to read the Bible every morning. With but few interruptions he had followed this practice for more than half a century. He had read the Bible in seven different versions, in the German, French, Greek, and Latin languages, besides various English translations.

"From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knees, I first learned to lis'p verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there is any thing in my

style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."—*Daniel Webster.*

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

"I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."—*Fisher Ames.*

"I rest in the Bible as the only book in which is found true eloquence and wisdom."—*Picus Mirandula.*

"There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"Every word and syllable of the Bible ought to be adored; it not only can not be enough admired, but it can not be too much admired."—*Boileau.*

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

"I have always found in my scientific studies that when I could get the Bible to say any thing upon the subject it afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder by which I could safely ascend."—*Lieut. Maury.*

"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those the Scriptures teach."—*Milton.*

"When I commenced my duties of Professor of Theology I feared that the frequency with which I should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them. But after more than fifty years of study it is my experience that with every class my interest increases."—*Leonard Woods.*

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow the edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney was afterward actually employed at Geneva for printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, was subsequently employed in disseminating those sacred truths.

Voltaire, nearly one hundred years ago, resided in Geneva. One day he said in a boastful, sneering way, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." Well, in that same house, in that same room, where those impious words were spoken, there has since been a large deposit of Bibles, the sacred books filling the walls from floors to ceiling. So much for Voltaire's predictions.

It is a remarkable fact that the first provisional meeting for the formation of an auxiliary Bible society at Edinburgh was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.

"Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire so burns thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To purify all hearts within,
And shatter all the might of sin."

Literary, Biographical, and Statistical Items.

STATISTICS OF CITIES AND MANUFACTURES.—The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, communicates a list of the cities of the United States with the statistics of their manufactures, including those having 10,000 inhabitants and upward. It includes one hundred and two cities, beginning with New York and ending with Newport, Kentucky. The total capital employed is \$417,129,234; hands employed—males, 410,920; females, 147,000; value of products, \$874,934,827. New York stands first in the list. Capital, \$61,212,757; males employed, 65,483; females, 24,721; value of products, \$159,107,369. Philadelphia employs a capital of \$73,318,885; male operatives, 68,350; females, 80,633; value of products, \$135,979,777. Cincinnati third in order: products, \$46,000,000; capital, \$17,000,000 in round numbers. Boston: products, \$36,000,000; capital, \$13,000,000. The other principal cities produce as follows: Brooklyn, \$34,000,000; Newark, \$22,000,000; St. Louis, \$21,000,000; Baltimore, \$21,000,000; San Francisco, \$19,000,000; Lowell, \$18,000,000; Providence, \$15,000,000; Louisville, \$12,000,000; Richmond, \$12,000,000; Pittsburg, \$11,000,000; New Bedford, \$11,000,000; Chicago, \$11,000,000; New Orleans, \$10,000,000; Manchester, \$10,000,000; Troy, \$10,000,000; Rochester, \$10,000,000.

JEWS AND THE BIBLE.—Several men in Germany are engaged in translating the Greek text of the New Testament into Hebrew—an undertaking which, it is hoped, will greatly aid the work of the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. On the occasion of the recent marriage of a daughter of Baron Rothschild, the wealthy Jewish banker, a large number of Jewish children were invited to visit the Crystal Palace, near London, each of whom, as they passed the Bible stand, was permitted to take portions of the Old and New Testament. Not long since a visitor to this Bible stand found that in that forenoon fifty Jews had accepted copies or portions of the New Testament, only one of whom showed any bigotry.

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated 860, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on the subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Babi, 53 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 123 to Asia, 417 to

America, 117 to Oceania—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindoostan and South America.

NEW YORK CITY AS A MISSION FIELD.—Rev. J. M. Freeman, writing in the New York Methodist, says there are 2,000 policemen in that city; that in 1864 there were 54,751 arrests; 10,263 of these were for crimes against property, 44,488 for crimes against the person, and 63 were for murder or manslaughter. There are 11,000 vagrants who are arrested about once a month, 10,000 fallen women, 125,000 children who are religiously uncared for, of whom 50,000 are vagrants, 100,000 liquor shops. Seventy-seven per cent. of the recipients of charity and five-sevenths of criminals are foreigners, of whom there are 388,717. There are 200,000 Irish and 120,000 Germans; "there are about as many Germans in New York as in Hamburg, twice as many Irish as in Belfast, and twice as many Jews as in all the land of Palestine."

THE RISING GENERATION.—In the United States there are about 60,000 common schools, which are supported in part by the State treasury and partly by school funds and school taxes. In England and Wales there are 46,042 public and private schools, attended by 2,144,378 scholars. In addition there are 1,545 evening schools, which provide for 39,783 children. The number of Sunday schools is 23,514, with 2,407,642 scholars. It is estimated that in England there is a scholar for every 8.36 persons; in Scotland about one-seventh of the people are at school, while in the United States there is one scholar for every five persons. In Russia only one child for every two hundred persons receives instruction in school; so that while at nine o'clock on every Monday morning there are 4,000,000 American boys and girls at school, there are in Russia only 100,000 enjoying the benefit of instruction.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. PAUL.—In the Vatican Library there is preserved a fragment of Longinus, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament, which is very interesting and valuable as a testimony of that great critic's judgment. After he has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says: "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." As a heathen, he condemns the Christian religion, but as an impartial critic, he judges in favor of the promoter and preacher of it. It adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities that, with all the prejudice he must have entertained against the Gospel, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that eminent apostle. And, no doubt, such as Longinus describes St. Paul, he appeared to the inhabitants of all those regions which he visited and blessed with the doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. The Acts of the Apostles give us in one circumstance a convincing proof of his eloquence, notwithstanding the want of several advantages of nature—as he himself

tells us—when men of Lystra called him Mercury "because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him as the deity who invented and presided over eloquence.

THE PLANET MARS.—Professor Phillips, of Oxford, has published an interesting summary of the results of recent telescopic observations of the planet Mars. No doubt remains that the white patches, so long observed at the poles of the planet are composed of snow. They change uniformly with the changes in the season. Red and green patches also have been discovered, which are supposed to indicate land and sea. By means of a spectroscope the presence of an atmosphere has been made certain, deep enough to sustain life, and dense enough to bear up aqueous vapors, which may compensate in part for the smaller heat received from the sun.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The first steam carriage seems to have been made by a Frenchman, Cugnot, in 1760, that same marvelous year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon I, Wellington, Humboldt, Mehemet Ali, Lord Castlereagh, Sir E. I. Brunel, Cuvier, and the first patent of Arkwright, the first patent of Watt, as also some other events almost as great in their eventual influence on the present era. An engine made by Cugnot is still in existence in the

Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. It has a copper boiler, very much like a common kettle without the handle and spout, furnishing with steam a pair of 13-inch single-acting cylinders. The engine propels a single driving-wheel, which is roughened on its periphery. Altogether, this engine bears considerable testimony to the mechanical genius of its inventor. It was unsuccessful, having got overturned once or twice on the very bad roads then existing in France, and it was put on one side. It is stated, however, that arrangements were made in 1801 to put it to work in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A DWARF ENGINE.—One of the most curious articles of an exhibition recently held in England was a steam-engine and boiler in miniature, and described as the smallest steam-engine in the world. It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly-wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven thousand revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty-eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing fourteen grains, or under one-quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. The dwarf piece of mechanism was designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsforth, England.

Library Notes.

A TEXT-BOOK ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE, for the Use of Schools and Families. By John C. Draper, M. D. *With One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations.* 8c Pp. 300. \$3.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work consists of fifty-four lectures as they were delivered by Prof. Draper to the students of the New York Free Academy. The author's ample experience as a teacher and as a lecturer on natural history, and anatomy, and physiology, qualifies him to understand the necessities of a good text-book, and in the fine-looking volume before us we think he has achieved his object. There is still room for a good popular work on these interesting sciences, both as a text-book for academic students and for the use of families. Not that there is much that is novel or original not found in books already in use, but that there is room for improvement in arrangement and for clearness and fullness of discussion. The volume before us goes far to meet this want. It is divided into three parts: First, Anatomy and Statical Physiology, embracing thirty-nine lectures. Secondly, Dynamic Physiology, in which in three lectures the author treats the interesting subjects of Reproduction, The Course of Human Life, and the Influence of External Agents on the Physical and Intellectual Condition of Man. Part Third is devoted to Hygiene, and contains twelve interesting and valuable lectures. The last lecture is especially valuable on the subject of prophylactics, or the prevention of disease; and the remarks on the prevention of the spread of cholera are opportune.

The mechanical part of the work is excellent, the text being printed in fine, readable type, and the illustrations copious and finely executed.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION; or, Scylla and Charybdis: consisting of Observations upon the Causes, Course, and Consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By H. S. Foote. 12mo. Pp. 440. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Foote, Ex-United States Senator and Ex-Representative in the late Confederate Congress, might be presumed to be able to write a very interesting book on our civil war, and to present some valuable suggestions on its "causes, course, and consequences." He has done so with a very good degree of accuracy, with as much impartiality as we perhaps have a right to expect from one so much involved in the subjects on which he writes as was the author, with tolerably good feeling, but now and then manifesting considerable personal bitterness, and with a sufficient amount of egotism. The style is too inflated for grave and reliable history, but well enough adapted to the nature of the work, which is rather a contribution to history of personal reminiscences and of personal experiences. The greater part of the work is taken up with the history of the development of sectionalism, the author, as is usual with the class to which he belongs, throwing about equal blame on each section. He was not in favor of secession, and claims to have contended earnestly against it, yet, for reasons and on principles which he does not attempt to give

us, was for about three years a Representative in the Confederate Congress, and was intensely anxious for the success of the Southern cause, and terribly bitter against many of the Southern leaders for their blunders and incompetency which led to failure. When he became convinced of the utter hopelessness of the Confederacy he became a pacificator, and nearly suffered a double martyrdom. The most interesting part of the work is the seventeenth chapter, in which he gives us quite an inside view of Secession. To Davis, Benjamin, Slidell, Seddon, Bragg, Hindman, and others he administers a terrible flagellation with hearty goodwill. The book has its place in current history, and will abundantly repay the labor of reading.

THE CRITERION; or, The Test of Talk about Familiar Things. A Series of Essays. By Henry T. Tuckerman. 16mo. Pp. 366. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Tuckerman has a place in the world of letters as the author of "A Sketch of American Literature," "Characteristics of Literature," etc., and is a genial, pleasant writer. In the work before us he has rather tried an experiment by putting his ability to "the test" of writing "about familiar things." The test is a severe one. Perhaps no subjects are more interesting to us when treated in a genial, pleasant, and sympathetic style than those that are most familiar. Nothing is more stale and commonplace than these same familiar subjects if treated in a style that is cold, stiff, and labored. We think Mr. Tuckerman has stood "the test" and measures up to the "Criterion." The book contains twelve essays on such familiar subjects as "Authors," "Pictures," "Doctors," "Lawyers," "Newspapers," "Preachers," etc., and we have read every one of them with interest. The author's easy style throws a charm around his subject, and his extensive acquaintance with home and foreign literature gives him the power of most happy illustration. It is just such a book as in an hour of leisure we like to sit down and read for recreation, just as in the absence of such a book we would like to sit down and spend the hour in conversation with a genial and intelligent friend.

BEGINNING LIFE. Chapters for Young Men on Religion, Study, and Business. By John Tulloch, D. D., Principal and Primarius Professor, St. Mary's College. 16mo. Pp. 296. \$1.50. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a republication of a work that has had an extensive circulation in Great Britain. Dr. Tulloch is one of the ablest and most pleasing writers of the age, and is already well known on this side of the Atlantic by the republication of his valuable works. About a year ago our publishers issued his "Christ of the Gospels," a most interesting work, which has been well received. The present volume is issued in the same beautiful style, and is an admirable companion-book for it. We wish it were possible to place copies of these two books in the hands of every Christian youth in the land, especially the volume now under consideration. Dr. Tulloch is a master of English composition, and we are very sure the pleasing style will lead every reader that begins the work through to the end, while he will find its matter to consist of the most valuable thoughts and suggestions. It is divided into four parts, the first containing ten chapters on

most important questions connected with the subject of religion. Part Second is given to a discussion of business under the two questions, What to Do, and How to Do It. Part Third to Study, under the questions, How to Read, and What to Read. Part Fourth, to Recreation—How to Enjoy, and What to Enjoy. Our only objection to the book lies against this part. Dr. Tulloch writes in England and under the influence of English ideas on the subject of recreation, which are far below the standard demanded by Christian thought in this country. The author treats the subject carefully and perhaps judiciously, but is quite too lenient and accommodating toward some forms of amusement, especially the theater. We are confident there is no safe ground on this question for the young man but absolute avoidance. The work, we repeat, is a most valuable one, and we heartily commend it to every youth.

A THIRD READER, on a Grade between the Second and Third Readers of the School and Family Series. By Marcus Willson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The excellent series of readers prepared by Mr. Willson has been extensively introduced into the schools of the country, and the present volume fills an important place in the series.

A NOBLE LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," etc. 12mo. Pp. 302. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Miss Mulock, who, we believe, has ceased to be Miss Mulock, writes pure and elevated fiction, and demonstrates that such works can be made deeply interesting, without resort to meretricious arts, the introduction of doubtful characters, or the abandonment of a high moral tone. The present work is of just this character, a will interest while it will not harm, but rather instruct and inspire the reader.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," "Cousin Phillis," etc. 8vo. Pp. 258. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.—This is the last work of the lamented Mrs. Gaskell. Indeed, the last few pages were left to be finished by a friendly hand. The world of letters has suffered a heavy loss in the early decease of this gifted writer. Though writing chiefly in the department of fiction, she gave evidence of possessing genius of a high order, and threw into her works a charm that will make them live long after her own departure. The atmosphere of her books is pure and wholesome, and she deals mostly with actual and ordinary human life, thereby securing the charm of naturalness and truthfulness.

MIND IN NATURE; or, the Origin of Life and the Mode of Development of Animals. By Henry James Clark, A. B., B. S., Adjunct Professor of Zoology in Harvard University. With over Two Hundred Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 322. \$3.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is an able and original investigation of the problem of life and the modes of animal development. The work comprises the substance of a course of public lectures delivered by the author in 1864 in Boston, to which has been added a considerable amount of matter in the form of notes. Mr. Clark belongs to the Agassian

school; we can not say a disciple of Agassiz, but rather a co-laborer; as the author very justly claims a large share in the investigations and in the development of the theories contained in the celebrated "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." He accepts the development theory in a modified sense; so modified that it does not differ greatly from the common theory of progression. Animal life, according to the author, originated in very minute and but little organized bodies, and has progressively advanced from these minutest forms to the most perfect forms now existing upon the globe; not, however, by the development of an animal of lower organization into one of a higher mode of life, but by an order of succession, a progressive manifestation of new organs and higher functions as we ascend the scale of being. "It is not," says the author, "by a general advance of the whole organization that the upward steps in the development of types are made; but here and there one organ after another is either added or more and more specialized in its functions, till, by insensible grades, the highest type of organization within each group is attained." He believes in the spontaneous development of living beings, not, however, as the first mode of origin of all living beings, but as a possible mode of the origin of life in some of the most minute and ephemeral beings. And yet from this asserted fact of spontaneous generation he infers the following statement: "If under certain conditions, living beings, either animals or plants, of the lowest degree arise, there is nothing illogical in assuming that from these lowly-organized, animate bodies somewhat higher and more complicated beings may originate." We beg leave to think that the assumption is illogical, and that it is simply a question of fact, and as yet no such facts have been furnished by naturalists. The views of Mr. Clark are far removed from the Darwinian theory of selection, and directly opposed to "that form of the theory of development which teaches that all things originated through physical forces, which operate according to what are called physical laws." "It is my design," he informs us, "to proceed in an argument to prove that there is a power at work in the universe which possesses foreknowledge; the design of a forecasting, foreordaining mind—a thinking, intelligent, animate being: such a combination of powers that no form of physical law could possibly be conceived to represent." "Beyond the apparent prevalence of independent physical law, I hope I shall be able to show evidence of a thoughtful design to produce a succession of events, or a combination of coterminous, interdependent phenomena."

We repeat, the work is able and profoundly interesting, and will be accepted as a valuable contribution to the study of the yet unsolved problem of the origin of life; for we still agree with the great Cuvier, that "the origin of organized beings is yet the greatest mystery of all nature; hitherto we have only seen them developing, but never originating."

ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D., Late President of Jefferson College. 12mo. Pp. 292. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—"The object of this book," says the author, "is not to

teach a system of philosophy, but to aid the student in studying subjects which are adapted to promote fixedness of attention and discrimination of thought, and which underlie all thinking pertaining to human action and progress. This object has determined the selection of topics, and the mode of treating them. The topics treated relate chiefly to the cognitive faculties. The general plan is indicated by the following questions: *What can the mind do? How does it do it?*" The author has been very modest in declaring the object and character of his work. What can the mind do? and, How does it do it? are questions which involve the whole science of mind, and he has gone a great way toward giving us clear, accurate, and satisfactory answers to the two great questions. It is an admirable little work; the author thinks deeply, sees clearly, and expresses his thoughts in a concise, terse, common-sense style, just as a teacher should speak and as a text-book should teach. He thinks independently too, exposing the errors of some great men who have preceded him, and venturing to express his own views irrespective of theories or names. He constantly reminds us of the "Common-Sense" of Bailey, with which and the shrewd sense of McCosh he is in strong sympathy. He has but little to do with transcendentalisms, and as little with the cumbersome nomenclature of most "Intellectual Philosophies." We know of no elementary work on mental science better adapted as an introduction to the study of mind, and as preparatory for the larger works and more extended investigations.

ESPERANÇE. By Meta Lander, Author of "Light on the Dark River," etc. 12mo. Pp. 336. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Meta Lander has written several very interesting works, and they belong to the same class as most of the writings of Miss Mulock, and the author of the Schönberg-Cotta series. With the same adherence to natural truthfulness and moral purpose as Miss Mulock, she reaches a little further into the domain of the religious life. With regard to all such works we can only say, that if fiction is to be read, no better can be found than the productions of the three writers we have just named.

LETTERS ON DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS. By Drs. R. & J. Hunter. Cincinnati: Published for the Authors. 8vo. Pp. 174.—The authors of this work are practitioners in the system of medicated inhalation for diseases of the throat and lungs. The system is explained and its benefits enforced in this treatise.

PAMPHLETS.—1. Eclectic Magazine, for March. Never stale, always interesting, full of fat things is this eclectic monthly.—2. Westminster Review, for January. The ablest of all the foreign reviews, and the most dangerous. Its attacks on evangelical faith are keen and subtle, and not always honest. There is more the show of fairness than fairness itself.—3. Catalogue of Alleghany College, 1865-66. George Loomis, D. D., President—8 teachers; 162 students.

NEW MUSIC.—1. John, a Serenade. 2. The Mother's Recognition. 3. Hope—Romance for the Voice. 4. We Parted by the River Side. A. C. Peters & Bro., 69 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

Biography.

CHRONOLOGY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

1766. Methodism introduced into America at New York city by Philip Embury, prompted by Barbara Heck. The society formed by him first met for public worship at his own house, then in a larger room in the neighborhood, and afterward in an old rigging loft on William-street. Captain Webb assists Embury, and under their preaching many are converted. He preaches also in Philadelphia, on Long Island, and in New Jersey and Delaware. Robert Strawbridge, about this time, preaches in Maryland.
1768. First Methodist Church in America built on John-street, New York. Barbara Heck is instrumental in its erection. Philip Embury preaches in it the first sermon, October 20th. Mr. Wesley is applied to for preachers. Richard Owen, a local preacher, labors in the back settlements of Maryland.
1769. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, first Wesleyan missionaries to America, sent over by Mr. Wesley. Robert Williams emigrates to America and becomes the apostle of Methodism in Virginia and North Carolina.
1770. John King preaches in Delaware and Maryland, and establishes a Church in Baltimore.
1771. Francis Asbury, accompanied by Richard Wright, comes to America.
1772. Thomas Rankin and George Shadford volunteer at the British Conference as Wesleyan missionaries for America.
1773. Rankin and Shadford arrive in June, accompanied by Joseph Yearbry. Rankin appointed by Mr. Wesley Superintendent of the Methodist societies. First Annual Conference held in America. Preachers, 10; members, 1,160. First efforts at establishing discipline among the classes.
1774. Annual allowance for preachers fixed at \$64. Preachers, 17; members, 2,073. James Dempster and Martin Rodda, accompanied by William Glendenning, sent over by Mr. Wesley.
1775. Philip Embury died in August, at Ashgrove, New York. Philip Gatch labors in Maryland; Benjamin Abbott in New Jersey.
1776. During the Revolutionary War the Wesleyan preachers labored under many disadvantages, but in general with great success. Rankin, Shadford, and others returned to England; while Mr. Asbury retired for a time in the midst of the contest, so as not to stir up prejudice against himself as a British subject, though his sympathies were evidently with the colonists. At the close of the War the Methodist preachers numbered 82, and members 13,740.
1783. Jeremiah Lambert appointed to the Holston country—Francis Poythress travels in the Redstone country.
1784. Thomas Coke ordained by Mr. Wesley as Superintendent of the Methodist societies in America, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders. They arrive at New York November 3d. A General Conference of all the preachers called, and the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH organized at the Conference which assembled December 24th. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury elected Bishops. The Articles of Religion and Discipline of the Church established. Local preachers introduced Methodism into the Ohio Valley.
1785. Cokesbury College founded. Office of presiding elder instituted. John Dickins first prints the Minutes of the Church.
1786. First missionaries sent to the West. James Haw and Benjamin Ogden labor in Kentucky.
1787. First Conference held in South Carolina.
1788. First Georgia Conference held April 9th. First Conference west of the Alleghanies held May 19th.
1789. First American Book Steward appointed. June 17th Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon in Connecticut at Norwalk. President Washington receives a congratulatory address on his inauguration, in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from Bishops Coke and Asbury.
1790. Jesse Lee preached on Boston Common, and formed a society in Lynn.
1791. The venerable founder of Methodism died in London, March 2d, aged eighty-eight years.
1792. First General Conference held at Baltimore, November 1st. 266 preachers; 65,980 members. First society formed in Boston, July 13th.
1793. James O'Kelly, leader of what is called the O'Kelly secession, withdrew from the communion of the Church. He carries with him a large number of members, some of whom afterward returned to the Church.
1795. Cokesbury College burned, December 7th. Corner-stone of first Methodist Church in Boston laid, August 28th.
1796. Second General Conference at Baltimore, October 20th. 293 preachers; 56,664 members—six Conferences formed—Chartered Fund instituted. Benjamin Abbott died August 14th. First Western Conference held April 20th, near Jonesboro, Tennessee.
1797. Book Committee appointed. First class formed in Ohio, at the Salem settlement, near Cincinnati. Francis M'Cormick, a local preacher, the first leader.
1798. John Kobler commences his labors in Ohio. In company with Mr. M'Cormick he travels over most of the Miami country and founds Methodism at Cincinnati and in various places

- within the limits of the present Cincinnati Conference.
1800. Camp meetings originated in Kentucky. Third General Conference held at Baltimore, May 6th. 287 preachers; 64,894 members. Richard Whatcoat elected Bishop.
1804. Book Concern removed from Philadelphia to New York. Fourth General Conference held at Baltimore, May 7th. 400 preachers; 113,134 members. Benjamin Young sent as missionary to Illinois, and Nathan Bangs to Western Canada.
1806. Bishop Whatcoat died July 15th, at the residence of Richard Basset, Esq., Governor of Delaware, aged seventy-one years. Methodism introduced into portions of Louisiana.
1807. First Conference in Ohio held at Chillicothe, September 14th, Bishop Asbury presiding. John Travis appointed to form a new circuit in Missouri. Stone meeting-house built in Cincinnati, the beginning of the Wesley Chapel station.
1808. Fifth General Conference held at Baltimore, May 6th. Preachers, 540; members, 151,995. William M'Kendree ordained Bishop.
1809. Cincinnati circuit first begun in the Western Conference. Indiana district formed, with Samuel Parker as presiding elder.
1812. First delegated General Conference, New York. Preachers, 688; members, 195,357. Western Conference divided, and Ohio and Tennessee Conferences formed out of it.
1814. Bishop Coke died May 3d, on the Indian Ocean, aged sixty-seven years. He was at the time on a missionary tour to the East.
1816. Bishop Asbury died March 13th, at Spotsylvania, Va., aged seventy-one years. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 695; members, 214,235. Enoch George and Robert Richford Roberts consecrated Bishops. John Steward, a colored man, commences his labors among the Wyandott Indians in Ohio. About 1,000 colored members in Philadelphia withdrew from the Church under the leadership of Richard Allen, a colored local elder, and organized themselves into an independent body under the title of "African Methodist Episcopal Church."
1817. Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church instituted.
1818. The Methodist Magazine—afterward changed to Quarterly Review—began.
1819. The Missionary Society founded April 5th.
1820. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 904; members, 256,881. First delegate from Methodist Episcopal Church appointed to the British Conference. Mission at New Orleans established, by the Missionary Society, this being the first.
1824. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 1,272; members, 328,523. Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding ordained Bishops. First delegate from British Conference received.
1826. Christian Advocate and Journal begun. First number published September 6th.
1827. Sunday School Union formed April 2d. Protracted meetings originated in Maine.
1828. Bishop George died August 28th. General Conference met at Pittsburg. Preachers, 1,642; members, 421,156.
1830. First number of the Methodist Quarterly published.
1832. General Conference met at Philadelphia. Preachers, 2,200; members, 548,593. James Osgood Andrew and John Emory elected Bishops. Mission in Liberia founded—Melville B. Cox first missionary.
1833. Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Alleghany College, at Meadville, transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church.
1834. Oregon mission established—Jason and Daniel Lee first missionaries. M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois, founded. First number of the Western Christian Advocate published, May 2d.
1835. Bishop M'Kendree died in Sumner county, Tennessee, March 5th, aged seventy-seven years. Bishop Emory killed by an accident near Baltimore, Maryland, December 16th, aged forty-seven years.
1836. General Conference at Cincinnati. Preachers, 2,929; members, 650,103. Beverly Waugh and Thomas Alsbury Morris elected Bishops. New York Book Concern burned February 18th. Estimated loss \$250,000. Missions in South America begun. Domestic missions among the Germans begun. William Nast missionary at Cincinnati.
1837. Dr. Martin Buter commences his missionary labors in Texas. Indiana Asbury University founded.
1838. Dr. Ruter died May 16th. Extensive revivals of religion in various places; one in Baltimore resulting in the accession of more than 1,200 members to the Church.
1839. General Centenary of Methodism celebrated October 25th. Missionary Society incorporated by the New York Legislature. Africa's Luminary, the first mission press in foreign parts established by the Methodist Episcopal Church, commenced in Liberia. The Christian Apologist, in German, begun at Cincinnati. Western Methodist Historical Society instituted at Cincinnati.
1840. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 3,865; members, 852,918. New edition of the General Minutes in bound volumes published at the Methodist Book Concern. Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church reorganized, and first number of Sunday School Advocate published.
1841. Ladies' Repository commenced, L. L. Hamline, editor.
1843. Bishop Roberts died at his home in Lawrence county, Ind., March 26th, aged sixty-five years.
1844. General Conference met at New York. Preachers, 4,621; members, 1,171,356. Exciting discussions on the subject of slavery and Episcopal connection therewith. L. L. Hamline and E. S. Janes elected Bishops.

HURST'S HISTORY.

HURST'S HISTORY OF RATIONALISM.*

MR. HURST has done excellent service in giving to the American public this able and popular epitome of Rationalism. It is just such a work as we need in this country; just the book that every young theologian should carefully read as an introduction to the more minute study of the great controversies of the present day; an admirable exhibition of the various phases and developments of modern skepticism which every intelligent Christian should understand. It is popular in style, easily read and easily understood. It is what it purports to be—a history; it attempts no argument; no refutation of the erroneous theories with which it deals; it aims at presenting these skeptical theories as they are, their chronological origin, their historical development, and in many instances their decay and death from their own weakness. The author very wisely conceives that one of the best methods of refuting this form of error is to tell us what it is, and what it has done. This he has accomplished in a very able manner; it is easy to see the immense amount of research he has given to this task; candor, fairness, and fullness mark every statement; the author evidently aims at giving an accurate and impartial history, and has given to its investigation years of patient study, both here and in Europe. Nothing is to be gained by misrepresenting an enemy, either by exaggerating or undervaluing his strength. Therefore he gives us the various phases of Rationalism nearly in the words of their authors. As a fair, accurate, and, for an introductory work, sufficiently full history of modern Rationalism, we heartily accept this work. It is by no means an exhaustive presentation of the subject, but leaves much to be said yet and written on the controversies of which it gives the history; especially do we still need for the American reader an able and thorough work, that would grapple with the false principles, philosophical, theological, and exegetical, that lie at the foundation of all these phases of modern skepticism. There is abundance of material for such a work. Anti-Rationalistic literature is even more abundant than works positively advocating its errors, but it is scattered and diffused, in a multitude of replies and monographs. It needs concentration into the form of one thorough investigation and refutation of the spirit, principles, and theories of this many-formed error.

Rationalism is multiform in its manifestations, yet it is one in spirit. Its various phases, like the growth of the hydra, are but buddings from one parent stem. It manifests itself in theology, in exegesis, in philosophy, in history, in science; but in all these manifestations it is the same in spirit; it develops from the same

principles. It is the enthronement of human reason—the deification of man. It is an effort to eliminate from all departments of human life all Divine and supernatural elements. Here man becomes a self-developing, thinking machine; creation is but a long progressive unfolding of ultimate eternal forces; nature is but an aggregation of ever-acting and interacting laws; life is a spontaneous development, and man himself but the highest form of that development yet reached in an endless progression from the monad to what may yet be in the future; history is only the natural and necessary realization in deeds of human thoughts and forces; science finds nothing in the universe but phenomena produced by certain ultimate forces acting under eternal laws; there is no God, or at best nature itself is God; the Bible is only of human origin; there is no miracle, no prophecy, no inspiration; Christ was a most excellent man, but grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by his disciples and followers; Christian history is only one branch of the stream of human history, and that a very turbid one. These are the ultimate tendencies of every form of Rationalism. In some of its phases of course it has advanced but a short distance along this path of universal skepticism; in others it has reached the end and rests in absolute negation of all that is divine and sacred.

The controversy is evidently with every thing that is supernatural; and what is meant by the supernatural is, every thing that can not be comprehended by human reason. The ultimate question is, can any thing be true and a subject of obligatory belief that is beyond the power of our reason to apprehend? This question it carries into every department of investigation. The term Rationalism in its controversial and restricted sense, refers only to the application of this spirit and these principles in the domain of theology and Biblical exegesis. In this application it is of comparatively recent origin; in its broader usage it represents a spirit and tendency as old as the world. In the restricted use of the term, that which confines it to theological controversy, there are those who would again divide between Naturalism, represented in the old deistic writers who denied the Bible altogether as a Divine revelation, and Rationalism proper, represented by those who, within the bosom of the Church and professing in some sense to receive the Bible as the Word of God, apply to its interpretation Rationalistic principles, and either explain away its supernatural elements or deny them. This last is the Rationalism, the history of which is given in this work. It is preëminently the modern phase of infidelity, originating chiefly in Germany and extending thence to France, Holland, Great Britain, and beginning seriously to manifest itself in the United States. In this form it is "that law or rule of thinking, intimately united with the cultivation of talent and mind, by which we think that as well in examining and judging of all things presented to us in life and the range of universal learning, as in those matters of grave im-

* History of Rationalism; Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By Rev. John F. Hurst, A. M. New York: Carlton & Porter, and Charles Scribner & Co.

portance which relate to religion and morals, we must follow strenuously the norm of reason rightly applied, as of the highest faculty of the mind." And to show that this rule does not simply apply to subjects that may be supposed to be contrary to reason, but that it makes reason the supreme judge in all matters pertaining to "religion and morals," the same writer—Wegscheider—adds: "As to that which is said to be above reason, the truth of which can by no means be understood, there is no possible way open to the human mind to demonstrate or affirm it; wherefore to acknowledge or affirm that which is thought to be above reason is rightly said to be against reason and contrary to it." The application of "this law or rule of thinking" in the history of Rationalism, involves every degree of destructiveness from that which finds in Christianity "a divine, benevolent, and positive appointment for the good of mankind, and in Jesus a messenger of divine Providence, and in the Holy Scripture the true Word of God," but denies therein all supernatural and miraculous working of God, down to that bald infidelity which reduces Christianity and the Bible to the level of other mere human things, and the religion and morals which they teach as only one system in the many which men have originated for themselves. The most subtle, dangerous, and recent phase of Rationalism is that of which Mr. Lecky gives the following definition in the work which we noticed a month ago: "Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. It regards Christianity as designed to preside over the moral development of mankind, as a conception that was to become more and more sublimated and spiritualized as the human mind passed into new phases, and was able to bear the splendor of more unclouded light. Religion it believes to be no exception to the general law of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development." "Rationalism is a system which would unite in one sublime synthesis all the past forms of human belief, which accepts with triumphant alacrity each new development of science, having no stereotyped standard to defend, and which represents the human mind as pursuing on the highest subjects a path of continual progress toward the fullest and most transcendent knowledge of the Deity. . . . It revolves around the ideal of Christianity, and represents its spirit without its dogmatic system and its supernatural narratives. From both of these it unhesitatingly recoils, while deriving all its strength and nourishment from Christian ethics." In this form it now chiefly manifests itself even in Germany, the older and more distinctive phases having given way before the revival of orthodoxy, piety, and Christian benevolence which now progresses there. In this form it has chiefly manifested itself in French Protestantism. This is its phase in the Rationalistic movement in the Church of England, and in this form it appears in the Rationalism of the Emerson and Parker school, and in the works of some of our leading men of science in this country.

In this subtle and captivating form, so pleasing to our intellectual pride, so liberal in setting aside all authority and in opening up the way to all manner of

speculation, so patronising to Christianity itself, and so generous and eclectic toward all other forms of religion, it is the same destructive system that in its legitimate development leads to the denial of every thing vital and divine in Christianity, and to Materialism and Pantheism in nature and history. The "elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority" is but another expression for the enthronement of reason as the final judge in matters of faith and duty; for by conscience here is only meant the "faculty by which we discriminate between truth and error." Its attempt "to unite in one sublime synthesis all the past forms of human belief," is of course only an attempt to assign Christianity to a common and equal place in the category of human religions, to place by its side as of equal worth and authority whatever we may judge true and good in Buddhism, Brahminism, or Mohammedanism, and to rank the sacred books of Palestine in the same class as the sacred books of all other lands. It is assigning to man the prerogative of making his own religion by a generous eclecticism from all past beliefs. Its "revolving around the ideal of Christianity, representing its spirit without its dogmatic system and its supernatural narratives," is the grand characteristic of the infidelity of the present. Opposers of Christianity no longer pour out against it low, vulgar, scurrilous anathemas; they revolve around its ideal; they exalt its morality; they accept its benevolent spirit; they assign its Founder to a position of the highest conceivable human excellence; but Christianity teaches no doctrines; it provides no redemption; it imparts no spiritual life; it is sanctioned by no divine attestations; from its doctrines and supernatural narratives they "unhesitatingly recoil."

Thus the controversy with Rationalism, whatever form it may assume, is a controversy with that spirit by which man conceives that he is able to know for himself all that it is possible or right that he should know—to determine what is true or false by his own reason, and as a consequence rejects from his belief every thing that he can not know for himself, or apprehend and approve by his reason. As the supernatural is precisely that which lies beyond his power of knowing for himself, he rejects the supernatural. The earnest Christian of to-day is, therefore, called upon to reassert his Bible against Rationalistic exegesis; the dogmas of his faith against Positivism; the personal Deity that he worships against Pantheism; and his faith in the very world in which he lives, as created and governed and upheld by God, against materialistic science. And yet formidable as may seem the battle, it is only a new arrangement of the old forces which have been confronting each other through the centuries of the past. On the one side is human reason intrenching itself in the sphere of Naturalism, and doubting all that lies without that sphere; on the other is Christianity asserting the vast sphere of the supernatural, in which are found the sublime facts of God, creation, revelation, inspiration, prophecy, miracle, redemption, and eternal life; God the Creator of all and greater than his own creation; God the Ruler of all and greater than his own laws; God the Father of all, and able and willing to interpose for the enlightenment, the sanctification, and the salvation of his children.

We have no fear for the results of the controversy.

There is something higher in man himself even than his reason that will ever be drawing him away from the dark and fathomless abysses of skepticism, and will lead him to recoil from the fatal step that cuts him loose from the things that are unseen but eternal; and in

Christianity, the religion of the supernatural, to which "God himself bore witness by signs and wonders and divers gifts of the Holy Ghost," he will find, as the generations of the past have found, satisfaction to wants of his spirit that are higher than reason itself.

Editor's Table.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—Mrs. Addie Travis Wiley, wife of Dr. I. W. Wiley, Editor of the Repository, died in this city March 2, 1886, aged thirty-five years. She was the daughter of Captain J. Travis and Helen Travis, of Brooklyn, New York, and was born June 3, 1831. Her early training was in the German Reformed Church, of which her parents are members; but in 1854 she became connected with the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school as a teacher and the next year with the Methodist Episcopal Church as a member. She was married April 24, 1855, and in 1864 came to Cincinnati with her husband. Her residence here was brief, but no one coming as a stranger into the midst of strangers ever won more upon the affections of her acquaintances. She was a woman of mature judgment and taste combined with the freshness and sweetness of a child. In simplicity of character, in transparency of life, in tenderness of feeling, in depth of religious sentiment and experience she was superior. Few persons outside of her own family can know her real worth, but in her case the words of King Lemuel may be used with touching emphasis: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." May the eternal God be their refuge, and underneath them be the everlasting arms!

S. W. W.

OUR CENTENARY PLATE AND THE CRITICS.—Our attention has been called to a resolution recently passed by the preachers' meeting of Boston and vicinity with regard to our Centenary plate. To the same effect we have noticed a communication in the Central Christian Advocate. In both instances objections are urged against the picture because of the manner in which the name of Francis Burns is associated with the names of Joshua Soule and James O. Andrew. This is pronounced "an insult to the memory of a faithful missionary bishop," and a condemnation of the action of the General Conference and the bishops that ordained him.

That the plate could suggest this interpretation is to us a matter of surprise and regret. When the picture was in contemplation the artist who designed and engraved it consulted with us freely; and, though it was his first impression that the portrait of Bishop Burns should be included with the others, it was deemed inadmissible, for we desired to represent simply the progress of our Church in America by its episcopal history. Bishop Burns was *not* a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; his functions of bishop were confined to Africa; he could not preside officially in any Annual Conference except that of Liberia; and, though styled bishop, his full title only correctly rep-

resents his office—*missionary bishop for Africa*. If, therefore, his portrait were used at all, it could only be as an appendage to the picture; yet, having borne episcopal honors in the mission work, we thought this fact should in some way be recorded with the other facts of our Church's history. The device of inserting his name on the shield at the bottom along with those of Bishops Soule and Andrew was approved by us; but neither ourselves nor the artist ever had the conception, and it certainly was not our intention, to degrade any one living or insult the memory of any one dead. Nor was the rule work over their names designed, as the correspondent of the Central suggests, to cast any shade over their characters. This was simply an artistic necessity; the harmony of the picture required a dark ground on the tablet.

No man can honor the memory of Bishop Burns more than we. Had he been in the line of the bishops we would gladly have engraved his likeness with the rest. We gave the portraits of all who acted as bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church and retained their connection with it and none other. In this we felt that we were doing what the case called for, but if we have mistaken in judgment we join with our critics in "profound regret."

HANFORD'S NURSERY, COLUMBUS.—A catalogue of this nursery has been placed upon our table, and we have examined its contents, which we find full of articles interesting to horticulturists. Fruits, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and flowers adapted to this climate are here included, and persons who intend to purchase will find a large variety to select from.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following articles are placed upon file, and will be used as we find a fitting place for them. The mere fact, however, of accepting an article must not be taken as a promise to publish it: *Prose*—The Christian Calling; The Best Cheer; The Story of Tell; Our Elder, or the Experience of Two Decades; A Mother's Love; The Government of the Imagination. *Poetry*—The Three Homes; What Shall I Write? I am Waiting; The Wanderer's Return.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles are not quite up to our standard, and we must lay them aside. The writers should not be discouraged at their reception, but try again: *Prose*—Home; The Social Principle; Religion in the Family; Gleanings from the Past; Individual Importance; Sowing and Reaping; Will is Destiny; Fitness. *Poetry*—Nonentity; Weary; The Two Builders; Heart Treasures; The Deaf Mute; Part of the Price; The Land of Peace; Loving the Savior.



W. H. H. 1847





THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



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DESIGNED BY W. W. WELLS

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1866.

SAVONAROLA.

BY REV. GEORGE PRENTICE.

WHEN Martin Luther was on his way to Worms, there to confront the assembled princes of the empire, and courageously to confess Christ before the representatives of a Church that denied the Gospel, a monk who dared not speak his real sentiments warned him of a tragic end by holding up to his eye a picture of Savonarola. But who was Savonarola? Whoever has felt sufficient interest in this question to follow it up might easily learn that he was an Italian monk of singular character, eminent talents, wonderful eloquence, and striking fortunes, who was burned at Florence in the year 1498, a victim of the sleepless enmity of Rome. A vague glimpse of his extraordinary life may be obtained from Mrs. Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento*, and a far clearer one from Mrs. Lewes's *Romola*—two works of fiction which, to a discerning reader, suggest a real history more wonderful than the wildest dreams of the boldest fancy. The books that have been written upon Savonarola's strange career have by no means satisfied the hopes of those who have desired a consistent and comprehensive narration of his life-story. It has been reserved for a countryman of the martyr, Pasquale Villori, to write, more than three centuries after his execution, a clear and thoroughly-supported, candid, but sympathetic and enlightened account of his life and times. Upon this work chiefly shall we rely for materials to present a picture of the great and brave Italian Reformer of the fifteenth century.

On the 21st of September, 1452, Jerome Savonarola was born at Ferrara to Nicolas and Helen. The paternal branch of the family was of Paduan origin, the maternal was Mantuan. The father of the martyr was devoted to scho-

lastic studies, and, absorbed in these and court pleasures, paid too little heed to his temporal affairs, so that the large patrimony of which he was heir wasted away in his hands. His mother, who belonged to the noble family of the Buonaccorsi, was evidently a woman of elevated character and masculine intellect. She undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence upon the mind of her son in its early development, and maintained her empire when, in maturer life, he was acting his strange rôle in the yet stranger drama of his times.

Concerning any man we need to know what are the prominent traits of his character in order to trace intelligently his public career. The character of Savonarola is so strongly marked as to admit of easy description. His intellect was both piercing and comprehensive. When yet a mere child the works of Thomas Aquinas and Arabian commentaries on Aristotle were put into his hands as a preliminary training for those medical studies in which his family hoped to witness his eminence. Into these he plunged with an eagerness hardly credible. He used to meditate day and night on their contents in a kind of mental ecstasy, from which he could be recalled only with great difficulty. He read or rather devoured books upon kindred subjects in great numbers. He also studied the classics, music and drawing, and wrote verses of no special worth, save in revealing the tendency of his mind. He displayed his intellectual vigor not merely in acquiring knowledge of books, but by speculating upon the books themselves, weighing their method and value, and yielding to them only such assent as, upon careful reflection, they appeared to deserve. His system of mental philosophy reveals profound study of the science and a powerful introspective faculty. He seems to have possessed that happy union of logical and imaginative powers before which difficulties

disappear, and to which what is only vaguely and partially apparent to others, is revealed sharp in its outlines and luminous in its relations. He saw the evil of submitting blindly to the authority of the ancients, and enforced the need of free and independent investigation. His sermons disclose a mind intent upon the great themes of the Gospel, and capable of grasping the essential thing amid many blinding and misleading appearances. What he saw was so vividly and completely seen as to produce the firmest conviction in his own mind, and to be conveyed in the clearest terms to others. His discussions of the fine arts show the delicacy and subtle penetration of his intellect. He could behold any subject in the cold, colorless light of logic, or bathe it with the flooding radiance of a fancy whose hues were as warm and gorgeous as those of the grandest sunset. He could say, like Wordsworth,

"The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

While yet a stranger in Florence he astonished those who were familiar with her politics by the extent of his knowledge and the almost prophetic certainty of his predictions concerning public affairs. Forced by the course of a political revolution to assume suddenly the functions of a legislator, his fertile and mercurial understanding enabled him to construct a form of government which has extorted abundant praise from Guicciardini, a statesman and historian of no mean abilities, and from the cold and cautious Machiavelli.

A strange coloring was given to this vigorous intellect by a powerful tendency to mysticism. Without this he had never been monk or martyr, but might have been a Richelieu to Italy. This mystic bias appears in his views of philosophy and religion, in his interpretations of Scripture, and his meditations upon art. One of the most striking results of this temperament was, that while practically the government of Florence was in his charge, he was ever eager to escape from the tumult of political strife to the cloistral quiet of San Marco, would at any hour have preferred a midnight mass with his brother friars to civic honors paid by Florentine grandees. His practical ability quickly rendered him chief of his convent, and in a time of great confusion elevated him to the actual rule of Florence, though he held no political office and desired no magisterial authority.

His religious character was profound and sincere. Early in life he learned that earthly good is always unsubstantial and sometimes a bitter mockery. He saw that this was not through any evil in God's gifts, but through man's perverseness, and he sighed that men could truly say,

"And yet the light led astray
Was light from heaven."

To him religion meant supreme love to God, attested by an unflinching and constant obedience to the Divine precepts. It also meant benevolence to all men. He would tolerate no divorce between holiness of heart and heavenliness of temper. Sour godliness was in his judgment worse than sweet devilry—if, indeed, either of these has a real existence apart from popular fancy. Piety required justice and mercy to all men. It summoned him as with a trumpet's blast to the standard of righteousness, and would as soon have tolerated murder as wrong-doing of more popular kinds. Remembering how he scourged the time-serving and office-seeking politicians and priests of his time, we could almost pray that the clarion tones of his voice might be heard in our perplexed struggle for a purer and better national life.

By temperament and training he was courageous. Nothing ever frightened him from the firm discharge of his duty. Many incidents present this trait in great distinctness. Some of these we present as better illustrations of the friar's character than could be conveyed by a chapter of disquisition. When elected Prior of San Marco he refused to pay the customary homage to Lorenzo di Medici, because he believed him a traitor and tyrant to Florence. He said, "I regard my election as coming from God alone, and to him shall I pay obeisance." At another time, when the eloquent Dominican was hurling his scathing denunciations at the sins of the great, Lorenzo became very angry and sent five principal citizens to Savonarola, who, feigning personal kindness to him, warned him of the dangers to which he was exposing his convent and himself by his daring fidelity. Savonarola replied, "I am well aware that you did not come of yourselves to me, but were sent by Lorenzo. Tell him to repent of his sins, for the Lord spares no one, and has no fear of the princes of the world."

But the anecdote which most fully reveals the soul of the martyr, and illustrates the eternal power of fidelity to God over the consciences of even the guilty, must be told in

the very words of Villori: "When in the last illness of Lorenzo it became clear that his days on earth were numbered, his sins seemed to his startled conscience countless in multitude and infinite in guilt. To add to his perplexity, he felt no confidence in the priests who attended him. Knowing them to be base flatterers, he feared lest they should prove dishonest in the last offices of religion prescribed by the Catholic Church for the dying. Tossing upon his bed in a fever of remorseful agony, he was heard to say, 'No one ever ventured resolutely to say *no* to me.' Presently the austere figure of Savonarola presented itself to his mind. 'He is the only honest friar I know; to him alone will I confess,' he cried. To the messenger who came from him the prior replied, 'It is useless for me to go; I can say nothing acceptable to Lorenzo.' But when told that the prince was dying and wished to make his last solemn confession, and receive from his lips absolution for sin, he went immediately to the palace. He was left alone with the alarmed sinner, who said there were three offenses he wished to confess, and for which he asked absolution: the money taken from the *Monte delle Fanciulle*, which had caused so many deaths, the sacking of Volterra, and the blood shed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. Saying this his agitation became extreme, and Savonarola sought to calm him by repeating, 'God is good, God is merciful.' When the penitent ceased his confession Savonarola spoke: 'Three things are required of you.' 'And what are they, father?' queried the dying man. The countenance of the confessor grew somber, and, raising the fingers of his right hand, he thus began: 'First, it is necessary that you should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God.' 'That have I most fully.' 'Secondly, you must restore what you have unjustly seized, or require your sons to restore it for you.' This demand seemed to cause him surprise and grief; but he consented with a nod of his head. Savonarola then arose, and while the dying prince shrank in his bed, the confessor seemed to rise above himself as he exclaimed, 'Lastly, you must restore liberty to the citizens of Florence.' His face was solemn, his voice almost terrible; his eyes, as if to read the answer, were fixed upon those of Lorenzo, who scornfully and silently turned his back to the confessor, while the latter instantly departed without pronouncing absolution."

On another occasion, when he was preaching at Bologna, which was then ruled by the savage and bloody Bentivoglio, the wife of the latter, in her vanity, often came late to Church,

thereby interrupting the services till she and her numerous retinue could obtain places. Savonarola thought to rebuke her by pausing in the services till all was again quiet. Finding that this did not have the desired effect, he exclaimed one day amid the confusion caused by her entrance, "Behold the devil coming to interrupt the Word of God!" The infuriated woman ordered two of her followers to murder the intrepid monk in the very pulpit; but this they dared not do. She then sent two braves to his cell to inflict some grievous injury upon him, but so resolute was his bearing that their courage failed them in his presence. Taking his leave of Bologna soon after, he said from the pulpit, to show that he was not easily intimidated, "This evening I shall set out for Florence with my walking-stick and wooden flask, and shall sleep at Pianoro. If any one has any thing to say to me let him come before the hour of my departure. Know that my death is not to be celebrated in Bologna." Out of this rare combination of remarkable qualities sprang an equally remarkable eloquence. Elegance of figure, grace in gesticulation, daintiness of language, art in elocution, were, if not wholly wanting, yet not preëminent in Savonarola's oratory. It was rather through the loftiness of his courage, the daring of his fancy, the might of his will, the subtilty of his intellect, and the depth of his convictions, ever suffused with the fiery glow of emotion that he wielded so potent an influence from the pulpit over his generation. Nor was it the ignorant multitude alone who were charmed by his persuasive speech. The foremost men of his time confessed the power of his enchantment. Guicciardini and Macchiavelli were surely not the men to be swayed and cheated by the assurance and declamation of a conceited priest. Michael Angelo, his frequent auditor and reverent friend, was not to be attracted by bombast and fury. In the imaginative cast of Savonarola's mind, he doubtless found a basis for enduring and genial sympathy, and there are writers on art who deem that the solemn and mystic splendors of Angelo's grand painting of The Last Judgment owe something appreciable to the impressions made upon his youthful mind by the appalling eloquence of the prior of San Marco in denouncing the judgments of God upon evil-doers.

Savonarola was also a lover of liberty regulated by just law. While a mere lad he discerned that the Marquis of Este, who then ruled Ferrara, was a subtle tyrant, and therefore could not be persuaded to appear at the

court of that prince. In this the boy was father to the man. Savonarola owes his awakening fame in part to the feeling in modern Italian liberals that he fought their fight and fell a martyr to their cause.

The period in which Savonarola lived was among the most remarkable in history for vice and crime. The populace of the Italian towns and cities had gained sufficient political knowledge from the study of antiquity to love and fight for freedom, and sufficient wealth from commerce to enervate their virtue through indulgence and render them an attractive booty to princely plunderers. There were continual wars between rival potentates, and occasional leagues and counter-leagues, which wasted and drenched in blood the fair peninsula. Assassination and poisoning were in constant and reputable use for the removal of formidable rivals. Princes patronized the classical studies of the time, fostered painters and poets by judicious relief of their wants, founded churches, convents, libraries, and museums, who, at the same moment, had in their pay robbers, prostitutes, bullies, and cut-throats. A Medicean prince would pass from the cabinet where, with his counselors, he had plotted in the morning how best to cheat his political enemies and betray his confederates to the thronged abode of philosophers and scholars to discuss with them in the afternoon the nature of virtue or the immortality of the soul, or to dissect an oration or poem, and at evening would sally out in disguise to sing obscure songs often of his own composition, and guide the gluttony and drunkenness of the rabble. It was an age that produced Sforzas, dark as the grave and deadly as asps among princes; Macchiavellis, false as Satan and cunning as he in statecraft; and Alexander VI, in the Papacy, in whom centered all vices as in their native seat. In the cloisters religion was poorly understood and worse illustrated. Discipline had fallen into decay, study was abandoned or turned to unworthy objects, and prayer was a dreary formality, paid rather to the Virgin and the saints than to God. The mendicant orders had grown rich without forgetting the beggar's art, preaching had ceased to be the honest announcement of divine truth by lips that felt their message to be one of life or death, and had become a thing of elegant periods and graceful action, while the Church, instead of being the peaceful fold of the flock of the Savior, was a dismal den of hungry and howling wolves.

Mention has been made of Alexander VI, so famous in history as the very incarnation of

all bad qualities, and we can not fail to recognize in him the typification of the evils of his age. Borgia, for this was his name till he became Pope, was a Spaniard by birth and a lawyer by profession. A great facility for public speaking, a marvelous aptitude for business, especial skill for financial and administrative labors, and an insatiable ambition led by the subtlest cunning, had guided him to the rank of Cardinal. Avaricious and free from troublesome prejudices, he had intimate and lucrative connections with Jews, Moors, and Turks. He scrupled at no mean or wicked thing to obtain wealth, and used his guilty riches to pave his way to honor and power. He was always the slave of some polluted woman. The notorious Vannozza governed him when he was chosen Pope—a harlot ruling Christ's viceregent! Later he was controlled by his own daughter—an infamous connection, issuing in scandals and murder, which have made the family name, Borgia, the synonym for all crimes that can disgrace human nature. Innocent VIII had been passing strangely away from life. A slumber so profound that he was deemed dead, and continuing for weeks, fell upon him. As a last resort a Jewish physician recommended the transfusion of youthful blood into the shrunken veins of the dying pontiff. Thrice the experiment was tried, and, though the poisoned blood of the vicar of Christ was always successful in slaying a young man, no new vigor or life could be infused into the failing frame of the Pope. In April, 1492, he died, and a new election was immediately held. Borgia had taken his measures so well that no opposition to him could succeed. Amid universal dismay he took the tiara as Pope Alexander VI.

Nobody that knew him was surprised after the election to see a mule laden with gold led into the palace of Ascanio Sforza, who had been Borgia's most powerful rival. Ferdinand of Naples, who was so cold-hearted as never to weep over the death of his own children, shed tears freely when he learned of Borgia's accession to the Papal throne. As Pope, the latter surprised every body by regulating with care the revenues of the Church and repressing crime with severity in the Papal territories. But this, it soon appeared, was only done to secure a temporal prosperity from which he might reap a golden harvest. His extortions were boundless, and his donations of money and dignities to his illegitimate and profligate children raised a cry of horror even in that corrupt period.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TREPPENHAUS OF THE MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

IT is a thing for which the lowliest have the most reason to be thankful that works of art and things of beauty, which are joys in the measure of one's capacity for appreciating them, are not shut up from the multitude and set in the light only for the pleasure of the rich and high, or for the study of artists and critics. The latter may sit for hours, before some masterpiece, studying its perfections and trying to invoke the genius that guided the hand of the painter or sculptor, perhaps centuries ago, but he is not disturbed by, nor does he disturb the careless observer who strays from one to another, conscious of being in the vicinity of a great work only by its being indicated in his book by a star. Nor is the spell broken even by the heavy tramp of the untutored peasant, who stalks around, with his hands in his pockets, and his mouth open, with an expression much more of wonder as to what all these things mean than that of admiration. Though we may not be able to pass judgment on such works; though wiser ones could meddle with them in a manner much more instructive, and not need to tread so lightly over the consecrated ground, yet, after having passed out from before them, we may, without presumption, relate what we have seen, as does Isaac—in a tale by Wieland—returning to his father's house from his sojourn with Nahor, when he says, "I saw also works of the brain, of imitating art, to spring up in Haran's walls; for a spirit of inventing wisdom has come upon certain men. They build heroes and patriarchs out of marble. I saw, out of formless rocks, a wonderful people grow up in a few months into the most life-like attitudes, with eyes which bespoke souls, but yet were stony and dead. They appeared as if awaiting a life which should be breathed into them." One can, in these days, experience the same admiring wonder if not the astonishment, attendant on the novelty. But we pass by all special and individual pieces, only venturing an attempt to give a faint idea of one division of this great Museum.

It is the *Treppenhau*s, so named from the flight of stairs within. It is situated in the center of the great building called the New Museum. It extends from the ground-floor through three stories to the top of the building, and is one hundred feet high. It is well lighted by massive windows on both sides, and from its favorable situation, we find within it none but

choice sculpture and costly architecture. Heavy doors from the eastern front of the building open into the vestibule, in which there is nothing special to notice save four fluted columns of Italian marble, and the Nile-god, a colossal human figure in plaster, and a copy of one in Rome. His head is crowned with laurel, his shoulders resting on a sphinx, while the sixteen children which indicate the number of ells he must grow if he would be a bountiful benefactor and friend of the Egyptian people, play around and over him in apparent glee. This river-god, it is said, is generally hewn in black marble to indicate his Ethiopian origin; but in this case the Ethiopian has changed his color.

From this vestibule there is a broad flight of steps leading up to the next division, which reveals some of its splendor to us, even as we stand below. While ascending we observe, on the walls at our side, metopes and fragments of friezes copied from those taken from ancient temples, the originals of which are now in museums in London, Paris, Rome, and in the part of this museum devoted to ancient works of art. Some of them date back to several hundred years before Christ. The reliefs on these are representations of historical events and mythical tales, and are, of course, whole, maimed, or disfigured even as the originals—heads without bodies, bodies without heads, and trunks without limbs—while some are entire and, happily, in a place where they may anticipate a reasonable immortality. On the top of the balustrade stand seven statues of heroes, gods, and goddesses, and before us four beautiful columns made of the famous marble of Carrara, and are of the same size and form as those in a temple in Athens. These support a narrow passage way connecting the two parts of the museum. In front of the columns nearest the side walls stands a colossal human figure by the side of an equally colossal steed, which is springing with its fore-feet in the air. These are the Horse-Tamers, Castor and Pollux, the originals of which were found in the Baths of Titus, at Rome.

From here are two other flights of stairs leading up, by the side walls, into the next story. On the walls of this second division are more fragments bearing reliefs of different representations; some of them, the battle of the Amazons, whose stalwart figures lie among the slain, or with their shields before them and with their double-edged battle-axes high in the air, face their foes as fearless warriors.

In the third division we see an exquisite little temple, under which we pass in ascending

either of the last-mentioned flights of stairs to the top. This is also built after a classic pattern. The farther side rests on four square columns and the front on four sculptured figures, representing females with graceful drapery, used in place of columns.

Although this little temple of marble-whiteness is very beautiful, yet will it not hold the eyes too long for the first time; for there is a vision of clouds and winged forms in the air, and we gaze hither and thither, confused with the beautiful faces, the mingled colors; with the golden and raven locks and flowing robes that seem to be obeying the wills of noiseless breezes. A nearer inspection, however, assures us that these assemblages and groups of beings heavenly and beings earthly, will never descend from the walls in a manner to disturb beholders, so we may begin to examine more closely what is before and around us. Over the doors leading from this narrow floor, at the head of the stairs, to other apartments and between the doors and windows, we see separate paintings of beautiful female forms, differently employed, and symbolizing, more or less intimately, the contents and object of the museum. One represents the traditions and myths of the earliest ages; which tales are being whispered into her ears by two ravens hovering near her head; another, the history of the world; the book containing which she holds open, displaying both the written and unwritten pages. Others, surrounded by Genii, who are ever lending inspiration, represent Sculpture, with her statues and chisels; Architecture, with her Parthenon and modern cathedral models; Painting, with her palette and brushes, or Engraving, holding her maps of copper and steel-plates. But these and many other smaller paintings are but after studies to the beholder, who is irresistibly drawn to six immense allegorical frescoes, which, three being on a side, almost cover the side walls of the third story. These, and all the paintings in this department, are a kind of fresco or wall painting, of later invention than the common fresco.

These six, taken together, are intended to set forth the development of the human race from the time of the dispersion of the races down to the Reformation.

The first in order is named the *Fall of Babel*. The first impression, on beholding it, is, that it is sublime; nor does the impression fade by longer or oft-repeated views. The strong tower rises before us, the upper part being hidden by a cloud, the edges of which resemble heavy, rolling smoke, while the front is illuminated with a dazzling whiteness, which is occasioned

by the image of Jehovah descending in mid-air attended by two angels. Frightened and confounded, the people are creeping down the fallen beams of the tower; workmen, with heavy blocks, half-way up the inclined plane, stop in consternation; some are fallen on their faces; others are stoning to death the old, gray-headed architect, who holds in his hand a board with a plan of the tower thereon. The haughty Nimrod sits on his throne, with his back toward the revelations in the heavens, defying the majesty of the higher power, while his wife, kneeling over the dead bodies of her children, who appear as if slain by the fallen idols, is beseeching him with suppliant hands; yet is his proud, bitter heart relentless and unmoved. In the foreground are three distinct groups, departing from the ruins of the temple, and represent Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their descendants. To the right Japheth and his followers are turning off to the left of the tower in a long line, which is lost to sight as it winds over the distant, dusky hills. In the middle the Hamites, preceded by a dark, wicked-looking priest, with an idol in his arms, and riding on a black, shaggy ox, are moving away from before the deserted king Nimrod. At the left hand the Shemites are departing in peaceful plenty, surrounded by flocks and herds, as if enjoying the blessings of the chosen people. The patriarchal head sits upon a car drawn by two large, kindly-eyed white oxen, and is surrounded by his large family of beautiful sons and daughters, over whom he extends his protecting arms. Two blooming little boys sit fearlessly on the backs of the harmless span, eating grapes, so clear that one can almost see the seeds within—one, holding his bush stripped of its fruit, reaches out his hand coaxingly to his brother, who, with head thrown back, is dropping the luscious bunches into his rosy, wide-open mouth.

The next large painting is called the *Golden Age of Greece*. Near the foreground, and also in the distance, stand classic temples as models of perfect architecture. In the distance, to the right, is an altar, around which the earlier Greeks are dancing in wild revelry. From its burning top a cloud of smoke is pouring into the air, which, rising in a lofty mass, forms a throne on which Jupiter and Juno sit, side by side, while hosts of Olympian gods approach them from the upper airs. From their feet a bow spans the distant skies, which serves as a highway for the Olympian deities when they wish to communicate with mortals. In the foreground the green waters of the ocean dash gently against the Grecian shore, and their sil-

ver-capped waves seem so real that one can almost hear their murmur as they toss a boat majestically toward the land. On the bow stands the blind Homer, majestically erect, with a harp in his right hand, while his left raised is extended toward the multitude awaiting him from the shore as if entranced with the inspiration of his song. Back of him sits, with her hand on the rudder, the black-eyed, black-haired, pensive sybil, governing the direction of the boat. Thetis, surrounded by her beautiful, graceful sea-nymphs, springs up out of the waves upon the stern and listens with rapture to the story of her son Achilles, whom Homer makes the hero of his verse. On the strand are groups of poets and singers, with Orpheus in their midst; also, the representatives of Grecian culture in every department, Hesiod, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Pindar; Thucydides, the historian, and Solon, the lawgiver. A prophet engraves his oracle on a block of stone, and near by Pericles stands leaning on his protégé and grandson, Alcibiades, and Phidias, under whom, it is said, Grecian art reached its highest perfection, looking up to the gods for his model, chisels a statue of Achilles. Lastly, Cupid flies high in the air, pursued by the Graces, while Apollo and the Muses sweep down the rainbow highway of the immortals.

Passing over several centuries of the history of the human race, till we come to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, we may consider a painting bearing this name. First, we observe, high on the clouds, four noble figures, which are the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, each holding the book of his prophecy in a different position. The eldest, having long prophesied and warned, has closed his book and sits as if contemplating a scene, terrible but just, and which he could not prevent. Another appears as if reading his prophecy and trying to impress it on the people; another, as if astonished and grieved at the willful ears that would not hear, holds his book open, high above his head, as if challenging the unbelieving to read for themselves and be convinced. The young Daniel points with one hand to the words, and with the other to the Roman host, already approaching. Beneath these is a group of angels carrying out the judgments prophesied against the city. To the left, the city is burning; to the right, the conquering Titus and his host are resistlessly approaching, preceded by heralds who are warning the inhabitants with trumpet blasts. In the center a high-priest, having slain his family, stands ready to plunge the dagger into his own breast to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy.

A striking figure is that of the Wandering Jew, pursued by demons and flying from the city in the wildest terror. His mantle flies behind him as if borne on a strong wind; his gray locks and long snow-white beard sweep back upon his shoulders, while in his wild, brilliant black eyes there is an expression of a restless and eternal longing, and as if he were tormented with a life which he was doomed to preserve, and from which necessity there was no escaping. The meaning of the picture seems to be summed up in a little group of a Christian family moving out from the city, occupied in reading and singing psalms. They are without fear, since they go under the protecting wings of three angels, lighting and guiding them, and one of whom is looking benignly down on three most beautiful little children, who, kneeling by the side of the way, are beseeching to be taken into the number of those who are leaving the ashes of the old Jerusalem to build up the walls of the new, in the Christianity which was to spread from there over the whole earth.

The fourth picture, the *Battle of the Huns*, we find facing this latter on the opposite wall. In this—the triumph of the Romans over the Huns—is symbolized the triumph of Christianity over Barbarism. The picture is a representation of the idea taken from the legend concerning this terrible battle, namely, that the hostility and bitterness raged to such an extent that in the night after the battle, the fallen arose from the battle-field and renewed the contest in the air. Attila, who had become the terror of every people, is the leader on the side of the barbarians, and Actius on the side of the Romans. The scene is represented in the early dusk of the morning. The bluish walls, not of Chalons but Rome, rise in the distance. The field is strewn with the dead. Many are awaking as if from sleep and confused dreams. They begin to recall the fearful scenes in the midst of which they fell, and to comprehend their present surroundings. Some are yet stark and pale, some half-conscious, some striving to wake up those around them, and directing their attention to the hosts of their companions who have already joined in the noiseless spirit-contest in the air, and some are just leaving their earthly footing and rising with majestic assurance, bearing their weapons of warfare with them. Attila, standing on a shield, carried on the shoulders of servants, with torch in hand and enveloped in a pale, bluish light, is urging on his followers impetuously, sometimes gaining, but destined finally to be overcome. Actius, borne up by angels, is followed by a brave and undiscouraged host, lighted by the glow of

the cross, which is carried as a banner a little back of where the hostile lines engage in the hottest strife. We leave this weird picture, hardly knowing which impression predominates; that of the beauty and grace of the painter's ideal airy-warriors, that of sorrow at such an expression of human heart bitterness, or that of suspense arising from the feeling of certainty that the mighty hosts are in momentary danger of falling to the ground with a dreadful shock.

We come now to *The Crusades*. This seems less striking and attractive than the others. It represents a line of pilgrims on their way to Zion, at the sight of which knights, bishops, and believers are evidently rejoicing. Christ, with the Virgin Mary, kneeling by and surrounded by a group of martyrs, stands over the city, to whom Godfrey of Bouillon, seated on a white steed, is extending the crown. Saracens, slain in a late battle, still lie upon the field. In the foreground Peter of Amiens kneels facing Zion, with hands extended in earnest prayer in behalf of many repenting and stricken ones who kneel back of him. The picture indicates, like the others, that the crusades, notwithstanding the many and immense sacrifices connected therewith in their results, opened the way to development and reform.

THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION.

In approaching this magnificent study, one scarcely knows where to begin to designate special parts. Counting heads, there are perhaps not less than one hundred and fifty figures represented, over sixty of which are named, and, as far as possible, portraits given. They are mostly arranged in groups—not always of contemporaries, but of those who, at different times, were moved by a similar spirit. Not only those who figured most in the great religious reform are given; but those who enlightened the literary and scientific worlds, and the forerunners, back to the dawn after the night of the middle ages, and even a few of the lights that shone in the midst of it, from Arnold of Brescia, martyred at Rome 1155, through nearly five centuries. The background of the scene is represented as in a Gothic church, with a gallery, in which is the organ, and from which women and children look down and listen to the preaching of Luther, who stands in the center before the altar below, with the Bible opened and raised high above the head. On the face of it, in letters which one might "run and read," is that word of "good tidings," *Evangelium*. His companion, Justus Jonas, and Zwingle, stand by him, while Calvin, assisted by another, administers the sacrament to

a small number of believers. A little below, in front of the altar, stands Melancthon, designating Luther to several others, as the leading spirit of the Reformation. Back of and near the communicants are groups of spectators, among whom is the unhappy, gray-headed admiral Coligny. A prominent figure, at Luther's left, is Gustavus Adolphus, who, as the sword of the Reformation, is clad in armor, but in consideration of the sacredness of the scene and place he reverently lowers his sword. Back of all these, around the half-circular wall, are several of the forerunners, variously employed—studying, discussing, or meditating—Wickliff, John Geiler, John Wessel, Huss, Peter Valdus, Savonarola, and others. On the line between the nave and left side-aisle, is a group, of which Queen Elizabeth, in regal attire, Lord Essex, Lord Burleigh, Francis Drake, and Archbishop Cranmer form the greater part.

At the farther end of the aisle, on a raised platform, stands Copernicus, demonstrating the laws of the solar system, while Galileo, with a telescope under his arm, observes him attentively. Tycho Brahe and Kepler stand nearly in converse. In a corresponding position, in the right aisle, sits Albert Dürer painting the walls of the church with figures, the outlines of which are already visible. Ascending the ladder to this platform, Kaulbach, the author of the frescoes we have just been contemplating, represents himself as Dürer's color-mixer. To the right is a group of the most celebrated artists—leaning against the wall Michael Angelo is contemplating Leonardo da Vinci, a gray-headed old man, who is extending his hand to the young Raphael, while he approaches with a painting by his side. Two very interesting faces are those of Gutenberg and Lorenzo Kostert—the two to whom the discovery of the art of printing is ascribed. The latter looks on with an expression of the most pleased astonishment, while the former proudly holds up against a column the first printed sheet which he has just slipped out from under the press, and which he displays before the little, old, hump-backed man working the machine, can get straightened up to see what he has rolled out so miraculously. Between these and the nearest foreground, which is strewn with broken sculpture and a statue of one of the muses, with a harp by her side—which a later poet touches with an expression of pleased expectation as to the sounds he shall bring out of it—stands Erasmus learnedly discoursing; Reuchlin listens by his side, while several before him sit as auditors, chief among whom are Cervantes, with his Don Quixote on his knee, and Shak-

spears with an appearance and bearing which, perhaps, would satisfy his most ardent admirers.

In the center foreground sits the poet, Hans Sachs, on the floor, with books, pen, and ink-bottles scattered around him, evidently in deep study, but with an appearance of making mathematical calculations more than that of drawing inspiration from the muses. The last group occupies the left-hand foreground. In the midst is a globe, on which Columbus lays his hand as he stands proudly by, notwithstanding the chains that still hang from his wrists. His long, white beard makes him look venerable, although he appears strong in the consciousness that he had accomplished his purpose, since he had found the *land* and planted the cross on its shore. Many attentive ones stand around, some with books or compasses, and some expressing wonder. Francis Bacon, Sebastian Frank, and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, are prominent in the circle.

That which is true of each of these six magnificent frescoes, is eminently so of this; namely, that one never wearies of beholding it, and from the opening of the doors in the morning till the closing in the afternoon, it is not without the attention of some contemplative eye. It is one of the favorite studies of the Crown Prince and Princess, and it is said to have been at his suggestion that Luther holds the Bible open above his head, instead of closed and folded in his arms, according to the first design. It was not only dear to himself, but, by his translation, he opened it and made it accessible to the nation.

In the dividing spaces between these six large frescoes are four smaller ones of separate figures—Moses, with the tablets of stone; Solon, modifying the laws of Draco; Charlemagne, with scepter and crown; and Frederick the Great, in an ermine mantle.

Lastly, looking up into the concave covering over us, we find it finished off in a rich brown color, interspersed with much gilding, and on the cross-beams stand the fabulous flying griffons and other animals in bronze. Every-where we turn our eye some work of art, some figure of grace and beauty meets us, and all tend to elevate the mind, to cultivate the sense of the beautiful, and to increase our gratitude to the Giver of gifts of genius and of the senses whereby we appreciate and enjoy them.

It is a mercy to have that taken from us which leads us from God.—*Venning*.

LOOKING AWAY.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

WHY is it when the twilight comes
Somber, and dull, and gray,
So many stand at the window-panes
Eagerly looking away?
Nothing, perhaps, but bare cold walls
In the line of their vision lay;
O, it is not the sight of the mortal eye,
But the soul that is looking away!

In every earnest, eager gaze,
Wherever rests the eye,
I only see a soul that seeks
A pathway to the sky;
A soul that, weary of the toil
And burden of the day,
Finds only light, and peace, and joy,
In looking far away;

A soul, perhaps, that gathers strength,
As dies the dying day,
And sees the kingdom won at length
In looking far away.

Yet those who 've passed beyond the paths
That weary mortals stray—
Who dwell with God, feel only pain
In looking far away!

WOMAN'S LOT.

O! SAY not woman's lot is hard,
Her path a path of sorrow:
To-day, perchance, some joy debarr'd
May yield more joy to-morrow.

It is not hard—it can not be—
To speak in tones of gladness,
To hush the sigh of misery,
And soothe the brow of sadness.

It is not hard sweet flowers to spread,
To strew the path with roses,
To smooth the couch, and rest the head,
Where some loved friend reposes.

It is not hard to trim the hearth
For brothers home returning;
To wake with songs of harmless mirth
When Winter fires are burning.

It is not hard a sister's love
To pay with love as tender;
When cares perplex, and trials prove,
A sister's help to render.

It is not hard, when troubles come,
And doubts and fears distressing,
To shelter in a father's home,
And feel a mother's blessing.

It is not hard when storms arise
'Mid darkness and dejection,
To look to Heaven with trusting eyes,
And ask its kind protection.

FREAKS OF IMAGINATION.

BY REV. R. DOUKERLEY.

"FANCY it Burgundy," said Boniface of his ale, "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart." Boniface was a philosopher. Fancy can easily convert thick, nasty ale into the purest Burgundy, and it can achieve many other marvelous feats.

A disordered imagination is a species of the most pitiable insanity. When such mental derangement reaches a high degree, it becomes truly painful to behold. Then it is that mere conceptions of the brain assume the aspects of tangible, living realities. The unfortunate victim dwells upon the pleasing or painful illusions till they stand out before him in the roundly-developed form of real existences. Under the influence of this malady, good or ill-fortune, pleasure or pain, wealth or poverty, or any other desirable or undesirable condition of life—never, perhaps, to be realized—appear as if already possessed.

As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. "I have known," says a certain writer, "the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose appetite upon the plucking of a merry thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into signs of evil things near at hand." Even in this oft-vaunted nineteenth century Gay's lines have not become wholly obsolete:

"Alas! you know the cause too well,
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loss,
The knife and fork were laid across;
Last night, I vow to heav'n 't is true,
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew."

Paracelsus says: "There is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist, for a man by imagination willing to move his body, moves it in fact, and by imagination and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body."

Those who fancy themselves laboring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verify-

ing their apprehension. The uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations disturbs circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed toward that part.

A certain gentleman informs us that in a conversation with Rogers, the poet, there were given some striking illustrations of the influence of imagination over the physical organs which, though they seem paradoxical, may, nevertheless, be in accordance with fact. "Once," says this writer, "at a large dinner party Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom then commencing of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass. It appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, 'Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a different use of the faculty of imagination! When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head I go to sleep, imagining that I have a night-cap on, consequently I catch no cold at all.' This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited."

Vicentinus believed himself too large to pass through one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physicians that he should be dragged through this aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along Vicentinus screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died.

Perhaps none of the senses are more easily affected by imagination than is the sense of smelling. Some months ago a rough wooden box, such as coffins are transported in, was placed in the passage-way leading to the vault under St. Paul's Church near the gateway in Tremont-street, Boston, and in full view of

passers-by. This box remained there a couple of days, when complaints were made by several parties to the Chief Police that the smell arising from the body contained in the box had become so offensive that it was not only disagreeable to pass near it, but that it was a disgrace to humanity to allow it to remain there, and that a sense of duty compelled them to make the complaint. Colonel Kurtz at once sent a detective officer to the sexton of the Church, who found on inquiry that there was no corpse in the box, and never had been. Out of regard to the feelings of the complainants, however, the box was removed, and with it the "horrid stench" their imagination led them to believe proceeded from it.

A lady possessing exceedingly-delicate nerves was relating to some friends who visited her one afternoon the unpleasant effect which she experienced from the perfume of roses.

"The odor of that flower," said she, "is very offensive, and gives me the vertigo, and sometimes deprives me of all sensation."

She was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, an acquaintance, who wore in her bosom a beautiful moss-rose. As she advanced toward the fair mistress of the house, that lady turned pale, appeared to be in much distress, raised her hands imploringly, and fell fainting on an ottoman.

"What wonderful nervous sensibility!" exclaimed one of her friends.

"What a delicate organization!" said another.

"Do, my dear madam, be so good as to leave the room, for you have, undoubtedly, caused this indisposition."

"I," replied the young lady, much astonished. "What have I done?"

"Done? Nothing. But it is the powerful odor from that moss-rose you wear in your breast which has caused this misfortune."

"Indeed! If that is the case I will hand over to you the culprit for punishment, for I only ask you to judge the case impartially before you condemn my poor flower."

She then took the rose from her dress and handed it to the ladies who were present. Their inquietude soon gave place to surprise—it was an artificial rose!

A German publication gives the story of a physician who tried an experiment on a criminal capitally condemned which affords additional illustration of the force of imagination. The man was permitted to see a dog bled to death and to see all the symptoms of failing life detailed by the physician till the moment of the animal's death. Immediately after the

criminal's eyes were bandaged and his arm was pierced with a lancet, though no vein was opened. The physician went on describing the symptoms witnessed in the case of the dog, and at length pronounced the words, "Now he's dying." The man did really expire under the operation, although he had not lost a teaspoonful of blood.

Mr. Boutinhouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present during many engagements with the enemy. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below the knees, separating them from the thighs, for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and the dead during the night, not daring to move a muscle lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this was attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was roused by one of the surgeons, who came round to attend upon the wounded.

"What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" inquired the surgeon.

"Ah, touch me tenderly," replied the wounded man, "I beseech you; a cannon-ball has carried off my legs."

The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you."

The man immediately sprang up in utter astonishment and stood firmly on the legs he thought he had lost forever. He then remarked to the surgeon, "I had indeed been shot down by the cannon-ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball passed under my feet and plowed a hole in the earth at least a foot in depth, into which my feet instantly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

We have seen something of the effects of imagination in inflicting wounds and producing sickness and death. Now, let us glance at some of the marvelous exploits of imagination as a healer of all the "ills that flesh is heir to." Miss Edmonds, in her fascinating book, the "Nurse and the Spy," in giving us some of her experience in Federal hospitals, remarks

in one place, "I was not in the habit of going among the patients with a long, doleful face, nor intimating by word or look that their case was a hopeless one, unless a man was actually dying, and I felt it to be my duty to tell him so. Cheerfulness was my motto, and a wonderful effect it had sometimes on the despondent, gloomy feelings of discouraged and homesick sufferers. I noticed that whenever I failed to arouse a man from such a state of feeling it generally proved a hopeless case. They were very likely not to recover if they made up their minds that they must die, and persisted in believing that there was no alternative."

That the medical faculty have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence is abundantly demonstrated by their writings, by many of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated directions to nurses so to divert the patient's mind as to prevent his dwelling upon the symptoms of his case.

The mysterious influence exercised by the mind over the body is well illustrated in the following case contained in Dr. Warren's treatise on the preservation of health: "Some time since a lady presented herself to me with a tumor, or swelling of the submaxillary gland of the neck. It was about the size of an egg, had lasted two years, and was so very hard that I considered an effort to dissipate it by medicine to be in vain, and advised it to be removed by an operation. To this the patient could not bring her mind; therefore, to satisfy her wish, some applications of considerable activity were directed to be made to the part, and these she pursued a number of weeks without any change. After this she called on me, and with some hesitation begged to know whether an application recommended to her would in my opinion be safe. This consisted in applying the hand of a dead man three times to the diseased part. One of her neighbors now lay dead, and she had an opportunity of trying the experiment, if not thought dangerous. At first I was disposed to divert her from it, but, recollecting the power of imagination, gravely assured her that she might make the trial without apprehension of serious consequences. A while after she presented herself once more, and with a smiling countenance informed me that she had used this remedy, and on examining for the tumor it had disappeared."

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence of imagination, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. A few years ago, at a meeting

in Edinburgh, Prof. Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals; what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain, and the disease in the case of human beings was caused by an over-excited imagination worked upon by the popular delusion on the effect of a bite by rabid animals. Take the following case which originally appeared in the "Curiosities of Medicine." Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and three of them had died in the hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent the fatal termination, and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of colored water, and in no instance did hydrophobia ensue.

A cure not very dissimilar to the last preceding took place in a patient of Dr. Beddoes, who was at that time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphry Davy with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphry put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic to ascertain the temperature of the body that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was the intended medicine, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphry, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to undeceive the man, but saying he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him next morning. The thermometer was then applied on the preceding day, and for every day during a fortnight, at the end of which time a complete cure was effected.

In the great medical trial in the French court between the merits of homeopathy and the old practice, the following curious fact was related in favor of the former. The famous Dr. Trousseau once had a patient whose nervous system was, she thought, completely shattered. Other physicians were so stupid as to inform her that she was only ill of her own conceit. Trousseau was much more amiable than his predecessors. He found his patient much worse than even she herself had imagined, and promised to combat the malady. After preparing a few pills, made of flour and rolled in gum-arabic, he sent them in a box carefully sealed with express orders not to open the box,

as this powerful medicine could only be administered by the hand of the doctor himself. The next day the doctor called upon his patient, when he solemnly opened the box, caused the sick lady to swallow the contents, and the cure was complete.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not merely half the cure but the whole cure. Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported. She was in such a pitiable state of weakness the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it in her head that if she was taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepont, where the girl lived. She was placed in a cart, which her father drove, while her sister sat by her supporting her back. The moment the steeple of Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight she uttered an exclamation that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the cart without assistance, and, no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who left them in such a state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any of them.

The influence of imagination not only cured another girl of a painful malady, but also provided the means wherewith to wipe off a tavern score which had been run up by a set of graceless and moneyless young gents. This case occurred in the early manhood of Chief Justice Holt. One day, for a youthful frolic, Holt and a number of his young friends had put up at a country tavern. The time for their departure arriving they found themselves with empty pockets; not a penny could they muster with which to meet the claims of Boniface. For awhile they were at a loss what to do in such an awkward predicament. Holt, however, perceived that the inn-keeper's daughter looked quite unwell, and on inquiry as to what was the matter with her, was informed that she had the ague. Holt now passed himself off for a medical student, and assured the girl and her parents that he possessed an infallible cure for her complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and inclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed he suspended the amulet around the neck of the young girl, and,

strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the cure which had been effected on his daughter, not only declined to receive any payment from the young men, but pressed them to remain free of charges as long as they pleased. Many years after when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him charged with witchcraft; she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All that she said in defense was, that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the Judge, who recognized the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when, out of mere fun, or for the purpose of paying off a tavern score, he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

MY SISTER'S TALK.

A CONTINUATION OF "DAY-DREAMS."

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

THE soft May twilight was laying its purple clasp upon the earth; through the mist the new moon was coming up. It was too dark to work longer, and with a half sigh I pushed my sketch away. Perhaps, after all, I had not been wise in trying to finish it when I was so tired. Now it was not done, and I with a restless headache that a night's rest I knew would not take away. I wished I had gone to walk instead, and just as I wished it Annie came in laden with wild flowers, looking so cool and fresh that I was half angry, whether at her or myself I could hardly have told. I leaned back in my chair and idly watched her as she arranged her blossoms in vases, lit the lamp, toning it down to the mellow shade required, and then half opening the shutters let in the cool evening air. Then she came to me, resting one hand on my head in the old loving way I knew so well, and saying:

"You are not well to-night, Lou."

"My head aches badly," I answered. "Perhaps I ought not to have tried to finish my picture; but you know Mr. Elison is coming to-morrow and I wanted him to see it."

"I'm afraid you ought not, Lou. I'm afraid you're not careful enough in these things. Remember, you must teach to-morrow."

"Teach!" I echoed, scornfully. "Must every faculty of mind and heart be put into that? Am I never to have any pleasure?"

"Mrs. Burns said," ignoring my angry words, "that you were welcome to Whipple's Lectures,

if you wanted to read them. You can get the book to-morrow, and we will go over it together."

"I do n't think I shall have time this week. I want to finish that," indicating rather nervously my sketch, "and I've another I want to begin."

"And when will you get time for the books we were to read, and the walk to Glen Bridge, and the visit to poor grandma Strong?"

"Please, Annie, do n't trouble me. Teaching days and working nights does n't incline one to such things."

"No, dear, it does not. That is what I complain of," speaking sadly. "Do you want me to give up painting?"

"I want you to put duty to others before culture for yourself."

"Annie," I had stopped a moment to steady my voice, "you wanted me to give up day-dreaming, because, as you said, it came between me and my duty. Do you bring the same argument against my work?"

"Dear Lou, since we talked then you have gained, have you not, the pearl of great price? Have you not, then, a stronger than any earthly reason for preferring others before yourself?"

"I did not know," impatiently, "that religion demanded the sacrifice of all my tastes and desires. You carry your theory too far."

"I did not say all, Lou."

I may as well confess that I was in an ill-humor. My painting had taken from me the little life left from a hard day at school. My sister saw it—had from the first; now she rose and came to me with,

"Your head aches badly, dear. Let me bathe it for you," and she put her handkerchief around it to ease its painful throbbings.

"You mean," I said, divided between anger at myself and love of her, "that I am cross and selfish. It is too charitable to call me sick."

"But, Lulie, if you had not overworked yourself, would you have been so?"

"I suppose not, and that is why you condemn my work. Sit down and advance your theory of 'my duty.'"

"I want yours first," as she obeyed me.

"Mine? O, mine is too selfish! First culture for one's self, and after that good to others."

"And mine," said my sister softly, "is duty to others before every thing else. First, God; then, humanity in a life where selfish enjoyments are forgotten and self-sacrifice is its own reward."

She was silent a moment, and in the soft light I studied her face. Pure and noble, glorified with the light from the temple of a Chris-

tian heart, it rebuked my petulance and doubts, and I waited quietly for her talk. And what she said I have written down here, because I thought there were others besides myself to whom it would apply. Incomplete, perhaps, and I send it forth tremblingly, hoping that some young heart may see in it her own portraiture and turn to the right.

"I know that to you—to thousands—self-culture seems a duty higher perhaps than any other; but there are those who sacrifice honor, manhood, every thing for gold; and did you never think that they might justify themselves by the same theory, seeking the greatest good for themselves?"

"I know that it seems harder where art and literature are concerned; where it seems as if our progress would help the world a little into the nobler path; to put down the same law for you that we do for others in the more common affairs of life. And the world has from the beginning dealt gently with those who ruined their own life, if so be it they left to that world some legacy of joy or beauty. Their lives might have been miserable—a disgrace to their high nature and the civilization they possessed; yet the world honors them because in spite of the outer life the immortal spark of genius within them has lit a torch at the altar of beauty, or their giant hands have taken out some of the stones in the pathway of humanity. Yet we can not but pity them, for we know that earthly judgment avails nothing before God, and immortal fame is dearly purchased by eternal misery.

"But for you—for many like you—there will be no crown of fame. You do not pretend to possess genius; but you have taste and talent for your work, and you have this theory of self-culture, which, seen through the rainbow hues of fancy, glitters with good, not only to yourself, but to others. There is, with you, a constant temptation to forsake present duty for the possibility of accomplishing it and more by and by. But have you—have any of us—the right to neglect others in seeking advancement for ourselves? I might tell you of natural laws; that the strain you are unconsciously making on your system will some day rebound to your harm. But setting aside earthly laws, there is the one great one, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' There is the command of Christ, the words of his apostle, 'In honor preferring one another.'

"And what is your idea of a successful life? It is not culture of the brain alone, triumphs of intellect, the only ones gained. To your

perfect man or woman you give heart power and heart triumphs, and your ideal life must be something more than a brilliant show. Your own memory will furnish you with many instances where, though the outer life has been successful the inner one has been a miserable failure. Here is one: A statesman of renown; honored abroad, but at home the veriest tyrant the world ever saw. He has drained all the life and soul from his wife and put it to his own use, and now he neglects the poor skeleton of what was once a brilliant woman. He is generous and urbane abroad; ill-tempered and tyrannical at home. You say his honors were dearly paid for by the sacrifice of the affections of the heart; that he has lost more than gained. And on the other side, you know many of no great talent, no sparkling power, who yet by kindness to others, by attention to the thousand little things that make up the happiness of life, is dearer to his friends than if he possessed genius, and had won brilliant conquests in the world of art. You, in your blind devotion to one idea, neglecting for it the common duties you owe to others, are not beginning a successful life. And though your loss may not be perceived, it comes none the less. It is because, I fear, that when the brain is so constantly crowded the heart will be misimproved that I caution you. It is not talent so much as goodness that is needed in the world, and for our young republic we want not brilliant but noble men and women.

"Do not call me cold and unsympathetic; do not say that I can not understand it. There is no young heart beating faster at the thought of fame; no eye questioning the blank future for a sign for whom I can not feel. Do not imagine either that I depreciate the works of genius, or that I would have you crush the finer impulses of your nature. Be refined, be cultivated if you can, but above all be noble. Set your aim high, and let the first vow of your heart be, 'I will do good, though no worldly honors are ever mine, though I die forgotten by every one but my God.'

"All this may sound like very subtle talk to you: it is very simple talk, but the subject is subtle; and after all I am afraid I have not made you see my meaning. So here I put it in a few plain sentences. Remember that whatever grace or talent you possess, you have no right to use it in defiance of your duty to others; remember that the end of life is not to write a book or paint a picture: not to be brilliant, but to be good. As true soldiers on the battle-field of life, true followers of our Savior, your duty lies first to God, then to your fellow-creatures;

and seeking the good of others you shall win more joy than earthly honors can give.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MISS MARY M. SPENCER.

"Sweet is the image of a brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years;
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth."

A MOTHER'S love! how thrilling the sound! The angel-spirit that watched over our infant years and cheered us with her smiles; who ministered to our wants when we were unable to provide for ourselves! O, how faithfully does memory cling to the fading mementoes of a parent's love, brightened by the recollection of that waking eye, that never closed while a single wave of misfortune or danger sighed around her child! Like the lone star of the heavens in the deep solitude of nature's night, she sits the presiding divinity of the family mansion, its delight and its charm, its stay and its hope, when all around her is overshadowed with the gloom of despondency and despair. Who does not feel his heart kindle and glow with feelings of tenderness and love as he pronounces the word mother! It is then that all the tender emotions of the heart are awakened, and all the pleasing remembrances of her who was our guardian and protector during our infancy came trooping up to the mind in countless numbers. With what devotion does the heart cherish her image! With what a variety of emotions does the soul meditate upon the many happy hours spent in her society!

There may be loving sisters, tender and affectionate brothers, a kind and indulgent father, but the mother's name lingers more fondly on the lips and about her face and form, memory gathers with a warmer, fresher feeling, and clings to her looks, her tones with a fonder tenacity. The stars may fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and the fires of God consume this globe on which we dwell, but the devotion of a mother is unceasing—lasting as eternity itself. "The same through joy and through sorrow, through glory and through shame."

We may find the world uncharitable, friends may prove treacherous, and envy and malice may hurl their envenomed darts, but the mother, through sunshine and storm, clings to her child with an unflinching affection. Her constant thoughts are of us; and though she may have but one loaf to share, her child is welcome to the most. There is none in all the world so ready and willing to sacrifice their happiness for ours; none so fervently prays to Heaven to bless and guide us in the path of virtue, truth, and love; none watches so diligently by our couch of sickness as our mother. Her voice, ever soft, low, and soothing, falls upon the ear like Summer evening zephyrs, that fan the fevered brow and still the tumultuous throbbings of the excited heart. Her influence is not like the torrent bursting from the mountain-side, and madly rushing on to the great, deep ocean; not like the broad rays of the midday sun, that scorch and bewilder by their own intensity; but like the gentle beams that fall from the silver orb of night, or the calm and placid river that noiselessly pursues its course, cheering the heart with the low music of its falling waters.

A mother's love is a symbol of the love of our Savior, for we may at times treat with contempt her good counsel, but she is ever ready to forgive us, and with extended arms welcome us back to her heart and home. She attends us through all the varying scenes of this eventful life, and when her pure spirit wings its flight to heaven, does she not at times revisit us in spirit-form, in joy to temper exultation; in grief to fan the fevered brow with angel wings, and beckon us on to the golden gates, within which 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' What a sense of desolation the heart must feel when death comes to take her away; when her eye, that once beamed with affection, is lusterless; when her lips, from which words of kindness fell, are motionless; and when she is followed to her last, long resting-place the overcharged heart almost breaks, and the mind is half frenzied by the agonies that wring the bosom!

Sacred forever be the dust that covers hers! A stranger should tread lightly over that hallowed spot. There proud ambition is subdued, and dreams of fame for a time lose their brightness; there the turf should be greenest and the sunshine brightest. Affection prompts, and the rose is planted, blooms, fades, and withers upon her grave, typical of our ephemeral existence, and teaching us that we too must pass away. We may be separated from, or her voice of love and kindness may be hushed in the awful

stillness of the grave, yet memories of her in the blaze of noonday and in the solemn silence of the night will steal over us, like the minstrel's harp, "sad but pleasant to the soul," for

"There is none
In all the cold and hollow world; no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

UN-RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

A POSITIVELY irreligious literature would not be endured in the present day. But there is very much, that, without being irreligious, in the sense of profane or skeptical, is un-religious by the absence of all religious influence or recognition from its pages. Many of our popular writers discard it upon principle. It is chiefly men who have addicted themselves to science, and to inquiries into material things that lean in this direction, though many of our writers on light literature have the same tendency. The spirit aims to create a world of its own, in which there shall be literally no God. If it alludes to religion at all, it is only under the form of a sly sneer, or insinuated doubt, or a contemptuous depreciation of its professors, as if they alone were the men that are wanting in common-sense.

The periodical literature of our day, in particular, is pouring out a perfect torrent of continuous publication. It is in this class of works especially the evil lurks to which we allude. Let any recall to his mind, if he can, the periodicals, not one of which has any religious character. Such works, with the newspapers, are threatening to supersede all other kinds of reading. The least evil is, that they must create a superficial, unthinking generation. It is true these do not wholly repudiate religion; on the contrary, they profess a certain kind of respect for it. But it is not the respect that springs from affection, or that produces reverence. There is a flippancy about them, when religion is spoken of, that little consists with true love.

People in general are not aware of the dangers they expose their minds to by the constant perusal of such publications. Or if they know it, they have not principle enough to forego the mental gratification of their exciting medley pages. They persuade themselves that there can be no harm in them, because they find Christian feelings now and then spoken of and commended. It never strikes them that it is religion with the blood of life off and the chill of infidelity on.—*London Christian Observer.*

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MEETOWN, JUNE 28TH.

I CONSIDER it particularly kind of you, my dear friend, to assure me that my letters afford you real pleasure. I know that nothing could induce you to utter an untruth, and so I am suitably encouraged by your sympathy in my perplexities and your approbation of my feeble attempts to tame the 'Squire.

I have had a new source of anxiety lately. It has been in regard to the evident loves of Margie and Robert. His political opinions differ entirely from my brother's, and he does not hesitate to state and defend them. There has been a good deal of warm talk on both sides.

Do not understand that my brother is decidedly opposed to the Government, but that he shows a wonderful acuteness in picking flaws in its administration. Indeed, he seems to agree with its principles as well as with any thing, and would doubtless defend it with all of Robert's enthusiasm if the young fellow was on the side of the opposition.

Maggie has seconded my efforts to keep them apart, and whenever Robert comes in to spend the evening she surprises him by remembering some engagement which necessitates a long walk and his attendance. I mention his name as seldom as possible, and will you believe that this reticence on my part is likely to help on the course of true love? It is even so, for it has put into my wise brother's head the idea that I dislike the boy, and the dear man has spent half his leisure for a week in recounting for my benefit all the good traits that Robert ever exhibited.

To keep him in this state of mind, I, on my part, rack my memory and cross-question the neighbors to gather such particulars of his mischievous childhood and the short-comings of his youth as shall enable me to take the negative. Between us a pretty memoir of the lad's life is got up, and every day gives birth to a new edition, improved and enlarged.

Last evening I was in danger of spoiling it all by showing the amusement I could not help feeling. To avert this I introduced a neighbor upon the scene, not bodily, but by representation. It was a rainy evening, and, what is uncommon, only our family were in the sitting-room, and every thing was favorable for a little neighborly backbiting.

Our neighbor is a good woman that the 'Squire cordially dislikes in spite of her worth, and really I do n't see how he can help it. It is simply owing to one trait of character, but

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that one trait makes up the woman. It is what phrenologists call secretiveness. Now, we should not quarrel with this trait if it were not forever thrust in our faces. She takes the utmost pains to conceal from us little unimportant trifles which we should consider it a decided bore to be obliged to know, such as the cost of her Samuel's trowsers, or what Felix went to Boston for, or how much her husband made on that last trade.

If it were not for the guard that she sets around these absurd matters we should never bestow a thought on them, but one can not see her without knowing that she has something in charge which she will die sooner than reveal.

"Mrs. Lander came in just now to borrow some milk," said Leonore, coming in from the kitchen. "Their cow has strayed away, and it is too rainy to go in search of her."

"Did she tell you all that?" inquired Cora.

"No, indeed; but Ann heard Samuel tell his father."

"I do n't like people who are so private about nothing," remarked Maggie.

"Nor I," added Cora. "I feel all in a tremble for fear I shall find them out."

"If they only had something worth finding; if, for instance, the family had done something that it was ashamed of it would seem more sensible. If Felix were a thief, and Samuel a murderer, and the old man had burnt somebody's house down they would have something worth concealing. Do n't you think so, aunt 'Lissa?"

My brother laid down his newspaper to hear my reply.

"There is another aspect," I said, "in which this foolish secrecy presents itself to my mind. It destroys confidence. You can not feel a cordial friendship for a person who thinks it necessary to keep such simple affairs from your knowledge. It shows a want of trust in you."

"Every body has a right to keep their own secrets, I should hope," remarked the 'Squire.

"Yes, an undoubted right. But have you never noticed that in keeping their secrets they lose their friends? Little neighborly inquiries in regard to a person's health and prosperity come up as naturally to our lips as our breath, and when we get snubbed on these we back out of the field."

"I have no patience with female curiosity," said my brother, beginning to warm up.

"Men being destitute of that quality," I put in as a parenthesis. "I wonder who to-day declared himself willing to give ten

dollars to find out what Dr. Tingley gave for his horse."

"That is different. The Doctor do n't mean to let any one know, and"—

"Every body has a right to keep their own secrets. That is your doctrine, remember."

"But you women are impatient if the smallest affairs are hidden from your prying."

"Because it is their insignificance which makes the grievance. *Little* things force themselves upon our notice when they are made important enough to be kept from our knowledge. There is not a person in Mertown who cares to know any thing about the family in question, but Mrs. Lander is never off guard for a minute."

"Better so," rejoined my brother, "better so than to be like a sieve which contains nothing."

"Secrecy, my dear girls," I continued, without replying to him, "secrecy is at best a suspicious virtue. A pure life does not need to shun examination. It requires no effort to trust in the open, frank nature whose utterances seem to spring spontaneously from the heart. Frankness has its inconveniences, and there are many base enough to abuse it, but it has the merit of honesty, and it is better to live in a glass house than to be skulking round in dark corners like mice in a pantry."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the 'Squire, who seemed to experience immense relief as he saw his way clear to a legitimate subject of fault-finding, "that reminds me of the mouse-trap in the store-room. Nobody takes care of it. It is either improperly set or it is not set at all. If a mouse *should* chance to get caught—which never happens—it might fly up at its leisure, for no one would trouble themselves to take it out. The consequence is that mice have the run of the house. What other vermin we are harboring I do n't pretend to know."

I was embroidering a cover for his easy chair, and, instead of replying, began to count the stitches of the pattern aloud.

"One, two, three, yes, three of purple, six of green, and, let me see, this brown has so many shades that it is nearly impossible to count it correctly."

"Phyllissa," cried my brother in a voice which reminded me of his own youthful declamations of Cicero's orations, "Phyllissa, will you attend to that trap?"

"I do n't understand it. Yes, nine of dark-brown, and"—

"I wish you would attend to me."

"I heard what you said."

"There is nothing easier than to set a mouse-trap. It would scarcely occupy five minutes in a day."

"If it is such a trifle and you understand it, you had better take the charge of it. You have more leisure than any of us."

"Hem! It is not my business, I hope, to have the care of such things."

"But you do have the care, it seems, and the trifling labor will be a small addition. I am afraid of mice."

Having now brought him to a theme in which he delights—namely, the weakness and cowardice of my sex—I withdrew from the field and let him have it all his own way for the rest of the evening. He would have been better pleased with a little contradiction, because it would have given to his tirade the semblance of arguing, which is more dignified than scolding; but it is the hardest work in the world for me to contend. I suppose it would be more sinful to lie, but it would be more agreeable.

It is nearly midnight, and my pen begins to lag, so I will bid you good-night and wait till to-morrow evening to finish my letter.

June 29th.—This has been a lovely day, though a little too warm to be enjoyable. One could not look out upon the fresh green of the meadows and hills, and behold the blue sky serenely smiling over the bluer sea without adoring the Infinite Wisdom which "hath made every thing beautiful in his time." And yet I came very near spoiling the whole day by allowing myself to get unduly excited over a trifle of as little real consequence as a dry leaf floating by on the wind. Besides, it is a grievance of daily occurrence, and I ought to be accustomed to it. But it seemed so hard, when the birds were singing and the day shining so gloriously, to listen to my brother's growling comments on his breakfast, and to behold his vigorous appropriation of its dainties.

I am thankful that I had the sense to attempt no reply, though any number of stinging rejoinders were quivering on the end of my tongue. When he tasted the fragrant Mocha and declared that water was infinitely preferable to such slops, I only answered by pouring out a goblet of cold water and handing it to him. This did not prevent his drinking four large cups of the coffee.

Robert was here all the afternoon. He leaves home to-morrow to make one more tour in search of his cousin. He has waited a fortnight hoping to discover Fred's fellow-prisoner, but, although he has advertised in all the prin-

cipal New York papers, and made inquiries by letter, he has heard nothing from him. He is not very hopeful, but he can not rest while any means are left untried. And Jack Cushing has gone again. He has spent so short a time here that I have scarcely seen him. He has changed his ship but not his employers, and is now bound for China. Leonore and her father went to New York to see him off. He will be gone a long time, at least two years seems a long time to look forward to, and when he comes home again there will be a wedding.

As I think over the changes of life and the possible events of the two years of waiting, I wonder at Leonore's cheerful words and manners. It is the good God who has given to youth and health its sanguine hopes and rainbow prospects, and I will not, by the wisdom of experience, dim one color in the bright camera.

After tea Maggie and Robert went off together in the carriage for a drive on the Long Beach. There is nothing pleasanter in fine weather, when the tide is down, and the long blue waves, crested with snowy foam, break at a safe distance upon the shore. But as the evening came on the weather changed. The wind blew strongly from the east, and the light fogs, which had been gathering unnoticed, assumed the forms of clouds, and scudded hither and thither, gradually concentrating their power. I became nervously anxious for their return as the twilight shadows deepened. I sat a long time by the open window listening to the heavy thud of the surf upon the beach as the tide came in, and tormenting myself with conjectures in regard to their absence. I imagined every possible evil, and some that my reason told me were quite impossible. It is only when the tide is down to a certain point that the further end of the beach can be crossed in safety; there is no use in attempting a passage after the water has risen over the sand-bar. I think my brother felt considerable anxiety, for I heard him go several times to the little observatory at the top of the house, but he would only have laughed at me if I had gone to him for sympathy.

They came at last when it was quite dark, and, though I trembled all over with the excitement I had undergone, I hurried down stairs to question them.

My brother stood in the doorway talking to Robert, who, as well as Maggie, was dripping wet. Maggie was without her hat, and her hair, which is long and thick, had become unfastened, and hung over her shoulders like a veil.

"For pity's sake! what has happened to you? Maggie, where's your bonnet?"

"Gone to sea, I expect. Do n't be frightened, aunt 'Lissa. Nothing terrible has taken place."

"Robert, go straight home and get some dry clothes. Do n't wait to give us any particulars. If you are not both sick after this then I am mistaken. What have you been up to?"

"I shall leave Maggie to tell you, aunt 'Lissa," said Robert. "I shall take your advice. Good-night."

"But not till she has changed her dress," said her father, turning to Maggie.

"It is salt water, papa. It won't hurt me. I am not cold."

"Do n't stop to argue about it. Do as I wish without controversy."

"Yes, papa. It is too late to dress again, and I am tired, so I will go to bed, if you please. Good-night, papa."

My brother's face exhibited a ludicrous contention between parental authority and baffled curiosity. A glance from the window showed him that Robert was quite beyond recall. There was never a son of Adam with a more inquisitive nature, and the idea of waiting till morning for the particulars of Maggie's adventure was not to be thought of.

"Phyllissa, I suppose you are full of curiosity—women always are—to hear what these children have been doing. It is a silly trait, and ought to be checked; but if Maggie chooses to slip on her dressing-gown and come down just long enough to gratify you, I—I won't object."

"Not on *my* account, thank you. I can stop in her room when I go up stairs and get the details. I shall be going up directly."

My brother got up and walked uneasily up and down the room till I lighted my candle. Then he spoke with his back toward me.

"Phyllissa, I think—hem—I believe—in fact, I should like to hear about the affair myself."

"Indeed! Well, there is nothing easier."

I went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Maggie!"

"Ma'am?"

"Your father wishes you to come down and tell him about your adventure."

"Yes, ma'am."

Maggie came directly, followed by her sisters, and with her usual boldness seated herself upon her father's knee. Neither of the other girls dare do that.

"We were crossing the beach on our return," she began, "and were about half a mile this side of that narrow part when the carriage

suddenly sank in a soft place which must have been got up for the occasion, for we never saw it before. It is higher than the regular track, but the tide came in so fast that I did not like to drive nearer. You know that fence by the salt meadows, papa?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was close by that, and quite safe, unless the waves are uncommon. We got out of the carriage and Robert pushed, and the horse pulled, and I helped them both, but we could not start it. So Robert was obliged to leave us and go in search of help. The nearest house was Quinny Taylor's, a mile off, at least. Robert tied Zoe to the fence and mounted me upon a post near by out of the reach of the waves. Imagine my situation, aunt 'Lissa. Left to myself in the middle of that desolate beach, the great waves rushing up so near as almost to touch my feet, the wind twitching at every part of my dress and pulling my hair out straight, and the darkness coming on faster than it ever did before. How should you have liked it?"

"Not very well, I think."

"Robert had got but a little way past that old hulk that lies on the beach, though he was quite out of hearing, when Zoe began to kick and plunge. She got her feet entangled in the fence, and I expected every minute to see her fall and break her legs or her neck. I tried to coax her, but she would not let me come near her. Just then I saw Robert returning with a man who happened to be crossing the beach on foot. At that distance they scarcely seemed to move at all, and I screamed as loud as I could to hurry them, but the noise of the surf drowned my voice. I made signals of distress with my handkerchief, but the wind took it out of my hands, and I saw it no more. Then I took off my hat and swung it round and round by the strings till they were near enough to see it, when that too blew away. I thought I could not afford to lose it, so I got off my post and began to chase it. You should have seen my hair spread itself out on the breeze."

"I can fancy how it looked from present appearances."

"But the hat was the most provoking. It would lie as still as possible on the wet sand till I stooped to pick it up, and then it would whirl over and over as if it had a malicious pleasure in keeping just out of my reach. I have no doubt it had, but I guess it has repented by this time. I was glad to see Robert trying to head the thing off, for it was hopeless to try to overtake it. But we had each in the pursuit unconsciously approached nearer

and nearer to the sea, and just as we met and both stooped to seize the truant, a big wave broke directly over us and left us seated flat upon the sand. That is how we got so wet. The retiring wave took the hat out to sea. Robert tied his handkerchief over my head as soon as we got out of the reach of the waves and could stop laughing. In the mean time the man had extricated the horse, and the carriage being once more brought to the surface of things, we got in and struck a bee line for home."

"Quite an adventure," said the 'Squire. "I suppose you enjoyed it, though."

"Well, I *did* rather like it."

I have written all this since the rest of the household retired to bed. I hope the account will interest you as much as it does me. I suppose the young folks were in no real danger, but my heart swells with gratitude to the heavenly providence which kept them in safety. It rains heavily, and the night is a gloomy one to be abroad. There is such a melancholy monotony in the sound of the waves. Good-night.

In love, as ever, PHILLISSA BROWN.

WELCOME, APRIL.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

WELCOME with thy beams and showers,
Balmy airs and azure skies,
Welcome with thy willow bowers,
And thy violet's sweet blue eyes,
To this city of the dead,
Where the happy seldom tread,
Where, in spotless robes of snow,
Little Mary, darling Mary,
Sleeps below.

Birds will sing the sweet love-call
To their mates as here they pass;
Beams and shower alternate fall,
Woofing forth the tender grass;
And the sweet wild blossoms nod
O'er the consecrated sod,
Where, in spotless robes of snow,
Little Mary, darling Mary,
Sleeps below.

Birds may sing and violets bloom,
Southern airs their freshness shed,
Willows bend above the tomb
Where we lay away our dead;
But 't is mockery here to sing
Merry carols of the Spring,
When our hearts are filled with woe,
And our Mary, darling Mary,
Sleeps below.

GERALD MASSEY.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

IN the preface to his published poems Gerald Massey says: "The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late."

It is, no doubt, true that our poetry is fast losing the vigor and energy it once possessed; that our poets are now more remarkable for beauty of expression than strength of thought; that "wordy pictures" of character and scenery are fast taking the place of word-pictures. From the inspiring lays of chivalry, the deeper tragedies of sin and death, and the accurate study of life and character, we have gone down to love songs—exquisite in themselves, it is true—*descriptions* of tragedy, poems lacking the vigor of olden times. Poets were formerly few and rare; they are now common and commonplace. It is yet to be seen whether the delicacy of expression compensates for want of force; whether we are beyond the day of great poems; whether Bulwer's Greek tragedy was a failure because of the poet or the time. Chief among modern English poets stands Tennyson; in philosophical poetry we have Arnold and Browning—the philosophy in the latter often becoming mere mist—while in rare imaginative power and passionate expression Gerald Massey may rank with these.

With the principal facts of his life most persons are familiar. Born in 1828, the son of a canal boatman, learning to read at a penny school, he was at the age of eight put to earn his bread in a silk-mill. When the mill burned down he went to straw-plaiting, as laborious and even more unhealthy than factory-work. At fifteen he came to London as an errand boy; and while before his library had consisted of the Bible, Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe, he now found himself surrounded by books, and read every thing that came in his way. To this delight in reading succeeded the desire to write himself, and, in his own words, "after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print." These first poems were not political. They taught that knowledge, virtue, and temperance had power to elevate the masses, and that sometime this should be done; but the fiery earnestness which he afterward showed was not then apparent. The French Revolution produced no little effect upon him; "it was scarred and blood-burnt into the very core of my being." In 1849 he became editor of a cheap workmen's journal, called "The Spirit

of Freedom"—costly editorship, since in eleven months it cost him five situations. Of his life since then, except as a poet, we know nothing. There is evidence that his devotion to literature has not been unrewarded, that he has married and found happiness in domestic life.

We think Gerald Massey's poems may be briefly divided into those which have a political bearing and those which have not, the first containing the most earnest spirit, the second the most perfect poetry. We would not have it understood by this, however, that there are any of his poems of a bad spirit or entirely lacking in poetic expression. In the preface to the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," Massey apologizes for his political verses thus: "It was not for myself that I wrote these pieces; it was always the condition of others that made the mist rise up and clouded my vision. I keep them as memorials of my past." It is evident that it is the "condition of others," the intense sympathy he has for all who are oppressed, which makes many of his pieces so full of indignation. They are, indeed, the natural outgrowth of a cramped life and memorials of a peculiar phase of the poet's character. It was but natural that Gerald Massey, rising from the people, knowing all the tyrannies they suffered from the rich, and feeling with a poet's heart for their sorrows, should have written *first* of them, written earnestly, indignantly, putting his soul into his verse.

These poems are all similar in character and treatment. Indignation at the present state of society, expostulations with the rich for their oppressions, and addresses to the people to resist, with frequently in conclusion some vision of a future time when these things shall have passed away. There are differences, of course, some being merely fiery protests, as "They are but Giants while we Kneel," and "Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight," while in others the rising of the masses is the chief subject. Of the latter class are "The People's Advent," "Hope On, Hope Ever," and perhaps "The Three Voices." In a different and more subdued vein are the lines, "The Kingliest Kings," from which we quote:

"As beauty in death's cerements shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God's splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
And suffering worketh might;
The mirkest hour is mother of morn,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn."

Of a similar spirit are the lines to F. D. Maurice:

"They lay their corner-stones in dark,
Deep waters, who upbuild in beauty,

On earth's old heart, their triumph arc,
That crowns with glory lives of duty.

Take heart; tho' sown in tears and blood,
No seed that 's quick with love hath perished,
Though dropt in barren by-ways—God
Some glorious flower of life hath cherished."

The series of poems, "England and Louis Napoleon," are so different that we can not refrain from again quoting. Here is indignation mingled with grim sarcasm:

"Our idol's hands are red with blood, with blood his hands are sodden,
But we know 't is only guilty blood which he has spilt and trodden;
He wears the imperial purple now, that plotting prince of evil,
He lets us share his glory if we bow down to the devil;

And we bow, bow, bow,
We may go to the devil, so it's just as well to bow."

In "Burns" and "Hugh Miller's Grave," a different phrase of the poet's character appears. Devoted as he is to the people, feeling for their wrongs, rejoicing in their triumphs, it will readily be seen how hearty an admiration he would have for any who, breaking the bonds of circumstance, had won for themselves a name and position in the world. With the hard-toiling life of Hugh Miller, the struggles of genius with poverty, the poet has the most intense sympathy, and he touches with an almost reverent hand upon his death. In "Burns, a Centenary Song," a much longer piece, there is mingled with sympathy for the poet's life some careful verses descriptive of his poems:

"They set us singing at our work,
Or where no ringing voice is found,
Outsmiles the music that may lurk
In thoughts too fine for sound.

They weave some pictured tints that shine
Luminous in life's cold gray woof,
They make the vine of patience twine
About the barest roof."

Our poet has indeed no little sympathy with every thing great and noble, and whether it be genius going sorrowfully to the grave while it set the world laughing with its comicalities, suffering for the people's cause, or the death of heroes of battle, he honors them all. The death of Havelock, "who wore the double royalty of being great and good," they who fell for Hungary and Rome, the men of forty-eight, Robert Blake, and Sir Richard Grenville are all celebrated in his verse.

From many of Massey's poems we gain the idea that they are transcripts of personal ex-

perience. Under different titles there are many pieces all treating of the death of a dearly-loved child, one of three. Two of these, "The Mother's Idol Broken" and "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," are pieces of some length. The latter is, we think, the finest long poem in the volume—as perfect a description of child-life and bereavement as has ever been written. The vivid imagination so lavishly displayed in the other poems is here held in check, and the few glimpses given of it are very beautiful. It opens with a description of the time of Babe Christabel's birth—a poet's picture of Spring, and goes on in parts carefully divided with the parent's joy, the child's growth, and the air-castles builded about her. We quote:

"A spirit-look was in her face,
That shadowed a miraculous range
Of meanings ever rich and strange,
Or lightened glory in the place.

And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost paradise."

After the description of her death the poem closes:

"God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed,
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plow—
Immortal love sows sovereign seed."

Some of the shorter poems on the same subject have a tenderer utterance. Of them we think "Our Little Child with Radiant Eyes" the best.

In "Glimpses of the Crimean War," the principal events of that period, the coalition, departure of troops, battles and siege, as well as the other side of war, the death of heroes, the grief at home, and the ministry of Florence Nightingale, are described in poems varying in power and interest. Some of the battle lyrics have a fine musical rhythm; of them all we think "The Death Ride," a piece on the same subject and almost as vivid as Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," the best. "A War Winter's Night in England" might be taken as the voice of more than one home-circle when, during our great struggle, we sat,

"Straining our ears for the tidings of war,
Holding our hearts like beacons up higher
For those who are fighting afar."

The other long poems of the volume are "Lady Laura," a tale of factory life, and "The Bridegroom of Beauty," each of them well written, and containing some exquisite passages,

but neither of sufficient importance to require notice. The two series of poems, "Songs for Singing" and "Lyrics of Love," contain some of the most passionate love-songs in our language. Massey leans indeed toward the tender side of nature, and his political poems are but the rebound of one who is dowered as well with the hate of hate as the love of love.

"A Day at Craigcrook Castle" is, we think, a fair instance of Gerald Massey's poetic power. It combines with a succession of beautiful pictures some reflection and a hint of something deeper. Very rarely indeed, but very reverently, has he touched upon the life-questions of God and Eternity. Now he declares that

"Life is a maze, but God in the center sits,"

and that

"'They wrought in faith,' and not 'they wrought in doubt,'

Is the proud epitaph inscribed above
Our glorious dead."

The reader will, perhaps, have already seen from our extracts Massey's chief characteristic and great fault. His imagination does not seem to be entirely under his control, and often leads him into extravagances of expression. In his poems one is confused by the succession of figures, each beautiful in itself, but too many in number. Like "The Singer" he has so eloquently described, he scatters

"Rare violet fancies and rose leaves of sound."

The sweetness is cloying, and one can not help wishing that more simplicity was mingled with it. Many of his poems are a succession of beautiful pictures; and he differs in artist power from Tennyson in an important particular. The Laureate touches a picture with the richest and most delicate strokes possible; with his imagination flowing in a broader, fuller stream, Massey's pictures are often confused and indistinct, his poems a maze of figures.

There may be some that will object to Massey's political poems, but we hold it well-nigh impossible for a poet of the people to be silent on their wrongs. True poetry has some definite aim toward the advance of the world; and as in America Whittier consecrated his muse to liberty, so in England our poet became a chartist. Some of Tennyson's poems are fiercely political, but while he attacks all society, condemns alike rich and poor, Massey sings of the oppressions of one, the wrongs of the other. That the present condition of English society is essentially bad no one will deny. To the

changing of it if men consecrate the gifts God has given them, who will condemn them? who will not rather bid them Godspeed?

THE MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM.

A MOTHER sat at her sewing,

But her brow was full of thought,

The little one playing beside her

Her own sweet mischief wrought.

A book on a chair lay near her;

"T was open, I strove to see,

At the old Greek artist's story—

"I paint for eternity."

So I fancied all her dreaming;

I watched her serious eye

As the 'broidery dropped from her fingers,

And she heaved a heart-felt sigh.

She drew the little one nearer

And looked on the sunny face,

Swept the bright curls from the open brow,

And kissed it with loving grace.

And she thought, "I, too, am an artist,

My life-work here I see;

This sweet, dear face my hand must trace,

I must paint for eternity.

Hence each dark passion-shadow!

Pain's deeply-graven lines!

Here must be the reflected beauty

That from the pure heart shines.

"But how shall I blend the colors?

How mingle the light and shade?

Or arrange the weird surroundings

The future has arrayed?

O, life, thou hast weary nightfalls,

And days all drear that be,

But from thy darkness marvelous grace

Wilt thou evoke for me?

"Alas, that I am but a learner!

So where shall I make me wise,

Or obtain the rare old colors—

The Master's precious dyes?

I must haste to the fount of beauty,

Must pleadingly kneel at His feet,

And crave, 'mid his wiser scholars,

The humblest pupil's seat.

"Then, hand and heart together,

Some grace shall add each day;

Thus, thus, shall her face grow lustrous

With beauty that can not decay.

My darling! God guide my pencil,

And grant me the vision to see

In the light of His love, without blemish or stain,

In the coming eternity!"

Then the mother awoke from her day-dream,

Her face grew bright again,

And I knew her faith was strengthened

By more than angel's ken;

Her fingers flew the faster

As she sang a soft, low song;

It seemed like a prayer for the child so fair

As it thrilled the air along.

THE STORY OF TELL.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

"THERE," said a Swiss peasant to us once, "is the spot where William Tell, with courageous heart and steady hand, sped the arrow that dealt death to the tyrant Gessler." We kneeled, as did once the hero, and peering through the foliage discovered a little shrine at the entrance of the famous "narrow way," built to commemorate the fall of the oppressor on the ground that drank his blood. Having, with religious fervor, imprinted on our minds the surroundings of a scene and deed so often depicted in song and story, we went to "Tell's Shrine," and there found the peasants repeating their votive offerings to Mary, the mother of Jesus, on this spot consecrated to liberty; thus commingling their devotion to freedom with their religious awe and reverence.

Again we embarked on the famous Lake of the four cantons, and as we gazed enraptured on the towering peaks that are reflected on its dark bosom, we suddenly entered a deep gorge whence there was no seeming outlet, and rounding an abrupt point, our guide exclaims, "Tell's Chapel," devoutly crossing himself. Here is the rock on which Tell leaped, escaping from the tyrant's minions while being conveyed across the lake. His mighty arm had burst his chains asunder, and with one desperate spring he reached the shore, exclaiming, "Tell is free!" The broad, rocky platform at the base of a towering Alp, seemed almost placed there to afford Tell a deliverance and his countrymen a fitting site for a monument to his memory. This little chapel on the lake is the Mecca of patriot pilgrims, and the fountain where the children of the Swiss drink in their first inspirations of freedom.

As we leave it to continue our journey through the tortuous windings of this most remarkable of the Swiss lakes, we listen to stories of fearful catastrophes caused by hurricanes that here rise so suddenly as to overwhelm the boatman with but a few hundred yards between him and the shore, and then we reach the famous Rutli meadow, sacred to the Switzer's heart as the spot where the little band of patriots, led by Tell, took the midnight oath to live as freemen, or as freemen to repose beneath the sod. This also in the background bears the ensign of the cross.

We land, and after toilsome wanderings over narrow, steep, and rocky ways, reach the home of Tell, where every monument is commemorative of his deeds: this one marks the spot in

the old market-place where the tyrant's cap was placed aloft that slaves might worship it—there stood Tell's darling boy bearing the apple on his head, and here the hero unflinching drew his bow and shot the arrow through the golden fruit that crowned his loved one, while his breast concealed another for Gessler's heart, in case the former should treacherously rob him of his offspring. Here too a chapel rises to the memory of Tell, and is profusely adorned with sculptured or with tinted story of him whom all hearts worship.

We saw, we listened, and with the Swiss we learned confidently to love their hero of the mountain and the lake, and with this thing of beauty treasured in our heart, to be to us a joy forever, we were bidding them farewell, when sacrilegious lips whispered in our ears the disenchanting words, "T is all a fable, baseless as the gossamer." Startled at these disenchanting words we endeavored to forbid them entrance to the mind, and carry with us from the land of Tell these pictures as fancy had painted them. But vain endeavor! The tempter combined to whisper in our ears that this story of William Tell is all a fiction, till at last we have felt constrained to say to Poesy, begone! and with reluctant step have left her temple to tread the paths that vindicate the truth of history.

And as we enter on this new field, we are half tempted to meet it with a contemptuous smile—the truth of history is indeed a truth of doubtful mien—and the very subject that we propose to investigate leads us to exclaim: Is there, alas, any truth in history? It is sad to feel that so many soul-inspiring records of the past sink, under scrutinizing glance, into proportions so diminutive as to leave but the feeblest platform of support. If history contained naught but simple truth, the world would lose half its poesy.

But we fear that the tendency of the present day is to find a pleasure in overthrowing these idols of the human mind and inspirers of noble deeds; and while for centuries Switzerland and the world delighted in the character and deeds of Tell, there now seems to be a rivalry as to who shall cast the darkest shadow over what was once but a halo of light.

Within a few years a score of books has been published in relation to this phenomenon of history—some denying in toto the existence of Tell, others valiantly taking up the sword in his defense and putting to flight a host of seeming inconsistencies.

It would appear that a Scandinavian legend sings of a Danish king who compelled a Danish

archer to shoot an apple from his son's head; there are those, therefore, who argue that Gessler could not have done what has been universally attributed to him, because two such occurrences could hardly have been repeated in history. But we have, on the contrary, a modern school of historians who contend, and with much show of reason, that history is constantly repeating itself. There can be little doubt that these northern legends and songs of Iceland bards were in existence long before the time of Tell. Centuries previous to the Swiss Revolution Iceland was the seat of the romantic literature of Europe, whose courts and castles gladly welcomed these minstrels of the north, listened to their songs, and dismissed them laden with gold and treasures. The warlike nobles had scarce another intellectual pastime than that afforded them by these wandering minstrels. Thus may this Icelandic story have found its way to Hapsburg's Castle, and been related in the presence of Gessler, who was but a servant in waiting at the princely table.

Simple history represents Gessler as a man of no intellectual power; merely a domineering tyrant suddenly and unexpectedly gaining position, and just the subject, though but a frog, to swell into the proportions of an ox. As Tell, the skillful archer of the people, was arraigned before him, what more natural than that such a man would seize this golden opportunity to impress the simple peasants of the region with his rare inventive power, and institute a punishment that to them would be peculiarly impressive? Thus, this very argument that some would urge to annihilate the story, seems, when rightly viewed, to lend to it the air of reality.

Again: another of these doubting Thomases of history declares that no mention of this story is found in any records previous to the fifteenth century, whereas Tell lived in the early part of the fourteenth. But the unlettered peasants of these mountain heights and rock-ribbed lands could scarcely be expected at this early age to have among them a chronicler of their deeds. Historians wrote not in those days for base blood, and none who stood under the protection or in the power of the emperor would dare to mention an affair that redounded only to the honor of humble peasants and the shame of the haughty lords. The house of Hapsburg never suffered such bitter and revolting humiliation as was dealt out to it in the long series of defeats in the fourteenth century. We have stood on the fields of Sempach and Morgarten, and have ever since drank deeper inspirations of the love of liberty and country from the pure atmosphere there inhaled. We could in vision

see Winkelried gathering the imperial lances to his bosom that he thus might make for his countrymen a path to victory and for himself one of eternal glory. No wonder that imperial hatred reveled in the blood of such peasantry: it had sent death and mourning into nearly every noble family of Austria.

Could we, then, expect any author so bold at this period as to write for Germany a history of Tell, or any other heroic Swiss whose claims to admiration were founded on their determined opposition to Austrian tyranny?

And, then, Tell was but the simple hero of his own region; a few miles from his birth-place he was of no historical importance. The highest honor he ever bore was that of elder in the Church of the village where he was born, lived, and died. And it is not impossible that simple records of his deeds were made in sources now lost or long since destroyed.

One author, whose labor was one of love for the name and memory of Tell, has presented manifold proofs of the truth of the story. Instead of searching the royal libraries of German capitals, he investigated the local records of the canton and village where Tell was born. Thinking that the simple villagers must know more of their own history than musty book-worms at a distance, he sought the dates and the circumstances connected with the erection of monuments and the celebrations in honor of Tell. He found that two chapels were erected in his name; the one, according to official documents, by the parish, and the other by his fellow-citizens and friends. These were solemnly consecrated in the year 1388, only thirty-one years after Tell's death, and in presence of one hundred and fourteen persons who knew him in life. The founding of these shrines has been commemorated with festivities yearly since his death. It would seem that testimonies so clear should have more weight than the fact that certain historians have not found what they desired.

Gessler is generally quoted as an imperial officer of the parish of Kussnacht; but those who deny the truth of the story aver that in all the annals of Kussnacht the name of Gessler is not to be found. Now history tells us clearly that Gessler was not a regular administrator in said parish; the story runs thus: Albert, of Hapsburg, ascended the imperial throne in 1298, and although a Swiss by origin and birth, he began immediately to persecute his countrymen. Some of the cantons refused to recognize him at all as their ruler, others were willing to obey him as emperor of Austria but not as Count of Hapsburg. Albert, however, was de-

terminated that his authority as emperor should extend to his Swiss castle, and according to the custom of the times he appointed an imperial governor to represent him; this was Gessler, one of his servants in waiting in the imperial household. But the Swiss were unwilling to regard him as such, and therefore the absence of his name in the annals of Kussnacht. Had they thus named him, they would have yielded their point. But they considered him simply a petty tyrant of Albert's household, and in this capacity Tell and the Swiss patriots opposed him.

Many of those who would deny the existence of Tell, and make the whole story a sheer fable resting on a Scandinavian legend, never reach the true state of the case. They take Tell the hero of the drama, a romantic fiction born in the brain of Schiller, or other poets who write fiction founded on very little fact, and thus they draw their swords on an imaginary foe. On this basis even the existence of Joan of Arc is now denied. But historical verity lays no claim to Tell as the deliverer of Switzerland; it merely claims, according to the documents, that Tell was endeavoring to release himself, and family, and friends from the enmity of a haughty upstart, whom he felt in no way bound to respect. Tell shot Gessler in the "narrow way," to protect his family from the vengeance of the tyrant who would probably return before they could learn of Tell's escape and join him. It is clearly stated that the confederates repudiated the murder of Gessler, and did not permit it to affect their plans. There are, indeed, reasons for believing that he was for awhile avoided as a murderer and excluded from the councils of the Swiss patriots, then endeavoring to obtain possession of the different feudal castles.

In sober history there is no pretense that Tell's famous shot freed Switzerland, or that the death of Gessler hastened it; indeed, the record says that Swiss deliverance was effected without the loss of a drop of blood. Stratagem did the original deed: it was the custom on New-Year's day for the peasants within the jurisdiction of each castle to be admitted within its walls, that they might graciously be allowed to present their annual presents to the ruling lord. By previous agreement—conspiracy, if we please—they then and there resolved in unison to strike the blow, and possessed themselves of these mountain fortresses that finally gained for them the victory.

The affair between Tell and Gessler is regarded as a mere private matter in this narrative, and the melodramatic title of "Deliverer

of Switzerland" finds no place in the very history that these historians would annihilate. Tell, as a simple mountaineer, defending himself and family from a tyrant, must, therefore, be separated from the Tell of poetic fiction founded on romantic story. One author, indeed, asserts that a legend of this view can be traced back far beyond Icelandic origin. After ten years of undivided attention to it, he finds the story of Tell to have its origin in an Indian myth. This he traces again to the Indo-Germanic in a heroic story of about the year 300 of our era. It locates itself in Westphalia for a long period, and in the sixth century wanders to the north. Thence it returns to German Switzerland a century or two before the existence of Tell, no doubt attracted by the stories that formed around the origin of Swiss liberty. In the background it remained dim and misty, and assumed shape and form in the presence of an event that it would naturally and gladly seize as a proper frame-work on which to display its beauties.

In Switzerland, more perhaps than on the Rhine, every crumbling wall and old mountain-ruin has a story clinging to it, like the ivy that adorns its form and hides its angles and deformities. These legends are mostly entwined with the deeds noble or ignoble of the former occupiers of these castles, but especially depict the overbearing pride and oppressive conduct of the Austrian governors. All these stories are wrapped in mysterious origin, and are indistinct as the early efforts for Swiss liberty; what, then, more natural than to attach them to some castle that has been the scene of fierce struggles, or to some character hardy or noble that has bared his breast to the raging storm? But though the ivy cover the ruin, the latter still exists and supports its graceful drapery; though poetic fancy adorn the character, it does not annihilate the man. To the Swiss heart this story of Tell is entwined with the origin of Swiss liberty, and forms one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the Swiss people; indeed, it is one of the most beautiful of the Teutonic legends, and to the unlettered peasant is the only practical mode of tracing the development of that liberty which makes him more than any other sigh for his free mountain air when detained in other lands.

We have no sympathy with these historical iconoclasts, who would ruthlessly crush these beautiful images of the fancy, that are often the best and surest means of leading simple and untutored minds to a higher and better life.

Tell's death was a noble one, and has done much toward wreathing around his name a halo

of love. The story is told in beautiful and simple verse flowing from the pen of Uhland into the deepest recesses of the people's heart. The returning Spring was sending the detached avalanche into the valley and filling the mountain streams with angry waves that threatened the frail bridges that spanned the narrow chasms. A fair-haired boy was crossing one of these just as the current carried it away, bearing him to destruction. Near him was a gray-haired man who started at the crashing sound, plunged into the boiling waters, seized the child, and with giant effort threw him to the shore. But the hero himself became the victim of the waves. When the subsiding waters gave up their prey, men, and women, and children gathered round it in grief and lamentation, for it was the body of Tell.

This last noble deed cast a luster around his name, and brought to vivid recollection the well-known events of his early life. A gushing feeling of gratitude rose up in the hearts of all, accompanied with remorse and self-reproach at having so much and so long neglected a noble man during his life, and a desire to compensate him for past blame and neglect. And thus it happened that in after years they raised shrines and monuments to his memory, and honored him as the father of Swiss liberty.

The truth in the story of Tell lies in the golden mean between the extremes. Romance has clothed his name with the garments of imagination arranged by the fitful caprice of fancy, while stern reality has endeavored to deny him a local habitation and a name. And while captious critics find pleasure in destroying the beautiful robes in which story delights to clothe him, let us rejoice that the truth of history saves the man.

A LESSON FOR REPINERS.

LET us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for healthened competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.—*I. Walton.*

RELIGION IN BEREAVEMENT.

BY REV. N. ROUNDS, D. D.

AS in prosperity religion restrains us from vanity and pride, so in adversity it soothes and comforts the smitten heart. Our affections naturally cling to earthly objects; and to near and dear relatives that attachment is very strong when such objects of affection are taken from us; a gloomy shade comes over all our prospects; a source of earthly joy is dried up; the soul is desolate; the heart bleeds. Without grace the bereaved spirit sinks into despair, or drowns its grief in dissipation; and in either case the Scripture is true—"the sorrow of this world worketh death." But it is just at this hour of anguish that religion comes to the soul of the pious like an angel of mercy, binds up the broken heart, and stays the sinking mind with the hopes and consolations of the Gospel. Is it a parent that is afflicted? By faith in Christ the most comforting views are realized. Do we see our child struggle in death? It is short; it is the last; it is adding to his future felicity; he never could suffer less; it is what is reserved for all. Is the struggle over—the spirit fled—the funeral obsequies past? We think not of our child as dead, but as immortalized—past beyond the reach of death. Not as in the grave, but as in heaven. We ponder not upon our loss, but upon his gain; not upon the hoped-for happiness and honor we had planned for him here, but upon how much higher and happier his present condition than any we could have placed him in had long life and the whole world been at our command. We do not torture ourselves with dwelling upon his untimely removal, but think of his safe retreat from the evils to come—the storms of life with which we are still buffeting; his safe retreat in the city of peace, in the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He is infinitely happier than we, or than the children that are still left in our embrace; and we can not wish him—dear, unspeakably dear as he was—we can not wish him back; we weep, but our tears are mingled with gratitude, and hope, and holy joy. Instead of murmuring, we pray; instead of utter and hopeless abandonment to grief, we adore and worship God with a warm and overflowing heart.

And how well calculated is bereavement thus submitted to to improve our spiritual state! We held in our arms a rich and beautiful prize; but while we smiled in its enjoyment, it took

its upward flight far above our reach; it rose to heaven. Our eye—our heart followed it, and while we stood gazing upward, somewhat as the disciples did at the ascension of our Lord, a new direction is given to our thoughts and feelings: they rest on heaven. Heaven, not earth, is our home; eternity, not time, our ultimate destination. O, at such a moment, how pleasing the thought, we too are on the way! Nor do we wish the hours more slow; no, it is delightful to feel that the "course" will soon be "finished," and we shall follow to their heavenly resting-place those that have gone before. There we shall meet them again; there we shall reëmbrace where there is no death—where love and joy are without end. And what is the spontaneous desire arising from this view? That of renewed dedication to God. A panting after more of his image—his spirit:

"Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!"

Let every hour of my life, and every power of my being now be devoted to thee. Earthly joys, O how they have faded! The pleasures of devotion, O how they brighten!

"Henceforth let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and master of the whole."

What more? Our thoughts next rest on our employment, while we shall still be permitted to labor through our "day." And what a pleasing reflection that through this "day" we are allowed to labor for God—the good Lord, who has taken our loved one to his embrace and keeps him there till our safe arrival—the God of all grace, who has provided immortality for all that will seek his face. Ay, for all. And here another heavenly impulse to faithfulness thrills through the soul when we reflect, that while doing our duty to God we shall be the means of bringing our fellows with us to heaven. O, how important to mankind religion now appears! O, the delightful privilege of being in some capacity to impart it unto them! How sacred and blessed the employment of a parent training the hearts of his offspring for holiness and heaven! of the Sabbath school teacher guiding the feeble footsteps of Christ's lambs into the fold! of a minister of the Gospel, standing on the walls of Zion and inviting a thoughtless but condemned and perishing world to take sanctuary within her pale! the missionary, whose great heart grasps the earth in its wide embrace, and forgets the love of country and of kindred in his ardor to publish to all the great salvation!

But what then? Are these feelings intemperate? Are these views misguided? Is this standard of religious emotion raised to an unwarranted elevation? Open the Bible, and how inexpressibly precious is the Bible to the heart of the bereaved Christian! Open the Bible—that blessed book—that book of truth, unshaken, imperishable, eternal truth. What do you learn? That these strong views of spiritual things, to which only some striking dispensation of Providence can open our eyes, were the every-day views of the "holy men of old." That that union and communion with God, to which only the force of afflictions can drive us in these degenerate times, was the uniform element in which the apostles and primitive disciples *lived*: you hear Paul exclaim, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved me and given himself for me." "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

'T IS WELL

BY LETTA C. LORD.

WEARILY, drearily fell the rain,
Pattering against my window pane,
The shades of night crept through the room,
While over my spirit like a pall
The weird-like shadows seemed to fall,
And fill my heart with gloom.

The wind with a mournful, meaning wail
Sighed through the grove, and down the vale
Swept with a sobbing cry.
Sadly and wearily played the strain,
The dirge-like wail of the wind and rain,
As it drifted drearily by.

Louder and stronger grew the blast,
The wind and rain went dashing past
With a mad, terrific roar.
But wilder and fiercer within my breast
Was the storm of sorrow and deep unrest,
That swept my heart-strings o'er.

O, Father! I cried in my anguish wild,
Have mercy and help thy suffering child
To say, Thy will be done.
Then my heart grew calm, and a holy spell
Crept o'er my soul; I could say, 'T is well—
The angel of right had won.

Ah, yes! there 's a Father above us all,
That noticeth even a sparrow's fall,
Tho' he useth the chastening rod,
That our hearts may bow to his sovereign will.
He whispers to us, "'T is well; be still,
And know that I am God."

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER IV.

I DO know that a prolific source of unhappiness in families is ill-temper. It shows itself in so many forms and shapes and poisons the peace of home in so many ways that I could not record them all; yet I wish I could in letters of fire, and hang the record constantly before the eyes of those who mar domestic happiness by ill-temper till it should burn a conviction into their souls.

Sometimes a cause of this sort may seem trifling, yet work more ill than many glaring evils; sometimes it may be invisible like a poisonous malaria that diffuses itself through the atmosphere and works insidiously and silently, but fatally. And the worst is, the evil effects, the discomfort and unhappiness—to speak of no worse results—which are the consequences of ill-temper in its various forms and manifestations, are not confined to the present in which they show themselves. They extend into the far future. By the corroding of ill-temper other tempers are spoiled, and they again react upon others to mar their comfort and corrode their tempers, and so on infinitely.

Who can calculate the misery that arises from this cause alone? and it seems so easy to remedy it. Much depends upon habit in this matter as well as original quality of temper. I mean to keep a sort of record of the manifestations of ill-temper that come under my notice, or that I remember to have seen, and the mischief caused thereby, so far as my causality will enable me to perceive them. Good may come of it sometime.

Mrs. Annis brought up a niece from a child of six. She was not kind to the child. She corroded her temper by continual and unnecessary fault-finding. She had no sympathy with her little joys and sorrows, but repulsed her when in her childish way she asked her to share them.

The child was naturally good-tempered, alive to the sufferings of others in perhaps an unusual degree, took pleasure in increasing the happiness of others in little things, ministering to them when they were sick or suffering. This was partly owing to large approbateness, perhaps, yet I think in circumstances where these natural qualities would have had free play, where her little endeavors for the happiness of others would have been responded to instead of meeting with repulse, that threw a coldness

upon the spirit that prompted them, where she would have met with like sympathy and consideration in return which would have fostered and encouraged the growth of kindly sympathies, she would have grown up a woman actively kind and benevolent, one who took pleasure in conferring pleasure, in lightening misery.

Instead, by degrees she grew hard, the upspringing joyousness of her temper had been so often quelled that it subsided into sullenness. Her warm feelings were congealed by the iciness of the atmosphere around her so long. They have hardened into petrifications. Probably no outside warmth will ever make them flow freely again.

Poor girl, cheated of her happiness, cheated of the happiness she might have bestowed! She may chill another warm soul placed in her care; perhaps her aunt's feelings were thus chilled in childhood. She may have had a heart once that beat responsive to other's woes. So these wrongs perpetuate themselves, though they may seem venial. We do not see the havoc they work in society—the foundation they lay for unhappy lives, for criminal lives even, where all the native glow and warmth of a fresh young heart is deadened, frozen at its source.

When people fail to find the happiness in the affections, how often they seek it in some unworthy way, or subside into dogged insensibility, neither giving nor receiving pleasure, being rather as mildew upon that of others, in return for the blight that has fallen upon their own! Unconsciously, for they do not fully realize the great wrong that has been done them, they do not know to what a degree they have been defrauded of their birthright of happiness. Instinctively they indulge in "the stinging of a heart that has been stung," shed upon others the gall that has been engendered therein by unkindness and injustice. Wormwood grows where balm, might have flourished, soothing, gladdening others.

I was writing last night about an unpleasant temper, a hard, selfish, or fretful temper, the mischiefs it works both for its possessor and others, as illustrated in the case of Mrs. Annis and her niece, where an influence of this sort had crushed the spirit of the girl, deadened her sympathies, and corroded her temper, so that she gives now to others who are dependent upon her kindness what she has for so many years received.

Her aunt is now bedridden, helpless, has been so for two years. She is dependent upon

Jane for all her comforts, for those gentle ministrations which an invalid, a confirmed chronic invalid especially, so greatly needs. What forbearance and patience is required of those who attend upon such habitually! What tenderness and gentleness in their periods of suffering! How a harsh word jars, a sharp look wounds, made sensitive by feebleness and pain, though they may themselves have given these to others in health and strength. They may be querulous and peevish now, unreasonable it may be, dissatisfied with the best endeavors of those around them. So much the worse; worse than if they were patient and resigned, disposed to receive unmurmuringly whatever treatment their attendants give them, for this spirit of perversity but multiplies the causes of discord, makes clashing more frequent, and does not mend neglects. It increases them rather, perhaps.

But of Mrs. Annis and her niece. Now, when she is stretched upon a sick-bed, she is neglected, she is treated to harsh words; no sympathy is offered her when she suffers, it is not given when asked. She meets taunts or derision instead. The face of the young girl—she is young yet, only twenty-four—has congealed into a sullen hardness. Only a few years ago it was warm with life and feeling. Gradually the indurating process, the drying process has been going on, and now I fear she can never be brought back to a fullness of life, of feeling again. Her aunt complains of her hardness to comers in. She does not know it is her own work. She does not know that she has sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind; that she is reaping what she has sown; that the thorns in her pathway that wound her were of her own planting.

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 "I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Though blessed with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the woman
 Who wantonly sets foot against a cat,"

exclaimed cousin Allen this evening when cousin Abby was speaking in praise of Suzy Fuller to him. Then he related the little incident that had caused this exclamation, had called up the feeling that prompted it. And I loved him the more when I heard such kind sentiments fall from his tongue.

He was in at Mr. Fuller's to take some medicine the doctor had sent for little Carrie, who is sick, I believe. After delivering it he sat chatting with Mrs. Fuller and Suzy before the dining-room fire, where they were sitting. Some one had been taking a lunch, by the appearance of things; Mr. Fuller, probably,

who had gone for a short trip on the cars. A table sat at the back side of the room, with one leaf up, and what seemed to be a hastily-arranged repast for somebody on it. Allen said he should not have noticed it particularly but for what followed. As he sat talking he noticed a cat creeping stealthily toward the table. Allen said he saw that the cat looked half starved, and had a forlorn air, and he watched her progress with much interest, taking care not to do so in a way that would attract their attention.

He felt as if he was an accomplice of the cat in the felony she contemplated. She gained the table, jumped up into a chair that was standing by a plate from which some one had eaten. The wing of a chicken only partly stripped of its meat lay upon it. Puss reached up her paw, inserted her claw in the tempting morsel, and attempted to draw it toward her. In doing so she hit a fork that was balanced precariously upon the edge of the plate. It fell, striking against the chair in its fall. Down jumped pussy in alarm, relinquishing her prize, and up jumped her two mistresses at the fire.

"That hateful cat!" ejaculated Mrs. Fuller.

Pussy skulked toward the door. Suzy followed her and ejected her with a kick, not a very gentle one.

He said Suzy had really a very pretty foot, but he should never look upon it with pleasure again. It would always be associated in his mind with the image of that poor, half-starved cat. A woman's foot, he avers, was not made to kick with. We laughed at Norton's story, and I told him it would never enter Suzy's heart to imagine that she had spoiled his fancy for her by lifting her foot against a cat, for she is quite pretty, and Norton had rather admired her, and she was aware of it, for quickly comes such knowledge. She will never dream of the cause of any change she may see in him.

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 We had supper nearly two hours earlier than usual to-night, and I almost feel as if I wanted another. So much for my experiment of regularity. Suzy does not seem to fall in with it, though she makes no open war against it, but if she can make any excuse for hurrying meals a little or keeping them back she is sure not to let the chance pass. It looks as if she tried to do it on purpose, and I think she does, though she will go about looking as demure as if she had not the least idea she was doing any thing against my wishes. I dislike this working slyly against my plans

worse than I should open opposition to them, because it is harder to be met. One can not surely affirm that she does it on purpose, though one feels convinced. She shows this disposition about other things. I do not like it; it makes me feel like having a foe in ambush. The truth is, she does not like my having the chief power here. It had been in her hands, and she does not like to have it taken by another, though I have tried to make her feel my authority as little as possible, and have treated her very kindly, giving her all the privileges I well could. It has given me less pleasure to afford her these, because she often takes them without my consent, sometimes when it is not right for her to do so, and when it is very inconvenient for me to have her do so.

I make allowance for the spirit she feels about my coming into power here. It is natural, I say, especially for one uncultivated like herself. It will wear off after awhile, perhaps, if I treat her with uniform kindness. Yet I know there are natures that kindness can not mollify, who will take advantage of it, who consider you weak or afraid of them if you give up any thing to them, and will try to get the better of you—to whom these lines will apply:

"Tender-handed press a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Squeeze it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis just so with some men's natures;
Use them kindly, they rebel;
Use them rough as nutmeg-graters,
And they will obey you well."

I dislike to have such natures to deal with. I would rather deal with those who will receive kindness and be the better for it, for it is pleasant for me to bestow it. But I do not think all uncultivated people are perverse, though cousin Allen says all *women* are. He has a great many good-natured sarcasms against the sex. He says the line,

"Frailty, thy name is woman,"

should be rendered,

"Perversity, thy name is woman."

I do not know but I ought to have given a reproof to Suzy to-day about the early supper, because it was entirely unnecessary, and was about the same as having no supper at all; but I did not, because I dislike to reprove when I can avoid it. I need some rousing to enable me to do it, to have my sense of justice wounded or my indignation roused at wrong. To-day I was making a dress for Milly out of

a small-figured delaine that had been her mother's. I took my work and went up stairs, because I thought I could manage better alone, as it needed some contriving to get the new dress out of the old. I was hurrying, trying to get it done to-night, forgetting every thing else when I was called to supper; little Milly came up and told me it was ready.

"Supper time," I thought, "and I have got so little done!" Going down stairs I found it was nearly two hours in advance of the usual time. On inquiring the reason of Suzy she said she was going over to her sister's and wanted to get her work done up early. She has been over there three times within the last week, besides running some elsewhere, and I did not think it was necessary she should put us all out for so small a cause, but I did not feel in a mood for saying any thing. I thought I would rather submit to the inconvenience. We had had dinner about a half an hour later than usual to-day, and it was almost like having no supper at all to eat so soon.

She had got us a good, substantial meal, beef-steak, hot griddle-cakes, etc., that could not wait as some meals might, or I should have been tempted to set it by the stove, where it would have kept warm for an hour or so. If it had been necessary that she should go to her sister's again so soon, and she had told me, I would willingly have come down and got the supper ready myself. I always favor her in such ways. But she took advantage of my being taken up with the dress I was making to get ahead of me. I felt sure of it, but I did not feel like having words with her. Uncle and aunt Milly were away, for which I was glad, as there were less to have their comfort disturbed by the new arrangement. Uncle went over to Newton on business and took her with him, and they expected to stay to supper. When I went down Allen had already come in. Suzy had sent to call him. When I explained to him the reason of the early supper he smiled, and, shrugging his shoulders in his peculiar way, as he sat down to the table, ejaculated,

"And wretches dine that hired girls may gad,"

parodying the line,

"And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

But on reflection I thought, are not we better-taught people often remiss in our duty? Do we always keep strictly up to its line?

It is well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

THE BEST CHEER.

BY MRS. W. M'CONAUGHTY.

THE last tack had been fastened down into the edge of the bright rag carpet, the simple furniture "put to rights," and George and Lucy Martin surveyed their pretty bird's nest of a home with no little satisfaction. They had been boarding for about half a year, and rejoiced indeed at now having a home of their own. It is not a bad plan for young people to try a few months boarding, so they may be able to take patiently the small discomforts and trials of housekeeping, and not be constantly sighing for the "freedom" of a boarding-house life.

"It is not a very large house," said George, "but it is snug and comfortable, and one can be independent of all the world in it."

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy, "and we can cook what we please for breakfast, and dinner, and supper. We can sit in our parlor when we please, and, better than all, entertain a friend at our table whenever we please. I did dread to have my friends come to see me at Mrs. Grimshaw's—she always made it so plain to them and to us that they were not welcome. Even callers vexed her, because she did not wish the parlor opened; it faded the carpet so. I never want a carpet too good to fade, and let us never be grand enough to have closed shutters to our house. These light shades with a gilt border are all the blinds I ever wish to my windows."

"Any thing but a dark room," said George. "I think they are most unhealthy as well as uncomfortable. Let us try, Lucy, in our own home to exercise true Christian hospitality. I am glad our hearts are so well agreed on this matter."

"Our means will not allow us to do a great deal in the way of making tea-parties and evening parties for our neighbors," said Lucy, "though I hope to always be neighborly and obliging toward them. But we can give a meal now and then to one who really needs it, and entertain our friends when they come to see us without ever feeling the loss. Indeed, I know that all the kindness we show to God's poor will bring down even a temporal blessing upon us. When we make a feast, let us obey Christ's injunction and invite the poor and the suffering rather than the rich and happy who do not need such attention. I hope with prudence we can always have something in the house to set before accidental guests; and if it is ever so humble, I will not be ashamed to offer it, provided I feel that it is needed."

"'Welcome is the best cheer,' my father used to say, and I am sure I have often felt the force of it. I shall never forget a dish of baked beans a poor woman gave me once, when I had lost my way on one of my boyish excursions, and had beat about in the woods till my appetite had got well sharpened. I called to beg a glass of milk, but she saw the greedy way in which I drank it off, and would have me sit down at a basin of cold beans she had set aside from dinner. Her hearty welcome was as good as a feast in itself. If she had given me the food in a surly, churlish way, I would have gone far before I would have touched it. I went two miles out of my way one day after that to take her a string of trout. I can see now how pleased she looked as she took them, and told me how 'powerful fond' they all were of fish, and how seldom they got any. Yes, there is nothing like a welcome to give a relish to even the plainest fare, and to leave a pleasant impression on the mind and heart for years afterward."

"A want of welcome, too, leaves just as deep an impression, though of quite a different kind," said Lucy. "I never shall forget a dreary half day I spent once in a grand mansion. My father wished to transact some business at the iron foundry, so he called on a lady he had known for many years and asked permission to leave his little girl there till he came back. Every thing looked so fine and beautiful I thought it would be very pleasant to stop there for a little while, and followed the lady into the sitting-room with a very cheerful heart. But my bright dreams were soon dispelled. She gave me a seat by the fire with a manner more frosty than the outdoor air. 'Your father will be back so soon it will not be worth while to take off your things, I suppose.' That was all she said, and thus went back to some fancy work made out of bright worsteds. The clock ticked off a whole hour and there I sat in utter silence afraid to stir, though much too warm with my heavy cloak and hood on. By this time the lady began often to look up at the clock and frown over her work, but she did not watch it half as anxiously as I did; minutes seemed hours, and yet the hours rolled on. What if my father had forgotten me? I can remember still the sharp distress that thought gave me. Life resolved itself into one long tedious sitting in that wretched chair in that dreadful room. At length I could bear it no longer, but broke my mind to the lady. 'I am afraid father's forgot that I came with him,' I said.

"'Dear me, I hope he has n't,' she said, knit-

ting her brows. 'We are not used to children here.'

"I felt at the time very guilty, because I was not grown up, but shrunk into as little space as I could. I was too restless to stand this forever, so I ventured to slip down and go to a window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the road. The lady gave a start and a quick glance at a few flowers blooming in the window. 'Do n't stand there, child, you will knock off the flower-pots or break the branches,' she said sharply, and with a heavy heart I crept back to my chair. No one knows but myself the unhappiness I experienced that afternoon, as my father was detained much longer than he intended, just for want of a welcome. It was the longest half day I ever experienced. I did not mind Mrs. Frost when my father did drive up, but dashed down the walk and climbed into the carriage like a squirrel. It seemed as if a tun weight had been taken off my spirits. But I mean it shall be a lesson in hospitality for me all my life. If it was a great trial to me, it may prove a blessing to some poor wayfarer."

As time passed on Lucy had abundant opportunity to put her principles to a test, and nobly did she prove her sincerity. She showed a wise discrimination, it is true, and knew she was not in duty bound to feed "all the lame and lazy" that might call at her door; but no really needy person was ever turned empty away. Solomon might truly have said of her, "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

So, too, friends in her own walk of life were ever made welcome. Extra trouble was not fretted about, but a cheerful spirit made all labor light. It is not work half as much as worry that wears people down. As the years rolled on she won the respect of all who knew her. No boys robbed her pear-tree; they had received too many favors at her hand. The public sentiment among the boys set the other way, and it is a great advantage for fine fruit-trees to have the right side of the school-boys. Lucy had long taught a class of neglected lads in the Sabbath school, and there was no favor she could ask that they would not try to grant her. Twice a year she gathered them all into her pleasant parlor and made a little festival for them. It was a new thing for those poor lads, gathered in from the lanes and streets, to be treated like human beings, with like tastes and sympathies, with those boys who wore whole jackets and polished boots. They always came with clean hands and faces, and hair as well combed and arranged as their facilities would admit, and many a jacket got an extra

patch in consideration of these grand festival occasions. They gathered about Lucy's generous table as decorous as boys could be, and sat with respectful air and bowed heads, while George invoked God's blessing on their repast. These little feasts were powerful civilizers. They could never be as entirely savages again, even if they wandered away from her influence. The memory of these bright hours would ever shine like a clear star in the sky of their childhood, leading them upward, it may be, to a better life.

The sun was shining brightly one pleasant June morning, when a little curly head peeped in at the open door and a child's voice asked,

"My mother is going to town to-day, and she would like to know if I may stay to your house while she is away?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Martin, with a cheerful smile for her little visitor. "I am very busy ironing to-day and my little girl will be very glad of some one to help amuse her."

Six-years-old Essie was delighted with the idea of being useful in helping take care of three-year-old Alice. So she said instantly,

"I will just run home and bring Florence over with me. She is my best baby—a great big one, and I know little Alice will like to play with her."

"I came home to get my baby, mother," said the little woman with some importance, "I am going to help Mrs. Martin take care of her baby—she's so busy with her ironing."

"Well, be sure you take very good care of her, then," said her mother as she put a cool, fresh cloth over the jar of golden butter she was about to carry to market. "How nice it is to have such a good neighbor!" she remarked to her husband as she prepared to climb into the green country wagon. She watched little Esther's retreating footsteps as she tripped along the shady way, and was assured she was leaving her only darling in good hands. It was, indeed, an excellent thing to have such a good neighbor.

Little Alice was delighted with Essie's "best baby," and willingly gave up all of her toys for the pleasure of rocking her in her little rocking-chair.

Mamma gave them two little plates and cups, and a tiny tea-pot and tray to play at taking tea with. She set out a few little cakes, biscuit, and a spoonful or two of jelly to furnish their table, which was only a small round stand, but they enjoyed their little party as only happy children can. There is far less

enjoyment sometimes in a whole room full of fashionable guests in a gayly-lighted drawing-room. They nibbled and sipped away at their cakes and sweetened milk, protracting their feast for full an hour—giving Mrs. Martin an uninterrupted morning for her work. After dinner little Alice grew sleepy, tired with her long play, and mamma laid her down in her nice crib to take a nap.

Little Esther might have grown dull and lonesome and longed for her own mother's return, but Mrs. Martin did not give her time for that.

"Would you like to make your dolly a necklace?" she asked, taking a box of many-colored little beads from her drawer. "I will show you how to string them if you like."

The little girl was delighted with the proposal, and instantly seated herself in the little rocking-chair ready for her lesson. So a few bright beads were put into a saucer and two fine needles threaded, and the simple process explained to the bright little girl, who understood it at once. It was a slow process, but so pleasant that the time slipped by unnoticed. When the whole was completed Lucy found a bit of gay ribbon to tie it with, and Miss Essie surveyed her little girl with as much pleasure as any mother would take in her darling's appearance. Before she went home her kind friend had found time to make a little crimson hood for the dolly, which was the very climax of happiness to the little girl.

"O, I have had the nicest day, mother," she cried when her mother called to take her home. "Just see my baby's bonnet and necklace! I stringed them all myself."

"I am very thankful to you, Mrs. Martin," said the hard-working mother, "for taking so much trouble. I hope I can do you a favor some time in return."

How different little Esther's remembrance of that day from those of Lucy with regard to a similar occasion!

A poor old minister drove into the village just as the sun was setting. He was on his way to a distant appointment, and hoped to find a stopping-place among Christian people for the night, as his funds were low and he could ill afford the journey. He called at the house of a prominent Church member whose name he chanced to know, hoping to find a resting-place there. The lady herself opened the door slightly, and without asking him in waited to hear his business. He stated it in rather hesitating terms, as her manner chilled him.

"Our house is quite full," she answered

shortly; "we can not entertain you. There is the tavern just across there, sir."

Still the old man hesitated and ventured some other remark, but was answered again, "There is the tavern." So he slowly turned and walked down the steps and out at the gate again, whereupon the door was closed with energy. A humble man who was passing just then with his wood-saw in his hand, attracted by the old gentleman's troubled, irresolute look, paused to see if he could give him any assistance.

"Do you know some Christian family where I could get a lodging for the night?" he asked. "I have traveled a long way to-day and feel very tired, but I can hardly afford to go to the tavern."

"Well, stranger," said the man, "them Martins over there are about as good folks as there are in these parts, and I can insure you a welcome there. I'm not much of a meetin' man myself, but if there are any Christians them's the kind. Only a pity that there are n't more of that sort about."

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, taking heart. "I hope, my friend, that you will try for yourself and see that there is a truth in religion. Believe me, you will need it when you get old and gray-headed as I am, and you'll need it when the hour of death comes."

The man walked away serious and thoughtful, and the good minister entered his carriage and drove on again to the "Martin's nest."

Supper had just been placed on the table, and the good man was made welcome as soon as his want was known. A plate was quickly laid for him, and Lucy poured him out a cup of fragrant tea and heaped his plate with the delicious cream toast, which was most welcome to the hungry, wearied traveler. But the pleasant words and smiling faces about him were the best cheer after all, and did more to refresh his spirits than even the excellent meal. He "felt like a new man," he said, as he sat back after supper, and conversed in a cheerful manner with his kind entertainers. When the family Bible was placed before him for evening devotions, he read an appropriate chapter, and then from a full heart prayed for God's blessing on that household. He never forgot that evening's entertainment, but spoke of it long afterward with most pleasant and grateful remembrance. And so all along her way in life Lucy was scattering flowers in the paths of others, and their fragrance and beauty did not fail to bless her own bosom. Joys which she prepared for others, God gave back to her in full measure, "pressed down and shaken together, and running over."

OVER-PAYMENT.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

I took a little good seed in my hand,
And cast it tearfully upon the land;
Saying, of this the fowls of heaven shall eat,
Or the sun scorch it with his burning heat.

Yet I, who sowed, oppressed by doubts and fears,
Rejoicing gathered in the ripened ears;
For when the harvest turned the fields to gold,
Mine yielded back to me a thousand-fold.

A little child begged humbly at my door—
Small was the gift I gave her, being poor;
But let my heart go with it; therefore we
Were both made richer by that charity.

My soul with grief was darkened, I was bowed
Beneath the shadow of an awful cloud;
When one, whose sky was wholly overspread,
Came to me, asking to be comforted.

It roused me from my weak and selfish fears;
It dried my own to dry another's tears;
The bow, to which I pointed in his skies,
Set all my cloud with sweetest promises.

Once, seeing the inevitable way
My feet must tread, through difficult places lay;
I can not go alone, I cried dismayed,
I faint, I fail, I perish, without aid!

Yet, when I looked to see if help were nigh,
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,
One on whose head life's fiercest storms had beat,
Clung to my garments, falling at my feet.

I saw, I passed no more, my strength was found,
I stooped and raised her gently from the ground;
Through every peril safe I passed at length,
For she who leaned upon me gave me strength.

Once, when I hid my wretched self from Him,
My Father's brightness seemed withdrawn and dim;
But when I lifted up mine eyes I learned
His face to those who seek is always turned.

A half-unwilling sacrifice I made,
Ten thousand blessings on my head were laid;
I asked a comforting spirit to descend,
God made himself my comforter and friend.

I sought his mercy in a faltering prayer,
And lo! his infinite tenderness and care,
Like a great sea, that hath no ebbing tide,
Encompassed me with love on every side!

"STRAYING."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

IDA, little rover,
By the hill-side spring,
Came with small hands laden,
From her wandering;
Came with emerald mosses
Dripping coolness yet,

Dainty shells and pebbles
'Mid its greenness set;

Came and stood before me,
Lips all tremulous,
Feeling I might chide her,
Call her venturous;
Thus afar in roving,
Woodland gifts to seek,
But she said the waters
Wooded her tiny feet—

Feet that first in roving,
Pressed the green-sward wild,
And methought that Nature
Guarded well her child.
Weary roving Ida,
Woman's dignity,
Prompteth me to chiding,
But I'm so like thee.

Just beyond the limits
Of the narrow way,
Silvery chiming waters
Woo my feet to stray.
Just beyond my grasping,
In the distance gleam
Treasures that I covet,
Beauty like a dream.

O'er the line of duty
I have wandered off;
Christ has come so sweetly
Seeking for the lost.
Only heart deep loving
Can so gently chide,
That we weep in sorrow
When we've turned aside.

Thou hast taught me, Ida,
In a faint degree,
Mingled love and pity,
Christ has felt for me!

PRAYER FOR HELP AND PROTECTION.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

O! THOU so lifted up
Beyond all pain and fears,
See where thy children grope,
Behold their woes and tears.
O! leave them not to prove despair,
But haste to make their wants thy care! . . .

When fair Temptation tries,
With witching voice and smile,
With dear, enchanted eyes,
The senses to beguile;
When siren wiles the heart control,
Hold thou the hands and save the soul.
In each unguarded hour,
When all the watchmen sleep,
Protect us by thy power,
From grief and danger keep.
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone,
Thou art the only guard we own.

A HALF HOUR WITH THE HUMBOLDTS.

BY MARY B. JAMES.

THE lives of the Humboldt brothers present two of the richest, fullest existences ever bestowed upon the created by the Divine Creator.

Alexander, apparently the exhaustless source of knowledge, was in my student life an inspired seer wrapped in a prophet's mantle, and, standing on the summit of a mountain, held converse with the Omniscient, for surely no mere mortal ever possessed so grand conception of nature throughout her whole dominion and so great skill in unfolding to waiting nations that which he beheld in the realm of mystery.

This strange being, who loved the human race, analyzed the treasures of the sea, and in his own words the "eternal night of oceanic depths" was unveiled before him; he descended into great central crater-cones and explained the origin and action of volcanoes; he delved far into the earth, illuminating the darkness, till now the descent thither is but pastime; went back to the great laws that govern the physical changes peculiar to the globe, and deduced them from theories which have so wonderfully enlightened science. Not only was he familiar with the inorganic, but seemed to comprehend the whole of vegetable and animal life, from the pine pollen floating in the air to behemoth that "drinketh up a river."

Such was Humboldt to an enthusiastic school-girl. But he, who for more than half a century made the universe a study, and left to us that rich legacy "*Kosmos*," or the All, is no more mythical. Prof. Klencke has dispelled the mystery that for so long time enveloped that person whom he declares to be "elected by Providence as the especial medium of scientific revelation" by the erection to his life and labors of a stately biographical monument. The inscriptions written thereon are in the language of the dear father-land, but are given to us in good round English by one of our own sex—Juliette Bauer. Much honor to the erudite professor and his fair translator! It may be ironically said of us for this that women have the "gift of tongues." Howbeit, one of the profoundest of the by-gones refused to allow his daughter to study the languages, crustily alleging as a reason that *one tongue* is enough for a woman! *Pax tibi!* O, long-buried fossil, it remains for one of our number to lift tenderly the vail from a dead Humboldt who in his great lifetime explored and wrote for us as well!

In this remarkable biography we learn that this prodigy of human learning was once a merry little boy playing in the beautiful grounds adjacent to the castle of Tegel in the environs of Berlin; that the companion of his sports was his brother William, two years his senior; that their mother, formerly the Baroness von Holwede, and then the honored relict of Major von Humboldt, watched with especial care over her boys, employing as their first tutor Campe, the editor of "*Robinson Crusoe*," whose bold imagination and vivid descriptions of voyages to far-away lands may have awakened within his pupils the spirit of research.

The tastes of the elder brother William were for philology, and he commenced while very young a thorough investigation of the grammars of various languages, and became as thoroughly versed in linguistic science and ancient lore as did his renowned brother in geognostic studies.

Alexander did not marry; so devoted was he to the development and establishment of exact science that I search the historian's record in vain to find some account of a lady love. No trace of moonlit adventure save to analyze the source of the softened radiance, or, looking earthward, resolve what lay beneath his eye into its appropriate elements and give it place in its own peculiar department.

William, though noted for his love of classical antiquity and for the discussion of abstruse questions, was, nevertheless, distinguished for ideality, and it is said that he reveled in sentiment; hence he was fond of the society of intellectual women, and while but a young man encountered many of the *femmes savantes* of the day, among whom were the accomplished Henrietta Herz and Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, celebrated for her letters, and who, having passed her fortieth year, became the wife of Varnhagen Von Ense, and in their *salons* he met the best intellect of Berlin. While passing some time at Erfurt he went frequently to the house of a noble Herr, formerly Vice-President of the Prussian Chamber of Halberstadt, who, by his learning and geniality, attracted to himself the bel-esprits of the nation, and there he saw and loved the daughter, Caroline von Dacheröden, a charming lady, upon whom the most careful education had been bestowed.

Through her he formed several new acquaintances, especially that of Schiller, the great poet, he being betrothed at that time to one of her intimate associates, Mademoiselle von Langfeldt, who resided with her sister, the Frau von Beulwitz, at Rudolstadt. Two natures

such as Humboldt and Schiller understood each other at once, and between them there soon existed the warmest friendship. It may be interesting to the readers of the Repository to look forward a little into the association of these two great men. At a time subsequent to this they lived opposite each other and met twice every day. One of Humboldt's friends writes thus to Rahel: "Humboldt goes to Schiller's regularly every evening from eight till after ten o'clock. The second evening of my stay here I went with him, and always since then. I am delighted to see Schiller thus. He lives only in his ideas, in constant mental activity; thinking and poetizing is his only want. Humboldt, therefore, is very much to him; he considers these as his hours of recreation, but only in his own way. I speak little, but not too little, and if the conversation becomes too abstract for me I play with the bricks."

Their time was spent in philosophical and æsthetical conversation, and by this exercise Schiller prepared himself for association with Goethe, who soon after joined himself to the two friends. Among other of Humboldt's associates are mentioned Fichte, Woltmann, and Ilgen. Woltmann and Goethe were said to be the most elegant in dress of any of the circle of great men. Ilgen was a most agreeable gentleman, fond of conversing on languages and antiquity, and used to enjoy the society of these celebrities at his house. One little peculiarity of Humboldt's is mentioned: "When the men left the room after dinner to take coffee and to smoke he retired to change his coat, because he wished to save his dress-coat from Ilgen's smoke, for Humboldt hated smoking." A remarkable German, truly. We are indebted to the good Frau Ilgen for divulging this excellent trait of the great man; however, the coat Humboldt put on as the receptacle of the cloudy incense was, as the good lady hints, such as a respectable barber would disdain to wear. Goethe, Schiller, Humboldt, and the three ladies before mentioned were always true to each other, and to this circle may be added Bettina von Arnim, known to the world as Goethe's correspondent. At a still later period we find Schiller editing an "Almanac of the Muses," of which Goethe was principal contributor and Humboldt critic. O, for such an almanac of reference nowadays! But, alas! *tempora mutantur*.

In July, 1791, Caroline von Dacheröden became Madame von Humboldt. Her character can not be fully delineated without frequent mention of her husband; for, as she was pre-

eminently his companion, not only at the fire-side at home, but in the world of letters, they are in great measure identical. He developed rapidly into one of Germany's greatest men, and she one of the most distinguished women of this century. We as a reading people are under obligation to Schlesier for information concerning this lovely and accomplished person. "Physically, she could not be esteemed perfectly beautiful, for her figure was even slightly deformed, but her head was truly fascinating, her chestnut hair curling about it, her eyes were radiant with love and mind, her cheeks bloomed, and her expressive mouth smiled with a charmingly-mischievous smile. She was distinguished for her intellect, which was of an order rarely met with in woman, and found to be understood and appreciated by a William von Humboldt. She seemed made for him. The sentimental and feminine part of his nature, which in outward life he suppressed, here found its right focus, and the tenderest devotedness on his part was amply repaid. To a rich and tender heart she united such a masculine education that she was afterward able to read the ancient Greek poets with her husband in the original. The happy couple spent no day without studying Greek. She joined him in studying Homer, Pindar, and Herodotus, and when Wolff visited them in their retirement, she united in their conversation, illustrating the scientific earnestness of the men with the grace of a feminine understanding of ancient art and poetry. Humboldt subsequently dedicated to her his published translation of 'Agamemnon,' the fruit of his Hellenistic research. He met with the most beneficial sympathy in his archaeological studies from his highly-educated wife, who was capable of following him even here.

"But her erudition, not even her partiality for the pleasures of the mind and for art could outweigh the eminently-feminine qualities of her soul, for she possessed grace, amiability, cheerfulness, and her gentleness was joined with strong sense and reason. She possessed conversational powers in an eminent degree, so that she seemed born to be the life of society, and wherever she went the most exalted natures crowded around her, and her house was always the seat of the highest intellectual life. If Madame de Stael and Madame de Recamier are named as those who in France were the point of union for mental growth in modern times, we may mention as their equals among German ladies Rahel and Madame von Humboldt."

A love for the father-land was a ruling pas-

sion in the hearts of this noble pair, and to encourage German art and literature one great object of their lives; hence they spent a few years of retirement upon their estates in devotion to the study and afterward in travel and residence abroad for the attainment of the same object.

In 1797 we find them in Paris availing themselves of the linguistic treasures of the capital, and here for a time they enjoyed the society of their brother. The tenderest fraternal affection existed between these men, but the frequent and continued absence of Alexander in the service of science rendered it impossible for them ever to remain long together. Their house was the center of union for all Germans who merited being their guests. While he devoted himself to study and to intercourse with a few congenial minds, she formed an attraction to the most varied talent, and German artists were especially sure of her patronage. Madame de Stael was one of Madame von Humboldt's most intimate friends, and she resided with them afterward at Rome. In her enthusiasm at Humboldt's genius she styled him *la plus grande capacité de l'Europe*.

It would be of great interest to follow them through all their pilgrimages for the true and the beautiful, but our space will not admit. Let us pass on to an important epoch in their lives—the appointment of William von Humboldt as Prussian ambassador to the Papal court, and find him in the home of the classics and of art—Rome.

Schlesier gives us delighted glances into the Strada Gregoriana on the Trinita del Monte in the following glowing picture: "Here only was Humboldt able to make his house a temple of hospitality, open to every worthy comer. From his large, lofty rooms high windows afforded the most beautiful view, and his dwelling was truly Italian in its architecture, while German sociality reigned within. Every evening the most mixed society was gathered together at tea, and reminded those present of Berlin or London companies. The stream of strangers which constantly flows through Rome visited these halls; all intellectual and artistic celebrities were united in it; before all, the German artists resident in the city. For a quiet mind the crowd which met here every evening was almost too much. Here a cardinal conversed with a German professor, there a painter was obliged to converse for hours with a Duchess in language he barely understood. In the background Humboldt talked with his friend Zoega, while Lucien Bonaparte was paying his court to the lady of the house. Madame von

Humboldt, while she did the honors of her home, displayed more than any where else her great social talents. She was the soul of this splendid circle."

It was no ordinary hospitality that artists there enjoyed. They cared for them if they were sick, and assisted them with funds, so that they should not be obliged to sell their works below their value. In every possible way they obtained honor and reputation for true art. Thorwaldsen made one of his finest statues—Hope—for Madame von Humboldt. There is a touching incident related of this lady-patron of art, who tried in vain to buy of a family an unfinished oil-picture of Christ as a youth, sleeping and guarded by angels. One who sought every-where the good and the lovely could not fail to appreciate the world's Redeemer, "the fairest among ten thousand, the one *altogether* lovely."

The years passed away. Madame von Humboldt became the mother of nine children, but five of whom reached maturity. Upon withdrawing from public life, Humboldt built anew the castle of Tegel. A description of this rare home may be of interest: "In place of the old hunting-seat in which he had spent his childhood he erected a more splendid building, and made it a seat in which an art-loving mind could appropriately end his days. The inheritance became a new creation. In order suitably to retain an old turret built in the time of the great Elector, he made a clever plan, according to which the four corners have turrets. The whole edifice retained an antique character. The interior of the castle was ornamented with the most select treasures of sculpture and painting by ancient and modern masters. One literally wandered among beautiful statues. The gardens which his father planned he formed into a beautiful park, ornamented with fountains, statuary, and monuments. This spot stamped by his genius and hallowed by the last years of his life, is one of the most interesting environs of the Prussian capital."

In March, 1829, Caroline von Humboldt lay down to die. Her husband endured the keenest anguish at seeing her pass from his sight, yet another than he and his children stood at that bedside to watch the flight of the departing spirit. Alexander von Humboldt was there with stricken heart and streaming eyes, and concerning her we have this testimony from his pen: "She prayed much."

She lies in that beautiful park of Tegel, and an alley of cypresses leads to her grave, and from the summit of a monument erected to her by her husband under the supervision of

the great sculptor Rauch, the splendid statue of "Hope," made for her by Thorwaldsen, looks down with consolation and trust in its benign face.

All Europe mourned for her, but upon William von Humboldt the blow fell most heavily. It is said that her image never left his mind, and that the hope of a future life was greatly strengthened by his desire to be reunited to his wife. He offers this tribute to her memory: "I have lived an infinitely happy life." He lived six years longer, buried in his studies and in the past, cheered by his children, by Alexander and Goethe, and then they saw him touched by the finger of God. "Child, I shall soon be with your mother," he said to Caroline, his eldest daughter, and then died in his brother's arms.

The name of William von Humboldt is rendered immortal not only by his great attainments, but by the promotion of most important objects. He was utterly unselfish in his desire to do good to Germany. He was the introducer into Prussia of the great reform in popular education, now so justly celebrated throughout the world. Every school-boy and girl should speak reverently of their friend and benefactor. He also established the University of Berlin, as also a Museum in that city, and to its public library bequeathed all of his philological manuscripts and his unfinished works on condition that to them all students might be accessible. He, too, is the founder of German art-philosophy. Among the various encomiums pronounced upon him the highest I conceive to be this: "He is the promise of a richer future to the German nation."

I can not close this sketch without reverting to the revered inspired seer of student-life, the great and good Alexander von Humboldt. After more than sixty years of exclusive devotedness to science, he retires at four score with the express wish that his works may be published in the French language, that all nations may reap the benefits of his research. Crowned with the honors of the whole world, with gifts from monarchs at his feet, his person decorated with the insignia of royal favor, he, the companion of the gracious Frederic William, comes in feebleness to lie down where his nieces, Gabrielle and Adelheid, now the wives of distinguished men, may minister to him, and he, too, fades away.

The setting sun floods his couch with its dying glories, but we may hope that to his vanishing sight it is the dawn of the morning-land, for to the sorrowing Gabrielle and her

sister he breathes gently these words and is gone: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen; sie scheinen die Erde zum Himmel zu rufen"—"How glorious these beams! they seem to call earth to heaven."

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN LADIES' CENTENARY MOVEMENT.

ORIGIN.

NO one aware of the important agency of females in the great religious movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will have been surprised that pious women were among the first to respond to the official call of the American Methodist Church for a centenary offering of gratitude to Almighty God, designed "to render more efficient in the century to come those institutions and agencies to which the Church has been so deeply indebted in the century past."

Historians had repeatedly asserted, and readers generally assented, that Barbara Heck ought to have a worthy monument.

The approach of the centennial year furnished the fit occasion. The action of the General Centenary Committee suggested the appropriate form, and an urgent necessity fixed the special object. First among the special objects of connective liberalities the Committee originally designated "buildings for the Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois." Here was the proper idea of a monument—not a mere ornamental shaft, but a *memorial building*, designed to furnish a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies. It was a striking coincidence that at least three similar structures had been already reared by female benevolence in connection with three different theological institutions in the United States.*

What, therefore, could be more fitting than that the ladies of the Methodist Churches should combine to rear a similar hall designed to link together in perpetual remembrance and in a perpetuity of usefulness the names of Barbara Heck and Eliza Garrett. Such a design was promptly conceived and publicly proposed by the ladies of the West, who were in a position to see at once the urgent necessity as well as the great propriety of the movement. The American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association was accordingly organized in Chicago in September, 1865.

* Beatty Hall, at Alleghany City, Pennsylvania; Hertzog Hall, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Brown Hall, at Princeton.

PRIMARY DESIGN.

The primary design of the Association is well set forth in the following extract of its appeal to the Methodist ladies of America:

"Dear Sisters in Christ.—As the one hundredth birthday of our Church in America draws near, do not our hearts, though always loving toward her, beat with a more intense devotion to her cause? Do not the thousands of us who have found in her a mother cherishing and tender, desire to manifest the gratitude we feel by bringing in the hour of her rejoicing some gift worthy of us to offer, as of her to accept? So we believe; and, certain that we do not mistake the impulses of those whom we address, we cordially solicit and confidentially expect your aid in the conduct of an enterprise which shall attest our filial love for the Church whose name we bear.

"The fact is stated in our history that a hundred years ago a woman first evoked the spirit of Methodism on our shores. Dr. Stevens says of Mrs. Barbara Heck that 'she was really the foundress of American Methodism.' Under God she called out the first minister, convened the first congregation and class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice on this side the Atlantic.

"Another fact with which we are familiar is, that to Mrs. Eliza Garrett, a Methodist lady of fortune, we are indebted for the endowment of the Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, whose praise and patronage extend through all our borders.

"In connection with this institution the Church proposes to erect a memorial edifice for educational purposes during the Centennial year; but another building is needed to furnish a home for the students while pursuing their theological course.

"The latter is the design of Heck Hall, and for women to build on a foundation laid by one of their own sex, and in honor of the woman who was mother to the infant Church now celebrating in its strength its first Centennial year, is certainly a fitting and delightful task. Moreover, since the memory of Mrs. Heck is dear and sacred to all Methodists, it is essential that all be invited to participate in its homage; hence this 'appeal' to the ladies of the Church at large."

ENLARGEMENT OF PLAN.

When the above-stated design was communicated to the public, it met with a favor so general and so enthusiastic as to convince those acquainted with the plans of the Association that it was capable of accomplishing much more than had been originally proposed.

The Association, therefore, laid before the General Centenary Committee at its second meeting, held in November, 1865, its proposed plan of action and its appeal, together with a memorial asking official recognition, and suggesting an enlargement of its plan to embrace such other general objects of centenary action as might be deemed advisable, but especially

naming the Biblical Institute at Concord. After due consideration the General Centenary Committee gave its official and cordial sanction to the Association and its objects, with instructions to the Central Committee "to enlarge its basis and extend the application of its funds to such other connectional objects as they may deem advisable." The action of the Central Centenary Committee was embodied in the following resolution:

"Resolved, That said Association be and it is hereby authorized to appropriate \$100,000 from the funds first raised by it in equal parts of \$50,000 each to the Biblical schools at Evanston and Concord severally, and that all funds beyond that sum of \$100,000 shall be given to the Centenary Educational Fund."

CONNECTIONAL CHARACTER.

By the action narrated above the character of the Association was established as connectional in the fullest sense. Its primary design of rearing an edifice at Evanston in commemoration of Mrs. Heck was expanded to the extent of conferring a similar benefit upon the Biblical Institute of the New England States, and also of swelling by the entire surplus of its collections the Connectional Educational Fund designed to confer benefits with equal hand throughout the entire borders of the Church.

For statements of the character and importance of the Connectional Educational Fund reference may be made to the appendix of the Centenary volume and Centenary Document No. 2.

RELATIONS OF THE CONNECTIONAL FUND TO FEMALE EDUCATION.

In justice to the history of the Ladies' Association, it is proper to state that when the question of enlarging the application of its funds was before the Central Centenary Committee, its officers memorialized that Committee to the effect that the surplus funds of the Association, beyond the \$100,000 designated for buildings, might be specially appropriated in aid of female education.

The Committee, not deeming itself authorized to create any special department of the fund provided for by the General Committee, nevertheless, officially communicated to the ladies the following opinion:

"You naturally feel an interest in providing for female education. As we understand the purposes of the 'Centenary Educational Fund,' our female schools and colleges are included in its scope. Certainly as a Committee we are as deeply interested in the education in our

schools of representatives of the gentler sex as of our young men."

This opinion was accepted as just and satisfactory. In the light of it all friends of female education should feel called upon to assist in swelling the contribution of the Ladies' Association so as to make the claim of the sex upon the Connectional Fund as large as possible.

PLANS OF OPERATION.

The success of the American Ladies' Centenary Association will now depend wholly upon the practical support given it in the collection of funds for its treasury.

Funds are accordingly solicited as direct donations from all who approve of the objects above named, and also in the creation of various grades of membership.

Any lady by paying one dollar into the funds of the Association may become a member, and will be entitled to have her name recorded and preserved in the archives of the aforesaid Biblical Institutes.

The payment of ten dollars will constitute a life member, twenty-five dollars an honorary manager, one hundred dollars a patroness, one thousand dollars or more a benefactress.

CERTIFICATES.

All life members, honorary managers, patronesses, and benefactresses will be entitled to certificates. The engraving will be an ornament to any parlor in the land, and as a Centenary memorial should be an heir-loom in every Methodist family.

BRANCH AND AUXILIARY ASSOCIATIONS.

Branch or auxiliary associations may be formed every-where, and of any extent, embracing whole Conferences, groups of Conferences, or single appointments, as may be deemed most feasible.

Nevertheless, in view of the shortness of the time left for action, it has become apparent that immediate individual and congregational effort in the various appointments of the Church are of the greatest importance.

It should be distinctly borne in mind that the formation of local associations in any place for other purposes need not prevent the organization of auxiliaries or individual efforts in behalf of the connectional association.

The pastor's wife in each station or circuit, as an *ex-officio* manager of this Association, is expected to call a meeting of the ladies, who shall devise and put in operation such measures as in their judgment shall be best adapted to procure funds.

If any thing should prevent or too long delay the call thus provided for, it is to be hoped that other members of the Church will act discreetly and efficiently in the premises.

Is it in any sense too much to hope that whatever other enterprises may be taken in hand by ladies in connection with the Centenary celebration, every Methodist woman in the land will wish at least to become a member of this Association, and thus to contribute something toward the memorial building in commemoration of the name and virtues of Barbara Heck, as well as to the other objects of the Association? Will not all who thus feel take timely steps to enroll themselves as members?

LADIES' CENTENARY VOLUME.

It will be specially appropriate every-where to encourage young ladies and others to secure subscriptions for membership and to circulate the present volume.

To encourage efforts of this kind the Association proposes to send a handsomely-bound copy of "The Women of Methodism" by mail, post paid, to any who will secure ten subscriptions of any denomination from one dollar upward to the funds of the Association, and forward the same to Miss Frances E. Willard, at Evanston, Illinois, or to either of her associate corresponding secretaries representing the various branches.

An effort should be made to secure as many life members, honorary managers, patronesses, and benefactresses as possible. Every list of ten claiming this prize should include at least one of the above grades.

ACCOUNTS.

It is proposed to keep the accounts of the Association in such a manner that *each Annual Conference shall be credited* with every dollar contributed through the Ladies' Association, and as the objects of the Association are exclusively connectional, it is hoped that in many Conferences this will become a favorite as well as efficient medium of benevolent Centenary action.

FUNDS—REPORTS.

To facilitate the convenience of our friends in all parts of the Church it is arranged that funds may be paid in to the Book Agents, Messrs. Carlton & Porter, New York; Messrs. Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; and J. P. Magee, Boston.

It is also presumed that the agents of all the book depositories of the Church will, when

requested, receive Centenary funds for transmission to the general treasurers.

It is, however, especially requested that whenever payments are thus made receipts be taken for the same, and that an accurate account of the names and residences of subscribers and donors be transmitted to the Treasurer of the Association, Mrs. Haskin, Evanston, Ill. All secretaries of branch and auxiliary associations, and all individuals who collect funds, are especially desired to make these reports, as the only means of obtaining a full and classified list of subscribers for publication and preservation.

FINAL WORD.

Our enterprise is now before the Church and the world. It remains to be seen what response will be made to our appeal, and what record shall be entered up by the women of 1866 to be reviewed by those of a hundred years to come. Well may this be called our golden opportunity. Never before was it providentially arranged that the women of American Methodism might act in unison for definite and grand objects. Never again shall we have such an opportunity of writing our names and influence upon the institutions and Christian agencies of an incoming century.

Every one will say that the work is good; but it can not be done by words only. Deeds alone will speak to coming generations. Let us hope, therefore, that all who wish well to the enterprises taken in hand by the Ladies' Association will instantly and energetically act in their behalf. The time is short and precious. Let it be turned to the best possible account.

GREAT MEN.

A GREAT man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantage he goes to sleep. When he is pushed and disappointed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits; he has gained facts; he learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.

WOMAN—HER SPHERE, AND THE MEANS OF HER ELEVATION.*

BY REV. W. K. TWEEDEE, D. D.

THERE are some parts of Siberia where a traveler is as likely to lose his way as if he were upon the sea; but a guide has been provided for him, when one is required, even amid those pathless wilds. There is a little plant which grows upon the stems and the branches of trees; and as it is always found on the north side, where moisture is most abundant, those who are acquainted with that fact can use it as a chart. The traveler can thus find his way amid difficulties which might baffle the instincts even of an American savage; and He whose goodness and wisdom are alike illimitable, is found to have provided for our safety where our own strength would be only weakness, and our own wisdom folly.

And in the same way has the great Creator planted a guide in the heart of society, such as might largely influence it for good, and prove a preservative against many perils, were it properly employed. We refer to the influence of woman—man's original help and second self. Framed as she was at first to prevent monotony and loneliness even in Eden, she has continued, from the dawn of creation till now, largely to control the destinies of man. In her proper sphere, she has proved heaven's richest earthly blessing; out of it she has been man's heaviest woe.

We accordingly find that her position may be viewed as the barometer of society. We can thereby measure its elevation or depression. Is woman degraded below her proper position, and made only the slave or the menial of man? Do we see her, as in the domains of paganism, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water; or the favorite of an hour, to be speedily discarded and despised? Is she the murderer of her little ones, as once in the South Sea Islands; or obliged, by a horrid custom, to expire amid the flames of her husband's funeral pile, as sometimes still in India? Is she, in short, treated like a soulless slave in the harem, or a beast of burden in the forest? Then man is there found to be degenerate and corrupt, possessing in some respects, perhaps, certain of the properties which prevail among the lower animals, such as courage, cunning, or strength; but devoid of all that is exalting to an immortal being—at once depraved and depraving. By thus

* From "The Early Choice," just issued by Poe & Hitchcock.

perverting his choicest blessing; man turns it into a curse, and that reacts upon him with a terrible force. In Russia, for instance, where woman has been for centuries degraded to the rank of a chattel, some have arisen to take ample revenge upon man. Monsters of ferocity have there appeared in female form, while the morals of not a few, even among the titled and the courtly, are described by men, who are neither prudes nor puritans, as exhibiting "such crimes, such excesses, and so great turpitude, that a reader would shudder at the bare recital."

But, on the other hand, is woman placed where the Father of all designed her to be? Has she a position neither of degrading bondage nor of usurped supremacy, but just where God has stationed her; that is, side by side with man, as his meet help? Then society is sound, for influences that both sweeten and hal-low it are there at work.

Nor is this wonderful. God has placed the highest influence that is known upon earth in the hands of woman. No monarch's scepter—no human laws—no course of discipline, though stern and severe as that of La Trappe—can accomplish what she can achieve. Among the savage and the civilized alike she wields a plastic power over man's heart, and therefore over man's destiny—a power which is appalling when exerted on the side of evil, beneficent as the very dew of heaven when put forth on the side of good. It is not too much to say that as evil entered the world by woman, she will be found intimately connected with its continuance, in its worst forms and in its infinite diversity; but neither is it too much to say, as has been said, that as the Savior was born of a woman, so that she became the occasion of ten thousand times ten thousand blessings through him, her influence for good, wherever it is exerted aright, is not less than her influence for ill.

The history of the world contains proof enough of this. The sleepless vigilance, the self-sacrifice and devotion of woman at the bidding of affection, are such as to elevate our conceptions of the grandeur of our race. She lives mainly to comfort, and feels her mission only half accomplished unless she be so employed. "My mother's kiss made me a painter," said Benjamin West, when referring to an incident in his early youth, and the remark manifested his fine appreciation of the truthful, while it also illustrates the ascendancy of woman. It proves how true it is that

"Mightier far

Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and star,

Is Love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

But all other illustrations might be superseded by a glance at the origin of woman. Man then had a garden to enjoy; but that was not enough. He had all creation, in the flush and bloom of its beauty, to gladden him; but even that could not suffice. He had all that lived for his subjects, and all that flourished to admire; but his soul still needed something more. Above all, the first man in innocence had God for his Companion, his Father, his Friend, and far more even than these names can convey; yet one thing was wanting. The half of his nature was without an object. He felt even Eden to be insufficient: even there it was "*not good* for him to be alone." There was at least the absence of some needed good, and a meet help was the antidote. Her heart became the echo of Adam's, and human nature was complete—he in her, and she in him; as twin beings summoned into existence to glorify their God.

In this way, from the first, woman has held the key of the heart, and been able to shut it up in hardness or open it to all the impulses of affection. Little as he who boasts himself the lord of creation is disposed to concede it, she wields a mightier influence over him than he does over her. That influence is most signally seen—it is at least brought to a focus—in the control of a mother over her son. Let us think, for example, of some of those who have exercised the greatest influence upon the destinies of their fellow-men. They have dared the scowl or the dungeon of a tyrant in defense of liberty, or they have gone to the stake in defense of God's truth. Neither a despot's vengeance nor a people's fickleness could daunt them. They rose superior to every opposition, and seemed, like the halcyon, quietly masters of themselves, even on the crest of some angry wave. And to what was all that owing? To the power and the pains of a mother. Borne up by affection, and directed by instinct, she persevered in her labor of love, and a benefactor to his race was the result. It is a Washington, prepared to give freedom to a people, and to do it in the fear of his God. It is a minister of Christ, turning many to righteousness, and preparing to shine as the stars forever and ever. It is a missionary of the Cross, denying himself to father and mother, to kindred and home, and hastening to the heathen to "hazard his life for the name of Jesus." Not many years have elapsed since a certain conference of American pastors was held, where one of the objects was to discover what or who

had been the instrument of their conversion to God. About one hundred and twenty were present, and more than a hundred of these ascribed their all-decisive change instrumentally to their mother. Is it not true, then, that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood?"

Can not the heart and the hand of a mother achieve what neither coroneted splendor nor ancient lineage need attempt?

It is not to be concealed, however, that many women, in every sphere, have forfeited their ascendancy and influence by attempting what they were never meant to accomplish. For what is woman's sphere? It is preëminently HOME. If she be enticed or banished thence, her proper power is paralyzed. In that sanctuary her adornings are what an apostle wished them to be—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Abandoning that, she loses her second Eden; but acting there in the fear of God, she is at once blessed and made a blessing. One of those women of our day who have helped to shed additional attractions around the female character has said, "Are not our rights sufficiently comprehensive: the sanctuary of home—the throne of the heart—the molding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation? Have we not power enough in all the realms of sorrow and of suffering—over all forms of want and ignorance—amid all ministries of love, from the cradle-dream to the sealing of the sepulcher?" and were these sentiments common, the power which God over all has placed so largely in female hands would be yet more beneficently felt, and all this seems indicated where we read of such a woman as the Word of God approves—"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." All this points to home.

It is not our purpose to enter into the controversy, so long but so needlessly agitated, as to whether woman be inferior in mental powers to man. It is not the design of the Most High that they should ever be pitted in antagonism. They stand side by side, harmoniously coöperating for the common good. In truth, each nature is superior in its own sphere, and inferior out of it. The more feeble frame of woman—the greater sensibility of her nervous system—her delicacy and disposition to lean on some extraneous help—all indicate what sphere she should fill, or where she may claim superiority. And her mental peculiarities all point in the same direction. Let her intrude into man's province, and her inferiority becomes apparent;

let her retain her own, and man must bow before her. There are exceptions—women born for great emergencies and trained for great achievements. Heroines they have proved at the head of armies, profoundly penetrating in the cabinet, or able to cope even with the heavings of the "fierce democracy." In another point of view, some have fathomed the depths or soared to the heights of science, and carried away the palm in some departments even where man was the competitor. But with all that conceded, we recur to the conviction that womanhood has a sphere assigned to it by God, out of which, as a general rule, it can not safely wander. There woman is "monarch of all she surveys;" elsewhere she is a subject; and may become a slave. Her superiority in enduring, in calm, patient submission under wrong, in loneliness, in disease, in widowhood and poverty, can not be questioned—all that has been ten thousand times made manifest. For a signal demonstration we are pointed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, where man has faltered amid agony, or sunk into premature dotage during long confinement, while woman has borne the worst of woes, and retained at once the elasticity and the integrity of her soul, amid the fiendish efforts of superstition to crush her faith. More impressive by religious truth—with a heart more open, a conscience more quick—little addicted to the subtleties of reasoning, but more prompt in intuitive perception—woman receives through the medium of the heart what man regards too often only through the cold understanding; and she therefore holds more tenaciously than man that heavenly truth which is revealed in a medium of love, as it is designed to "purify the heart" and "work by love" among the children of men.

To that extent, then, woman is superior; and to deny it appears like a denial of what constitutes her real and peculiar nature. Count Leopold Ferri of Padua had a library, consisting of thirty-two thousand volumes, all of them composed by female authors; and in literature, at least, that fact betokens no remarkable inferiority. But we stand upon ground even less questionable than that. It is not by volumes of books, but by living souls, that we judge of the sphere and the ascendancy of woman; and in her proper sphere her works are counted, not by thousands, but by millions. Wherever she discharges her duty, she in effect asserts her power, and as a rainbow has been seen spanning a battle-field, that is an emblem of her power amid the troubles of life. By nature she may resemble Eva, who brought sin and

death into the world, but by grace she is made like Mary, the mother of Jesus, "THE LIFE."

And in beautiful accordance with all this is the place which woman holds in the Scriptures. In the case of Jezebel and others we see the effects of her own sphere forsaken and man's usurped. Paths are then pursued which end in oppression and murder, till the dogs lick the blood of the murderer. But, on the other hand, it is not less clear that the noblest offices ever performed by human hands were performed by woman of old; for, follow the Savior where you will, you find her ministering to him. Not even the agonies of his closing scene could scare her from that labor of love. Nay, one, and another, and another, gazed through their tears to his cross. The wrath of man might rage, but that did not daunt them. The earthquake and the eclipse might combine to add their terrors, but even these could not repel. As the dying One had thoughts to spare amid his agonies for Mary his mother, she and her companions clung to him when all besides had fled. The last at the cross and the first at the sepulcher, sorrow and suffering, neglect and persecution, in the case of the Savior, just drew their hearts more closely to his cause; and as they at last found hope in his cross, they had sought from day to day to smooth the thorny path which led to that scene of mingled ignominy and glory—ignominy at the hands of men, but glory from God over all.

But in contrast with all this, we may glance at woman's condition when the truth of God has ceased to be her guide. All exquisite as her temperament may be, or beautiful her endowments from God, the abuse of the best things turns them into the worst. It happens, then, according to the words of Malachi, "I will curse your blessings."

There is, first, the *useless* woman. She never realizes the purpose of her mission, and by consequence, she does not fulfill it. Nay, she is a burden at once to herself and the earth on which she walks. Like a weed upon the waters, she floats valueless through life, absorbed by trifles, or tossed without an aim from wave to wave—the shuttlecock of fashion's battle-door, the prey of caprice, unhappy herself, and making all about her the same. Paul has put his brand upon such women as "womanliage," rather than women; and the picture which he draws of their character and conduct might have sufficed as a beacon to all who followed after.

The Proverbs of the wisest man often speak in the same strain. He tells us of the *foolish* woman, who plucks down her house with her

hand; of the *odious* woman, whose marriage disquiets the earth; of the woman *devoid of discretion*, as resembling a jewel of gold in a swine's snout; and draws other characters of a similar kind, all tending to the disgrace and shame of those whom God designed for the ornament or the glory of man. Untaught by the wisdom and unsubdued by the grace of God, such a woman is at once a pest and a burden. Whether it be the defects of education and training, or the natural waywardness of the heart, which refuses to be trained at all, some women continue useless or worse till their dying day. Degraded by frivolity or inflated by vanity, they appear to have reached the conclusion that they best assert the rights of womanhood by being helpless and useless on the earth.

Or, descending further in the scale, there is woman *fallen*, lost and degraded. The case is too painful to be dwelt on; and yet it should be named as displaying what woman becomes when the path which God would have her to go is forgotten. She *may* be restored. The Savior laid a foundation of hope, even for her; but the firebrands, the arrows, and death which she scatters, the woes with which she pierces her own and other souls, are such as only the judgment day can declare. An abandoned woman is the most abandoned of all God's creatures; and we adopt, in all their extent, the words of a master in Israel: "The heart of woman is the richest treasure on earth; but if it be not the treasure of God, it becomes the treasure of the devil; and one might be tempted sometimes to think that, instead of having been given by God to man for his help, it was the fiend who formed her, saying, 'It is not good for man to be alone; I will make for him a drag, similar to himself.'"

Such, then, being woman's mission, as a help and a blessing to man, and such the danger of her failing to discharge it, we should consider how the duty may best be done, and the danger best avoided. These ends will not be promoted without painstaking; and what direction should our painstaking receive? In our day, measures of a strenuous kind are employed to elevate young men. Institutions of various kinds are opened—appliances of various kinds are brought to bear upon them—that the soul may not be entombed in the body, or eternity overlooked for time. But no such appliances have yet been proposed, with sufficient earnestness, on behalf of the other sex. Many of them are the children of handicraft and hard labor. There is danger lest they should sink, and drag others with them; for it will be found in this land, as

well as by missionaries in the East, that all attempts to elevate the one sex are vain, without corresponding efforts on behalf of the other. Now, in the hope of aiding in such efforts, we would draw attention to the life and history of woman under various aspects; and that with a view to show what endeavors are needed ere there can be any proper elevation, any permanent benefit, any thing accomplished to make woman what she should be, or to keep her so. Photography fixes down the face of nature or of man at one definite moment, and there it remains while the materials endure. But there can be nothing akin to that in mind. *There* the law is progress, expansion, and growth, and if that law be violated, then degradation ensues; there is an end of all that is lovely and of good report in character. A female, famous for her learning, has said, that in knowledge, at least, "it is a sin to be contented with little," and that sentiment should be rooted in every female mind.

It may encourage us in our efforts to know that there is no sphere debarred from self-culture, or from bestowing benefits on our day and generation. An aged female, in her solitary chamber, with some children gathered round her from a neighboring factory, to be taught the Word of God, has been known to found an institution which issued in the training of thousands and the conversion of not a few. The honor lies in acting well our part, whatever be our sphere; and the little Syrian maid who told her master of the means of curing his leprosy, and by her hint led to very momentous results, was only one out of multitudes employed by Him who chooses weak things to confound the mighty. Has not the household servant been sometimes owned by God to shed eternal blessings upon the souls of those whom she served? Have not some of the ungodly stood in awe before their own dependents, and feared them even more than God? As the Savior came "in the form of a servant," and in that character shed blessings innumerable upon a groaning world, the lowly, if taught by the Spirit of God, may sometimes be the means of shedding light and consolation far and wide around them.

WOMAN will not suffer by laboring with the fallen to make them better. Her pure robes will gather no stain in going down to the lowest of God's creatures, to raise them up and point them the way of life. Christ's robe was not soiled when he sat in the rude fishing boat and taught people on shore.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY AVANIELLE L. HOLMES.

I HAVE come back, Old Home,
A pilgrim to thy shrine.
I have passed again within thy door,
But not as I did in days of yore,
With little brown hands full of beautiful things,
The fruit of my woodland wanderings;
With the fennel's dust on my tired brown feet,
And my ear drinking in the home-sounds sweet.
Not as in that glad time
Have I come back, Old Home.

I have come back, Old Home,
To the scenes where I used to stray;
To the orchard boughs, to the maple shade,
To the great cool pond where I used to wade;
To the wild beech-woods, with their dropping nuts,
To the fields where I gathered wild buttercups;
To the grape-vine swing, to the well-sweep tall,
To the barn where I heard the pewee's call.
But the scenes that I loved, alas, are changed,
And my childhood's playmates are estranged.
And some have passed away,
But I have come back, Old Home.

I have come back, Old Home,
Dost thou know thy truant child?
She is not the brown-cheeked, brown-haired maid,
Who round that ancient portal played;
The hands that gathered the Summer bloom
Have planted flowers on Affection's tomb.
The feet that ran home through the fennel's dust
Have learned to walk with a patient trust
On the broad highway of life; the heart
Has felt full many a sore, sore smart.
But still in heart a child,
I have come back, Old Home.

I have come back, Old Home,
And I feel like a child again.
I sit again by the hearth so wide,
I walk again by my father's side,
I bow again at my mother's knee,
My brother's arm encircles me
In its guarding clasp. I hear again
My childhood's hymn, and each loved strain
Brings tears unbidden to my eye,
And I weep like a child and know not why.
There's a pleasure and a pain
In coming back, Old Home.

I have come back, Old Home,
And I grieve that I can not stay.
My path has wandered from thee,
And thy hush and rest, and it may be
That I never again shall tread thy floor,
Nor watch the sunset from thy door;
It may be I never again shall see
The hallowed roof that first sheltered me;
But O, wherever my footsteps roam—
Wherever may be my future home,
Whether near or far away,
My heart will come back, Old Home!

The Children's Repository.

OUR HECTOR.

BY LUCIA J. CHASE.

HE upsets my ink, pinches my arms, and whittles over my clean carpet. When my magazines come I feel like I do when a dear old friend makes his appearance, and I want to be the first to take his hand, but Jerry always gets the first grasp. He has read all the spiciest bits long before the leaves are cut, and when, in order to keep him still for a few blessed moments, I offer him the book, saying pleadingly, "Here, Jerry, take it; it'll just suit you. There's a fight, and a hunt, and an animal story," he yawns one of those horrid cavernous yawns, and answers, "O, I've read that long 'go."

He despises clean hands and girls, and only tolerates me because I am his sister. I can't tell what his real opinion of me is. Sometimes he tells father at breakfast with a little patronizing wink at me, "She's a pretty nice little girl after all, ain't she, father?" And to-day when I was rubbing the tin-ware he sat looking at me a moment and then suddenly burst out with, "Eather, if I was to see you coming from the depot, and had n't ever seen you before, I'd think you was the homeliest, greenest little piece I ever saw in my life." This morning when I was placidly pursuing the even tenor of my way from the kitchen to the "front room," he came after me, closing the door with a bang, grasped my shoulders in that iron grip of his, and shook me furiously, and when I remonstrated with a little spiteful "do n't," he tapped my chin and said softly, "Pretty 'tittle pet! Must n't lose its temper." And he is n't an inch taller than I am, and I can remember when he was a great fat baby and wore red shoes and pinafores. If I borrow any thing that belongs to him without "asking," he never forgives me, and feels that he has suffered an irreparable injury; but if I go humbly and beseech him, "Please, Jerry, may n't I have two sheets of your foolscap?" he answers, "Why, 'course! Take ten; take all you want."

He reads all the papers and does n't hesitate to criticize the policy of the President and Cabinet, not always unjustly either, and he eats all our sugar. If you find a sprinkling upon the pantry shelf you may be sure Jerry's

fingers have been there. Sometimes he is so cross that you would n't dare touch the hem of his garment. He is hungry all the time, not for bread and butter and goodies alone, but for something which he has n't got; for a great house with gorgeous rooms and a court with a sparkling fountain in it; for a farm and to be a farmer; for a long journey, he is n't particular where; for a pony and a gun; for a guitar; and to know what he is going to be. His spirit is in a sad state of unrest. He is n't satisfied with himself any more than we are satisfied with him. He wants to love God, he says, but he can't somehow; God is so far off. When I try to lead him to the dear, loving Christ, and read him my chapter, which is, "Christ comforteth his disciples," and begins with, "Let not your heart be troubled," he shakes his head, and says, "O, he said all that to *them*. Read me what he *did*. I like that better."

So I read how he wept at the grave of Lazarus, and how, walking upon the waves, he lovingly gave his hand to Peter; how Mary came to the grave in the still, shadowy dawn, and saw "angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain;" how, after talking to her in the words and voice of any curious stranger, he spoke to her in his own tender, thrilling voice—the father to his child—"Mary," and she turned herself and said "Master." All this our Hector will listen to, but he won't read it, and he can't endure any comment.

"You can't better it," he says; "it makes a fellow sorer than forty preachers could in a month."

He does n't like the old books, but now and then he hears a word or an expression that he thinks over. Once I read, "Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I go out into the land of Egypt."

"That'll do," said Jerry, and a kind of awe crept into his round, brown face, and he and I sat still together then, with the dusk gathering around us. What was it so awful in the words that hushed him so? So I thought it over too, and a horror crept over me, sitting there in the shadows, thinking how in all that land there was teeming, joyous life; how they were grinding corn, and plying the needle, and building their temples; and going to worship their gods; mothers loving just as you do now, with hearts that ache with the very sweetness of loving; fathers glorying in their first-born; princes rejoicing in the thought, "I shall send down to posterity a glorious name;" maid-servants patiently toiling behind the mill,

cheered by the thought of little soft, dark hands going over face and bosom at night, little loving lips pressed close to hers, little being all hers spite of master, or mistress, or king on his throne. And that Spirit brooding over them all, silent, and sure, and strong.

"About midnight." Heart beating against heart, and one stilled by that dread touch. Out of the pulsing, brooding night a soul winging its way—where? Up to light, and life, and love, I like to think. But O, the "great cry, such as there was none like it, nor shall be any more," the sore, aching hearts, the black shadow in every house, and the chill fear of this dark, silent thing they had never known, nor their fathers, till this strange people came in their midst.

Jerry won't learn to be polite. If he ever is polite it will "come to him," as grandmother says the art of bread-making did to her. He stumbles awkwardly before the grandest lady-caller that condescends to honor us. He answers a gracious, "Well, Jerry, how do you do?" with a grim "well enough," and can hardly be persuaded to doff his old cap long enough to eat his dinner. He is a grand cultivator of patience. If I live through a day without being angry at Jerry's pranks, and once or twice turn away his wrath with a soft answer when my own heart is brimful of passion, then I feel that I have gained a glorious victory, have fought a good fight, and go to my Father at night sure of love and blessing. "In your patience possess ye your souls," said a voice away back in the old, dim years, but its utterances come up to us tender, and clear, and sweet. I take them into my heart, I make them brighter my daily life. I like to think they are meant for each soul and each life in its greatest need, for those few loving, awed hearts looking out at the "tribulations" that were to come, for you and me to-day, with our little every-day heart-aches, with our temptations so bitterly hard to overcome, with our dim eyes aching and strained to see the real right and the real wrong.

Here is Jerry looking over my shoulder.

"Say, Esther," he inquires, "am I one of your temptations?"

I lay down my pen and tell him sorrowfully that I think he is. I glance up shyly and see that he looks a shade penitent; but he stands behind me thoughtfully, turning my ears down after the fashion of Fido's, and declares presently, "You're taking a liberty, ain't you, writing all that about a private individual?"

Then he goes rollicking out and leaves me to "my meditations." Well, God keep us both!

KIND WORDS.

ONE morning a group of boys collected in front of the school-house were waiting the sound of the bell, when one of them exclaimed, "Now, boys, for some sport; here comes drunken Joe," while a poor creature in tattered garments approached these laughing boys. His bloated face and listless eyes bespoke the ruling demon Rum, which had almost blotted out every vestige of humanity from his once noble form.

As he drew near the boisterous group, rude jeers and loud laughter fell upon his ear; answering them only with low, muttered curses, the angry man passed on. He had proceeded but a few steps when, feeling some one pull his coat, he turned and met the upturned face and mild blue eye of Eddie Parker, a little boy of some ten Summers. Thinking this one of his tormentors, he roughly demanded what he wanted.

"O, don't be angry with me," answered the child. "I did not laugh at you as you passed the school-house; but I do pity you, poor Uncle Joe, and I want to ask you not to go there again," pointing to the grog-shop, which stood but a short distance from the place where they had passed.

"And why not?" asked the man in a milder tone than he had before spoken in, for the sweet face and kind words of the child had touched a tender chord in the drunkard's heart, long unused to human kindness.

"If you would only leave off drink the boys would no longer mock and laugh when you pass; people would give you work to do, and you would be so much happier than now," answered Eddie.

It was as if an angel spoke to the poor drunkard. As he gazed upon the innocent child a ray of sunlight shone in upon his darkened mind. The days of his own happy childhood came up before him. Again he saw his mother's smile, heard the soft lullaby with which she soothed her loved child to repose, and he thought what he might have become had that mother lived to rejoice with him in prosperity, to weep with him in adversity, but whom, ere youth's bright days had fled, he saw laid low in the grave.

The bloated visage softened, the bloodshot eye grew dim with tears, and, placing his hand upon the head of the little boy, he said, "God bless you, dear child, for your kind words to a poor outcast, the first I have heard for a long, long time," and turned away. The words of the child were not in vain; they had troubled

the stagnant waters of the drunkard's heart, and from that hour the wine-cup was forsaken, and he became a changed man.

Many years have since passed away. Uncle Joe is an old man now; beloved and respected by all, his days pass peacefully along. Often he tells us of that morning when his feet were turned from the downward path by the angel-child, as he is wont to call him, for little Eddie has long since joined the ransomed ones, and wears that crown of glory for which 't is bliss to die.

THE DISCONTENTED DOVE.

THE daughter of a poor but good and sensible mother was complaining to her that when she mixed with girls of her own age she felt ashamed of her plain attire. The mother, instead of remonstrating with her daughter, read to her the following fable:

The dove appealed to its guardian genius to bestow upon it a gayer external. "Why is it," said she, "that I have only the plain feathers, this unadorned plumage, while the peacock and the parrot shine in such fine and glittering apparel?"

"Thou shalt have what thou desirest, gentle dove," said the genius; "but remember, if thou wouldst shine like either the peacock or the parrot thou must become like them in other respects. Art thou, then, willing to resign thy character? Wouldst thou no longer be my timid, tender, loving dove, that thou mightst become vain and noisy as the peacock, chattering and idle as the parrot?"

"No," said the dove, "O, no, kind genius; I will not give up the characteristics which render me thy care and contribute so much to my happiness."

The daughter looked up into her mother's face. "And I, too," said she, "will remain thy dove, dear mother, and be satisfied with the gifts with which my Heavenly Father has endowed me."

THE SHO-SHO-NE WARRIOR.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

ONCE a noble Indian warrior
Chanced to own a matchless steed,
Famous far and near for beauty,
And for its unrivaled speed.
And a Mexican who saw it
Sought to purchase it; but gold
Tempted not the brave Sho-sho-ne
That the proud steed should be sold.

Then the Mexican grew angry,
And with wily, base design

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Said within himself, "By cunning,
That proud steed shall yet be mine,
And that haughty Indian warrior,
Mortified and stung with pain,
Shall entreat me to return it,
But his suing shall be vain."

So within a tangled thicket
On a lonesome, dreary night,
Trusting in his power of cunning,
And regardless of the right,
Hid he, and, as if in suffering,
Uttered forth a piteous moan,
For he knew the brave Sho-sho-ne
Rode the forest path alone.

Then the Indian dismounted,
Pitying, to offer aid,
While the Mexican, outspringing
From his covert in the glade,
On the proud steed quickly vaulting—
Triumph beaming in his eye—
Thus addressed the Indian warrior,
Who, astonished, lingered by:

"O, thou red man, haughty Indian,
Who my proffered gold did spurn,
Now you see the power of cunning.
See what stratagem can earn!
Scorning once the sum I offered,
Now thy steed is lost to thee;
Swiftly shall this far-famed courser
Speed the prairie-land for me."

"Pale face," then returned the Indian,
"Thy false moans and this dark hour
Truly have conspired against me,
I 'm a victim to their power;
But I pray thee, treacherous pale face,
Since thou hast been so unjust,
Tell it not among the Indians,
Lest, perchance, they learn distrust;

Lest when suffering appealing,
Seeks to gain a pitying ear,
They shall turn away in coldness,
Thinking of thy treachery here.
I this wrong will never mention,
Tho' it grieve my spirit sore;
Go, I pray thee—hasten, pale face,
I would never see thee more."

When the Mexican, whose feelings
Easily by words were moved,
Felt the baseness of his action
By the Indian reproved,
And he said, "Forgive me, brother,
Take thy steed, and thou shalt learn
That the virtue dwelling in thee
Makes my cheek with shame to burn.

And whenever I am tempted
To commit an evil deed,
I will take the past's great volume
And this chapter I will read;
And this sweet and holy memory,
Dwelling ever in my heart,
Like a monitor shall chide me
When from right I would depart."

THE FLANNEL NIGHTGOWN.

LUCY'S mother was cutting out a flannel nightgown for her. Lucy stood at the table watching her mother's movements.

"Mother," she said, "will you not cut one out for some poor child and let me make it?"

Her mother said "yes," for she was sure there was some poor child waiting for it.

"Who?" asked Lucy.

Mother did not know the child's name, but she said God did.

"And will God tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said the mother, "and when it is done we shall know."

The warm nightgown was cut out, and Lucy took the work-basket and sat down to sew it beside her mother. They were pleasant hours when mother and child sat, and sewed, and talked together. Lucy thought much about the poor child she was working for. Was she very cold in the cold, dark nights? Where did she live? Had she a mother? Did God tell her about this nightgown? Lucy had many thoughts stirring in her little bosom. By and by it was finished, folded up, and put away in Lucy's drawer.

One afternoon not long after this a neighbor came in and told a pitiful story of a poor family who lived down by the water. The father could get no work, the mother and one of the children were very sick.

"It's an awful Winter for the poor," said the neighbor; "do go and visit this family."

Lucy's mother promised she would, and in the afternoon she put on her cloak and hood to go and find them. Lucy went also. The house was very old and occupied by two families. On one side, which seemed to have been used as a shop, they found the family they were in search of. How forlorn was the scene! In one corner was a bed covered with scanty clothing. There were also a couple of old chairs and a table, with a few cups and dishes where some soup had been. It was very cold, with hardly a stick of wood in the old rickety stove. Two children were on the floor, one gnawing a bone and the other munching a potato. The sick mother was in bed, with her almost dying child beside her.

Lucy's mother went to the side of the bed and spoke to the poor woman. How grateful to her were those words of kindness!

"Here is my poor Effie," said the sick mother, laying her pale hand on her sick child's head; "won't your little girl come and speak to Effie?"

Lucy came to the bedside with a sweet

cake in her hand. It was one aunt Mary gave her, and which had remained untasted in her pocket. How glad Lucy was! Effie took the cake and nodded her head, as much as to say, "Thank you, miss."

Lucy's mother asked her what she most wanted.

"O," said the poor woman with tears in her eyes, "if I only had something warm to wrap round this poor child!"

"Lucy, you have a flannel nightgown for Effie, have you not?" asked Lucy's mother.

"O, yes, I have," cried Lucy, her eyes sparkling, "may I run home and fetch it?"

Her mother gave her leave. She soon came back with it in her arms. O, how glad was the dying mother! how glad was the sick child! How comfortable she looked in the nice new, warm flannel garment!

"God sent you here," said the woman, "for I told him our wants."

As mother and daughter went home, "Effie was the very little girl I made it for, was n't she, mother," said Lucy. "God knew."

"Yes," answered her mother, "God knows all the wants of the poor, and he can put the thought into our hearts of that which he knows will be best for them. We must ask God to teach us to know their wants, and if we really wish to help and comfort them God will put it into our hearts to supply the wants we know they have."

"But, mother, how shall I know what God wants me to do? Will he always tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Do you not often know what I want without my having to tell you?" asked her mother.

"O, yes, mother, because I live with you, and of course you know."

"Not of course," answered her mother.

"Many a person might live with me who would not find out things I most want without asking. Is there no other reason?"

"Why, mother, I know what you want of me a great many times just because I love you so," said the little girl.

"Ah, that is it," said Lucy's mother; "you love me, and therefore you find out my wishes as far as you can. If you love God you will quickly find out how to do his holy will, and if you love the poor you will surely discover their wants and learn how to comfort them. Every thing depends upon having a heart in the work."

Lucy thought much of what had happened, and it filled her little soul with awe that God had chosen her to make and carry a garment to one of his poor.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A SERMON FOR THE FRETTERS.—"*Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.*" Ps. xxxvii, 8.

1. *It is a sin against God.* It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself to do evil;" that is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you can not speak without fretting and scolding keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.* No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them; but they can not love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of musketoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* A fretful, peevish fault-finder in a family, is like the continued chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she can not secure the good-will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her but do not love her. She never yet gained the affection of young people, and never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.* Good family government is the blending of authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. Now your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. F. and Mrs. F. are of this class. The children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them to find fault. She seldom gives a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, snaps their heads, etc. The

children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he will not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. *Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.* As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell him any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for himself a fretting. Now children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They can not make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and musketoes.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.* The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at; especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right; they will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

FALSE STEPS.—It is a rather striking circumstance that the matter in which men and women most commonly take a serious false step is that which is least readily acknowledged. Probably about the most fatal blunder that any body can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest. It is also one which the parties to it most carefully conceal from themselves. The reluctance which people feel to recognize, even in their own minds, an irreparable mistake such as this, is a measure of the sincerity with which they are willing to attribute ill-fortune to their mistakes in other pieces of conduct. Certainly nobody can blame them for making the best of what is irretrievable. If a man finds that his wife is shamefully extravagant, or a great fool, or a shrew, he may be more than pardoned for not trying to see what a fearful burden he has been at the trouble to tie around his neck. And when a woman finds that her husband is a tyrant, or intolably self-opinionated, or openly indifferent to her, she is right in making the best of her bargain. Where a real false step has been taken, every body does all that he can do to make it as little mischievous as may be. When people are found bemoaning some one blunder as the cause of all their ills, instead of leaving the blunder to itself, we may be pretty sure either that they do not mean what they say, or else that their ills have been

the natural results, not of one false step, but of a confirmed habit of mental staggering and stumbling.—*Saturday Review.*

HUSBANDS.—Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-by, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-by, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner. Some husbands before leaving home ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes. Some husbands will leave home without saying any thing at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that *they* can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointments. Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa till bed-time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs or the house taking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness, and interest, and politeness, and attention are the rule on the part of the husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there."

WHO SHOULD NOT BE A WIFE.—Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who cries for a Cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea, and water potatoes six days out of the seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, soiled dressing-gown, and shoes down at the feet? Has she a call to be a wife whose

husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and having an eye when at home to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and a house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest adornment?

RULES TO PROMOTE HARMONY IN THE FAMILY.—

1. We may be sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day, so prepare for it.
2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and, therefore, we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If, from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy suited to them.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of every thing, and to encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed to ask ourselves, "Have I not done the same, and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect.
17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.—*Chris. Treasury.*

SPEAKING CROSS.—You gain nothing by a harsh word. What if that boy broke the pitcher, or put his elbow through the glass: do you mend either by applying harsh epithets to him? Does it make him more careful in future? Does he love you better? Hark, he is murmuring. What says the boy? "I am glad of it; I don't care how much I break." He talks thus to be even with his master. It is very wrong in him, we know, but it is human nature, and the example has been set before him by you. Say to the careless boy, "I am sorry; you must be more careful in future," and what will be his reply? "It was an accident, and I will be more careful." He will never break another pitcher or glass if he can help it, and he will respect and love you a thousand times more than when you flew into a rage and swore vengeance on his head. Remember this, ye who get angry and rave at a trifle.

WITTY AND WISE.

NEITHER ROOT NOR BUSH.—The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow that we have seen, is that of a conversation that occurred between Dow and General Root, in the presence of one Bush, at whose house they were stopping.

"You say a good deal about heaven, sir," said the General, "pray tell us how it looks."

Lorenzo turned his grave face and long, waving beard toward the General and Mr. Bush, replied with imperturbable gravity:

"Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory. There is not a *root* or *bush* in it, and there never will be."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Going from market one day, we observed a very small boy, who gave no special indication, by dress or face, of other than ordinary training in life, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. We observed:

"My boy, you have a heavy load."

"Yes," said he, "but I'd rather carry it than that my mother should."

The remark was one of a nature we love to hear; but we do not know that we should have thought enough of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen across the street a highly-accomplished young lady playing the piano while her mother was washing the windows.

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched and polished that: I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that *trifles make perfection* and that *perfection is no trifle*."

TRUE FAITH.—Two boys were conversing about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one:

"Would n't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?"

"No," was the reply, "not if God drove."

Might not many old Christians learn a lesson of faith from the above?

CONTENTMENT.—An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented."

He soon had an applicant.

"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Then what do you want of my field?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

ANECDOTE OF GIRARD.—Two young men commenced the sail-making business at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to indorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No; it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he need n't indorse your note. I'll take it without."

ACCOMMODATING.—A carpenter, having neglected to make a gibbet—which was ordered by the executioner—on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offense, that the next time the judge came to the circuit he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern voice, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"

"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known it *had been for your lordship*, it should have been done immediately."

TOO SHORT A TIME.—The Dundee Advertiser circulates the following story: On one occasion a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tullochoo Rum," said to him by way of thanks, "O, sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have just been so particular as to time."

LO! THE POOR AFRICAN.—A colored man was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, that labor was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent to a future state, believing that "they'd make niggers work even if he'd go to heben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was, "O, you go away, massa, I know better. If dar's no work for cullud folks up dar, dey'll make 'em shub de clouds away."

SHAVING AND BEING SHAVED.—"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes; many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

ALL STRANGERS.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy of about four or five years of age. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven." "Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there!"

MISSING CHURCH PRIVILEGES.—"I don't miss my Church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsey sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to Church, and whether they have got any thing new."

HONEST CHILDHOOD.—A formal, fashionable visitor, thus addressed a little girl, "How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I do n't want to know."

TOAST FOR THE LADIES.—At a printer's festival recently the following sentiment was offered: "Women, second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

Scripture Sahiri.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE GOSPEL.—"*Rise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house.*" *John v, 8.*

The Gospel of Christ requires that those who receive it live by its teachings. It is not sufficient to receive the truth into the heart, it is not to be hid there. As no man lighteth a candle to put it under a bushel, so the Holy Spirit does not enlighten the heart of man to have its light concealed. The Psalmist pleads, "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart. I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." Psalm xl, 10.

When the disciples asked Christ to increase their faith he said to them that if they had faith, as a grain of mustard-seed, they might say to a mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it should remove, and nothing should be impossible to them. "Howbeit," he adds, "this kind goeth not out by prayer and fasting," plainly asserting that faith and works must go together.

When he performed any miracle of healing he almost invariably required that something should be done which would test the faith. To the maimed and helpless he said, "Arise and walk;" to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand;" to the blind, "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam;" to the dead, "Come forth, arise." When a certain lawyer asked him how he might inherit eternal life, he bids him observe the commandments; but he bids the young nobleman who already observed them to sell all that he had and give to the poor. To his disciples he said, "Follow me." In his last discourses to his disciples he constantly urges upon them the keeping of his commandments, making it the test of their love and obedience. The whole spirit of the Gospel is aggressive against the powers of sin, and each one who is enlightened by it is to go out into the vineyard of his Master and work till the night of death, when he shall receive his reward. The season of labor will be but short at the longest, and the fields are always whitened for the harvester. The Christian can not do too much, can not be too faithful even if instant in season and out of season, and when he has done all he will still be an unprofitable servant, and can only claim eternal life through the righteousness which is in Christ.

M. K.

THE PLEDGED WORD.—"*He sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*" *Psalms xv, 4.*

The word of the good man is sacred, and when once pledged nothing will tempt him to break it. The Oriental nations teach their more enlightened neighbors of the West a lesson that they should follow in this respect. Among many notable examples of their faithfulness is that of a man who had killed another in a quarrel and fled to a wealthy Syrian for protection. The Syrian was walking in his garden and eating a peach, when the poor fugitive from the officers of justice came and threw himself at his feet and

besought his mercy. He gave him a part of the peach he was eating with the assurance that he would be safe while with him. Soon after there was a commotion at the dwelling, and the murdered man was brought in and proved to be the son of the Syrian. He went to the murderer who began to fear that he had sought protection where he had least right to expect it, and told him that he had nothing to fear that night—they had eaten together—but that in the morning he would give him a fleet horse and half an hour's start of his pursuers, and that then if overtaken he might hope for no mercy.

By his companionship with the Savior Judas's treachery was fearfully increased from the sacredness with which the rights of friendship and hospitality were regarded—"He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me."

M. K.

JACOB'S WELL.—"*Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there; Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well.*" *John iv, 5, 6.*

The following interesting description of this famous locality we find in Good Words, from the pen of Rev. Norman Macleod, D. D.: There has never been a doubt entertained by the most skeptical or critical traveler regarding the authenticity of this well. Beyond all question it is the one at which our Savior rested as he journeyed along the route which travelers generally follow from Jerusalem to Galilee. Every feature of the landscape starts into life as we read the narrative of his memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria; the plain of corn-fields which were then, as now, whitening to the harvest, the mountain rising above, on which the Samaritan temple was built, the neighboring town of Shechem, the Samaritans worshipping, as they still do, toward "this mountain," and there only, all are evidences of its truth, apart from the common and unbroken tradition.

The well is not what we understand by that name. It is not a spring of water bubbling up from the earth, nor is it reached by an excavation. It is a shaft cut in the living rock, about nine feet in diameter, and now upward of seventy feet deep. As an immense quantity of rubbish has fallen into it, the original depth must have been much greater, probably twice what it is now. It was therefore intended by its first engineer as a reservoir rather than as the means of reaching a spring. Then again, if any wall, as some suppose, once surrounded its mouth, on which the traveler could rest, it is now gone. The mouth is funnel-shaped, and its sides are formed by the rubbish of old buildings, a church having once been erected over it. But we can descend this funnel and enter a cave, as it were, a few feet below the surface, which is the remains of a small dome that once covered the mouth. Descending a few feet we perceive in the floor an aperture partly covered by a flat stone, and

leaving sufficient space through which we can look into darkness. We sent a plumbline down into the water, with which the well certainly seemed to be abundantly supplied at the time of our visit.

Many have been puzzled to account for Jacob's having dug such a well here, when the whole valley of Shechem, only a quarter of an hour's walk off, is more musical with streams than any other in Palestine. But some one dug the well, and who more likely than Jacob, not only to have on his own property what was in his time more valuable than a private coal mine would be with us, but also for the moral purpose of keeping his family and dependents as separate as possible from the depraved Shechemites.

This well is indeed a holy spot. One is glad that the contending ecclesiastical parties in the land have built their churches on places which have but little historical value, and that a merciful Providence has preserved untouched and open to the eye of heaven such spots as that on the Mount of Olives, "over against the Temple," and above all, Jacob's well. It is now said, however, that the Greek Church have purchased it as the site of a church for 70,000 piasters. Universal Christendom, to which it belongs, should protest against such "pious" profanation.

FUTURE RECOGNITION.—"Therefore comfort one another with these words." 1 *Thessalonians iv*, 18.

That every inhabitant of the blissful world will be as much distinguished from all the rest as one man is distinguished from another in this world is a sentiment fully supported by the Word of God. And though John says that when Christ shall appear, the righteous will be like him, yet that same apostle, in the apocalyptic vision, saw that the righteous and the Savior were not so much alike but that he could distinguish the Lamb amid the throng, that he could mark the elders amid the angels, and that he could know the martyrs amid the innumerable company. And to this same apostle, along with James and Peter, it was also granted on the Mount of Transfiguration, to see that there was such a difference between one celestial inhabitant and another, that Moses could be plainly distinguished from his companion Elias.

If, therefore, every heavenly inhabitant is to preserve his own special identity, and if we are blessed with the faculty of vision—a truth which none can dispute—what then will prevent our recognizing all the pious whom we have known and with whom we have been associated on earth? The thought is delightful, and its delight is increased because the fact is certain. The dead in Christ have only reached their home first; but as their home is to be our home, and their abode to be our abode, at the appointed time we shall meet again, and the joy of meeting will be increased by the temporary separation.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.—"To be spiritually minded is life and peace." *Romans viii*, 6.

Spiritual life is the life of the Spirit, the life of God in the soul, the indwelling of the Father, Son, and Spirit in man as an inward, quickening, transforming energy, making him live a new life and partake of the Divine nature. It is being spiritually minded, the opposite of the carnal, sensual, or worldly minded, the completion or perfection of what we call morality, as

the Gospel is the completion and perfection of the law, and the grand reality that is signified and intended to be produced by all religious forms, observances, institutions, and means of grace. It is living not as a mere creature of the earth and time, but as one who is conscious of possessing a higher nature and an immortal destiny; nay, as one to whom the eternal scene has already opened, and who feels himself to be surrounded by eternal realities, and to be a citizen of the heavenly kingdom. In short, it is being in the world and not of it; using it but not abusing it, nor being abused, possessed, or controlled by it, but being above it and controlling it; the living spirit within being master of the world and of itself, and finding in the service of God "perfect freedom," peace which passeth understanding, and "eternal life."

OUR LONG-SUFFERING FRIEND.—"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." *John x*, 11.

How shall our Divine Shepherd, who followed after lost sheep for three and thirty years with loud and bitter cries through that painful and thorny way, wherein he spilt his heart's blood and laid down his life—how shall we refuse to turn his quickened glance upon the poor sheep which now follow him with a desire, though sometimes faint and feeble, to obey him? If he ceased not to search most diligently for the deaf sinner—the lost piece of money of the Gospel—till he found him, can he abandon one who, like a lost sheep, cries and cries piteously for his Shepherd? If the Lord knocks continually at the heart of man, desiring to enter in and sup there, to communicate to it his gifts, who can believe that when the heart opens and invites him to enter he will turn a deaf ear to the invitation and refuse to come in?

THE WAY TO THE CROWN.—We must taste the gall if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith we must suffer tribulation. When God saves a soul he tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God, but all he permits them to do is to suffer for his sake. Go round to every one in glory, each has a different story to tell, yet every one a tale of sufferings. But mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away. The water was deep, but they reached the other side. Not one there blames God for the way he led them thither; "Salvation!" is their only cry. Child of God, murmur not at your lot. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. Learn to glory in tribulations also.

A THRACIAN EMBLEM.—The Thracians had an emblem expressive of the almighty power of God. It was a sun of three beams—one shining upon a sea of ice and melting it, another upon a rock and melting it, and a third upon a dead man and putting life into him. How strictly does this emblem harmonize with what the apostle says of the Gospel, that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; it melts the hardest heart into a uniform obedience to the Divine Will, and raises those who were dead in trespasses and sins to a life of righteousness.

Literary, Pictorial, and Statistical Terms.

NAMES OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.—The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshiped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various, and the principal objects of their adoration.

The Idol of the Sun.—This idol, which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man set upon a pillar, holding, with outstretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Day*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

The Idol of the Moon.—The next was the Idol of the Moon, which they worshiped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Day*, and since by us, Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent a woman habited in a short coat and a hood, and two long ears. The moon which she holds in her hand designates the quality.

The Idol of Tuisco.—Tuisco was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshiped as the son of the earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisco's Day*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented standing on a pedestal as an old venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a scepter in the right hand.

The Idol of Woden, or Odin.—Woden, or Odin, was one of the supreme divinities of the Northern nations. The hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country or at what time is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the Northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Day*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, clad in armor, with a broad sword uplifted in his right hand.

The Idol Thor.—Thor was the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, and was, after his parents, considered the greatest god among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Day*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright, burnished gold stars, and with a regal scepter in his right hand.

The Idol of Friga, or Frega.—Friga, or Frega, was the wife of Woden, or Odin, and next to him the most reverend divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes, and other Northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga, or Frega, was the same as the goddess Hertha, or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friga's Day*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand and a bow in her left.

The Idol Seater.—The idol Seater is represented on

a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp, prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Day*, which we call Saturday. Thus the days of our week are derived from heathen ideas and heathen worship.

THE PULSE.—It probably is not known to many that the pulse of a female exceeds in frequency that of a male from ten to fourteen beats per minute.

Many circumstances influence its action, such as muscular exertion, mental excitement, the state of the digestive organs, and the position of the body, whether lying, sitting, or standing. Muscular action and mental excitement, as also the process of digestion, naturally increases it, it being much quicker during the process of digestion than when digestion is not taking place.

In healthy males from 25 to 30 years of age the average of the pulse per minute, in a standing position, is from 79 to 81, sitting from 70 to 71, and lying down from 66 to 67, making a difference of from nine to ten beats between standing and sitting, from four to five between sitting and lying, and from thirteen to fourteen beats between standing and lying. In healthy females of the same age it will be found to be from 89 to 91 standing, 81 to 82 sitting, and 80 to 81 lying. This variation in the different positions is produced by the muscular action induced by the change of position.

At the different periods of the day the pulse varies; as, for instance, in a healthy person, it is most frequent in the morning and gradually decreases toward evening. After excitement the diminution is greater and more regular in the evening than in the morning. Food has the same effect on it at these periods, for, in many instances, the same food that will increase its amount and duration in the morning will in the evening have no effect whatever. During the hours of sleep there is a great diminution.

The following table will show its variations at different periods of life, being greater in childhood than in old age, and gradually diminishing as we grow older:

| | Beats per minute. |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Newly-born infant..... | 130 to 140 |
| During the first year..... | 115 to 130 |
| During the second year..... | 100 to 115 |
| During the third year..... | 90 to 100 |
| At the seventh year..... | 85 to 90 |
| Age of puberty..... | 80 to 85 |
| Manhood..... | 70 to 80 |
| Old age..... | 60 to 85 |

THE MONSTER BELLS OF THE WORLD.—In making large bells loudness rather than pitch is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much further extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, for instance, weighs 13,000 pounds; the bell of Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; the bell at Rome, 19,000; Mechlin,

20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000; Vienna, 40,000; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 139,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But as yet the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by the order of the Empress Anne in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds. It is nineteen feet high, and measures around the margin sixty-four feet. No wonder that it has never been suspended.

There are few bells of interest in the United States. The heaviest is probably the alarm bell on the City Hall in New York, weighing about twenty-three thousand pounds.

As the Russians make their pilgrimage to the great Moscow bell and regard it with superstitious veneration, so the American citizen honors and venerates the old Independence bell at Philadelphia, for he is not only reminded of the glory of the Revolution, but he believes, now more than ever, since the injunction has been obeyed, its inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

FALLACIES CONCERNING THE DEAD SEA.—A somewhat interesting letter by a reverend gentleman, who is about to publish a work on the Holy Land for the Christian Knowledge Society, appeared in the early part of this year in the columns of the daily papers on the subject of the Dead Sea. The reverend gentleman, who has for a long time resided on the shores of this famous lake, with a view to the study of the natural history of its environs and of the land generally, briefly dissipates some of the most erroneous but best-established illusions and traditions respecting this maligned spot. Hitherto it has been supposed and even decided in school-books that the margin of the great salt sea was fatal to animal and vegetable life. This is that "first foolish, fond tradition" which this new authority hastens to dispel. So far from being fatal, one hundred and eighteen specimens of birds either swim through or fly over its waters. The birds which fell plumb down dead, as Coleridge's albatross, killed by the mephitic vapors of the gloomy pool, are a mere myth. More than forty specimens of mammalia revel on its banks, in its canebrakes and jungle. Indigo, maize, and barley grow on some of its approaches to within a few feet of the margin. Hence it must be considered rather a Paradise than an Acedama.

The reverend writer, indeed, suggests that on account of its salt and sulphur springs, it should be adopted as a sanatorium. Fancy the Dead Sea as a new Baden, and a company established and make it a place of fashionable resort. Things more unlikely have happened ere this; and, save that bathing is more or less impracticable, because one's feet will rise above one's head in swimming on these dense waters, there appear no practicable difficulties in the way of such a scheme.

THE AMERICAN DESERT.—The great "American Desert," at the foot of the Colorado, is supposed to exhibit only a barren waste, while the mountains are presumed to abound in frightful precipices and yawn-

ing chasms, and with only here and there a straggling growth of stunted evergreens, rather enhancing than relieving the oppressive monotony of the scene. Nothing can be more erroneous. What is called the American Desert has been for centuries the pasture-ground of millions of buffalo, antelope, and wild horses; it will not many years hence be the greatest cattle-growing region of the continent. The immense savannas of Texas have their counterpart here.

The buffalo grass abounds from beyond the Platte on the north to the Arkansas on the south; it grows rankest upon the sand-hills, far away from the water-courses and where nothing else will grow. Cattle and horses fatten upon this all Winter, picking it out from under the snow. The herdsmen make no provision for Winter, for his cattle will not eat either grain or hay if only they can have liberty to seek the dead buffalo grass. The only care necessary is to see that the herd have water and a herder to keep them from straying. The first is insured by sinking a short distance in any of the little water-courses of the plains—the Mexican population of the South supply the other.

DUTCH MISSIONS.—Many are not aware of the energy with which the Dutch are prosecuting the missionary work. One society, organized in 1732, has fifteen mission provinces, eighty-three stations, three hundred and nineteen missionaries, and four native assistants. In their care are more than seventy-six thousand souls, twenty-seven thousand being in the single country of Surinam—Dutch Guinea, South Africa—in which country a great work is being done in elevating the emancipated negroes. There are important missions in Batavia and Sumatra, and in the capital of Java is a Malay Church of one hundred members. In the eastern part of Java are seven missionaries, and the Bible is being translated for the natives. In other places the Dutch have flourishing mission stations.

DISCOVERIES IN SYRIA.—Interesting remains of antiquity have been discovered near Tripoli, Syria. In prosecuting a search for Greek and Roman relics the workmen came upon a Hebrew house supposed to have been built at least two centuries before Christ. Some of the rooms were found to be in a state of almost perfect preservation, and many of the pieces of furniture are Egyptian in their style. The most remarkable discovery, however, was a collection of manuscripts, among which were two of the books of Moses, David's Psalms, and some Hebrew poems unknown to the most learned modern Hebrew scholars. These valuable antiquities have been sent to the London Asiatic Society.

INCOME OF ENGLISH BISHOPS.—The present actual income of the Archbishop of Canterbury is £15,000; of the Archbishop of York, £10,000; of the Bishop of Durham, £8,000; of Ely, £5,500; of Bath and Wells, £5,000; of Oxford, £5,000; of Salisbury, £5,000; of Worcester, £5,000; of Litchfield, £4,500; of Peterborough, £4,500; of Ripton, £4,500; of St. David's, £4,500; of Chester, £4,300; of Chichester, £4,200; of Hereford, £4,200; of Landlaff, £4,200; of Manchester, £4,200; of St. Asaph's, £4,200.

Centenary Record.

CHRONOLOGY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

(CONCLUDED.)

- 1844. General Conference met at New York. Preachers, 4,621; members, 1,171,356. Leonidas L. Hamline and Edmund S. Janes elected Bishops. Exciting discussions on Episcopal connection with slavery. The Southern Conferences threaten schism, and a Plan of amicable Separation adopted. Ohio Wesleyan University opened for students and faculty elected.
- 1846. The Southern Conferences seceded from the Church and organized the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in convention at Louisville, Ky. Bishops Soule and Andrew adhere to the Church South.
- 1848. General Conference met at Pittsburg. Preachers, 3,841; members, 639,066. First General Conference Daily Journal published.
- 1852. General Conference at Boston. Preachers, 4,513; members, 728,700. Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Osmon Cleander Baker, and Edward Raymond Ames elected Bishops. A monthly magazine ordered by General Conference to be published by the Book Agents at New York. Bishop Hamline resigned the Episcopacy. North-Western Christian Advocate at Chicago established. Bishop Hedding died at Poughkeepsie, April 9th, aged seventy-two years.
- 1856. General Conference at Indianapolis. Preachers, 5,161; members, 800,327. General Rule of Discipline on Slavery discussed. Central Christian Advocate at St. Louis received as a Church paper, and Joseph Brooks elected editor.
- 1858. Bishop Waugh died in Baltimore February 9th, aged sixty-eight years.
- 1860. General Conference at Buffalo. Preachers, 6,987; members, 994,447. The Chapter on Slavery in the Discipline is modified and produces general satisfaction in the Church. A few pro-slavery advocates on the border offended, and some left the Church.
- 1864. General Conference in Philadelphia. Preachers, 8,205; members, 928,320. The Church purges itself of all complicity with slavery. Division in the Baltimore Conference, a few uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church South.
- 1865. Missionary collections amounted to \$608,000, being over \$100,000 more than ever before. 161 foreign missionaries employed in the four quarters of the world. Preachers, 6,993; members, 925,285. Leonidas L. Hamline, formerly Bishop, died, March 23d, aged sixty-eight years.
- 1866. Centenary of American Methodism. Special services appropriate to the occasion will be held in October.

OUR SISTERS AND THE CENTENARY.—We receive evidences from all directions that the ladies of the Church are grandly and heartily going to work in behalf of great Centenary interests. The American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association is still enlarging its organization and making its earnest appeals to the ladies of the whole Church. The new Centenary volume issued under their auspices—"The Women of Methodism"—is now before the public, a beautiful monument of the earnestness and vigor with which these ladies are at work. Another interesting movement is the getting out of a very beautiful Centenary Certificate, to be presented to all who contribute ten dollars and upward to the funds of the Society. We have seen a photograph of the coming picture, and brother Smart, the indefatigable agent of the ladies, furnishes us the following description:

"The design is by F. A. Chapman, of Brooklyn, one of the best artists of this kind of work in the country. It is to be engraved by John C. M'Rae, of New York. It is about the size of Sartain's 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' with lettering on the margin below indicating the rank of the subscriber and the amount of her subscription. It is an interior view of an elegantly-furnished room, with Mrs. Garrett standing at one side of a table presenting a scroll upon which is inscribed the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;' and also the words of Mrs. Heck, 'God will require our blood at your hands.' A young man standing opposite is attentively considering the call of God, and the encouragement to obey it thus presented to him. Suspended upon the wall, immediately over the mantle-piece, is Raphael's picture of 'Christ Bearing the Cross,' while just opposite to Mrs. Garrett is a likeness of the mother of the Wesleys, and opposite to the candidate for the ministry is a likeness of John Wesley. As the first great object of the Centenary, next to the spiritual improvement of the Church, is to promote ministerial education, and as this is peculiarly the purpose of this association, we can conceive of nothing more appropriate and significant than this design. Mrs. Garrett, having given more to this cause than any other Methodist during the century, most appropriately represents the ladies of the Church in their efforts to serve the same noble cause. As the whole spirit of the picture is missionary, it does not inappropriately represent that love for missions manifested by that portion of the ladies who have chosen the Mission House as the object of their donations. The engraving will be an ornament to any parlor in the land, and as a Centenary memorial picture should be an heirloom in every Methodist family."

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—The ladies of Boston and vicinity have organized a New England Branch of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association, in perfect harmony with the parent Association, and designed heartily to coöperate with the Western ladies for the consumma-

tion of the same objects as set forth in the third article of their Constitution:—

"The funds of this Association, after paying current expenses, shall be appropriated as follows: To the Theological Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be located in Boston or vicinity, and to the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, for the purpose of erecting a dormitory hall, or home for students while pursuing their theological course, to be called 'Heck Hall,' in honor of Mrs. Barbara Heck, 'the foundress of American Methodism,' in equal sums, till each shall have received fifty thousand dollars; after which, all contributions shall be paid to the Centenary Educational Fund."

The officers of the Association are, for President, Mrs. Bishop Baker, with a goodly array of Vice-Presidents, Mrs. W. R. Bowen, Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. R. Thayer, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. G. L. Goodwin, Treasurer. We extract the following from their "Appeal to the Methodist Ladies of New England:—

"The Biblical Institute in the East, the Biblical Institute in the West, and the Centenary Educational Fund, then, are the three objects upon which all the ladies of our Church, from Oregon to Maine, are invited to unitedly bestow their thank-offerings to the Lord. And this does in no way interfere with any other local associations. There are places where it may be desirable to erect memorial churches, memorial halls, memorial monuments of marble or of granite. These, doubtless, are all appropriate, and should have our interest and our money. But the beauty of the Centenary plan lies in this, that the sympathies of the whole Church may be enlisted in the same direction, and that while union of feeling and harmony may be promoted, its concentrated energies may bring to the altar of the Lord a gift that he will accept and bless.

"And this cause, dear Christian friends, in no way presents itself to our doors as a beggar craving our alms. It comes as the golden opportunity through which we may unitedly show to our God how much we appreciate his mercy and his blessing. It comes that we when dead may yet live, and teach to generations now unborn the lessons of eternal truth. It comes as the most effectual agency through which we can train the youth of our day for the great moral contests that are just before us. For we have reason for believing, though all may now seem so calm in the religious world, that there never has been such a work for the Church to accomplish as now lies before it. Never were there enemies so vigilant, so subtle, so potent as are now in the field. And these enemies can not be conquered by physical force, or bought over with gold. Neither can they be vanquished by reason alone. There is wanted the deep piety, the devotion to right, the spirit of self-sacrifice which have characterized our people in the past, added to the cultured intellect that can fearlessly defend through tongue and pen the teachings of our holy Gospel, and the eternal principles of equity and justice. Money of itself can neither teach morality nor execute judgment; but applied to the agencies of the Church, it is like steam applied to machinery, making every iron nerve instinct with life, and helping it to execute with power and precision what unaided it could never do. Money used only for self-gratification, for equipage, for show, will be not merely 'like water spilt upon the ground,

never to be gathered up again; it will also be like a spot of canker and mildew, forever blighting the soul of him who so uses it; but money used by stewards of God in the interests of his kingdom will go on, in a thousand secret channels, blessing the world till the last day of time. With desires, then, to benefit our own hearts, to bless the world, to strengthen the Church against infidelity in every form, to show the gratitude we feel toward him who has saved us, shall we not on this Centenary year, as God has given us, contribute gladly of our substance? 'God loveth the cheerful giver.' "

LADIES' CENTRAL CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.—The ladies of New York and vicinity have organized under the name of the Ladies' Central Centenary Association, designing to embrace the ladies of New York, New York East, Newark, New Jersey, and Troy Conferences, and selecting as their special object the erection of a Mission House in New York city. The following are the officers: Directress, Mrs. Wm. B. Skidmore; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Olin; Recording Secretary, Miss Janes; Treasurer, Mrs. H. J. Baker.

The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Julia M. Olin, has issued the following earnest appeal to the ladies of the several Conferences named above:

Dear Friends,—We ask you to aid us in our effort to build a Mission House in the city of New York, as a grand monument for the Centenary year, worthy of the Church which, by her liberal contributions, has so nobly proved her love for the missionary cause. We call upon you to procure the funds necessary for erecting a suitable building on a central commanding site. Such a one would afford not only rooms for the Secretaries and for the meetings of the Missionary Board, but a large hall in which tea meetings or missionary breakfasts might be given, to introduce to the members of our Churches missionaries en route for their distant fields of labor. Such social gatherings in the Wesleyan Centenary Hall in London have awakened many hallowed emotions, and have contributed to the heartiness and warmth of feeling with which the missionary work is cherished by the Wesleyans.

May we not hope for a deepening of our love for missions, as in such meetings we obtain definite information about the fields of labor where the Church is fighting her battles and winning her triumphs, and become familiar with the faces and the voices of those who are going to the dark lands as light-bearers?

This Mission House would extend its hospitality to missionaries and their wives during the weeks they may spend in New York making the necessary preparations for their voyage, or awaiting the sailing of the vessel that is to bear them to their destination. It would furnish rooms where they might be comfortably accommodated, and where suitable arrangements could be made for their entertainment. Thus, instead of going to boarding-houses or hotels, where their last days in a Christian land would be oppressed by a feeling of loneliness and dreariness in a great busy city where none knew of their coming or going, they would be the guests of the Church, they would feel the grasp of kind hands, and be cheered by the sight of friendly faces. After the great wrench from their homes and their near and dear friends, they would have a new bond of fellowship with Christian hearts, and have tones of sympathy and words of cheer to carry with them over the great deep.

Such are some of the reasons that have induced us to select for our special work the Mission House, one of the objects designated by the General Centenary Committee. Such an object, we are convinced, will appeal at once to the great heart of the Church. For such an object we ask with all confidence a contribution from every Methodist, and we are sure that every one will be glad to give something for the erection of a monumental building, which, as the Church of

the next hundred years lengthens its cords and strengthens its stakes, will be needed as the head-quarters of its great missionary interests.

We ask for concentrated effort. You can not make another year so memorable with gifts and sacrifices. During the great crisis through which our country has just passed she required special acts of devotion from her children—labor, gifts, and loving service. So during this year our Church calls for her sons and daughters for some special gift to testify to the millions who may celebrate the second centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church their thankfulness for the past, and their faith in the future.

CINCINNATI.—The ladies of Cincinnati and vicinity have just completed an organization under the name of "The Ladies' Centenary Association of Cincinnati and Vicinity." The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Bishop Clark; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. C. Ferguson, Mrs. M. C. Wilber, Mrs. G. F. Doughty, Mrs. W. F. Thorne, with the wives of the pastors of the city as ex-officio Vice-Presidents; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. H. Parker; Corresponding Secretary,

Mrs. Rev. Dr. Reid; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. W. B. Davis. The ladies, after much deliberation and consultation, decided with great unanimity to select as the one object of their efforts the raising of funds to erect a building for the Wesleyan Female College of this city. As this beautiful Queen City of the West is the home of the Repository, and we feel a deep interest in every thing that may contribute to the adornment and prosperity of the city, and especially in every thing that may contribute to the strength and progress of Methodism here, we may be permitted to commend most heartily this choice of our Cincinnati ladies. In selecting the Wesleyan Female College for their effort, as a local object, we believe that the ladies of this vicinity have acted most wisely; and we hope that their success will be such as that in a very short time they will be able to point to the proposed magnificent college building as the monument of their labor and as a grand Centenary memorial. We wish them God-speed.

Library Notes.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyssa. 1858-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 638. \$5. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We presume it is only necessary to announce the appearance of another work from the indefatigable Dr. Livingstone to insure its purchase by all who are interested in the marvelous country and equally marvelous people of the hitherto almost unknown continent of Africa. The work is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of that country: is as fresh and novel in most of its statements and discoveries as the previous work of the author, and even more interesting in its relations to some of the great questions of the day. "It has been my object," says the author, "to give as clear an account as I was able of tracts of country previously unexplored, with their river systems, natural productions, and capabilities, and to bring before my countrymen and all others interested in the cause of humanity, the misery entailed by the slave-trade in its inland phases—a subject on which I and my companions are the first who have had any opportunity of forming a judgment." "In our exploration the chief object in view was not, to discover objects of nine days' wonder, to gaze and be gazed at by barbarians, but to note the climate, the natural productions, the local diseases, the natives and their relation to the rest of the world—all of which were observed with that peculiar interest which, as regards the future, the first white man can not but feel in a continent whose history is only just beginning." The work contains a number of interesting illustrations and an excellent map of the territory explored.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFTH, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Heir of France. By

George Makepeace Towle, author of "Glimpses of History." 8vo. Pp. 473. \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—There are few more interesting characters in modern history than Henry the Fifth, and it would be difficult to select a period of history more fraught with great issues, and more promising of great results than the era illustrated by these pages. Society was then making its momentous transition from the ideas and institutions of the "dark ages" to the greater liberty, clearer thought, better theology, and more stable government of modern times. The conflict had been raging for more than a century before, and continued to rage for more than a century after this remarkable reign. Feudalism was giving way to the adoption of monarchical systems. The reformation of John Wickliffe, which had begun just before Henry ascended the throne, was during his reign preparing the way for far greater religious revolutions in the future, and even at that remote era the doctrines of liberty of conscience and popular rights had begun to be discussed. "The personal character of Henry himself is full of interest. It was a union of chivalric traits with rare mental qualities. The beauty of his person, his youth, his manners, his various talents, his great heart, and his spirit of lofty purpose lend a charm to his history which is found in the history of no other English king." The author has done his work well. He has gleaned from a wide range of sources, and does ample justice to the admirable qualities of his hero, and perhaps no more than justice. The style is very pleasing, and the whole book delightfully readable. It is issued in the best style of the Appletons.

LITERATURE IN LETTERS; or, Manners, Art, Criticism, Biography, History, and Morals, Illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. Edited by James P. Holcombe, LL. D. Post 8vo. Pp. 520. \$3.50.

New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Here we have indeed a literary treat of the highest order and richest flavor. Lord Bacon well says that "such letters as are written from wise men are of all the words of man the best, for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or private ones." In the volume before us we have about two hundred such letters, written by the wisest and best men and women of modern times on a vast variety of topics, embraced in six books. The task of the accomplished editor has been that of selection from many hundreds of volumes, of classification upon a comprehensive system, and of occasional illustration and explanation. "No letter has been introduced to which it was supposed any exception could be taken on the ground of taste or morals. Those only have been selected whose intrinsic merit was preëminent, or which shed light on some great public transaction, or the character of some distinguished person." The book, we are sure, will be welcomed by thousands. It is issued in a style worthy of its interesting and valuable contents.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION, Drawn from Nature and Revelation and Applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert." 12mo. Pp. 476. \$2.50. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—The author of "Amy Herbert" has written many excellent books, thinks well, writes easily, has read and observed much, is imbued with good sense, and possesses a fine religious spirit, and is fully entitled to be heard in whatever she has to say upon the education of her own sex. We have not yet had time to give this work an entire reading, but as far as we have gone we are greatly pleased with it. The volume, she tells us, is not the result of theory, but of experience. We like that, and agree with her that education is too important a matter for theory. The risks of mistake are too fatal. She professes to base the principles of education upon the teaching of God in nature and revelation, claiming rightly that where these laws for the training and government of children are truly deduced from these sources they are no longer merely advisory, but become authoritative. We hope to be able to recur to this book again.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LATE WAR: Traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt. Post 8vo. Pp. 491. \$2.50. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—We do not know "George Lunt," which, indeed, may be "to argue oneself unknown," but we confess our ignorance. Further, we have no particular desire for any more extended acquaintance with "George Lunt" than we get through this book. He is a good writer, and has undoubtedly worked hard and written with great haste in order to finish his work in time to save the nation. We think the government will live; that Congress will be able to take care of itself; that in due time we will secure reconstruction and restoration on a permanent basis, even without the aid of this book, or in despite of it. Mr. Lunt does not merely give us "the other side," which might be well enough for all of us to read, and which we did read with right good humor in the recent

work of Ex-Senator Foote, but he gives us "the South-side view" well heaped on. State rights, State sovereignty, antislavery agitation, northern aggression, loss of our liberties, unconstitutionality of the Emancipation Proclamation, of all acts of Congress against slavery, of the Constitutional Amendment itself, and the whole catalogue of pro-slavery war-cries make up the staple of the book. The grand remedy for all our troubles is to go back just where we were before the war, under the Constitution and Union as they were, with the antislavery agitation forever suppressed and the question of slavery left absolutely with the States themselves. Poor George! how the world has moved forward and left him behind, and he in Boston, too!

THE WOMEN OF METHODISM: Its Three Foundresses—Susanna Wesley, the Countess of Huntingdon, and Barbara Heck. With Sketches of their Female Associates and Successors in the Early History of the Denomination. By Rev. Abel Stevens, LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 304. *New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.*—This is "a Centenary offering to the Women of American Methodism from the American Ladies' Centenary Association," and a most beautiful, appropriate, and desirable offering it is. In its beautiful typographical finish it looks just like a lady's book, and every page in it is a tribute to her sex. The putting forth of this volume was a happy conception of the ladies, and their idea has been nobly carried out by both author and publishers. The women of Methodism portrayed by "the historian of Methodism" could not fail of being an intensely-interesting book. What more need we say about it than that it is published and ready for the people? Surely every Methodist family will want a copy.

SPIRITUALISM IDENTICAL WITH ANCIENT SORCERY, NEW TESTAMENT DEMONOLOGY, AND MODERN WITCHCRAFT: With the Testimony of God and Man Against It. By W. M'Donald. 16mo. Pp. 212. *New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.*—The object of the author in this work has been mainly to prove that modern spiritualism, claiming to be a "new dispensation," is older than Christianity. "If spiritualism," says the author, "be the work of spirits, they are such spirits or demons as the Greek and Roman sorcerers evoked; such as possessed the man among the tombs in the country of the Gadarenes; such as possessed the damsel who troubled Paul and Silas at Philippi; such as were present in the witchcraft of Europe and America. If spiritualism be the action of odyllic force, as claimed by Rogers, Mahan, and others, or if it be an intermediate agent between spirit and matter, nearly answering to odyllic force, as claimed by Dr. Samson, or if it be mere sleight of hand, deception, humbuggery, as claimed by Prof. Mattison and those who think with him, then this odyllic force, intermediate agent, sleight of hand, or humbuggery has produced in the past all the phenomena of modern spiritualism." To prove this constitutes the labor of the book, its point being to show that modern spiritualism is not the new thing it claims to be. The author is inclined to believe that spiritualism is, in part at least, the work of demons. We have not seen or read any thing yet that has forced us to raise the phenomena of so-called spiritualism much out of

the sphere of "sleight of hand, deception, and humbuggery." The book before us is a strong one, deals vigorous blows against the enemy, contains a dreadful chapter on the fruits of spiritualism, and, we think, would constitute a complete antidote for any one having the slightest tendency toward these abominations.

THE CONVERTED COLLIER; or, The Life of Richard Weaver. By R. C. Morgan. 18mo. Pp. 176. *New York: Carlton & Porter.*—This reads like a book of the olden time. Richard Weaver is a brand plucked from the burning and made into a burning and shining light, by whom God has been and still is leading thousands of the vilest of sinners to the cross of his dear Son. Get it and read it, and it will do your heart good.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In Six Volumes. Vol. VI. 12mo. Pp. 608. \$2. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—The history of Frederick the Great is ended. We see him at the last "lying in state in the palace, thousands crowding from Berlin and the other environs to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn, but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks and slightly powdered." On Friday evening, the 18th of August, 1786, "he was borne to the Garrison-Kirche of Potsdam and laid beside his father in the vault behind the pulpit there." The history in this volume covers a period of twenty-six years, from April, 1760, the opening of "the fifth campaign of the Seven Years' War," to the death of the hero in 1786. We have already commented upon these volumes. Of course those who have the preceding five will want this one, especially as it contains a copious index to the whole work. We repeat that we read these volumes quite as much to study Carlyle as to know any thing more about Frederick. A statesman and a warrior, and great as both, undoubtedly Frederick was, but we certainly are led to admire him no more for being depicted in these volumes. To Carlyle, the hero-worshiper, he was a great hero, and thus he dismisses him: "I define him to myself as hitherto the last of the kings; when the next will be is a very long question. But it seems to me as if nations, probably all nations, by and by in their despair, blinded, swallowed, like Jonah, in such a whale's belly of things brutish, waste abominable—for is not anarchy, or the rule of what is baser over what is nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and in fact the abomination of abominations springing from and producing all others whatsoever?—as if the nations universally, and England too, if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a man and his function and performance with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished; that, too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad also adieu."

A TEXT-BOOK ON PHYSIOLOGY. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 376. \$1.50. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Dr. Draper is an original contributor to the sciences of

physiology and chemistry, and stands in the front rank of men of science in our country. However much he may go astray when he ventures out of his own sphere, and however unreliable in his theories and deductions in other departments of knowledge beside his own specialties, in his chosen field of physiology and chemistry he has no superior. We certainly have cause for thankfulness when such men labor to furnish our schools and colleges with scientific text-books. We noticed a month ago a work in the same department of science by Prof. John C. Draper, a son, we think, of the author of the present volume. An admirable work it is, too, and having its place as a text-book in the high-schools, seminaries, and the family as a popular treatise. The present volume would, perhaps, make a better college text-book, being more full and more minute in its details. It is, in fact, an excellent abridgment of Dr. Draper's well-known "Treatise on Human Physiology," a standard work in the profession, and contains about all that the general student desires to know. The volume is illustrated with about one hundred and fifty wood engravings.

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU: A Biographical Sketch. By William J. Grayson. 12mo. Pp. 178. \$1.50. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This is an interesting sketch of one of the few men of the South who, during the past rebellion, remained true to his country. Although surrounded by traitors, yet his loyalty never for a moment wavered. During the period when the nullifiers of South Carolina, led by Mr. Calhoun, were attempting to bring serious trouble to the Government, Mr. Petigru "took his place decidedly with the Union party." "Loving his State, district, home, appreciating them at a value which none went beyond, and incapable of abandoning them, he would, nevertheless, desire to see them as component parts always of the great republic." "The disruption of the Federal Union was to him an evil without remedy and without measure." When the rebellion broke out Mr. Petigru was again found, as in former years, true to the Government which had so long afforded him protection. Although opposed to the general views of the people of South Carolina, still he was elected to hold a position of honor and trust among them. His death, which occurred in 1863, occasioned universal sorrow.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Vol. III. Part Second. History of the Great Rebellion. By John Bonner, author of "A Child's History of Greece," etc. 18mo. Pp. 367. \$1.25. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This volume covers that most exciting period of history extending from the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 to his assassination in 1865, and it is written in a style that can not fail to interest the young reader. The book is handsomely issued, and is illustrated with pretty fair wood engravings. All the above works of the Harpers we receive from Robert Clarke & Co., of this city.

WALTER GORING: A Story. By Annie Thomas, author of "Denis Donne," etc. 8vo. Pp. 155. Paper, 75 cents.

AGNES: A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. 8vo. Pp. 203. Paper, 75 cents.—These constitute Nos. 264 and

265 of the "Library of Select Novels" issued by the Harpers. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*. No. 15. Folio. Pp. 24. 30 cents. This work is issued in numbers as rapidly as is consistent with thorough and careful preparation. Each number contains 24 pages of the size of Harper's Weekly, is profusely illustrated, and printed in the best manner. The present number treats of the peninsular campaign. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Chambers's Encyclopedia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the German Conversations Lexicon. Nos. 100, 101, 102, 103. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. February, 1866. American edition. Leonard Scott & Co., 38 Walker-street, New York.

The Cincinnati Lancet and Observer. February, 1866. An able medical journal, edited by Edward B. Stevens, M. D., and John A. Murphy, M. D.

Editor's Table.

INTERESTING LETTERS.—Through the kindness of our esteemed friend, Dr. Nast, we are permitted to give to our readers three interesting autographic letters, one from John Wesley, one from Charles Wesley, and one from Mr. Fletcher. These letters are the property of Rev. Richard Gray, the venerable city missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city, a descendant of one of the earlier followers of Mr. Wesley. His uncle, Rev. Peard Dickinson, was well known in the early Wesleyan movement, and was present at the death-bed of its founder. The letters are genuine, and we wish it was possible to give facsimiles of them. Though of no historical importance, yet each one is characteristic, and as we read them we feel ourselves in contact with the spirits of the great men who wrote them.

The first is from John Wesley, addressed "to Miss Betsy Briggs at Shoreham, near Sevenoaks, Kent." Miss Betsy was a special favorite of Mr. Wesley. She was the granddaughter of the venerable Vincent Perronet, with whom she resided at the time of his death in 1785; and Mr. Wesley in his journal commends her faithful nursing of her grandfather. In a letter addressed to Rev. Peard Dickinson in 1787, sixteen years later than the date of our letter, we find her still standing high in the esteem of Mr. Wesley. He says: "Truly I claim no thanks for loving and esteeming Betsy Briggs, for I can not help it. And I shall be in danger of quarreling with you if you ever love her less than you do now." The letter itself we do not give as a novelty, for it is published, all except the beautiful introduction, in Mr. Wesley's works, but because we now hold the original itself in our own hands:

CHESTER, MARCH 17, 1771.

My Dear Betsy.—You do well to break thro' that needless Fear. Love me more and fear me less. Then you will find

"Love, like Death, makes all distinctions void."

You have great reason to praise Him who has done great things for you already. What you now want is, To come boldly to y^e Throne of Grace, that the Hunger and Thirst after his full image w^{ch} God has given you may be satisfied. Full Salvation is nigh, even at the door. Only Believe and it is yours. It is a great Blessing that at your years you are preserved from seeking Happiness in any Creature. You need not, seeing Christ is yours. O, cleave to Him wth your whole heart! I am, my dear Betsy,

Yours, affectionately,

J. WESLEY.

Evidently Miss Betsy, in the letter to Mr. Wesley which called forth the above letter, informed him of her "hunger and thirst after the full image of God," and it is most pleasing to find in another letter addressed to her a month later, April 14th, that Mr. Wesley recognizes her as having found this great blessing, and says: "Undoubtedly both you and my dear Miss Perronet are now more particularly called to speak for God." Still a month later, May 31st, he addresses her in another letter, saying: "As yet you are but a little child, just a babe in the pure love of Christ. As a little child hang upon him, and simply expect a supply of all your wants." How much do we learn, both of Mr. Wesley and of Miss Betsy, in this brief correspondence!

Our second letter is from Charles Wesley, also addressed to Miss Betsy, showing how much he, too, esteemed this excellent lady, and the familiarity existing between them:

MARYBONE, JUNE 25, —.

We all expect my dear Betsy on Tuesday morning; but she must not think to put us off with Two days of her company. Her sisters will much oblige us by accompanying her, if Mrs. Briggs will be so good as to spare them for that day. Jack* I expected to have seen before now. Bring him with you if you can lay hold on him, and you shall have the Thanks of the House, especially of

My dear Miss B.'s faithful and affectionate serv't.

C. WESLEY.

Our third letter is from the sainted Fletcher, addressed to his most esteemed friend and associate, Mr. William Perronet, son of the venerable Vincent Perronet. Till a short time before the date of this letter Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Perronet had been lodging in one house in Nyon, whither both had gone for restoration of health. About the beginning of this year—1780—they were obliged to separate, Mr. Perronet going to Lausanne. Mr. Fletcher was anxious to return to England, as is intimated in the letter, and proposed to do so in the following September, but was detained by many circumstances, among others the sickness of the friend to whom this letter is written and his own ill-health, so that he did not reach England till April, 1781. His friend, Mr. Perronet, never saw England again, but continued to fail in health,

* Perhaps his brother, John Wesley.

and died December 2, 1781. The matter referred to in the letter is a question of inheritance between Mr. Perronet and the co-heirs, and was settled as advised by Mr. Fletcher:

J. FLETCHER TO MRS. PERRONET.

28 JULY, [1780.]

My Dear Friend,—I have received your packet. My brother and I think that to apply again at Berne to Leurs Excellences would be wire-drawing, and setting Berne and Geneva together by the ears. That would require much time, trouble, and expense, and the best way is now to agree with the co-heirs and make the best composition you can. You must wait for the instructions Mr. Monod promises to give you. It does not seem the co-heirs deny your right. That question is not touched in the letters. God deliver us from the hands of men! My brother joins me in love to you and Miss Perronet. I do my little jobs as fast as I can, but seem stalled as well as yourself. However, you should try to conclude that we may set out in September. Cast all your burdens upon the Lord. Let nothing make you uneasy. Peace is better than money. Our heavenly inheritance is in good hands. The New Testament is in full force. Jesus keeps possession of the estate for us, and the people of Geneva have no influence before the great Tribunal. I don't know when I shall go to Lausanne; however, I hope it will be soon. Farewell, my dear friend.

I am yours in J. Christ,

J. FLETCHER.

PORTRAIT OF WESLEY.—Before the destructive fire which laid in ashes the magnificent building known as Pike's Opera House of this city, and which broke up and scattered for the time many a noble branch of business which was carried on in the immense establishment, we received from Strobridge & Co., a copy of their chromo-lithograph of Mr. Wesley in cabinet size and very handsome oval frame. It is a beautiful picture, and its execution and finish as a chromo-lithograph are worthy of all praise. These pictures are sometimes spoken of as "pictures in oil colors," and though this is hardly a correct statement of their true character, yet they present not a few of the fine effects of pictures in oil. The original portrait from which this chromo was made was the property of Rev. J. W. Hitt, of Brookville, Indiana, who received it from Rev. Daniel Hitt, one of our early Book Agents, who received it directly from Dr. Coke. It was a favorite portrait with many, and presented some pleasing effects as a likeness of Mr. Wesley, but we did not greatly admire it, nor could we heartily accept it as a standard likeness. We are pained to learn, however, that it also was destroyed by the devouring flames; but we were told by one of the firm to-day that they still possess a very accurate copy of it painted in oil, and we were glad to learn from the same authority that, nothing daunted by their misfortunes, they will proceed as rapidly as possible to reproduce their beautiful chromo-lithograph from this copy. Almost by the time these lines reach our readers they think they will again be ready to receive orders for the new portrait. We admire the courageous and enterprising spirit of these men, and of others who suffered by this calamity, and we devoutly hope that they will soon be able to make good their losses. We should also say here that the noble book establishment of R. W. Carroll & Co., to which we had to make reference in our "Literary Notices," was also destroyed. In those "Notices" we referred as usual to the old firm, as we have assurance that in a very short time they will open another establishment on

Fourth-street, and will be ready to attend to all orders. Such enterprise deserves success, and we are quite sure they will have it.

MINISTER TO EQUADOR.—We are pleased to learn that our friend W. T. Coggeshall, well known as a correspondent of the Repository, has been appointed Minister of the United States to Equador, South America. We are confident that he will honorably and successfully represent our Government, and we are expecting some valuable contributions from his pen.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Being unable, through illness, to dispose of all the articles we had on hand at the close of the previous month, and the number still accumulating on our hands, we will not now be able to clear our table before closing up the number. The following we file for use as opportunity shall offer: Aunt Mary; Docile and Claude; Within the Door; An Autumn Idyl, Like as a Father; Jesus Suffered; How Aunt Ann learned to Ride; Adventures Among the Literati; Uncle Norman Bayly; Sighing for Home; Johnny's Temptation; Birdie; My Brother; The Temptation of Christ; Going Home in Springtime; The Star; Life's Voyage, and James's Bounty Land.

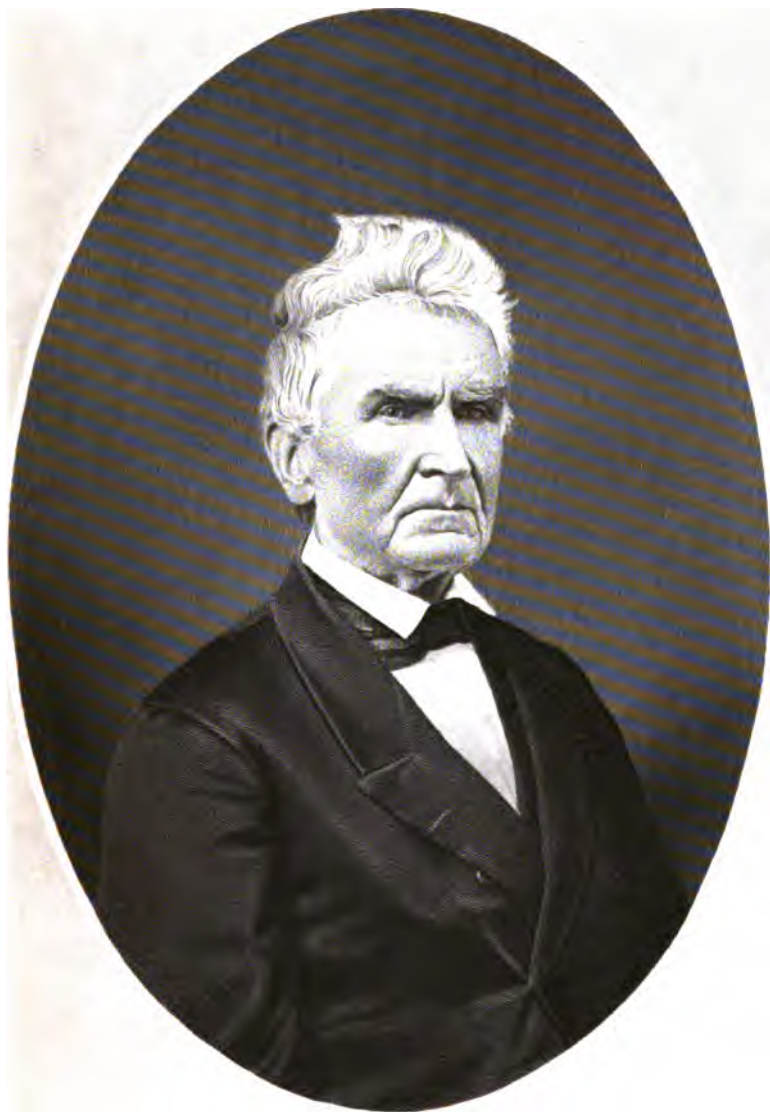
ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following, for want of room and other reasons, we must lay aside: The Caged Bird; California Camp Meetings—a good article, but we are too crowded at present; Sweet Allie—rather pretty, but we receive a great amount of the same kind; Our Methodist Temple, etc.; To day; Beauty; Little Blind Lillie, and others by the same author, that might suit if we were not overpressed with poetry; Plea for the Indian; The Sad, Sad Feast; Authorship; To Ida—personal addresses in poetry never used; Eddie's Sleep—though declining this we would like to see more from the author; Reunion; The First Rose; A Reminiscence—only declined because we will not be able to find room for it; The Past and Future; Hope; The Recompense; Why art thou Cast Down? and The Centenary. We have a number of other articles on hand which we have not yet been able to examine.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We offer you two pleasing pictures the present month. The subject of "*Saturday Afternoon*" will awaken many delightful memories of the long ago. Who has not waited for and welcomed the Saturday afternoon of the Mays that have long since passed? With the school-task over, the Saturday morning's "chores" done up, mother's last touches and kisses resting upon us, how often, with the boys and girls that long ago became men and women, have we hied away to the green fields, to the woods just clothing themselves with their Spring garments, to gather the first flowers of May! Yes, and how often, too, we placed those gathered flowers on little girlish heads, some of which are now blossoming with other flowers more silvery and fine, and some of which are resting in the church-yard with the flowers of this new May growing above them! Alas! how the years and the rough changes of life have been gliding in between those Saturday afternoons and now! A picture of finer execution is the bold coast and storm-scene, "*The Rescue*," painted by Mr. Phillips, and engraved by our ever-faithful artist, Mr. Wellstood. We need not describe it; look on it and study it, and we are sure you will find much to admire.



瑞士阿尔卑斯山区图
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 瑞士阿尔卑斯山区图





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REV. MICHAEL MARLAY, D.D.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1866.

REV. MICHAEL MARLAY, D. D.

BY REV. JOHN P. WRIGHT.

IN America, as well as in England, the remarkable religious movement of the eighteenth century called Methodism, began among the poor. The annals of the Church in this country, like those of the transatlantic body, furnish many striking examples of a divine call to the ministry. In no other way can we account for the gifts, graces, and usefulness of the early Methodist preachers. "There were giants in those days"—men of great natural powers of mind, cultivated and developed by the genius of self-help. They were called from the field and the shop, in a day when literary and theological schools were almost unknown among us, and yet by their own unconquerable energies very many of them became profound scholars and powerful preachers. As this class of men is passing away, and will soon be remembered only by the results of their great mission, it seems eminently proper that some record be made of their history—of their mental and moral achievements, in the mighty battle of life, before the scattered and fragmentary materials for such a memorial be lost forever.

Michael Marlay was born in Berkley county, Virginia, June 21, 1797. His father, John Marlay, a native of Ireland, was a fine scholar, and himself superintended the education of the older children of the family. When Michael was three years old his father was drowned, and the whole family was left to the care of the widowed mother. The educational advantages of the younger children, in consequence of this calamity, were very meager. The oldest son, who was thoroughly trained in the common branches of an English education, devoted himself to the culture of his brothers and sisters; but it was impossible for him, engrossed as he

was with other duties, to impart any thorough or systematic education to them.

When about twelve years old the subject of this sketch was converted, and for a time lived in the enjoyment of religion. But having been brought up in the faith and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, his surroundings were not favorable to a life of piety, and he soon lost the comforting assurance of pardon, and remained in this unhappy condition for many years. In 1818 he left his native State with the tide of westward emigration, and settled in Ohio near the present city of Dayton. In 1819 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Clymer. Two years later, in company with his wife, he attended a camp meeting in his vicinity, at which he was reclaimed and she was converted. The sermon which was so blessed to both was preached by Rev. John P. Finley, at 11 o'clock on Sabbath. Such was the wonderful effect produced by this discourse, that it was found impracticable or unnecessary to have any additional sermon while the meeting lasted. Soon after this memorable camp meeting they united with the Methodist Episcopal Church on Union circuit, Ohio Conference, Rev. John Strange, a brother greatly beloved, in charge. Mr. Marlay was almost immediately impressed that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance; and the Church recognizing his gifts as well as his graces, called him very soon to the work of a class-leader, afterward to that of an exhorter, and finally licensed him as a local preacher. In the mean time he became a close and diligent student in theology. The few books then accessible to a poor Methodist preacher, would make a very meager show compared with the great libraries of the present day. Fortunately, however, they were the pure gold—containing the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel system. The early Methodist preachers were expected to master the works of Wesley,

Fletcher, and Watson, and as far as opportunities were then afforded, to be well-skilled in those of Benson and Clarke, and the Church has produced no better writers since.

In the Autumn of 1831 Mr. Marlay was recommended by the quarterly conference of Union circuit as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection. This circuit was at that time one of the oldest and largest, numerically, in the State. It included Dayton, Xenia, and several other important towns and populous neighborhoods. The quarterly conference of such a circuit was very large, and embraced many men of marked ability; and with due deference to the progress of the age, it may be said that the unanimous approval of such a body of men seldom accompanies a recommendation to the Conference at the present day. When Mr. Marlay's recommendation was read to the Conference, his presiding elder, the writer, added a favorable representation of his character, studious habits, gifts, grace, and usefulness, giving it as his opinion that if permitted to live and labor long he would be eminently successful. Rev. J. B. Finley, who was well acquainted with him, rose and said, "Mr. President,—He is altogether suitable for a place in the itinerant ranks; he will work well in the lead, on the off side, or under the saddle."

He was cordially received on trial and appointed to Darby circuit, a field of labor embracing a very large territory in a flat, marshy region, exceedingly difficult to travel. There were nearly thirty preaching-places to be visited monthly, making an appointment for almost every day in the year. All itinerants in those days had about as much work as they could perform. The presiding elder's district that year extended from Mason on the south to the Maumee of the Lake on the north, and from the Indiana line on the west, to the Scioto opposite Columbus on the east.

Mr. Marlay labored acceptably and successfully on this circuit two years, and was then, in 1833, appointed to Urbana circuit. Here, for two years in connection with Rev. George W. Walker, his colleague and warm personal friend, he witnessed much prosperity as the result of their efforts—"the Word of God grew and multiplied." His next appointment was to Springfield circuit. At the close of his term of two years on this circuit, he was appointed to Union circuit. During the session of the Annual Conference, which was held that year at Xenia, he was appointed, with Rev. J. G. Bruce, to fill the pulpit in Dayton on the Sabbath. On their way to Dayton in a buggy the horse took fright and ran into the woods. Seeing that the

buggy was about to upset, Mr. Marlay sprang out and fractured his leg badly—a disaster from which he did not entirely recover till the following Spring. This season of confinement, however, was by no means lost; for he so improved it in reading and study as to reënter upon his work with greatly-increased mental and spiritual strength.

After two pleasant years on this circuit among his old friends, who had first licensed him to preach, he was appointed in 1839 presiding elder of Chillicothe district, where he remained four years. These were years of wonderful prosperity to the Church within that district, and indeed throughout the whole country. Every quarterly meeting of that quadrennial period, at every charge, was attended with a gracious revival, and more than eight thousand persons were received into the Church. The Chillicothe district, at that time, was an immense field of labor, and could only be traveled on horseback. These were days of toil and self-denial to the ministry, but of glorious triumph to the Church.

In 1843 he was appointed to the Cincinnati district, in which position he was continued four years, a period including the secession of the Southern section of the Church. This event, the first great blow struck at the Union by slavery, very naturally produced considerable irritation and strife along the border. It was a time demanding, on the part of the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church, great prudence, sound judgment, and firmness. Under the wise administration of Mr. Marlay as presiding elder, the Church in Cincinnati, and other portions of the disturbed border within his charge, passed safely through this crisis and gained strength by the conflict, which could not, in all cases, be declined. He witnessed the growth of the Church in that city, during his term of service, from four to eight congregations.

His next appointment was to Urbana station two years; then to Piqua station two years. At the latter place particularly his labors were blessed during the second year with a glorious revival, in which more than a hundred souls were born into the kingdom. At the Conference of 1851 he was appointed to Urbana district, and elected a delegate to the General Conference, to be held the next May in Boston. At this General Conference he was appointed one of the Commissioners to attend to the then pending Church suit in relation to the property of the Western Book Concern. His associates in the Commission were Dr. (now Bishop) E. Thomson, L. Swormstedt, A. Poe, and the writer

of this sketch. This was an appointment involving considerable labor, much care and responsibility. At the trial of the case before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Ohio, the decision was in favor of the defendants. But afterward, upon an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, the Church South was successful. There were some details, however, not settled by the decree of the Court, and the Commissioners of both parties to the suit by agreement met at Cincinnati, February 12, 1855. At this joint meeting, the deliberations of which continued three days, all particulars were adjusted, and we reached a final settlement, with the signatures of all the Commissioners representing both parties appended, and dated February 15, 1855.

In the Autumn of 1855 Mr. Marlay was appointed presiding elder of Dayton district, on which he was continued four years. In 1859 he was elected by the Conference one of their delegates to the General Conference of 1860, held at Buffalo. Here he served on two very important committees, on the Episcopacy and on Slavery. As a member of the latter he advocated a change in one of the General Rules, so as to prohibit "slaveholding" as well as the buying and selling slaves. To alter this "General Rule" required a vote of two-thirds of the General Conference, and then three-fourths of all the members of the several Annual Conferences. Although failing of success in 1860, more than the requisite vote was obtained in the General Conference of 1864, and in the Annual Conferences we may say the vote in favor of the change was almost unanimous. So that before the surrender of the rebellion our General Rules absolutely forbid "slaveholding; buying or selling slaves."

At the session of Conference of 1859, having served eight consecutive years in the office of presiding elder, he expected to be released from that kind of work, but by resolution the Conference requested the Bishop to continue him in the office on account of his long experience and success in the administration of the government and Discipline of the Church. He was accordingly appointed to the West Cincinnati district, where he served three years. At the end of the third year, his health having so far failed as to require a less laborious field, he was appointed to the Dayton City Mission. In 1863, his health having much improved, he was appointed as presiding elder of the Springfield district, a position which he now holds.

In 1860 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Indiana State University, an

honorary title as unexpected as it was unsolicited by him, and yet it must be conceded it was an honor most worthily bestowed.

Dr. Marlay is, in the best sense of that much-abused phrase, a self-made man. From the day he yielded to the conviction that it was his duty to enter the ministry till the present, he has been a diligent student. In the beginning of his itinerant career, like many of his brethren, he pursued his studies on horseback, and sometimes by the evening fire-light of the humble dwellings, in which the early preachers found homes and were thankful. Entering the itinerancy at the period he did, with a large family to be supported on a very small income; having to apply himself to reading and study under very embarrassing and difficult circumstances—with pulpit and pastoral labors to perform almost every day in the year, it is truly surprising that he has accomplished so much in the way of self-culture.

Perhaps his excellent wife deserves much credit in this regard. It is believed that in various ways she kindly facilitated his studies, often relieving him from numerous small cares that might have otherwise interrupted and impeded his progress in the acquisition of knowledge. At this present writing he has a family of nine children, all alive and members of the Church, and one a minister. Whatever help he may have received from his good wife when at home, we must say that his good success under so many adverse circumstances shows clearly "there is no royal road to eminence." The man who is willing to pay the price for greatness, that is, *hard labor*, may have it. The result of nearly forty years of almost incessant study has been to enable Dr. Marlay to rank among the best and soundest theologians in the Church.

As an administrator of Discipline he has few equals. Heartily approving of the whole polity of the Church, nothing turns him from what he believes to be the path of duty. He rigidly adheres to the law, and is careful to obey the injunction of Discipline, "And do not mend our rules but keep them; not for wrath, but conscience' sake." During the exciting and turbulent discussions which disturbed parts of his district, occasioned by the great secession of 1845, he held the reins of government in a firm and prudent hand—enforcing the Discipline with promptness and wisdom.

At the session of the Cincinnati Conference in 1864, the expected President, Bishop Simpson, owing to some detention in the line of travel, had not arrived at the hour of opening. The Conference elected Dr. Marlay, without a

dissenting vote, President *pro tempore*, which office he filled, both in the Conference and in the stationing council, during the brief detention of the Bishop. His long experience and practical training in the office of presiding elder has served to develop in him an executive ability of a high order.

It may not be inappropriate here to notice the fact, that he has been, eminently, a man of one work. Like most of the early preachers, he entered the ministry from a stern conviction of duty, and nothing has been permitted to turn him aside for a single day from his high and holy calling. There is something heroic and worthy of commendation and imitation in the cheerful alacrity with which these pioneer preachers obeyed the call of the Church, and the unswerving fidelity with which they have performed the arduous duties assigned them. The writer once heard Bishop Waugh make a happy attempt to describe this interesting theme. Just before announcing the appointments of nearly two hundred ministers to their several fields of labor for one year, referring to the scene then about to transpire in the presence of a large audience and witnessing angels, he declared it "a moral sublimity unsurpassed." This conscientious devotion to their work under the awful apprehension that "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," may serve to account for the remarkable success of the early ministers of our Church.

As a preacher Dr. Marlay is thoroughly Wesleyan in doctrine, and didactic and argumentative in style. He has a logical mind. One remarked of him, "He thinks in syllogisms." However this may be, we can affirm, without doubt, that in speaking he often uses the art of reasoning and "fills his mouth with arguments." His sermons usually abound with arguments, and generally such as are very clear, consistent, and potent; the conclusions are legitimately reached and well sustained. He almost utterly discards every kind of theological embellishment in his sermons, directing his appeals to the thought rather than the feeling of his hearers. There are few ministers among us who are more skilled in doctrinal discourse, or who are better prepared to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." His manner is rather conversational than declamatory; but there are times when, becoming warm and animated with his theme, his exhortations are powerful and eloquent. It is a very noteworthy fact, that as a preacher he has a growing reputation, though bordering on "three score years and ten." We have a recent report from his present field of labor, that dur-

ing his existing term in the eldership his preaching has been more acceptable and effective than at any former period. This no doubt results from those habits of unremitting study to which we have had occasion to refer. He who would handle the Word of life as a workman approved, must keep his mind active by close and diligent study, even down to old age.

Dr. Marlay is a man rather below the medium height, but of a robust frame, compactly built—symmetrical, solid, muscular, nervous, and surmounted with a noble head. His physical structure admirably fitted him for the toilsome life of an itinerant preacher. The fine portrait on steel which accompanies and illustrates this sketch, will furnish to those who never saw him a pretty accurate impression of his personal appearance. His ample brow and well-formed head will show him to be a marked man. Phrenologists and physiognomists would say his developments are strongly indicative of thought, emotion, and decision; his fine blue eye, however, is the leading index to his character. Through that "window of the soul" may be seen unmistakable beamings of intelligence, self-possession, and fixedness of principle and purpose. When excited by pleasant emotions within, there is an amiable blandness depicted in his countenance, forming a kind of radiance over his face.

It may be said of Dr. Marlay "he ruleth his spirit," and, according to the inspired proverb, is better "than he that taketh a city," and in this achievement he has acquired one of the most important qualifications to govern. Out of this self-conquest arises his suavity of manner, gentleness and sweetness of spirit, mingled with firmness and even, if need be, with inflexibility. This spirit has been of signal advantage to him in the discharge of the delicate and difficult duties of a presiding elder. And perhaps this is one reason why he appears so prominent among his brethren of that class in his own Conference, and is generally supposed to excel as a sermonizer, administrator, Conference debater, and as a member of the Bishop's council.

Dr. Marlay is a vigorous, close thinker, and holds a high rank among the great minds of his day. He is eminently a man of quick perception, sound judgment, and retentive memory. He is accustomed to submit every subject to a rigid analysis, and having presented the elements of his theme with a master-hand, and with all the force of logic, with which he is very familiar, he reaches his conclusions with almost resistless power, accompanied with a tide of emotion which proves the heart-felt

earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his divine Master.

His self-reliance is remarkable in all his relations and efforts. He always maintains his individuality, and manifests entire confidence in his own conclusions, ever exhibiting "the king-becoming graces, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude." Integrity and uprightness have indeed preserved him, and every-where he produces the impression that he is an honest man, deeply impressed himself with his momentous mission, and mainly careful that his hearers become "reconciled to God." With holiness his motto and usefulness his aim, he has reached a good old age, full of years and full of honors.

GOING HOME IN SPRING-TIME.

BY ANNIE E. HERBERT.

WEARY and faint, I lie
And listen to the rush of vernal streams,
And bird-notes that go singing through my dreams,
And I know the spring-tide flushes in with radiant,
sunny gleams.

A breath of fragrance rare
Comes from the sod through the awakening hours,
Where through the rain unfold the May-day flowers,
As our souls arise to purer life beat down by Sorrow's
showers.

And very beautiful
Are the green meadows strewn with blossoms gay,
And the broad sunshine lying far away,
And floating isles of cloud above, how beautiful are
they!

The violets that peep
Beside the rock, where oft my feet have prest,
Will miss me not, when o'er a pulseless breast
New violets may bloom perchance above my lowly rest.

And they who love me well,
Awhile my memory in tears will keep,
Then they too will forget, and cease to weep
For the shadow on life's morning when from pain I fell
asleep.

But not all comfortless
I leave this springly bloom and love's dear charms,
For round me are the Everlasting Arms,
And my head is sheltered by his breast, who shields
from all alarms.

Weary and faint I lie,
While the night-watches slowly come and go,
And when the shade is deepest, then I know
That angels fan with holy wings my wasted cheek of
snow.

They bring me raptured dreams
Of the city where they never need the sun,
For the light ineffable that ever shines from One
Who, in the depths of mortal woe, our full redemption
won.

With smiling countenance
He bids me bring my life's few, unfilled sheaves,
And for their death my soul no longer grieves,
For he calleth glorious fruitage forth from all the bar-
ren leaves.

I go from these bright hours
To Spring eternal, flushing heaven's high dome;
Then think when near my silent rest you roam,
With Christ it must be beautiful in Spring-time to go
home.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

OF all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift of grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

His dews drop mutely on the hill—
His cloud above it saileth still—
Though on its slope men toil and weep;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends! when shall it be,
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

II.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break their happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delfed gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep!

Yea! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

AUNT MARY.

BY A PASTOR.

MARY! what a charm there is in that name! Burns, Byron, and the sweet-spirited Cowper owe to it their noblest inspiration, and have embalmed it in undying verse. True, it has not ever been worn by the noble and the good; and yet I doubt not that we are more lenient to the fair, but frail rival of England's virgin queen, simply because her name was Mary.

I love it because it was my mother's name; and though she has, for many years, been a dweller in the better land, it seems to me that her name is Mary still. The youngest of our household, whose voice is its music, and whose smile is its light, wears the same name; and so I have a Mary on earth, and a Mary in heaven.

But holier memories cluster round the name; it brings before me the loving sister of Lazarus, who sat at the feet of Jesus. The sad group of women who stood near the cross, in the saddest hour of all time, all wore this name, one of them, then as superior in her exceeding sorrow, as once she was in her exceeding love when she folded to her breast the infant whose birth the angels heralded, but whose anguish, as he now hung expiring, pierced her soul with grief unutterable.

The Marys of history and of sacred story have called forth the most eloquent prose and the sweetest verse, the finest touches of the pencil and the fairest specimens of the sculptor's art. It is not my purpose to attempt to add another tribute to any of these, but to sketch from life one whose example is worthy of imitation by the Marys in all the families in our land—my theme is Aunt Mary. She is not my aunt, and indeed not at all related, but in common with all who know her, I have fallen into the habit of speaking of her as if she were; for, in truth, she stands higher in my esteem than many who have a blood-title to that name. She is a sister of charity; not one of that sisterhood who go about dressed like sad mourners, and on whose faces I have never seen a smile; her robe is not of black serge; she does not wear sackcloth nor sit in ashes; I have even seen her wearing colors that some would call gay, and sometimes flowers in her bonnet; at her girdle she bears neither cross nor rosary; but if she bears not true love for her Savior in her heart, I know not why she, like him, goes about doing good. Aunt Mary is no prim maiden lady, who, in consequence of hopes early blighted, has chosen to go through

the world companionless, and, having no family of her own, makes herself a blessing to the families of others; on the contrary, she married early, and is still happy with the husband of her youth; she has a large family, and more than one grandchild prattles round her knees. To look in her face you would not think her over forty; if she were walking before you on the street, from the ease and rapidity of her movements you would think her much younger; she has a carriage ever at her call, yet few of her age and position in society walk as much as she; to tell the truth she is often found in lanes and alleys where poverty and disease are not strangers, but where carriages are seldom seen. Though wealthy, she can scarcely be called fashionable, not from any lack of means, but on account of certain old-fashioned notions. Being a professor of religion, she does not think the ball-room a proper place of resort, or that Christians can have a box at the opera or theater, and have at the same time a proper respect for their profession or regard for their influence. Her carriage is not seen on the fashionable drive on Sunday afternoon; a funeral, a pressing need on the part of some distressed one, sickness or sorrow calling for aid and sympathy, alone call her from her religious duties on that sacred day; nay, she even thinks such acts are a part of her religion. She dresses well, not gaudily, but becomingly; her garments do not excite the envy of some and shame others by too striking a contrast; the poor members of the Church are not ashamed when they sit near Aunt Mary, nor is she ashamed of them—she is lowly in heart.

She is rigidly punctual in her attendance on public worship; not only when some preacher of rare ability is to occupy the pulpit, but on all occasions; and her pastor would think it almost as strange for one of the pews to be absent as Aunt Mary. The prayer meeting, too, would never dwindle down to a mere handful if all were of her spirit. Should company come in, as is often the case on that evening, it is no reason why she should remain at home; she excuses herself to her visitors, it is prayer meeting night and she must go; and, I doubt not that others would loiter were it not for the uneasy thought, I can go surely if Aunt Mary can.

She has thus an influence far greater than mere words can exert. It is easy to say in times of unusual interest, "you ought to go, you will enjoy yourself so much if you do;" but it is far better, like her, to set the example of going at all times; she has no convenient headache to plead, no unusual occupation dur-

ing the day, no important letter that must be written, no rare concert that must be heard, no rare sight that must be seen; none of these things are permitted to come between her and her duty. Aunt Mary is no bigot; of course she is ardently attached to her own Church, but she heartily engages in any good work which calls forth the labor and liberality of other communions. It is not necessary that a city missionary be a minister of her Church to insure her aid, provided the work be a good one; it matters little by whom it was begun, or what denomination gets the credit, she lends the helping hand. Asylums for widows, the unfortunate, the erring, find in her a generous active patroness; she gives not money alone; she gives her sympathy, her advice, her prayers, her tears, striving while she gives what is needful for the body to benefit the soul. She does much to reclaim the sinful, unfortunate, and degraded of her own sex, and has the satisfaction of knowing that many have been rescued from a life the most wretched, from a fate the most fearful. Remembering that they have souls to save, she is not ashamed to meet with these poor outcasts, and endeavor to lure them back to virtue. She even thinks it proper to strive to lead such repentant ones to Christ; she has wept with them as they wept over their sins, and has rejoiced with them in their new-found joy of pardon. She is not alarmed lest some persons should get into the Church who are not *respectable*, who, in fact, had been great sinners; she remembers how Christ treated a woman who was a *sinner*, and believes that it was *sinners* that Jesus died to save. Hence, if any such desire to join her Church, she does all in her power to encourage them in their endeavors after a better life; if they should prefer another Church, her care for them does not cease, she remembers that their souls are precious, and watches over them with a sister's care; many jewels once defiled in the dust shall shine brightly in Aunt Mary's crown of rejoicing.

The war opened up a new and wide field for her active sympathy; entire families of refugees, after days and weeks of peril and exposure, found their first safe and quiet resting-place under her roof. Exchanging as they did a Wintery sky and the protection of a wagon-sheet, for warm cheerful rooms, warmer hearts and cheerful faces, made an impression on their hearts that will never be erased; the children, too, of those strangers will never forget the kind welcome which gladdened their hearts after so much sorrow and trial; and though far from her now, when they ask blessings on those

dear to them, they fail not to ask God to bless Aunt Mary.

Her manner of conferring a favor is not a grand and stately one, making the objects of it feel their dependence to such a degree that the weight of it becomes oppressive; on the contrary, her kindnesses are performed so kindly that she seems to be receiving, rather than doing a favor.

At Aunt Mary's I have seen a lady treated as an honored guest; taken round to see places of interest, her taste consulted in regard to materials for dress for herself, the best room in the house at her service, and all this in such a way as to make her feel perfectly at ease; and yet she was an entire stranger, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty; but she was a lady, and was treated as if her vanished wealth were still hers. No out-of-the-way room, no seat at the second table, no embarrassment when visitors called, nothing, in fact, to remind her of her changed condition; at table her seat was next to Aunt Mary's, her every want anticipated; had she still been mistress of her former wealth and position she could have desired, and would have received, no better treatment.

Another instance I well remember. Poor Lottie, an outcast, a Magdalen, was rescued from a life of shame; she was still quite young, but her health was broken, yet she lived long enough to give the best evidence that she was changed in heart as well as life. Aunt Mary had given her a helping hand, and after the dark night of sin and sorrow there came a bright morning of light and peace; but her end was near, yet death had lost its terror, and the peace of God which passeth understanding filled her soul. Her brother, whom she had not seen since her days of girlhood and innocence, and who had been absent in the army some three years, returned soon enough to hear from her own lips the sad story of her fall and rescue, and he could not but forgive and weep with her. The end came, and poor Lottie died in great peace; very few mourners followed her to her last resting-place; her brother, tender and forgiving, a few who had known her in her sinless days, one or two once as simple but now repentant, and the minister who performed the last sad offices, were there, and there, too, was Aunt Mary, who, in life, had helped her on in the path of virtue, ready to pay the last sad tribute to her memory.

God bless you, Aunt Mary, such deeds are unnoted of men, but the great and merciful Father of all, whose mercy we all need, is not forgetful of such deeds as this. I have seen

her, too, at the bedside of the dying saint with tearful eyes, and lips overflowing with the sweetest consolation; every-where a comfort, every-where a blessing; in a word, I believe for her every day had its good deed. She is not, however, all tenderness and tears; impostors often quail before her searching, honest eyes and direct questioning. She knows the shortest way to detect feigned sorrow or distress, and many who were secretly rejoicing at the success of their well-told tale, and expecting the well-filled purse to be drawn forth for the relief of their fictitious sufferings, have been overwhelmed by Aunt Mary's quiet, "Well, I will get my bonnet and go with you, and see for myself if these things are so."

Her charities are not all in money, given to get rid of importunity rather than from real sympathy with suffering. Once in the abode of poverty and distress, her quick eye discovers the most pressing necessity, and the well-filled basket which soon follows the visit, shows how perfectly she is mistress of the situation. Good advice goes with her gifts, work is procured when there is ability to labor, and the kind word that goes with the gift is prized more than the gift itself. I am writing no fulsome panegyric, and my wife, who knows her even better than myself, after hearing what I have written, says, "Yes, that is Aunt Mary."

Of course she has her failings, but I have no inclination to notice them, they are such as belong to humanity in its best estate; but her virtues, her noble Christian life, throw them far into the background, and it is her virtues alone that we desire to see imitated.

Aunt Mary is not far from fifty years of age. I trust that she may be spared to see fourscore, that she may never falter in her work of faith and labor of love. I pray that many Marys may imitate her example, and be ornaments to the Church, and blessings to the world. For myself, I trust to gain that blessed land for which she is striving; and if, after the storms of earth, I gain the calm of heaven, I feel well assured that I shall meet Aunt Mary *there*.

THE great bulk of men blindly follow any impulse which is communicated to them by minds of superior intelligence, or the force of individual interest; but really original thinkers, the lights of their own, the rulers of the next age, almost invariably exert their powers in direct opposition to the prevailing evils with which they are surrounded.—*Sir Archibald Allison*.

DOCILE AND CLAUDE.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

THE simple repast was over, and the wife Mary brought with reverential hands the Holy Scriptures from its place of security and gave it to the good pastor Claude, who opened it and read to them "of such as through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens;" he read of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments, destitute afflicted ones, of whom the world was not worthy. For all these suffering ones "God had provided some better thing." Albert, the father, held tenderly in his arms the elder child, Docile, a girl of five Summers, and Mary, the mother, on her low seat, rocked on her breast the babe, the young Claude, who that day had received the sacrament of baptism from their pastor. Earnestly the parents listened to the words of truth and endurance as they came from the lips of the loved and honored teacher; full of meaning were they to those who had tested the meaning, and faithful memory called faith's indelible pictures of the past. They joined in the simple hymn of strong faith, whose words had often nerved the soul, whose echo had resounded in town, hamlet, and mountain fastness:

"They through the gloomy vale
Walk firm and do not quail,
To rest with Thee—
Such death is happiness
Leading to that glad place
Where in eternal bliss
Thy sons abide."

Blessing the family and praying for Heaven's guidance upon the babe baptized, the pastor prepared to depart.

"Spring is in the air," he said as Albert stood with him by the cottage door. "There has been a breath of it for the past week," returned Albert. The pastor looked around anxiously: the cottage stood on the brow of a rugged rock which jutted from the side of a hill, behind which towered the lofty, heaven-defying mountain, crowned with its crest of dazzling snow. "Have you never fear of a falling avalanche, Albert?" "We have thought this a safe spot: ten years have passed by leaving us unharmed; thirty before that has the owner of this cottage been secure." "True, it is founded upon a rock," rejoined the pastor. "Peace be with you

all," and soon he was lost to sight in the windings of the valley road.

The evening was mild and peaceful, a gauzy veil of mist obscured the mountain's brow, and while the pastor pursued his way the balmy softness of the air breathed indeed of Spring-time, but an indescribable sadness, a vague uneasiness filled his heart, and often he paused and gazed at the dark mountain guardian of that hamlet. That night when all were wrapt in sleep, the pastor Claude, disturbed by a faint, rumbling sound, sprang from his bed and peered into the darkness without, but no sight nor sound met his listening ear and strained vision. The morning sun rose clear and bright, the mountain top flushed roseate at its coming, and stood crowned with the glory of the risen day. A sound of mingled, excited voices roused the pastor at an early hour, and above the confusion he distinguished distinctly the fearful word "avalanche," and learned that during the night an avalanche had fallen upon the cottage on the rock, burying Albert and his family in the ruins. Far and near the tidings flew, and friends and strangers hurried to the scene of the disaster.

The heavy slide of ice and snow had, in falling, glanced aside and buried but part of the cottage, which for fifty years had been deemed a place of perfect safety. Manfully and earnestly all set to work toiling with spade and pick among the debris, breathlessly listening, hoping a cry of distress might reach them, indicating that life still existed. The feeble wail of an infant's voice was at length heard; with redoubled will and energy their exertions were increased, and the babe and sister were found alive and unharmed, while the parents, crushed by the accident, slept the sleep that knows no waking.

"These children have been miraculously preserved as legacies for us to cherish," said the pastor Claude with tearful eyes. "Let us pray that the God of the fatherless will be an ever-present help in their journey through life."

Arrangements were speedily made among kind-hearted friends and neighbors for the support and future home for the orphans thrown upon the charity of the world. A Christian widow, who was childless, took the infant Claude and cherished him in her simple home as her own son, while Docile found her home where pious instruction and kind treatment endeavored to atone for her early loss. A short time closed the gap opened in the hearts of the mountain hamlet by the fearful event of that night, and obliterated all traces of the cottage where domestic happiness had reigned and smiled.

Five years rolled by—years fraught with fearful consequences to the Protestant cause. The pure faith of God's children in the mountain hamlet remained unshaken and but little disturbed, when the outer world trembled with the shock of religious controversy and persecution; occasionally a hunted servant of his Master sought the hamlet for a momentary lull and escape from the pursuit and persecution of the blood-hounds who would have branded, if possible, the Romish faith with red-hot iron upon the hearts of the devoted Protestant. The tales of murder and slaughter were revolting, but as persecution increased their faith, like the light of phosphorus, shone brighter in the dark.

One morning two strangers appeared inquiring for the orphans Docile and Claude. "I am the uncle of these children," said one of the two, a tall, dark man, to the distressed widow, whose heart had become bound up in that of her adopted son. "Their mother was my sister. She disgraced her family by embracing the vile heretic doctrines. Her family would have taught her better things, but she escaped from home, and we, after some years, lost all trace of her place of abode. Recently I discovered that two of her children were still living, and hastened here, hoping the seeds of heresy, which doubtless have been sown in their young hearts, may, by proper care, be speedily eradicated."

Unmistakable proofs of the relationship were produced. Great sadness fell over the little community, for the orphans were considered as belonging to all; all were interested in their welfare, but many a heart kindly disposed toward the children, would have surrendered them more willingly to the embrace of death than to the embrace of that Church, whose jaws, ever extended, now opened to seize the children whose parents had suffered for the maintenance of their faith. Prayers, tears, and entreaties of friends, and of the children, were vain as the idle surf beating on the rock-bound coast.

With difficulty the pastor Claude secured a short interview with Docile. He told her of her mother's faith, of her sad death, and besought her by the tears, prayers, and example of that mother's life to cling to that faith while life lasted. "Father Claude," said the maiden, who was thoughtful far beyond her years, "you will never have cause to be ashamed of your daughter." "Remember Peter; be not too confident, my child; from Heaven your strength and trust must come." "Ah," replied the maiden through her tears, "but Peter's mother had never suffered for her blessed Master."

Little time was allowed for parting tears and

farewells. The stern, dark uncle bore away the children from the hamlet, leaving the pastor Claude and his flock as a fold whose pet lambs have been stolen. Far away from their simple home to a crowded city the orphans were taken and placed under the surveillance of Romish friends and teachers. Secretly but steadfastly Docile clung to the recollections of her childhood's days. No time, no scene of gayety allured her from the old affection for those simple, happy scenes. No Romish mass, with its outward fascinating ceremony, always presented to her in its most attractive manner, ever gave the satisfaction and pleasure which the worship of her parents' faith had given; and which, though outwardly concealed, still burned clear and bright in her soul.

Claude, younger and more easily influenced, with no deeper feeling than idle, childish curiosity, was amused by these fascinating allurements. He wondered at Docile's constantly asking if he remembered the pastor Claude and his old friends; for jealous and fearful that new scenes and faces should efface the old from his memory, Docile never failed of embracing opportunities of reviving old recollections, and strove earnestly in every way to retain the impressions of the past.

Five years passed by. One grand day the uncle proposed taking Docile and Claude to witness a brilliant show. They accompanied him, and from their stand-point viewed the splendid pageant as it slowly passed. Soldiers in their gay habiliments, high dignitaries of the Church blazing with rank and wealth, crosses, banners flaunted by. Claude was almost wild with delight, and Docile gazed upon the show with pleased attention.

"And who are these sad, ragged men?" asked Claude, as the passing procession brought into view a band of men who formed a strange contrast with the gay spectacle; their torn clothes showed marks of violent hands. Manacled together as galley slaves they were driven on; loud hoots and shouts from the crowd greeted their appearance, and it was evident that these few exhausted, ill-treated men were considered the best part of the show. "And what are these men, uncle?" asked Claude in wonder.

Fear blanched the sweet face of the maiden Docile. Well she knew the fate of the miserable-looking creatures before her, and her heart reproached her bitterly for having seen with pleasure any part of the show whose object was the humiliation and suffering of a band of Protestants.

But a greater shock was before her; for as the prisoners passed she saw a well-known form,

whose recognition froze the life-blood in her young heart. With garments torn, his white head uncovered and exposed to the rude peltings of the cruel mob, walked with steadfast step and uplifted eyes, the pastor Claude. A loud scream from Docile arrested his attention. He looked up at the young girl, who, with clasped hands and a face wrung with agony and horror, bent down toward the crowd below. A smile crossed his face as he raised his eyes to heaven and moved his lips in prayer. Docile was rudely drawn back by her uncle and bid to "keep quiet." "But, uncle, who is that poor man, and why are they so sad?" inquired Claude with trembling lip. "They will perish in the flames to-morrow," replied the uncle, "and such screams as Docile has given to-day may send you both with him."

The boy made no reply, but the events of that hour influenced his whole after-life. With the deep devotion and strength of a noble, self-sacrificing woman, from the hour Docile saw her beloved pastor dragged through the rough streets, exposed to the mercy of a pitiless mob, there entered her heart the firm purpose of emulating his example; and dead to all surrounding circumstances, she longed only for the avowal of the faith and the fate of the despised Protestant.

In the course of time Claude was removed to a distance and placed in a monastery. Tidings from him occasionally reached Docile, but she could glean little comfort from these faint repasts, and as the years rolled by they became less frequent, and Docile's only refuge was in the God of heaven, to whom she addressed unceasing petitions for the salvation of her brother from dangerous errors.

It was a gala day of the Church when Docile followed the crowd to hear the preaching of a stranger priest, who was exciting much interest and attention. Men clustered around the doors of the great cathedral, and their darkened brows and excited voices betokened a rising storm. Docile entered the opened doors and kneeled, with many others, upon the stone pavement. Her faith seemed crushed by an unutterable weight, and thoughts of her absent brother burdened her heart with unutterable sadness; for of all the world he alone was an object of real affection, and she constantly feared that in faith they were sundered farther than by distance.

Alone and unobserved she kneeled in her dark corner till the sound of the preacher's voice met her ear. There came to her the memory of her childhood's days—recollection of a village hamlet overshadowed by a dark mount-

ain shadow, and a mother's lullaby, which came back to her as a long-forgotten melody, touched the heart. Docile gazed long and wistfully at the speaker—a young monk, tall, thin, and gaunt, whose pale cheek and sunken eye told of long nights spent in weary vigils. He poured forth words that came welling from a heart burning to fight and die manfully for truth and right. A sister's eye and heart, which had always throbbed with love for the absent, told her that in the changed speaker her brother stood before her. The prayers of years, the anxious moments and tears caused by uncertain separation, were all repaid in that moment of sad triumph; for the words of the speaker told too truly he had entered upon a path which terminated in shameful denial or sacrificial victory.

The words of truth and denunciation of error fell from eloquent lips; the hearers were strangely moved; disapproval deepened with rage upon many a face till the storm burst and the cry of, "Drag out the heretic," rang through the cathedral. Ready hearts and hands were not wanting to obey the cry, and the few friends, Peter-like, slunk away where resistance would have been vain. The young monk was torn from the altar and dragged through the cathedral aisles. Docile, urged on by an irresistible impulse, rushed forward and was carried so near by the surging crowd her hand could touch him.

"Claude," she called wildly. He turned and bestowed upon her one fond glance of recognition. "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," she exclaimed, and a rude blow felled her to the ground. The crowd passed, leaving her senseless on the stone pavement.

When consciousness returned there came with it the recollections of what had passed. "Father, let me too be offered up"—"unite our souls in suffering and death to glorify thy name." Thus she prayed, and stunned and dizzy wandered from the church, inquiring of all where they had taken the young monk Claude. Few gave her attention, but her resolve was made, and she found the place of his imprisonment—the prison-house of many a faithful Protestant—and inquired if Claude, the young monk, was there. "In strict confinement," was the reply. "For this day's proceedings he must suffer the penalty." "I am a heretic," cried the undaunted girl. "I am his sister; we are alone in the world; let us suffer and die together." Her avowal met the desired end, but all her entreaties to see her brother were vain. That night passed in weary vigils

to brother and sister; but both strong in faith, earnest in prayer, content to suffer, they looked forward with satisfaction to deliverance through fiery ordeals.

The mandate had gone forth, and the day of the *auto da fe* rose serene and beautiful when the glorious martyrs were to ascend to eternal rest, like Elijah of old, in chariots of fire. The crowds that gathered to witness the cruel show were steeled against sympathy or pity. Among the victims were the brother and sister—Claude and Docile—separated for years, but clinging to their mutual affection; no meeting in this world was permitted before death rescued them from torture. A glance of deep, earnest love and heroic strength alone was given; no uttered word, no other sign of recognition allowed. Firmly they met their fearful death. Docile's voice was heard as the flames crept nearer her shrinking body singing distinctly,

"They through the gloomy vale
Walk firm and do not quail,"

till the crackling wood and stifling smoke stilled the martyr's hymn, or her freed soul finished it in paradise. Claude, the heretical monk, the preserved child of sacrificing parents, met his fate as Stephen of old, calling upon "God to receive his spirit."

A few hours and a handful of dust was all that remained on earth of Docile and Claude, and that dust, spurned aside by the foot of man as a thing accursed, is still carefully guarded by an all-seeing Power till the day when dust shall be awakened into new life, and the Lord God shall take his children whither they be gone, and gather them on every side. The names and lives of Docile and Claude were erased from the records of the living, but who shall estimate the influence of their life's work, or dare say they died in vain?

KINDNESS A LIFE DUTY.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner can not find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard to their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy.—*Frederika Bremer.*

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER IV.

A NEW BOOK.

I THINK I shall have to give you this month's home picture, done in catalogue style, after the manner in which cheap novelists serve up the gifts and graces of the marvelous little paragons they manipulate through a love drama. Allow me to take you, *sans ceremonie*, into the library at Lakeside, and seat you in a cozy corner, to listen to the evening "talk."

But, first, you must have my "catalogue" sketch of the *dramatis personæ*.

The elderly man in well-worn gray, bending so busily over his harness mending, is Mr. Morland. Brown, rough hands, kindly eyes, wide, well-written forehead. A piece of rag carpet, spread in one corner, serves him for a work-shop.

"Ugh!" shudders a dainty damsel, "harness-mending in the sitting-room! horrors!" Yes, my dear, head-stalls and bane-straps will rip, and farmers have to sew them again. Mrs. Morland and her daughters are of opinion that the slight inconvenience of "father's carpet and kit" in the sitting-room is more than compensated for by the rare sunniness and goodly talk of the *hausvater*. Mr. Morland gets light for his stitching through the glass-doors between the library and conservatory. Said light, after trying its rosy-tipped fingers upon oleander buds and geranium petals, and loosing the lingual muscles of a bevy of canaries, domiciled thereamong, does not feel itself above helping at the mending.

Near by are the mother and Mary, busy as usual. "With some knit or crocheted nothing, I'll warrant," interpolates my mannish reader. Yes, sir, just such nothings as women do busy themselves with to the infinite comfort of the ignorant, helpless masculines of the home circle. James is resting from his eight hours' close study, by helping Fannie "stretch" a piece of canvas.

The young gent upon the sofa is Harry, arm in a sling, hand in poultices—an unlucky tap of a base-ball club—a mere trifle. The recuperative machinery, however, being weakened by over-study, refused to repair in season, and one of those ugly little inflammations, that are always skulking round, pounced upon the finger, threatening the hand and arm, and causing a world of discomfort. "Only an excuse to get home," laughed Mary, her face as radiant as

though said excuse had been planned for her especial benefit.

And now I propose to change the tense and report the "talk." Harry had finished reading aloud a new book, "Winifred Bertram." It had been under discussion a little while, when Mrs. Morland suggested that Mary write a *critique* upon it.

"Why, mother, I'm afraid I could n't do the book justice."

"Perhaps you could n't, child, but then you might draw some people's attention to it, and they be benefited by it."

"Yes," said Mr. Morland, fixing his calm, grave eyes upon Mary's face, "if people *will* read fiction."

"And of course they *will*, father."

"I know it, Fannie. It can't be helped as I see. I think it would be better if they would be contented with a plain, true statement of the things they need to know; but if they will have their mental *cuisine* iced, and spiced, and sugared, I suppose it's a kindness to tell them where they can get the least objectionable compounds."

"How pure these 'Schönberg-Cotta Family' books seem after reading Theodore Winthrop's stories and Bayard Taylor's!"

"That they do, James, to carry out father's figure, like coming down from the highest style of French sauce, to bread and milk, and straw-berries."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Morland, "it will be a rather difficult task to write upon this book. It is beautiful, but its principal charm is its smoothness of finish, its harmony with itself. Like that picture there," pointing to an exquisite little painting. "You know every one that can appreciate such things is struck by its beauty, and yet no one can speak of any part that is noticeably fine. There are no salient points to hang any particular praise or censure upon. Now, I propose that you young folks all help Mary at this, as it's her first effort of the kind."

"Good, father, just like you! Now tell them, please, which part each one must take."

After some demurring, it was decided that Fannie should write upon the outer of the thing, its style—"in her line," the father said—Harry should do the faultfinding, James should bring out the drift of the work, its main thought, and Mary should work these materials into shape, adding such hints and quotations as she thought best.

Work was laid aside, and for a half hour pens and pencils skated nimbly over paper, now dashing ahead in fine style, then suddenly

reined up, and sent back to scratch out and rewrite.

"Ready, sis?" cried Harry, flourishing his foolscap with his well hand. "I have n't written much, though. Father gave me the meanest part any way."

"Well, let's see. Read it, please."

Harry began: "This book has a pure, simple beauty of its own. People of pure, simple taste must appreciate it. But, as the masses who need the lessons it is sent forth to teach, are neither pure nor simple in taste, it may fail of much of the good it might do, if there were a touch more of the sensational in its flavoring. Quiet people a little weary of the world; old gentle people, with plenty of leisure and discrimination; far-seeing people, who will turn upon it 'grave, slow eyes,' like Dante's philosophers, and religious people, hungering for soul food, will be helped by it. But the dashing, wide-awake young American may rush through it and pronounce it stupid, because it lacks that something of the thrill, and stir, and force, that catches and holds, and makes him listen to its sermon in spite of him. It is beautiful as an Alpine flower. To a Wordsworthian soul,

'The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

But of the devotionally inclined, ten will hear God's voice in the thunder of the avalanche, and read his glory on Mt. Blanc's sunset-tinted coronet, where one will stoop to trace his tenderness in the floweret's meek, blue eye. The characters in the book are fine, but a trifle too much like ideas. If they had done a few things as we do—just because they happened to—and not with every move of the eye and turn of the hand bearing upon the *morale* of the story, I think they would have seemed more human. And at parting with them we would have felt more as though they were real friends, whose goodness would always help us. Mrs. Dee's mistakes and blunders in her energetic efforts at doing good, and Mr. Bertram falling in love with the wrong girl, seem most like the doings of this topsy-turvy world. The rest of the people do and say just the proper things for them to do and say; and if you had been called to leave them in the middle of the story, you would have felt perfectly safe about them, they were coming out all right any way. Some of these 'characters' are what Tennyson would call, 'faultily faultless.' I'm sure I never had the pleasure of meeting such proper, daintily-spoken little girls, always saying such fine, philosophic things. But then I suppose the things were to be said, or else the book had

not been written; so I don't know but it is pardonable in them to be mythically appropriate in their grammar, rhetoric, and reasoning. The authoress is evidently quite innocent of suicidal intentions, when she sets Winnie mourning over Dan's prospectively early death.

"O," said Winnie, "I'm so sorry for poor little Fan!" "Why, what's the matter, my child?" "O," sobbed Winnie, "when Dan dies!" "But I have great hope Dan will live and get well, Winnie," said Maurice. "Why are you so distressed?" "It is not that he's ill," moaned Winnie, "but he's so good. All the children in the books die when they talk like that. And I'm so sorry for Fan!" A word *en passant*. In this book-making business 'the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.' If a downright sinner sets about making a bad book, he does not confine himself to sober russets, and grays, and browns. Whatever of fascination in style and coloring he has at command, he uses to make the thing as attractive as may be."

Mary winced somewhat under Harry's criticism. She was quite tempted to take up arms in defense of her favorite, but wisely concluded to set the matter right in the copying, by toning it down, and blunting what seemed to her its unnecessary sharpness.

"Ready to report, Fannie?"

"Ready, such as it is."

Fannie read: "The style of the book is pure, chaste, natural, neither stilted, stiff, nor high-flown. Possibly a dash of the pen through about one-third of the adjectives might have lightened and strengthened it, but then a liberal peppering of descriptives is *a la mode* nowadays. The 'plot' is simple enough. Nobody seems inclined to get into a labyrinth of agony or despair, for the sole purpose of relieving the sympathetic reader, by the sudden rushing in of somebody plenipotentiary to set things right. The 'characters' are unique, well-sustained, and true to themselves"—Fannie glanced up at Harry and interpolated, "Notwithstanding their hypothetical faultlessness"—"not cut out by the old dog-eared patterns, so long in use among novelists. All the old stage machinery, plots and counterplots, elopements and escapes, daggers and dungeons, are ignored. The story is made up of a few simple lives, plainly, truthfully sketched. Common people, with common surroundings, and common experiences, well interpreted. The stronger passions, fierce jealousies, cruel envies, bitter hates, life-long loves, that weaker fictionists depend upon for dramatic effect, are not called into requisition at all. This writer seems to say, 'Perhaps you need

these devices to hold your readers, but I can rivet the attention of mine by limning for them the ordinary—eventless you may call it—life of every-day people. They may not take cities, but they “rule their own spirit,” which Solomon pronounces greater. They may not be incognito princes, but they are heirs to an enduring crown. They may not make the poor ephemerals of this little planet wonder and stare, but they shall joy with angels eternally. I do not measure men, their interests and destiny, by this world's rule, but by the golden reed in the angel's hand.

“Other fictionists, even the pure, strong Miss Muloch, seem to think it necessary to give victorious virtue an earthly crowning. John Halifax, after his noble self-conquest and triumph over hard people and hard circumstances, must grow rich and honored. The dim-sighted masses demand this. They are forgetful of the great eternity where God crowns gloriously, faithful, patient effort. Any body else writing this book would never have settled the young curate and his bride in that prosy, old-fashioned, East End parsonage, without one hint of fine prospects, eloquent furnishings, literary and artistic surroundings, continental tours, and kindred little luxuries supposed to be as much at the disposal of novelists as of fairy godmothers. A tip of the authorial wand would have brought the young gentleman's father home from India, rich and ready to give them a splendid ‘setting out,’ or it would have drawn the attention of some good old bishop to them, whose duty it would have been to help them to a fine living in some paradisiacal locality. So strong is our authoress in the right of her course, that she utters never a sentence of apology. She takes it for granted that the words of Jesus are your law: ‘He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.’

“The tints upon her canvas are pure, tender, true; not gaudily obtrusive—in the railroad advertisement style.” Another significant glance in Harry's direction. These two had crossed words more than once, on this matter, during the reading of the book. “She paints from nature, and from the best of it. I would not insist that all should mix their paints just so, and so tone down every sharp, jagged outline. There are niches and needs for the high-toned, royally-colored pieces—the patient, persecuted pure, the deep-dyed, subtle villains; but it would be well if all wood painters studied life to as good purpose as this quaint, quiet, clear-eyed authoress does.”

“As Harry and Fan have patronized the florid to such an extent,” said James, “I sup-

pose you will be content to let me do my part in my own plain, prosy way. I shall claim that my performance has one good point—its brevity—and that, you know, according to the wisecracks, is the soul of wit.”

“Well, let's have it.”

James read from a slip of paper: “I regard the unity of Christians in the work of God as the central thought of this book. Maurice Bertram, with his wide, unselfish care for the souls of others; Mrs. Dee, with her overdone, indiscriminate ‘district visiting;’ Mrs. Anderson, with her high Scotch Calvinism; Lady Catherine, with her ‘fierceness’ upon the curates; the Trehernes, with their ardent Wesleyanism; the Misses Lovel, with their High Church notions; and Grace Leigh, with her pure, all-pervading charity, as a ‘bond of perfectness,’ make one round, finished, symmetrical thought—good people, though divided by creeds, are one in the work of God. Take, as an illustration, Caleb Treherne and Miss Lavinia Lovel.” “Please hand me the book, Fannie.” “I think this description of Treherne pretty good. He must have been a model class-leader. It says of him, ‘His leading consisted rather in drawing others out to speak and work, than in saying much himself, except, indeed, in his prayers, which came out in quick, short, detached sentences, yet were always eloquent with the true eloquence of prayer; that is, they were prayers, words spoken evidently with the conviction that God was nearer, more ready to listen, more able to understand, and infinitely more able and willing to help than man. But it was in labors of love that Caleb Treherne rose to his true spiritual stature—going after “backsliders” to public-houses, encountering violence with heroic gentleness, propping up weak resolves by timely encouragement, quenching despair by unquenchable hope. Caleb and Miss Lavinia were great allies. Many a wandering sheep they had watched and prayed over—she, on the sofa, where her weak spine obliged her to spend increasingly many hours, and he in solitary morning journeys in his market cart, and in evening haunts among low courts and alleys.

“Both Miss Lavinia and Miss Betsy would as soon have thought of recognizing an irregular army and navy as an irregular company of preachers. It was very shocking,—they both thought, and a proof of the degeneracy of the times, that uneducated men who could not pronounce their A's should set themselves up in pulpits. But there is a good deal of the work in this wilderness of a world which can not be done by people standing in pulpits, or

on platforms, or any other high places; however loud they may call, the wandering sheep do not come back for calling, but have to be followed in quite an irregular way, into most irregular places, and brought back on the shoulders, or on the bosom, or in any other way in which they can be got to come. And for such work, Miss Lavinia thought, the services of quite uneducated people, who could not even pronounce their A's, ought not to be declined; the great thing being to *get it done*. Here is another side of the same idea. 'Mrs. Anderson was a firm adherent of the old covenanting theology, and thought rather little of the orthodoxy of the Independent Chapel which her husband sometimes attended, as the nearest approach to Presbyterianism within reach, on wet evenings. Many a battle she had with Mrs. Treherne for her Calvinism, but Caleb, orthodox Wesleyan that he was, felt no uneasiness about it. "For," said Caleb, "Mrs. Anderson believes that every thing good begins, and goes through, and ends with the Lord, and so did John Wesley; and as to what happened before the beginning, it's my belief, neither Mrs. Anderson, nor I, nor John Wesley himself could tell. And she believes it's a real fight we're in with the devil, not a got-up fight, arranged beforehand like a puppet-show. Mrs. Anderson's a real good woman, and has behaved like a mother to that poor, little, straying maid I found out for Miss Lavinia. And if she's got some twists, why, so have most of us, and so I expect we shall have till we get put straight in the other world." Mrs. Anderson, on her part, thought Caleb very "sound for an Englishman."'"

"I think, Mary," said Mrs. Morland, "while you are quoting you had better give Grace's solution of the Calvinistic problem."

"Well, here it is, on the next page," replied Mary, turning over the leaf.

"It is very difficult," she thought, "and yet if we were to be *people* at all, and not *things* to be moved about, it does seem as if it could not be helped that we might go wrong if we would."

"It seems to me, children, you have overlooked one marked and very pleasant feature of the book—its humor. Could'n't you give some quotations bringing this out?"

"Why, father, you know it is so quaint and unpretensions, and its force depends so much upon its connection, it is difficult to quote, unless you transcribe whole pages."

"I think," said Fannie, turning the leaves, "Harry Leigh's troubles over his Latin, with Mrs. Treherne's indignant protest, and the de-

scription of the Felix Hunters, and the Misses Lovels, are pretty fair specimens."

"Though, perhaps, you have said enough," remarked Mr. Morland, "careless readers, and too large a part of our young people are of this class, lose the lesson of a book by galloping through it in a thoughtless, indiscriminate way. Your *critique* will not fail of use if it brings some such *en rapport* with the authoress, that they may comprehend her pure, beautiful teaching."

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY MERRIA A. BARCOCK.

THE sun shines in my outer world,
But darkness reigns within,
A fearful gloom enshrouds my soul—
The nebula of sin.
Dear Savior, smile away this gloom,
And let the sunlight in.

Sweet bird-songs cheer my outer world,
But anguish wails within.
Ambition, pride, and gross deceit
Have bound my soul in sin;
Then, O, my Savior, break these bonds,
And let the sunlight in!

Temptations throng my way without,
Remorse broods dark within;
The chains that bind my tortured soul
Are festered o'er with sin;
Dear Savior, send thy healing balm,
And let the sunlight in.

While pleasure gayly smiles without,
What torment reigns within!
And still, poor weeping that I am,
I tread the paths of sin.
My Savior, I am lost if thou
Let not the sunlight in.

TRUST.

BY ELIZABETH E. B. PERRY.

In the yet to be how much of joy or sorrow
Awaiteth me, God knows alone.
How kindly hath he o'er the darkest morrow
Hope's cheering mystery thrown!

While strength sufficient for the burden given
He mercifully bestows,
I will not doubt his love though ties are riven;
My need he knows.

We pray that from temptation he will keep us
So if he leads us in a darksome way,
Our poor petitions he may but answer thus,
Keeping us safe from paths that lead astray.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER III.

MERTOWN, JULY 12TH.

DEAREST KATE,—It is some time since Robert went away, but I must not forget to tell you about his leavetaking. He stopped on his way to the station to bid us good-by, and promised me, with his eyes on Miss Margaret, to write often. She, little hypocrite, tried with all her might to look unconcerned, and succeeded so well that I was quite provoked with her. No one would have thought her at all interested in his departure.

Till he turned to leave the house. Then, unable to keep up the deceit a moment longer, she astonished us all by bursting into tears and running away. Robert's face brightened. Her well-acted indifference had been any thing but satisfactory to him. I think he had not reached the street when I saw the blue ribbons of her new hat fluttering over the top of the hill back of our house. There was a little grove through which he must pass in his way to the depot, and by crossing the field beyond the hill, she could easily intercept him.

It was full two hours before she returned, and then she came from quite another direction, with her hands full of mosses and wild flowers. I would not let her think that my old eyes could be so easily blinded.

"Well, my pet, did you meet Robert?"

Her face flushed crimson in a moment, making her prettier than usual, which, in my opinion, is quite needless.

"O, aunty! did you see me?"

"Of course I did. And I should n't wonder if some of the neighbors were looking too. What will Mrs. Lander say? I believe she does not object to a knowledge of other people's affairs, though she keeps her own under lock and key."

"I don't care a straw what she thinks. I wanted to see Robert particularly."

"There is no doubt of that, I should say."

"Aunt Lissa, do you think I have acted wrong?"

"No. You acted naturally, that is all. Robert thought it was right, I dare say."

"Yes, he was glad I came. He said, aunt, that he should go away a great deal happier because—because—"

"Ah, do not try to tell me, Maggie. It is all right, if Robert approves."

"But you must n't tell papa and the girls."

"There is nothing to tell, my dear child. None of us have been blind."

"Ah, but nothing was certain till—till this morning."

"No? And yet I could have predicted it all any time during the last five years."

"O, aunt Lissa! Five years ago I was only thirteen."

"But Robert was twenty-two. I knew he would wait for you."

"It was a long time to wait," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Aunty, was n't I a rather mischievous child? a tease, you know?"

"You were very much what you are now in those respects."

The conscious shyness of Maggie's manner was something new. "I hope I shall make him happy," she said, "but I do so like to plague him."

As she went slowly through the hall and up the stairs to her room, I thought there was little to fear from a spirit of teasing that was too affectionate to suffer any one to remain uncomfortable more than five minutes together. "They will be a happy couple," I said softly to myself, "but I must not let my brother know that I think so."

There is no need to tell you now that the 'Squire is "peculiar." His particular oddities probably seem very trivial to you, but they make up a great part of our world here. It is impossible to ignore them or get round them; one must either meet them boldly or yield to them passively.

I have mentioned his love of controversy. There is scarcely a subject on which he thinks with other people, and he adheres to his views and notions as stubbornly as a mule. With him disputation is argument, and the most trifling events and subjects are caught up and turned over, and split to pieces, and analyzed, till one is tempted to wish that events would never occur at all, or subjects of converse present themselves. As if the old adversary of peace-loving Christians had a particular spite against our household, there are in convenient neighborhood to us four other controversialists worse than the 'Squire, and scarcely a pleasant evening passes without a call from one or two of them, which lengthens into a visit as the evening progresses, and becomes a *visitation* on the approach of midnight. They come in on purpose to argue and split hairs with the 'Squire. Sometimes, but not often, we have them altogether. Maggie has named them the "Quintet Quarreling Club."

Last Winter I tried all manner of expedients to lessen the time spent in these windy encounters. The wood fire, in which my brother delights, was suffered to die out upon the hearth;

I put somber green shades over the lamp and made the room look like a tolerably-cheerful sepulcher, and suffered all sorts of personal discomfort in the vain hope of making the visitors uncomfortable. They seemed to enjoy being dismal, and staid later than ever. There was a dishonesty in their actions which was very trying, to say the least. They would get up and put on their hats and overcoats as if they were going directly, and then, right in the face of this implied promise to take themselves off, they would talk an extra hour with their hands upon the door-knob, or with the door itself slightly ajar, and the chill air of the long hall drawing through the crevice.

By way of a gentle reminder, I would ask if our clock agreed with the visitor's watch, or at what hour the moon rose, or when it would be full tide, and sometimes inquire with real interest if the wives of these gentlemen sat up till their return. It was all of no use; it made not the slightest difference, the discussion would go on and on, the voices wax louder and higher, and, by midnight, a stranger passing by would suppose that a full-sized theological abscess had come to a head and burst. For it was always upon devotional and doctrinal points that the debates were hottest.

The girls invariably gathered up their work and left the room as soon as they could do so unobserved. You will ask why I did not follow their example. I did so when I first came to live here, and twice the house was set on fire through my brother's carelessness. I am afraid of fire. It terrifies me to think of being burnt out at night, and at home, where every body was so careful, I was always smelling something burning and prowling about the house to find it. So I always sit up here to put out the lights and fasten the doors of the house myself.

In the Summer it is a little better. I sit in my room during the debates, and when the house is still go down to make sure that no stray candles are left burning near the muslin curtains of the sitting-room or among the pine shavings in the wood-house. But I have already begun to dread next, Winter. It is months ahead, I may not live to see it, the 'Squire or his neighbors may be past disputing, there may be a revival of religion, indeed, there are many possibilities in my favor, but the probability is a bugbear that shadows every thing. I foresee the evil, but I see no way to hide myself.

"What shall I do, girls?" I ask for the fiftieth time, I dare say.

"Do?" says Cora. "Why, do as we do."

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"But I can't, my dear."

"But I would," says Maggie. "Clear out and let them go it. We have grand times in the kitchen."

"What would your father say?"

"He would n't care," says Leonore. "Do you suppose he ever thinks where we are after the quarrel has fairly set in?"

"Discussion, my dear," I correct her. "They do not really quarrel."

"It's the same thing," said Cora, and she evidently thought so.

"I wish your father would permit you to have a fire by yourselves. The kitchen is hardly a proper place for you. Besides, it is rather crowding Ann. She has her own company sometimes, you know."

"Yes, but we have got acquainted with all her Irish aunts and cousins, and they do n't mind our being present. I expect," says Maggie demurely, "that they all know how we are situated. Now, aunt Lissa, dear, do n't look so horrified! I am sure I am sorry for you, for I suppose papa would make a fuss if you should do as we do and leave him quite to himself. But I am surprised that you do n't invite company of your own to spend the evenings. There is the widow Lawton and her sister Phoebe, and Angeline Cross and the widow Peyton."

If you had been here, dear Kate, you would not have understood the chorus of laughter that followed Maggie's speech. She went on as soberly as if we were all crying. "Now, blessed be the power which gave to man his share of follies! Do n't you see the way clear before you? You need society. We young madcaps are of no account!"

"My pet!" I remonstrated.

"Yes, you need society. There is plenty of it close at hand. Good society, too. Intellectual; just your sort. Why should n't you have it? I am sure papa would not hinder you."

I did not answer, but I went up to my room to think it over. I have never told you that the 'Squire has a nervous fear of all single women, especially widows. He seems to labor under the impression that they all wish to appropriate him matrimonially, and that they will somehow contrive to do it without his knowledge or consent. I suppose he never meets a single woman even in Church without a feeling of insecurity, and any polite or neighborly inquiry on their part, a chance meeting in the street, or a smile of recognition, are each directly construed into courtship of himself, and rank in his mind with other crimes, such as assault and battery.

But I will leave this subject and tell you of

something that happened yesterday. After dinner I went to call on a sick neighbor, Mr. Haze. He had been ill a fortnight, but not seriously, and we supposed he was recovering till his wife sent for me this morning. I found him dangerously sick, but wholly unaware of his danger.

For many years he has been a warm defender of, and an apparently earnest believer in the doctrine of universal salvation, and some of my brother's stoutest arguments have been addressed to him. His theory is one which is very easily upset, and I have been often surprised to see him cling to it with an easy, satisfied way after its frail props have been knocked aside.

The doctor was with him when I arrived, and he came into the hall to meet me with so grave a face that I was alarmed at once. He is not our family physician, for among my brother's disbeliefs is an utter distrust of all doctors; but I had met him several times in the house of a sick neighbor, and I knew him to be held in great esteem in all the region, and to be as eminent for piety as for skill in medicine. So when he came forward and shook hands, with that sad look of anxiety on his face, I knew how to interpret it.

"So you think he is very ill," I said in a low voice.

"He is, indeed, Miss Phillissa. I am very glad to meet you here. I have a very painful commission to intrust to you. I have tried to execute it myself, but he is too stupid now to realize what I say. But he will rally from this dozing state, and then you must tell him; make him understand if you can that a few hours of life is all that he can look forward to. Do not be afraid to arouse him or to speak plainly. No," said the doctor, answering my looks, "there is no hope for him—none."

"Let his wife speak to him, doctor, I can not."

"She will not. I have been urging her to do so. 'If he must die,' she says, 'let him die in peace.' But to me there is something very awful in the idea of appearing so suddenly in the presence of our Judge without one moment given to serious preparation. If Mr. Haze has a short interval of reason and ease from bodily pain, as I think he will, who shall dare to wrest from him the precious privilege of sincerely offering the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

"I have little faith," I said, "in death-bed conversions."

"And yet, Miss Phillissa, God accepts those who come at the eleventh hour."

"Have you conversed with him?"

"I have attempted to do so, but I did not succeed in making him realize the truth. Till this morning I had a strong hope that he would recover, and it was important not to agitate him. But there is no chance for him now. You will tell him so, Miss Phillissa?"

"I will try."

As soon as the doctor was gone I went into the sick-room, hoping to persuade poor Mrs. Haze to allow me to take her place, but I could not persuade her to leave him for a moment. Poor woman! she had stood by him or sat on the bedside for three days and nights, and was so exhausted that she dozed even as she bent over his pillow, but no entreaties could induce her to leave her trust in my hands long enough to seek the repose she needed so much.

I drew an easy chair close to the bedside. "See," I said, "you can do nothing for him now. Let me place you so that you can lean back on these pillows. You can still hold his hand. It will not be leaving him."

"There is so little time to see him now," she urged piteously.

"I know. But if you sleep while he is dozing you will be able to speak to him when he awakes. He may have some wish to express, and you are too worn out to listen. There, shut your eyes; it will rest them. I will speak to you if he stirs."

She yielded at last and fell into a heavy sleep which lasted an hour. Was it wrong in me as I watched them both, if I wished that the spirit so near to its last journey might quietly depart without again awaking to human life? But a higher wisdom than mine determines the issues of life and death, and in a little time he began to stir uneasily, gradually shaking off the stupor of sleep and opening his eyes oftener till he was quite awake and recognized me.

"It was kind of you to come, Miss Phillissa."

"How do you feel?"

"I am better."

"You have been very sick, the doctor says."

"Yes, I suppose I have. Barbara, give me some water—some ice-water."

His wife brought the water, but he only tasted it. He seemed to be uneasy and looked from her to me, and then around the room as if trying to remember something.

"What was it the doctor said, Barbara? Was I dreaming? or did he really say that I must die? Barbara, what did he say?"

She drew back from the bed without replying, and he turned his eyes upon me. "What did he say, Miss Phillissa? I feel better. Does the doctor think there is any danger?"

"Yes," I answered slowly, for it seemed to me like reading his death-warrant. "The doctor thinks you can not recover. He expected this easy interval, but it is not a change in your favor."

He covered his face with his hands and asked, "how soon?"

"You have a few hours only."

I shall never forget the look of agony that passed over his face.

"A few hours?" he repeated. "Can this be true? Only a few hours to prepare for an eternity that will be endless? I can not do it. I need a lifetime. My head is too weak to think now. O, Miss Phillissa, what shall I do?"

"Seek for God's mercy," I answered. "It is never too late to appeal to that."

"It is too late for me. I have wasted all these years; a lifetime of precious moments like these that are slipping by. I can do nothing now."

"Yet Jesus will receive you if you come to him in penitence."

"I can not. I am groping in darkness. There is no way out of it."

"Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. He will help you. He can change your heart and fit you for his kingdom. Think of the penitent thief, saved in death's extremity."

"No, no, do not talk to me of change now. But what have I done, after all, that I need to be afraid? It is because I am so weak. What wickedness have I committed?"

"None, my own husband," said his wife earnestly. "Take comfort. You have done no wrong."

"There is no crime of which men can accuse me," he continued eagerly. "I have been as upright in all my dealings as any man in the town. Have n't I helped the poor and been a good citizen, a kind husband and father? Surely God does not require impossibilities. He will accept me."

But even while trying thus to quiet his awakening conscience a strong dread seized upon him, and he finished his laudation of self by groaning out, "I am afraid to die. I am not ready. Send for the doctor. If he could but prolong my life for a day and give me time! Send for him, Barbara. Tell him I can't die yet. How could I let the whole of life slip by without getting ready to die! It is too late now. Barbara, be warned by me. Attend to your eternal interests at once. There is time for you, but I am lost forever."

Again he strove to recall his good deeds and offer them as a reason for claiming God's mercy, in his behalf.

"I am surely better than most men," he pleaded. "And God is just. Ah, that is a terrible thought. If he were only merciful I might hope, but who can stand before his justice?"

In vain I strove to lead his thoughts to the compassionate Savior of sinners. He could only think of him as the unerring Judge of the wicked. He was not still a moment, and as his strength gradually declined and he ceased to speak, his wistful, imploring looks were terrible to see.

I staid with poor Mrs. Haze till it was all over. She is stunned by her trouble now and goes about the house like one walking in a dream. She does not yet think of her own widowhood. One horrible thought possesses her—that her husband is not saved.

"We must leave him with God," I said to her. "We know he will do right."

"Ah, that does not comfort me, if my husband is lost."

I could not administer consolation. I could only weep with her and pray for her. And this, I reflected, is all that Universalism does for its disciples in the hour of their extremity. In health our friend had rested contentedly upon its pleasing, lying doctrines; but he did not once mention them when he was face to face with death. To his sharpened spiritual senses they showed in their false colors, and were thrown aside as useless.

My brother was greatly agitated when I told him that Mr. Haze was dead. It was only the other night that he was here, and sat with him on the piazza till a late hour discussing some theological question. O, those empty, bitter disputations! Could my brother remember them without thinking how much better to have shown the sweet spirit of charity, the loving meekness and humility of a true disciple of the Lord Jesus?

Our whole circle is mournfully affected by this sudden death, and Maggie went shivering from the table when I described that sad death-bed. Cora and Leonore are both, as I trust, Christians, but Maggie has learned from her father to cavil at truth, however it is presented, and to doubt all professions of goodness. Yet there are times when I think she is not far from the kingdom of God.

"I would not marry Robert if he were not a Christian, aunt Lissa," she said this morning. "I should lose my senses if he were to die like Mr. Haze."

"What if he should make the same resolution in regard to choosing a wife? What, then, my pet?"

"He would show his wisdom, I think."

But I noticed the slight trembling in her voice as she answered thus lightly.

My sheet is full and I must close. Let me get a letter from you next week. It seems a great while since I heard from you.

Affectionately, PHILLISSA BROWN.

HUNTED TO DEATH.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

WATER-LILIES, sweet and cool, flecked the stirless, wayside pool,

Like naida's dimpled shoulders a-gleaming through their leaves;

When she wandered all distraught, her fawn eyes sad with thought,

Where the reapers long had brought from the fields their latest sheaves.

With one hand she swept aside grape-vines, trailing low and wide,

And drew apart the worn and rustling pennons of the corn,

The other, tightly prest to her white and heart-rocked breast,

All the agony confess that her tender flesh had torn.

Listening like a wounded hart, with her panting lips apart,

For the voices of the hunters, and their hoof-beats on the sands;

While the young life from her veins wasted in the flowered lanes,

And along the heathy plains, let by slander's sheathless brands.

Open stood her cottage door, with the creepers' clust'ring o'er,

That were scarlet with their trumpets in the sunshine of July;

But a cherished dream was dead when their od'rous lives had fled,

And she had no hope, she said, in her poor life's by and by!

In the deep and shadowy well honeysuckle blossoms fell,

And the lichens grew and strengthened all along its useless sweep,

Wind-cleft dahlias dropped and died on the pathways smooth and wide,

But no footsteps through them hied, and the old house lay asleep.

Half-unhinged the garden gate, and the arbor desolate, While upon the moss-grown seat lay her loved guitar unstrung,

And a village story grew—ah, God knows it was not true—

That 't was shame had chased the hue from a cheek so round and young.

When the Indian Summer came, with its tapestry of flame

Hanging all the whisp'ring forests, in the hazy, sapphire air;

Where the church-spire cast its shade on the ivied graves, she strayed,

Tracing on the stones decayed records of the sleepers there.

If a passer's step she heard, swifter than a woodland bird

She had fitted thro' the cobwebs curtaining the old church door,

To the gallery, where an owl, gray priest, witless of a cowl,

Sat and sung his vespers foul, in the starlight cold and hoar.

Thro' a breezeless Winter night snow-blooms dropped their petals light,

And were heaped in gleaming farrows on the graves till break of day;

When some neighbor found her there, with her wan hands clasped in prayer,

And the anguish and despair from her face had passed away.

So they smoothed her ebony hair as they whispered, "She is fair;

But her feet had grown so weary, and 't is well that she hath rest;"

And they laid her 'neath the snow, while the winds sobbed to and fro,

Where the blue heart's-ease will blow, with the Spring, above her breast.

O, false tongues, ye broke a heart! she had known no meager part

Of life's bitterness before, yet her woman's heart was brave;

But ye crushed her spirits down with your words and cruel frown;

And she won a martyr's crown, just beyond a martyr's grave!

WINTER OF THE HEART.

THERE is a silent Winter of the heart,

When all our joys, like fading leaves decay,

And hopes we nursed, like Summer birds depart;

And we ourselves grow weary by the way;

When life looks dull, like some bleak landscape where

A solitary figure, through the storm,

Moves on, close wrapped against the frosty air,

With heavy, plodding step and bended form.

In chilly flakes the whirling snow comes down,

Driven in his face it strikes the traveler blind;

High over the gray hills the cold skies frown,

And like a houseless wanderer sobs the wind.

Thus looks the world to us when from the breast

The genial warmth that filled the heart has fled,

Leaving it like the chamber where the guest

Finds the warm fire which they kindled for him dead.

So when our joys like fading leaves decay,

When all our hopes, like Summer birds depart,

And Love's bright altar-flames pale fast away,

Then is the silent Winter of the heart.

SAVONAROLA.

BY REV. GEORGE PRENTICE.

(CONCLUDED.)

IT is easy to discern how such a state of public and private morals would affect Savonarola. First, witnessing the deep and ruinous corruption of the worldly and ambitious, he had turned to the Church as the fountain and asylum of purity. His mystical temperament led him to seek, in solitude, prayer, vigils, fasting, and penance, to escape an inward sinfulness whose fruits seemed so dreadful in the world about him. In this he was successful. Guided by the Word of God he became a Christian. Being a Christian, it was impossible for him to be silent in the presence of so much wickedness. Corruption had invaded the very cloisters of San Marco, where the memory of the saintly Antonino was still fresh. Gradually gaining influence among the friars, he was at length elected Prior, and speedily wrought a reform in his convent. Schools of sculpture and painting were opened; ancient literatures, particularly that of the Hebrew and its cognate tongue, were carefully investigated. Those friars who had no aptness for study, wrought at some useful trade, aiding by their labor in the support of the convent; those who had suitable talents were employed in preaching; books were added to the library, and Fra Angelico decorated the walls with those marvelously-beautiful paintings, which still are the wonder and delight of visitors.

From a reformed convent Savonarola naturally looked forth with earnest desires to accomplish a like change in the proud and corrupt city of Florence. Nearly two centuries earlier it had been portrayed by the stern and vivid pen of Dante as crowned with loveliness, but sunk in injustice and vice. The throbbings of the exile's heart may be felt in the beautiful lines where he alludes to his birthplace.

"Should it befall that e'er the sacred lay—
On which have laid their hand both heaven and earth,
While year by year my body pined away—
O'ercome the cruelty that is my bar,
From the fair fold where I, a lamb, had birth,
For to the ravening wolves its peace who mar;
With other voice, with other fleece shall I
Poet return."—*Paradise, Canto 25.*

How numerous he thought those wolves is clear from the conversation which he holds with Ciaccio, in the sixth canto of the *Inferno*, concerning Florence. "Tell me if there is a just man there," says Dante. "Two just men are there, but they are unknown," returns Ciaccio.

The long contentions, ending in bloodshed and exile, which appeared certain to Dante's prevision, sharpened as it was by persecution and banishment, had repeatedly thrown the city into confusion, and draped whole families in mourning. The citizens were rich and licentious, fond of show and enamored of the arts, boastful of freedom and slaves to cruel tyranny.

Looking beyond Florence, Savonarola saw Italy a prey to dissension and falsehood. In the outset of his career he extended his thoughts no farther. The only apparent method of influencing men, within his reach, was by preaching. In this he was not at first successful. His early sermons at Ferrara and Florence produced little effect. Twenty-five or thirty hearers were all that he could command, and even they contrasted his negligent style unfavorably with that of the more finished pulpit orators who then enjoyed a wide but fruitless popularity. To such critics he boldly replied, that elegance of language must yield to simplicity in preaching sound doctrine. The more he became familiar with the Church and the world, the more fully was he satisfied that it was time to look for divine judgments upon both. He speedily began to proclaim those prophetic words which were so long his battle-cry: "The Church will be scourged, and then renovated, and this will be done speedily."

But not much time elapsed before he began to attack openly the corruptions of the priesthood and the tyranny of the Medici. Ample matter for denunciation and satire offered itself on either topic, and the orator did not fail to use this advantage. Conceive the anger of the sensual priests as they were publicly described by one who knew them well in these terms: "They speak against pride and ambition, and are sunk in both up to the very eyes; they preach chastity and keep concubines; they enjoin fasting, and delight to live sumptuously. Such men are pernicious, false, wicked, and of the devil; for in them appears all his malice. Such prelates exult in their dignity and despise others; they are those who desire to be looked up to with reverence and awe; these are they that seek to occupy the high places in the synagogue, the chief pulpits in Italy. They seek to be seen and saluted in public places, and to be called Master and Rabbi. They delight in fringes and phylacteries; they look wise, and expect to be understood by gestures. There are only two things in that temple in which they find delight, and these are the paintings on the walls, and the gilding with which it is covered. It is thus that, in our Church, there are many beautiful external cere-

monies in the solemnization of the holy offices, splendid vestments and draperies, with gold and silver candlesticks, and many chalices, all of which have a majestic effect. There you see great prelates, wearing golden miters, set with precious stones, on their heads, and silver crossiers in their hands, standing before the altar with capes of brocade, slowly intoning vespers and other masses with much ceremony, accompanied by an organ and singers, till you become quite stupefied; and these men appear to you to be men of great gravity and holiness, and you believe that they are incapable of error, and they themselves believe that all they say and do is commanded by the Gospel to be observed. Men feed upon these vanities and rejoice in these ceremonies, and say that the Church of Christ was never in so flourishing a state, and that divine worship was never so well conducted as at present; and that the early prelates were contemptible compared with those of modern times. They certainly had not so many golden miters, and so many chalices; and they parted with those they had to relieve the necessities of the poor; our prelates get their chalices by taking that from the poor which is their support. But know ye what I would say? In the primitive Church there were wooden chalices and golden bishops; but now the church has golden chalices and wooden bishops. They have established among us the festivals of the devil, they believe not in God, and make a mockery of the mysteries of our religion."

The rulers of Italy he castigated as follows: "These wicked princes are sent as a punishment for the sins of their subjects; they are truly a great snare for souls; their palaces and halls are a refuge of all the beasts and monsters of the earth, and are a shelter for caitiffs and every kind of wickedness. Such men resort to their palaces because there they find the means and the excitements to vent all their evil passions. There we find evil councilors who devise new burdens and new imposts for sucking the blood of the people. There we find the flattering philosophers and poets, who, by a thousand stories and lies, trace the genealogy of those wicked princes from the gods; and what is still worse, there we find priests who adopt the same language."

Whoever steadily tells men the truth will speedily find himself in sufficiently dramatical situations, says some sharp observer, and this fact Savonarola quickly proved. Enemies began to arise whose influence was greatly to be feared; but to such a degree had the abuses of Church and State arisen, that whoever denounced them

attracted popular favor, and whoever pointed out a probable deliverance was hailed as a public benefactor. Savonarola at first confined his predictions to the general statements that God would speedily scourge and purify Italy and the Church. This could not be even constructive treason, and yet it fixed all eyes upon him. Moved by some mysterious impulse, he foretold the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Innocent VIII, and as both shortly afterward expired, he thereby gained credit among the people as a prophet—an opinion which was strengthened by the severe sanctity of his life. What completed his ascendancy over the populace was the fact that, in a time of profound peace, he asserted the near approach of Divine judgments in the awful calamities of war; and just as the army of Charles VIII, of France, poured its desolating tide down the slopes of the Alps over the fertile fields of Italy, he shouted forth this text, amid universal agitation, to the thronging masses who filled the vast Duomo: *Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.* The invasion came unexpectedly; no preparations for resistance had been made; and when the preacher, full of emotion himself, warned Florence to prepare for the visitation of God's anger and, through repentance, to seek its mitigation, the auditors shivered as if struck with sudden ague-chills. He alone had foreseen the coming of these evils, and men began to recognize in him a better leader than could be hoped for in the spiritless and halting Piero di Medicis.

On rolled the stream of the invaders without any check, till it reached the territories, and seemed intent on entering the city of Florence. Angry at Medicean weakness and neglect, the people expelled their prince in this critical hour when a union of all efforts seemed imperatively required to save themselves from foreign subjugation. For several days there was really no government in the city. Either there was no man who had sufficient influence to guide events, or, in so dangerous a period, all were struck with a sudden timidity. At the Duomo, Savonarola was daily preaching to ever-growing multitudes, and as he saw no hand outstretched to keep the city from falling into anarchy, he began publicly to advise them how to proceed in establishing a municipal government. They acted upon his advice, and speedily, without holding any office or having any civil power, he was the very soul of the new movement. He thus became more than ever an object of hatred to the Medici, who, though silent, were still numerous, and to the prelates headed by the Pope, whose vices he still exposed and

rebuked. The government which he founded restored order to Florence, and made it impossible for the old tyranny to gain a new foothold. Acting under no authority save that which genius and sanctity impart, he went alone to the French camp, and by his reputation as a prophet and diplomatic skill saved his fellow-citizens from subjugation by a foreign enemy. Thus, for several years, was he wont to guide the course of events by suggesting in his sermons what policy should be adopted. These suggestions were taken up by the magistrates and usually agreed to without dissent.

And now came on the most difficult and sorrowful part of Savonarola's life. He had played a conspicuous part in a great political revolution, and had given such mortal offense to spiritual and temporal tyrants that it was impossible he should be forgiven. Alexander the Sixth had sought to silence his terrible accusations by the offer of a cardinal's hat, but had failed to gain his end. There was but one other way to effect his purpose; namely, by Savonarola's death. Upon this the pontiff and his allies now determined. It seems clear that the Reformer should either have kept aloof from personal action in the revolution of his day, or he should have entered into it more thoroughly. To guide matters as he did, and yet possess no political office, was to encounter all the deadly enmities that belong naturally to such a stormy period, without taking up those weapons of defense which are so needful for safety. Had he rendered the political fortunes of men dependent upon his welfare, he would have found numerous and brave defenders. But when men saw that they could yield him up without endangering their own prosperity; nay, that they could even make him a scape-goat for their offenses, the chances of his overthrow were multiplied. This he felt, and accordingly began early to predict his own violent death. He sought to induce as sweeping a reform in the city as had been accomplished in his convent. To this end, bands of children were organized and sent throughout the whole place to demand all obscene books, prints, pictures, statuary, masks, carnival robes, and such other vanities, that they might be burned. Two immense bonfires were framed and kindled of such materials, and many thousand dollars' worth were consumed.

Such war upon the chosen vices of men was sure to react upon him who waged it. To think of leading a whole city up to the ideal purity of primitive monastic virtue was unparalleled madness. The proud and earnest founders of those religious orders almost invari-

ably saw cause to denounce the most terrible penalties against those disciples who should let down the severity of their discipline. Savonarola himself had witnessed the decline of rigid monastic law in his own convent. But when he summoned the licentious and intemperate Florentines to live as he lived, one can almost see their sneering faces, as with a truly Italian shrug they answered with Sir Toby:

"Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale
Because thou art virtuous?"

The martyr was correct in believing that, unguarded by official position, his only safety lay in throwing a pervading sense of religious duty into the masses, but he seems himself to have apprehended the difficulty of such a task. Accordingly he began to foretell his approaching death, and to declare his unalterable purpose to die for the welfare of the city. His foes succeeded in obtaining a clear ascendancy in the municipal government, and instantly began to employ their power for his ruin. The most obvious way of doing so was by persuading the people that the Prior was an impostor. He had uttered many predictions, and some of these had been remarkably accomplished. These were not general in character, like those of Theodore Parker and others that slavery would ultimately involve our land in the convulsions of civil war, but specific and personal, such as seemed removed beyond mortal ken. Savonarola sometimes assumed the tone and authority of a prophet, and at others seems to have been doubtful of the origin of his vaticinations.

It must be remembered that this was nearly four centuries ago, and that superstition then gave the widest range to belief in spiritual beings, witches, elves, fairies, visions, dreams, and demoniac agency. With the utmost gravity Marsilio Ficino, the erudite Platonist, changed daily the stone set in his ring, and the claws and teeth of his various amulets, upon whose occult virtues he publicly lectured. Francesco Guicciardini affirmed that he had often felt the presence of aerial spirits. Christiforo Landino read the future of the Christian faith in the courses of the stars. Whoever impartially examines this entire subject in the light of the science and faith of those times, will become, we think, fully convinced of Savonarola's entire sincerity. His prophecies were so many, so minute, and so public, and were also so exactly fulfilled, that a less superstitious mind than his might easily have thought them of celestial origin. Even the astute and skeptical Macchiavelli dared not affirm them falsehoods. While Carnines and Nordi, and others of less note

proclaimed him a true prophet, the Florentine Secretary refuses to express doubt, "because," he says, "one ought never to speak of such a man but with reverence," adding that "numbers without end believed in them, because his life, his doctrine, the subjects that he took up, were sufficient to induce them to give full credit to him."

Guicciardini, perhaps the fairest of his judges, hesitates here. He says, "I look to time for the solution of these doubts; but if Savonarola was sincere, and the sanctity of his life justifies that belief, we have been witnesses in our time to a very great prophet; but if he was not sincere, we have seen a very great man. It would have been impossible for him to have done the things he did, conduct them with such consummate art, with so much prudence, had he not been gifted with the rarest talent." The real truth probably is, that Savonarola, by his rare insight, discerned events in the future which others could not foresee, scarcely knowing how it was done himself; and that, familiar with the abstruse speculations of the schoolmen, and full of the visions and revelations of the Apocalypse, Daniel, and Ezekiel, he deemed his knowledge of these events of Divine origin. To a fervent fancy like his, the importance of his mission might seem to justify the bestowment of such an unusual gift.

The Signory now instigated the people to claim some public miracle wrought by Savonarola as the surest evidence of the reality of his prophecies. When the popular mind had been sufficiently inflamed earnestly to demand such an exhibition, matters suddenly took on a strange complexion. A Franciscan monk publicly pronounced Savonarola a deceiver, and summoned him to pass the ordeal of fire, so as to show, by escaping unhurt, the truth of his doctrine. Savonarola treated the proposal as a presumptuous appeal to God; but one of his followers, Fra Domenico, deemed himself personally challenged to this ordeal, and instantly reported that he would enter the fire in company with the Franciscan, that thus it might be fairly tried which was the impostor. This proposal seems to have been made in good faith, and despite Savonarola's objections, Domenico declared his firm persuasion that he should come from the ordeal unscathed. The people, greedy for so novel a spectacle, clamored for the proffered trial by fire. The Signory made the necessary arrangements, but the Franciscan speedily showed that he was not disposed to trust himself to the flames, however willing he might be to send others into them. He raised endless objections, and after finding them all allowed,

sought out others to shield him from his part in the strange drama.

Finally, Domenico lost patience and would grant no further demands. The fires burnt out, the champions departed, the people were in a fury of passion, which was artfully directed by the magistrates against Savonarola. His convent was assaulted that very evening, and himself and his disciples were made easy captives. The Pope had now become thoroughly aroused. It was dangerous to have a man of genius thundering against his vices, who feared only God, who was insensible to the bribe of a Cardinal's hat, and who faithfully did his own work, however difficult, "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." He was terrified, also, lest the electrical eloquence of the monk should move the rulers of Christendom to grant that general council to reform the abuses of Rome for which he clamored so sternly. Such a council it was the constant policy of the pontiffs to prevent. Savonarola signed his own death-warrant in demanding it; but then, it was better so to die than to submit in cowardly silence.

Commissioners soon left Rome, not to try but to convict and burn Savonarola. One of his judges boasted before the trial that he had the sentence by heart. Alone before his accusers, subjected frequently to the rack, his language sadly distorted, and falsehood doing its best to blacken his character, the high spirit of the martyr never failed him. He was condemned to die at the stake. When the time for his execution came, Florence thronged about the place of execution. Amid those who hated him unto death, and those who longed to share his fate, this pure soul who hated none, but loved all, was led forth to die.

On the scaffold there was a singular scene. "I separate thee," said the priest who conducted the degradation of Savonarola from the priestly office, and who was awed by the sublime bearing of the martyr, "I separate thee from the Church triumphant"—in his confusion using the word triumphant where the office employs the word militant. Instantly the face of Savonarola lighted up—"From the Church militant," said he, "not from the Church triumphant; over that thou hast no power." The flames were kindled, and his soul went on their angry breath to heaven. While his lifeless form was still hanging over the chains, the rising wind kept lifting his right arm and letting it fall again, making his foes fancy that even in death he was denouncing them, and his friends feel that he was giving them his parting blessing. The base men of Florence were secure, and the

incarnation of vice still ruled in quiet the Romish Church, now that this apostle of liberty and purity had perished upon the scaffold. The poet must solve this historic riddle for us.

"Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record

One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;

Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own."

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

THERE is connected with every deep heart-experience a necessary solitariness and isolation. When two souls dare drink together the sparkling cup of human love, and feel its effect in a half-sad, half-glad infatuation, who is there in all this crowded world to each save the other? When now and then the sainted Christian, in his earnest gazing into heaven, catches a gleam from the open gates, and his soul is saturated with ecstasy, you may know it by the silent falling tears, the whispered "glory," or the unconscious shout, but he can not explain himself, he is alone with God.

In sorrow, too, we are isolated. When the face that is of all earth's beautiful faces the sweetest to you lies locked away under the snow; when the arm upon which you have long leaned is nerveless; when the voice that has always gladdened you will come to you again only in sad, startling echoes, can you commune with the world? However near your friends try to approach you with comforting sympathy, you feel their words a very mockery. There is naught in all the world save yourself and the terrible grief that is crushing you. Alone, too, we meet our spiritual foes, Who can stand by us in the hour of fierce combat with Satan and his host of elusive invisible allies? All alone we must walk the dark valley, and plead our cause alone before the bar of eternity.

In these moments of desert isolation the heart, in bitter lonesomeness, looks up appealingly to some spirit-friend who can feel its grief without an explanation. The cloak of human flesh is so thick that in the neediest hours it keeps our friends so far away they can not help us. Instinctively we shun companionship, which we feel assured can not give perfect sym-

pathy. But God, our pitiful father, can surely know all about it, and we look appealingly in our dumb anguish of soul to him. Our eyes, pained with their far, upward straining, rest upon the Mediator, half-way between us and the glorious Father, and we feel at last that we are not quite alone. Has not Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and prayed long nights to God for strength to bear out bravely the dreadful task assumed? Did he not grow weary with long walking, and sit down upon the Samaritan well to rest? Has he not, too, been tempted? Surely Jesus is able to sympathize perfectly with us in all our bereavements, our weariness, and our spiritual conflicts.

Yet it is not always easy for us to realize this. Accustomed for eighteen hundred years to look upon Christ as glorified at the right hand of his Father, we almost fear he has forgotten the days of his incarnation, and that he can not feel with us the pain for which we plead his sympathy. It were well, now and then, to go back and look upon Jesus as he seemed to his disciples, that we may be able to feel the full blessedness of the assurance that he is indeed our elder brother, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Forgetting to do this, and remembering him only as the glorified Son of God, the account of his temptation loses all force, and we must feel that his combat with Satan was in no wise perilous or painful like our own. Looking upon him thus, what harm, or even pain can the shafts falling upon his invincible front occasion him? Regarding him as glorified Christ, we thus read the story of the temptation.

"And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread." Here was Christ, omniscient, for he was the Son of God, and knowing all things, he knew his own divinity, recognized Satan, and appreciated his boasted, yet fictitious power. How easy to scorn whatever the impotent tempter might presume to say! Surely he was hungry, but did he not know that God, who had sent him on earth with so glorious a mission, would save him to accomplish it, even though there were no bread? And did not his strong confidence in his sonship make him feel that though otherwise he might create physical nourishment from the stones at his feet, he could not deign to follow the command of one of his Father's ruined, unrepenting rebels. Could he accommodate the prince whose throne he had come to earth to destroy? He could see no advantage to be gained, no danger to be avoided by yielding to

Satan's request. Was that a fierce temptation? "Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and sitteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here Satan tempted Christ to presumption; but while he saw and appreciated his mean and ugly antagonist, and recognized the endeavor to entrap him, could he feel at all tempted to comply with the request? He knew the added strength that the least compliance would give his adversary; he knew he ran no risk by disregarding him, for could not his omnipotence save him from any, even the most daring attempts to injure him? Could Christ feel inclined to fly through the air, from his high pinnacle, simply to please the one who was trying to nullify his mission?

"Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Here was Satan, who owned no sure inheritance, in sheer insolence offering to give the kingdoms of the earth to the conscious owner of all things. Was that a fierce temptation? Or even if we should say that the kingdoms of the earth belonged to Satan, and that Christ might have become their temporal king by obedience, how could that offer dazzle the eyes of one who felt his own omnipotence, and knew that when it suited the exigency of his own plans, he should "do according to his will in the army of heaven, and among all inhabitants of the earth."

Indeed, how *could* Christ be tempted? Does not a temptation presuppose some previous weakness or ignorance, or depravity? Adam and Eve were pure, and they fell, but they were ignorant. They had not seen sin tried. They thought, no doubt, they were making a good bargain, when they disobeyed God and ate of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil. Satan, too, fell, but he had never seen a rebellion, and doubtless did not realize how fruitless must be any attempt to oppose the most high Governor. But Christ knew all these things, and was pure besides. How could temptation find in him any spot in which to be efficient?

So Christ's combat with Satan appears to us as we keep in our minds Jesus as glorified Christ. But not thus did Jesus go on to the spiritual battle-field. He wore no such imper-

vicious armor. He was tempted in *all points* as we are, and surely we are not thus strongly guarded with omnipotence and omniscience. Indeed, God, with these divine attributes, could not possibly be tempted; but Jesus, both God and man, could, in his human nature, undergo the conflicts we suffer.

In our own strongly-mingled spiritual and physical nature there is a kind of alternating ebb and flow. To-day we are spiritual heroes; the heavy body holds us to our place with loose bands; we are almost spirits. To-morrow we will be the complete slave of the body, almost merely physical. In that intimate union of humanity and divinity which existed in Jesus might there not have been something similar? In the transfiguration, walking on the sea, opening tombs, feeding multitudes, Christ seemed all divine. In his long nights of prayer, in his weariness at Samaria, in the temptation, he seemed weakly human. Was not his divinity sometimes held in abeyance, so that he could descend with us, into the lowest depths of humanity's sorrow and weakness, yet without sin? When he went up into the dreadful desert to be tempted, did he not voluntarily leave behind him the glory of his divinity, and go with that strength alone which we ourselves can have, that he might perfectly know our infirmities?

We oftenest fall in our combats because we can not see our foes, or because they are masked, and the most perilous circumstance of our temptation is the doubt and darkness in which we are wrapped. Can it be that he who was tempted in *all points* like us was spared this most painful condition? No, Jesus could not have had full confidence in his omnipotence and omniscience when he met Satan, else his adversary's insinuations and blandishments could never have merited the name of Christ's temptation.

Mysterious double nature of Jesus! We can not understand it; but while we worship him as our ascended, glorious Mediator, we must not forget him as tempted, tried, weeping Jesus, lest we fail to enjoy the consciousness that in all things, save the stain of sin, he is our brother.

Christ has dignified humanity by assuming it fully. We should thus reverence it more for its imparted sanctity.

FEAR not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions.

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN E. OUTLER.

NUMBER V.

SOME people seem to imagine that the amount of work accomplished is in proportion to the noise attending it. The present incumbent of the kitchen thinks so; at least her practice indicates it. She seems to fancy noise a sort of propelling power, and that much can not be done without it. I see the same indication among some of my women friends—housekeepers—when they put a shoulder to the wheel themselves. I have been thinking a good deal about this matter lately. It was brought to my mind very forcibly this morning by a slight nervous headache, which made me more sensitive to discordant sounds.

When Suzy was clearing away the breakfast things, clattering the dishes, and slamming the door going out and in, it seemed to me that they were in direct contact with my nervous system, striking me blows. I knew Suzy was noisy beyond what was necessary or common, and that is saying a great deal in this world of jarring machinery; but I had never been so sensible of it before. Sometimes I am not sensible of it at all, when my mind is fully occupied, and I feel well and strong. Others, people of delicate nerves, may have been disturbed by it a good deal, I thought, those who are occasional inmates of the house. Even the members of my own family may have been annoyed by it, and not like to complain.

We do not enough consider that noises to which we are used so that we do not notice them, may be very disturbing to others. People who live amid the din of a city, get so accustomed to it that it is like perfect silence to them. Let one go there from the forest, or the quiet country, for the first time, as a general thing he would hardly be able to sleep or think quietly for awhile, in such a Babel of sounds. Perhaps it is so with our household din many times. It may be disturbing to others, when we are so used to it we do not notice it.

I remember once experiencing from a slight cause the disturbance a sound we are not used to may sometimes occasion us—a sound that we should not hear at all with a little use. I had not been very well, and my nervous system was quite sensitive, so that quiet or harmonious sounds suited me best. I went to visit a friend. I was put, to sleep, in a room with a clock in it that ticked very loudly, and struck still louder, with a spiteful, jerking sound. It kept me awake for several hours

after I went to bed the first night I slept in the room with it, and after I had fallen asleep every time it struck I would awake with a start, my heart beating almost audibly.

I was to stay a week or two at the house, and I thought, I shall get used to it, for I know how such things lose their power over us with use. I did not like to say any thing about it, it would look fidgety, I feared. After a few nights I did n't mind it. I did n't hear the ticking when I was awake, and the striking did n't wake me.

We had quite a time this evening with little Milly. She got a grain of dust or something in her eye, and it was very painful. Aunt Milly had gone to bed, and I did not know what to do. Uncle Tim came in and told her to let it alone, and keep her eye open, and it would work itself out.

I had been trying to rub it out with the corner of a handkerchief, and she had been rubbing it with her knuckles, till it began to look quite inflamed. She followed the simple directions of Uncle Tim, and true enough, in a little while it did "float out at the corner," I suppose, as he said it would, for it was gone.

How much better things would be, many times, if we would let them alone! The world, they say, is governed too much. There is no doubt it is *doctored* too much, and Uncle Tim says it is *fed* too much. I must consider these propositions some time when I have time.

I remember a little matter that happened once that shows up the *doctoring* too much.

A horse was *cast* in the stable—not molded out of metal—but fallen down upon a heap of rubbish in such a manner that he could not raise himself.

There was no one at home but *the women*. We found the horse lying there in that situation, unable to get up, his heels higher than his back, his side lying upon the heap of filth that ought to have been removed, and we did not know what ailed him. We did not know it was his *position* that prevented his getting up.

We held a council upon ways and means, and agreed to send for Doherty, a neighboring Irishman, to consult measures about the sad condition of poor "Barney."

Doherty came. We introduced him to the stable and to the fallen Barney. Doherty scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments; then he looked up brightly, and, said he, "Faith, it's me be lafe there ought to be something turned *down* him," (with a rising inflection.)

Doherty was about as enlightened in his prescription as the most of people, when any one is *cast* by any illness. The first thing is usually, in such cases, "something must be turned down them," though it is a chance if they know what, or what for.

I made a nice little tea-cake to-night from a receipt Mrs. Elliston gave me. It turned out well, not only out of the baking dish, but it proved to be good. I said at table I was glad my cake had turned out well, for it was a new experiment.

Cousin Allen said it had not only turned out well, but turned in well, for it was all eaten.

I will write down the receipt, for I may want to use it again, it is so simple and so good:

This Cake.—One cup sugar, one egg, a lump of butter as large as half an egg, one cup sweet milk—I took cream, and found it very good indeed; I think the chief excellence of my cake was owing to it—one pint flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. I do not have to make cake for the family very often, for none of them care much for it, unless it is once in a while a simple one, like the one we had to-night, eaten warm.

As I do not think of any thing else in particular to write this evening, I will pen a little tale that cousin Abby told me about an uncle of hers. It was brought to her mind by the little incident Norton related concerning the cat at Mr. Fuller's. It was her mother's brother, Mr. Newell; I remember seeing him, a little wizen-faced man, but possessing much shrewdness, it was said.

He was a bachelor, and fancied a pretty widow. He had met the widow in society and admired her. She was tasteful in dress, witty, and graceful.

A mutual friend, one of those go-betweens who make themselves so officious upon such occasions, spoke well of him to the widow, enlightened her upon the subject of his numerous acres, and spoke well of the widow to him. Affairs seemed to be in a favorable train. Without exactly a meeting being appointed, the widow was notified that she would probably be "surprised" by a call from him on a certain afternoon, and she prepared accordingly to be surprised in good, like an expert tactician.

A young lady, who was staying with her, told the maneuvers afterward. The widow arranged her dress with studied carelessness, a graceful negligence, that was more becoming than the elaborate toilet in which he had seen

her abroad. The furniture, etc., was arranged in the same order, and the widow sat down to await the result of her strategy. But the afternoon passed, and the evening, and the bachelor did not make his appearance. The widow peeped stealthily through the blinds ever and anon till she was tired; and when night came she listened intently to every sound, expecting to hear his footsteps, till it was too late to think of his coming.

Once she thought she heard some one coming up the path from the gate, and she threw herself into an interesting attitude, and her cheek flushed with expectation. But, alas! she was doomed to "blush unseen," no one came.

Probably business had detained him, she said to her lady friend—business, that scape-goat of men; their excuse for non-fulfillment of all engagements that do not relate to business; for non-attendance at all places where it is expected they will be.

The next morning a friend, a sort of "Aunt Charity," who lived opposite, came over bright and early. She had spied something she did not understand, and came in to get an explanation of what puzzled her, or to excite surprise by telling something that was not known. After sitting a moment, refusing to take off her "things," saying she could n't stay but a few moments, she asked: "What was that old bachelor Newell in your yard for yesterday?"

Then came a genuine surprise to the widow's face. "Newell in the yard!" she exclaimed. "What time? who saw him?"

"Why, I saw him," answered Aunt Biah, as she was called, who might have been named Aunt Charity from her curiosity about her neighbor. "I happened to be sitting by the window"—Aunt Biah generally "happened" to be sitting by the window when there was any thing going forward among her neighbors, or when there was not, watching for something.

Perhaps it is not so strange in these old ladies who have nothing else to do, and who want some amusement, and we ought to allow them in it, and not deride them for it. Poor old souls! should we grudge them the little remains of comfort and amusement left them—looking out upon the world from the loop-holes of their retreats—the world with which they have done, and can only look upon at a distance? Who is harmed by their innocent speculations? Let them look at us if it affords them any pleasure.

But I am leaving the widow on the tenter-hooks of suspense. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon—Aunt Cha, or, rather, Aunt Biah, was sure the little clock in the room had struck just before the event happened—Aunt Biah

was generally very exact in her relations, and she thought she could safely affirm that it had—well, a few minutes after the clock had struck four—Aunt Biah remembered now distinctly what it was that made her remember that the clock had struck *before* she saw Mr. Newell, that little old bachelor, go in at the widow Laughlin's gate—she was thinking it was time to put her tea-kettle on, and she must go away from the window and see to it—she had just thought this when he appeared on the walk, "all dressed up as spruce as could be," and she thought she would just wait and see where he was going. She "rather mistrusted," she said, as soon as she saw him.

He came down the street, opened the widow's gate, and walked in, stopped a minute or two in the yard, Aunt Biah thought perhaps three minutes; at least the time seemed as long as that to her, because she was waiting to see what he would do, and then he turned and walked out again, and went back up the street.

She thought it "dreadful strange," she said. She could n't see into it, because he was dressed up so spruce she was sure he had "come a courting."

The widow could n't understand it. Cousin Abby said she did n't think she ever knew to her dying day—she's dead now—why "bachelor Newell" came into the yard and went away again without seeing her. But it came out afterward, Abby said; he told it himself; but she did not think any one ever told the widow. It would have been well enough, though, if they had; she might have learned something.

Well, he told to the friend that tried to make the match between them: afterward, what made it "flash in the pan," as he expressed it.

Going into the yard, the first thing that greeted his eyes among the widow's flowers, which were the admiration of the neighborhood, lay a dog and cat that started up at his approach and skulked away as if in expectation of a beating for daring to enjoy themselves lying there in the Summer sunshine. As they ran away he followed them with his eyes, and not only abject fear was expressed in their movements, but gaunt famine in their frames. *Frames* expressed their appearance exactly, for there was little else of them. He stood and mused a few moments. Could the woman who would treat helpless animals in this way have any tenderness for a husband—for any one? The answer quickly came to him, "No," and he wheeled out of the widow's yard, and wheeled her out of his thoughts, as he said, blessing his stars at the lucky chance that had led him to the widow's in the day-time, when these

evidences of her home-management stared him in the face; and resolving, if he ever thought of courting another woman, he would first examine the condition of her cat and dog, if she had any.

A CLUSTER OF STARS.

IN whatever aspect we view the origin of Methodism we find it rich in the material which it furnishes for study and for history. It is remarkable, not for giving new doctrines to the world, but for the evident manner by which it was led by the Divine Spirit to give prominent utterance to those vital doctrines of Christianity which renovate the soul and bless it with the consciousness of a present salvation. It is remarkable for the providential unfolding of its great ecclesiastical machinery, by which it has been able to propagate itself with unparalleled rapidity. It is remarkable for the wonderful men it raised up for its first necessities, the variety of talents and endowments which they brought to their work, and the heroism and self-sacrificing devotion by which they accomplished their mission. Another remarkable chapter is just now opened up for us by Dr. Stevens in his admirable Centenary volume, "The Women of Methodism."* Woman, too, has had her mission in this grand religious movement. Her wisdom has helped in its counsels, her zeal has aided in its propagation, and her gentle ministrations have given comfort and encouragement to the toil-worn heroes who were laying its foundations.

A noble tribute to her place in Methodism is paid to woman in this volume. The book is divided into three parts, the first treating of "Susanna Wesley and Wesleyan Methodism." Mrs. Wesley was long ago called "The Mother of Methodism," and the first chapter is of course devoted to her. It is an excellent delineation of one of the most remarkable women in Christian history. Mary Fletcher, one of the most holy of women, and her companions, Sarah Ryan, Sarah Crosby, and Sarah Lawrence, are the subjects of the second chapter. The third chapter sketches rapidly, but with great interest, a number of excellent women of English Methodism, among whom is the "young, beautiful, and well-educated widow, Grace Murray, who was dearer to Wesley than any other

* The Women of Methodism: Its Three Foundresses, Susanna Wesley, The Countess of Huntingdon, and Barbara Heck, etc. By Abel Stevens, LL. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

woman, to whom he fully gave his heart, and for whom, the disappointment of not consummating his affection by their marriage, left a trait of romantic sentiment and sadness on the history of his remarkable life." Part II is devoted to "Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and Calvinistic Methodism," and Part III to "Barbara Heck and American Methodism." The first chapter of this part gives a full history of the excellent woman to whom God gave the honor of giving the first impulse to the Methodism of America. The second chapter brings us to the point we wish to reach. It is entitled, "Asbury and his Female Friends." Here we find our "Cluster of Stars," and design to present to our readers three or four of these friends of the great Bishop, to give them a taste of this interesting book—believing that having once tasted, they will want the whole feast that is provided for them in this volume:

MARY WHITE.

The family of Judge White—which gave refuge to Asbury, and to not a few of his brethren, during these stormy times—was one of the most notable in the early days of Methodism. Like that of Gough, at Perry Hall; of Bassett, at Bohemia Manor; and of Barratt, at "Barratt's Chapel," Kent, its name continually recurs in the journals of Asbury, Coke, Garrettson, Abbott, and in other early Methodist publications. These memorable historical families, though associated with the highest social circles of their times, counted not their wealth nor their lives dear unto them, choosing rather to suffer persecution with the people of God.

Thomas White, "Chief Justice of the Common Pleas," had been an unexceptionable member of the English Church before he met with the Methodists. His wife, Mary White, was a lady of special excellence; devoted, charitable, strict in the religious education of her family, not omitting her numerous colored servants, to whom she carefully taught the Holy Scriptures. Hearing the Methodists preach, her devout heart recognized them as congenial Christians, and she reported them so favorably to her husband that he was induced to accompany her and their children to one of their appointments. The preachers were invited to his mansion, and it remained a "preaching-place" till the erection of White's Chapel. His wife not only led him to the Methodist communion, but became his best guide to heaven. She was a woman of rare talents, of remarkable but modest courage, and of fervent zeal. When he was seized by the military patrol she clung to him, defending him, and declaring to the ruffians, who

brandished their swords over her, that she feared them not, till, overpowered by their numbers, he was borne away. She soon followed them, found out the place of his confinement, and rested not till she effected his restoration to his family.

"On another sorrowful occasion," says a Methodist annalist, "when a drafted company of soldiers came by her house and halted, while the men were weeping on account of leaving their parents, wives, and sisters, and while wives and sisters were clinging to their husbands and brothers, telling by their gushing tears how deeply they felt as they were parting with them, fearing they should see them no more, Mrs. White knelt down on the ground before them and offered up fervent prayers, mingling her tears with theirs for their temporal and eternal salvation; and when the Methodists were met for worship, if there were none present more suitable, she took up the cross, led the religious exercises, and met the class; and she would have gone further and preached if Asbury had encouraged her. That child of nature and of grace, Benjamin Abbott, was at Mr. White's in October, 1782; when about to start for quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel, he says, 'Mrs. White came to me as I sat on my horse, and took hold of my hand, exhorting me for some time. I felt very happy under her wholesome admonitions.' Thomas Ware says, 'She was a mother in Israel in very deed.' When her husband informed her that his end was nigh, she spent the last night in supplications for him, and with him exulted in victory as he entered into the joy of his Lord. She, like her husband, professed and exemplified the grace of perfect love. They were lovely in their lives, and in death were not long divided; she soon followed him to the 'better country.' Near by the old homestead the bricks that arched their graves, now sunk in the earth, mark the spot where their heaven-watched dust reposes, till they shall again appear in the bloom and beauty of immortality."

ANN BASSETT.

Richard Bassett, of Dover, Delaware, was a man of preëminence in the civil and social life of these times. He first met Asbury in his concealment at Judge White's residence. On a professional journey to Maryland, he called there to spend a night with his friend, the Judge. As a door in the house was opened he observed Asbury, with some other preachers, apparently retired in quiet conversation, and inquired of Mrs. White who "they were, dressed in sable garments and keeping themselves

aside?" "They are some of the best men in the world; they are Methodist preachers," replied the hostess. He was evidently disturbed by this intelligence, and observed, "Then I can not stay here to-night." "You must stay; they can not hurt you," rejoined the lady. Supper being ready, they all sat down at the table. Asbury had considerable conversation with Bassett, "by which he was convinced that Methodist preachers were not so ignorant or unsocial as to make them outcasts from civil society. On taking leave he invited Asbury, more from custom than desire, to call on him in case he visited Dover. When Bassett returned home and informed his wife that he had been in company with Methodist preachers, and had invited one of them to his house, she was greatly troubled; but was quieted when he told her, 'It is not likely that he will come.'" But some time later Bassett, while looking out of his window, saw the itinerant approaching. That evening Asbury charmed by his conversation a large circle at the tea-table, till late into the night; and for nearly twoscore years Richard Bassett was his unfailing friend.

Subsequently Asbury, on visiting the family, describes Bassett as "a very conversant and affectionate man, who, from his own acknowledgments, appears to be sick of sin. His wife is under great distress; she prays much." It was not long before she was rejoicing in the consolation of the Gospel, and her husband followed in her steps. They became zealous and exemplary Methodists. He "lived a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God." He often preached, and was the chief founder of "Wesley Chapel," in Dover. They had three residences, one in Dover, one in Wilmington, and another at Bohemia Manor, a famous locality in the early Methodist annals, where Ann Bassett delighted to minister to the way-worn itinerants. All of them were favorite homes of the ministry, and scenes of early quarterly conferences and other extraordinary meetings. Bohemia Manor consisted of eighteen thousand acres, on the Bohemia and Elk Rivers. The family owned six thousand of the best of these acres. They had a famous "old log Bethesda Chapel" on the Manor, in which the greatest heroes of primitive Methodism sounded their trumpets. The mansion there was as noted a resort of Methodist preachers as Perry Hall on the western shore of Maryland; "it was seldom without some one of them, and often had a number of them together." The generous hostess received one of them, broken down with age and labor, as superintendent of the household. The neighboring

groves sometimes resounded with the melodies of Methodist camp meetings. The Manor became "famous for Methodism; in almost every family Methodists were found. Mrs. Bassett did not live many years; but while she lived she was a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God."

PRUDENCE GOUGH.

Perry Hall is still more historical in the Church, if possible, than the White Mansion, as a home of Asbury and his itinerant associates; and its lady, Prudence Gough, gave it primarily its fame for Methodist hospitality, and maintained its enviable reputation to the last. No preachers' home is more frequently mentioned in our early literature. In the week before the memorable "Christmas Conference" of 1784 it sheltered Asbury, Coke, Whatcoat, Vasey, Black of Nova Scotia, and other eminent men, who prepared there the business of the Conference. The constitutional organization of American Methodism may be said to have been constructed under its roof.

Asbury's usefulness in the Baltimore circuit in 1775 had permanently important results. He gathered into the young societies not a few of those influential families whose opulence and social position gave material strength to Methodism through much of its early history in that city, while their exemplary devotion helped to maintain its primitive purity and power. Henry Dorsey Gough and his family were distinguished examples. Gough possessed a fortune in lands and money amounting to more than three hundred thousand dollars. He had married a daughter of Governor Ridgeley. His country residence—Perry Hall, about twelve miles from the city—was "one of the most spacious and elegant in America at that time." But he was an unhappy man in the midst of his luxury. His wife had been deeply impressed by the Methodist preaching, but he forbade her to hear it again. While he was reveling with wine and gay companions one evening, it was proposed that they should divert themselves by going together to a Methodist assembly. Asbury was the preacher, and no godless diversion could be found in his presence. "What nonsense," exclaimed one of the convivialists, as they returned, "what nonsense have we heard to-night!" "No," replied Gough, startling them with sudden surprise; "no, what we have heard is the truth, the truth as it is in Jesus." "I will never hinder you again from hearing the Methodists," he said as he entered his house and met his wife.

The impression of the sermon was so pro-

found that he could no longer enjoy his accustomed pleasures. He became deeply serious, and, at last, melancholy, "and was near destroying himself" under the awakened sense of his misspent life; but God mercifully preserved him. Riding to one of his plantations, he heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and, listening, discovered that a negro from a neighboring estate was leading the devotions of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas, O Lord! I have my thousands and tens of thousands, and yet, ungrateful wretch that I am, I never thanked thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on, or food to satisfy his hunger." The luxurious master was taught a lesson, on the nature of true contentment and happiness, which he could never forget. His work-worn servants in their lowly cabins knew a blessedness which he had never found in his sumptuous mansion.

He returned home, pondering the mystery, with a distressed and contrite heart. He retired from his table, which was surrounded by a large company of his friends, and threw himself upon his knees in a chamber. While there, imploring the mercy of God, he received conscious pardon and peace. In a transport of joy he went to his Company, exclaiming, "I have found the Methodists' blessing, I have found the Methodists' God!" Both he and his wife now became members of the Methodist society, and Perry Hall was henceforth the chief asylum of the itinerants in the Middle States, and a "preaching-place."

The wealthy converts erected a chapel contiguous to Perry Hall. They made a congregation; for the establishment comprised a hundred persons. The circuit preachers supplied it twice a month, and local preachers every Sunday. After some years of steadfast piety this liberal man yielded to the strong temptations of his social position, and fell away from his humbler brethren. But his excellent wife maintained her integrity, and her fidelity was rewarded by his restoration. Under the labors of Asbury, his "spiritual father," he was reclaimed in 1800, and applied for readmission into the Church in the Light-Street Chapel, Baltimore. When the pastor put the question of his reception to vote, the whole assembly rose, and with tears and prayers welcomed him again. His zeal was renewed, his devotion steadfast, and the family built another chapel for the Methodists in a poor neighborhood. Their charities were large, and they were ever

ready to minister, with both their means and Christian sympathies, to the afflicted within or without the pale of their Church. After his reclamation he exclaimed, "O, if my wife had ever given way to the world I should have been lost; but her uniformly good life inspired me with the hope that I should one day be restored to the favor of God!" He preached at times, and, during the agitations of the Revolution, was brought before the magistrates for his public labors. He died in 1808, while the General Conference of his Church was in session in Baltimore.

"Perry Hall," says Lednum, "was the resort of much company, among whom the skeptic and the Romanist were sometimes found. Members of the Baltimore bar, the *élite* of Maryland, were there. But it mattered not who were there; when the bell rang for family devotion they were seen in the chapel, and if there was no male person present who could lead the devotions, Mrs. Gough read a chapter in the Bible, gave out a hymn, which was often raised and sung by the colored servants, after which she would engage in prayer. Take her altogether, few such have been found on earth." Asbury called her a "true daughter" to himself, and Coke, "a precious woman of fine sense." "Her only sister became a Methodist about the same time that she did; they continued faithful to a good old age, when they were called to take a higher seat. Most of her relations followed her example of piety. Many of them are Methodists cast in the old die. Methodism still continues in this distinguished family." Its only daughter became, under her parental training, a devoted Methodist. Her marriage into the Carroll family, memorable in our Revolutionary history, did not impair, but extended her religious influence.

This devout and liberal family has long been historical in our Church annals. The early books of Methodism make frequent reference to it, and its services to the denomination. Asbury's Journals have rendered its name familiar.

When the itinerant chiefs met there in 1784 to prepare for the organization of the Church, Coke described Perry Hall as "the most elegant house in this State." "Here," he adds, "I have a noble room to myself, where Mr. Asbury and I may, in the course of a week, mature every thing for the Conference." Black alludes to it as "the most spacious and elegant building" he had seen in America. "It is," he says, "about fifteen miles from Baltimore; Mr. Gough, its owner, is a Methodist, and supposed to be worth one hundred thousand pounds. He is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

He has built a neat stone meeting-house, entertains the circuit preachers, and at times preaches himself; and thus he continued to do during the late war, at the risk of his immense estate."

Asbury's allusions to Perry Hall are brief but abundant. He seems hardly ever to have passed through Baltimore without turning aside to this favorite retreat. His devoted hosts were among his dearest friends, and their absence at any time was felt by him as a painful bereavement. In 1800 he writes: "We came with difficulties to Perry Hall; but the greatest trouble of all was that the elders of the house were not at home. The walls, the rooms no longer vocal, all to me appeared hung in sackcloth. I see not the pleasant countenances, nor hear the cheerful voices of Mr. and Mrs. Gough! She is in ill health, and writes, 'I have left home, perhaps never to return.' This intelligence made me melancholy. Mrs. Gough hath been my faithful daughter."

ELEANOR DORSEY.

Eleanor Dorsey, wife of Judge Dorsey, was a heroine of the Church of those early times, and one of the friends of Asbury, her house being his home, and the shelter of many other itinerants. The family moved as early as 1801 to Lyons, New York, where she died, at the age of seventy years, leaving a fragrant memory in the Church. "Her Christian life," says one who well knew her, "had been such that her hope grew brighter under great trials and afflictions. She possessed a strong mind, well stored with useful knowledge, and a faculty to communicate her knowledge to others. She had made herself acquainted with the peculiarities of Methodism, and one would suppose by conversing with her that she had a perfect history of the Church to which she belonged. While she lived in Maryland she formed an acquaintance with several of the first Methodist ministers. Asbury was a warm friend to the family. Her house was a home for the preachers from the time she became a member of the Church; and when a preacher called on her, he was favored with a warm reception, and hailed with a smile. The Genesee Annual Conference held its sessions no less than three times at her house, and she has been known to entertain thirty preachers during its session. The first Conference held in Western New York was in her dwelling, in the year 1810. She taught her children, while they were in early life, the principles of our holy religion, and had the pleasure of seeing them all happily converted to God. When informed by her physician that she could

survive but a short time, such was her uncommon strength of mind and confidence in the God of all grace, that, without the least embarrassment or excitement, she arranged all her temporal affairs, made choice of the minister to preach her funeral sermon, and selected for a text Rev. xiv, 13. She then addressed herself to all who were present in a plain but friendly and affectionate manner, and closed her remarks by saying: 'This is the brightest, the happiest day I ever saw: I thank the Lord, now I know that the religion I have professed for so many years is no fiction. No, bless the Lord, it makes me happy in this trying hour. My work is done, my sky is clear. Glory to God! Jesus died for me.'"

MRS. GENERAL RUSSELL.

Asbury found one of his best female friends and wayside homes, where he most needed and most prized them, among the rugged mountains of the Holston country, when, in the last century, he used to climb those heights, sometimes guarded by convoys of armed men to protect him from the Indians, for the Methodist pioneer itinerants kept pace with the movement of early emigration. The most romantic passages of his journals are his brief records of his adventures among the Alleghanies, and often at the close of weary days does he write in log-cabins that so many miles yet remain before he can reach "General Russell's," his longed-for resting-place. The first Methodist Conference beyond the Alleghanies is usually supposed to have been held at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of July, 1788; but a session was held in the Holston country as early as the second week of the previous May. Rev. Thomas Ware, who was present, gives some information of the memorable occasion, including interesting references to the Russell family. "As the road by which Bishop Asbury was to come was," he says, "infested with hostile savages, so that it could not be traveled except by considerable companies, he was detained for a week after the time appointed to commence the session. But we were not idle; and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled, among whom were General Russell and lady, the latter a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry. I mention these particulars, because they were the first-fruits of our labors at this Conference. On the Sabbath we had a crowded audience, and Tunnell preached an excellent sermon, which produced great effect. His discourse was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. When the meeting closed Mrs. Russell came to me and said, 'I thought

I was a Christian; but, sir, I am not a Christian—I am the veriest sinner upon earth. I want you and Mr. Mastin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house and pray for us, and tell what we must do to be saved.' So we went, and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell. But she did not obtain comfort. Being much exhausted, the preachers retired to a pleasant grove, near at hand, to spend a short time. On returning to the house we found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the General walking the floor and weeping bitterly. He had been reading to her one of Fletcher's works. At length he sat down quite exhausted. This scene was in a high degree interesting to us. To see the old soldier and statesman, the proud opposer of godliness, trembling, and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved, was an affecting sight. But the work ended not here. The conversion of Mrs. Russell, whose zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character were proverbial, together with the penitential grief so conspicuous in the General, made a deep impression on the minds of many, and numbers were brought in before the Conference closed. The General rested not till he knew his adoption; and he continued a faithful and an official member of the Church, constantly adorning the doctrine of God our Savior unto the end of his life." No name is recorded, in the biographies of the pioneer itinerants among these mountains, with more grateful affection than that of General Russell. His house was long their refuge, and Asbury always entered it with delight.

Asbury speaks of them, in 1788, as "a most kind family in deed and truth." In 1792 he writes: "I came to sister Russell's; I am very solemn. I feel the want of the dear man who, I trust, is now in Abraham's bosom, and hope ere long to see him there. He was a general officer in the continental army, where he underwent great fatigue: he was powerfully brought to God, and for a few years past was a living flame, and a blessing to his neighborhood. He went in the dead of Winter on a visit to his friends, was seized with an influenza, and ended his life from home: O that the Gospel may continue in this house! I preached on Heb. xii, 1-4, and there followed several exhortations. We then administered the sacrament, and there was weeping and shouting among the people: our exercises lasted about five hours."

Such scenes often occurred there, for Mrs. Russell kept her mansion always open, not only for the shelter of the wayworn itinerants, but

as a sanctuary for the mountaineer settlers who flocked thither from miles around to hear the Gospel. Her home was a light-house shining afar among the Alleghanies.

SONG OF THE WEARY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, MY heart is sad and weary,
Fainting 'neath its heavy load,
And my bruised feet falter often
As they tread life's rugged road.
Night winds wail and mildews riot
Where earth's rarest roses bloomed,
And with folded hands life's idols,
One by one, have been entombed.
O'er my head the tempests gather,
And the lightning's eyelids part;
While I walk amid the shadows
With a tired and heavy heart.
Few and faint the stars whose gleaming
Lifts the veil from night's dark dome,
Few, yet sweet, the voices breathing
Blessings on my earthly home.
Yet I may not—must not linger,
Till the destined race is run;
Till th' appointed course is finished,
And the victor's goal is won.
Then, O then, 't will be the sweeter
Resting when the contest 's o'er;
And the morning will be brighter
For the stormy night before.

HEROES.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

EACH hath his God-appointed task,
A work to tax his strongest powers;
It well behooves us that we ask
Our souls the question, What of ours?
Those who the path of duty tread,
Each task performing, calm, sublime,
Are worthy as the laurel'd head
Enshrined in many a niche of time.
Short-lived are those heroic men
Who quick perform the labor given;
Why should they live three score and ten,
Whose work is done at thirty-seven?
They who have wings that they may fly,
Yet trudge along the dusty road,
Are those who slight their talents high,
The gifts intrusted them by God.
These are the heroes, then, whose task
Draws out their strongest, noblest powers;
It well behooves us that we ask
Our souls the question, What of ours?

VENICE.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

OUR entrance into Italy was from the north-east, by the Austrian railroad between Vienna and Trieste. Several hours before reaching the latter city, we passed a region well fitted, by its terrible desolation and barrenness, to render our transition, from the Winter of North Germany to the budding Spring of the South, striking and agreeable. I speak of the *Carst*, a plateau of bleak, angular rocks, in which there is scarcely room or soil for the hardiest shrub, and through which, at times, a north-east wind, the *Bora*, sweeps with such fury as to overturn the most heavily-laden wagons. Our first fair view of the Adriatic was at Nabsresina. For many stations past, the harsh consonants and gutturals of the North had been giving place to more gentle dialects; and now we were in an atmosphere every-where resonant with the melody of the Italian. The train passed now a few miles eastward on the seashore, at the foot of vine-clad hills, giving us a fine view of *Miramar*, the beautiful blossom-embowered pleasure palace of Archduke Maximilian, at present in Mexico, and finally deposited us in the hands of the cab-drivers of Trieste. These gentlemen pounce upon you as if you were their legitimate prey; and he who has the least knowledge of their language is last to get free from them.

This town Trieste, with over sixty-five thousand Catholic population, the *Terzeste* of the Romans, the former capital of Illyria, at present the chief seaport of Austria, and the gate of a rich stream of commerce, is not without intrinsic interest. Its population—the citizens, the peasantry, from many surrounding sections, which overflow its market-places, and the numerous mariners from all nations—presents a curious medley of sharply-contrasting dialects and costumes. From the front of the cathedral, in the older part of the city, on the hill-side, one has a fine view of the commercial life of the port, the good supply of shipping, and the broad bosom of the sea beyond. We looked at the sights of Trieste, among them the church of St. Just, parts of which date from the sixth century, and the just completing splendid Greek church, took a little repose and embarked at midnight, in a fine steamer of the Austrian Lloyd, for Venice.

At break of day the stars were sparkling in a chilly sky, a brisk breeze was facing us, and the blue waters of the Gulf of Venice filled the horizon, except at the north, where the main-

land was dimly visible. A few minutes later and an angular speck appeared on the distant water-surface. This was the tower of St. Mark's. It soon became the central point of the attention of all except natives. We watched its square columnar mass as it emerged from the waters, but sought in vain to distinguish the church of which it is a part from the adjacent buildings. By this time the broad face of the sun was glaring on the sea surface behind us, tinting with red the light clouds of the west, and profusely lavishing its rays on the dazzling steeples of the *quondam* Queen of the Adriatic. To enter Venice from sea, by a bright sunrise, with just clouds enough to form a background to the picture, is glory enough for one day!

Our vessel entered by the main port, the *Lido*, and, after several gyrations among the smaller islands, finally cast anchor in the middle of the *Grand Canal*, opposite the *Piazzetta* of St. Mark. It had no sooner come to a stand than it was surrounded and besieged by swarms of gondolas, with their clamorous gondoliers. It was curious to see the earnestness with which they attached themselves to every hesitating stranger. Had the good ship been on fire they could not have been more anxious to assist the passengers to the safe terra firma of Venice.

Desiring to remain some time, we sought and readily obtained furnished apartments, in a pleasant quarter near the *Rialto* bridge. Our host and hostess are the most charming of people, devoutly Catholic, and have spared no pains to make us feel comfortably and at home. From this center we have made our daily excursions in every direction, in our attempts to form some sort of acquaintance with this strange old city of the sea.

Whether it was under the guidance of a kind Providence or not, that in the year 421 the *Veneti*, who had taken refuge from the cruelty of the northern barbarians in the marshy islands of the sea, had become so far reconciled to their seemingly-uninhabitable retreat as to conclude to make it their permanent home, and commenced the building of a church—at any rate they formed a city whose situation may well be said to be beautiful, and whose history has had few rivals in prosperity and glory. After maintaining its place of independence among the nations of the world for more than a thousand years, it finally lost this boon under the supremacy of Napoleon in 1797, and has since occupied the place of a conquered city in the hands of Austria. At the height of its prosperity, in the fifteenth century, it numbered over two hundred thousand souls, and was the home of the arts, and the center of the commerce of the globe. At the

time of her fall her population was less than half this number, but it has recently considerably increased.

Of the topography of Venice it is unnecessary to speak. It is situated, as is well known, on three large and many smaller islands, near the mouth of the Brenta, and is protected and surrounded by *lagunes* or swamps. The city lies chiefly on two islands, which are separated only by the S-shaped windings of the Grand Canal. The shores of these islands are formed of walls of solid masonry; and the city, though built at first on swamps, has all the appearance of the solidity of a location on the plains of a continent. In fact, there is in Venice, though it is all the work of art, much greater plentifulness of stone in pavements and edifices, than in Berlin. It is a mistake to suppose that Venice is without streets; it is true that passage between distant parts of the city is made chiefly by the gondolas; but for all minor purposes, for such for which people in other cities do not resort to omnibuses or street cars, the Venetians make use of their streets. These streets are of many varieties: Some are as large and straight as those usual in other older cities. But the majority are only eight feet wide, and a great many of them less than four. Besides, it is rarely that one of them extends so far as one hundred yards in one direction. They are, in fact, nothing more than little alleys between the walls of the buildings. Despite their narrowness they are full of life, and, at times, crowded with streams of pedestrians. It is diverting to see the crowds encountering each other in these narrow passages on a rainy day. It is with difficulty if a large umbrella is borne through at all; but when streams of people meet, each with his rain-guard, there occurs an unpleasant dodging and friction, and closing of umbrellas; those who are tallest, however, have a manifest advantage, and are able to bear theirs high above the heads of the inferior crowd. Among the streets there are some general courses which lead pretty directly from one part of the city to another. The main difficulty for the stranger is, that no passage bears the same name for more than about a hundred yards; he can not remember a thousand names, and, therefore, the streets are, for him, about as good as without name.

The public squares and market-places of Venice are in good proportion to the size of its streets. They are mere open spaces of a few rods square. There are, however, a few public airing places of respectable proportions. One of the finest of these is the *Public Gardens*, occupying the extreme eastern point of the city,

and commanding the pure sea breeze, and a fine view of the shipping, islands, and turrets of Venice. They were established by Napoleon in 1807, and are neatly kept, and are planted in rows of Southern shrubbery. From this position, when the sky is clear, one has a fine sight of the close of the day as the sun descends between the towers of *San Giorgio Maggiore*, and *San Marco*. These public squares are used on Sabbath afternoon and on other days in a way not common in Protestant cities. They are filled with lazy, unkempt, laughing crowds, who are intent on the drolleries of a mock comedy, a monkey-show, or the gymnastics of mountebanks.

The bright central point of Venice is the Piazza of St. Mark, and the masterpieces of architecture which cluster around it; and after this comes the *Broadway* of the city; namely, the Grand Canal, with the numerous historic palaces which line its shores. To see these one must take a gondola. We started from the Piazza an hour or so before sunset. The motion of these light barks is steady, and slow enough to give one a fine chance to study the gray old monuments as they pass by. The gondoliers are talkative, and take great delight in letting their bark stand still, and expatiating on the tragic scenes which have transpired in this or that old dungeon or passing palace. The winding shores of the more than two miles of extent of the Canal present more than fifty buildings, which architects have deemed worthy of particular study. They date mostly from the fifteenth century, and present generally the round arch, though now and then the slightly-pointed arch also, marking the transition to the Gothic. Among the curiosities along the Canal is a place which is designated as the house of *De-demonia*. Near the center of the city one passes under the *Ponte di Rialto*. This is the only free passage over the Canal. It is a splendid structure of solid marble, and consists of a single arch, whose opening is seventy feet in width, and thirty in height. It is the scene of great life. At every hour of the day dense streams of population are floating over it. It is so wide that two series of gay shops flank its whole extent. But we will dismiss our pleasant gondolier and return to St. Mark's. The Piazza is a small marble-paved public square, and is surrounded on all sides by historic buildings. The palaces on the north and south sides were formerly the homes of the proud officers of the Republic. They are joined on the west side by a building in a similar style, which Napoleon caused to be erected on the ruins of a church in 1810. These three sides of the Piazza are

lined with one continuous arcade, beneath which, from the hours of eight to twelve in the evening, the *élite* of Venice assemble for purposes of sociability and refreshment. A walk, at these hours, on a moonlight evening, through these arcades, presents more of the brilliancy of Venice, than one would elsewhere see in many weeks.

But the most historical of the buildings which are grouped around the *Piazza*, is the *Ducal Palace*. It was founded in the year 800, but has been often renovated or entirely rebuilt. The present palace is from the fourteenth century, and is of a rich, Moorish Gothic style. Two of its *façades* present superposed arcades of excessive richness of structure. The Palace surrounds an ample rectangular court, within the galleries of which stands, open for the public, a long series of modern busts of the chief literary and political dignitaries of Venetian history. The points of historic interest which the outside of the Palace presents, are, on the west, two red marble columns, in the second arcade, between which the death sentences of the court of the Republic were formerly proclaimed; and on the east the Bridge of Sighs, immortal in song, which conducts from the Palace to the notorious prison, within whose gloomy cells so many, both of innocent and guilty, were in former ages cruelly incarcerated. The interior is now occupied chiefly by museums of historic and art treasures of Venetian history. The largest wall, *Sala del Maggior Consiglio*—in which, in the palmy days of the Republic, sat in deliberation the governing nobles, whose names were written in the golden book—contains a library, very rich in rare manuscripts, and a series of magnificent frescoes by Venetian masters, most of them representing the bright events in the history of the Republic. On the frieze may be seen the succession of Doges, from *Participatio*, who died in 827, to the last one, *Manin*, who resigned his authority in 1797. Very interesting among the large paintings is one in which Pope Alexander III is represented as giving to the Doge *Ziani* various presents in reward for the aid he had rendered the Church against the Emperor Barbarossa. Among the presents is a ring, symbolizing the supremacy of Venice over the Adriatic, to which the Pope desired that the Doge should once a year be solemnly married. But details would be endless.

The pride of Venice occupies the east side of the *Piazza*—the church of St. Mark. It is a basilica of Byzantine style, dating from the tenth century, though its *façade* was finished four centuries later, and provided with early

Gothic features. Of later construction still are the fine cupolas, and the grand mosaics, in the semicircular gables. Above the main portal stand the four famous gilded bronze horses—works of art from the age of Nero—which Constantine removed from Rome to his eastern capitals, and which were brought to Venice in 1204 by the Doge *Dandolo*. In Napoleon's time they spent fifteen years in Paris. The general impression produced by the exterior of St. Mark's is picturesque rather than grand. The variety of style, the richness of detail, and the multiplicity of points of interest, prevent or destroy the feeling of unity. With the interior of the church this is still more so. It consists of so many compartments, open and closed chapels, and other nameless convolutions, that one is almost at a loss to decide which is really the principal part of the church. The true merit of the whole, both within and without, lies in the exceeding richness and beauty of the details. As an indication of the multiplicity of ornament might be cited the facts, that five hundred marble columns are found in the various parts of the *basilica*, and that the rich mosaics, with their golden ground, cover at least forty thousand square feet of surface.

It is very gratifying to the stranger that the gates of this temple are never shut. From early dawn till darkness they stand wide open, and welcome, to the altar of God, the feet of the weary and devout. The welcome is not in vain; enter at what hour you will and you find always a few, but generally many scores of kneeling worshippers. Also, it is rarely the case that, at some of the altars, a priest is not performing his rites. It is very wearying, however, to listen to his mummeries. To the Catholic it is otherwise—to him the liturgy is the main part of worship, and the sermon a matter of little interest. I heard the Sabbath sermon in St. Mark's. Though delivered by one of the chief prelates of the city, it was thinly attended. The style of the preacher was very animated, and bordered on the dramatic. It was declamatory, and had no trace of that essential element of a sermon which is expressed by the word *unction*. The preacher closed with an eloquent eulogy and invocation of St. Mark, the patron of the church and the city.

By the way, it is claimed that this church possesses the veritable bones of St. Mark, and that they repose under the high altar. It possesses other relics of about equal credibility, such as a crystal vase with the blood of the Savior, a piece of the skull of John the Baptist, and the episcopal chair of St. Mark.

The *campanile* or tower of the church is a

square column of brick, three hundred and four feet in height, and stands on the Piazza, solitary and alone. From its summit one has, on a fine day, an excellent view of the city, islands, and lagunes, and, to the west, the distant outline of the Alps; while to the east, across the Adriatic, the mountains of Istria are discoverable.

But the things to be seen in Venice are poorly to be described in a single letter, and I might as well close here as after further writing. I shall ever remember my sojourn in Venice as golden days.

CHARACTER ON TRIAL.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

CHARACTER, in all moral intelligences, is under the law of probation. The crucial test is necessary to determine its true moral cast and fix its actual worth. Moral excellence without the subjection of the same to trial is not even conceptually possible to the mind. Involving the right *inward* principle and its answering *outward* expression in human character, virtue is an achievement in a moral conflict, a triumph where there might have been a defeat; or it is not virtue, and hence deserves no reward. Inseparable from excellence in character is the idea of a contest and a victory. If otherwise, being a necessity in the sense of arbitrary necessitation and not a voluntary choice, it would possess no noble or virtuous element, and, therefore, it would not be a virtue to be good, nor the opposite to be vicious in character. On any other principle than that of the *necessary* trial of character in the evolvment of his welfare and destiny, man, as Cowper fitly says,

"With naught in charge could betray no trust,
And if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike."

As this question is fully settled in the ethics of the Bible, let us consider for a moment

1. *Character on trial and failing in the trial.* Created intelligences in heaven no more than mortals on earth are independent of the probational law. The celestials hold their place in glory and blessedness by no necessitated or constrained holiness, otherwise Jehovah could have no pleasure in their presence and services. Even in heaven

"Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?"

Character was first tried in heaven among the angels, and the result was that a large portion, by some supposed to be one-third of the angelic community, fell from their lofty abode to perdition. Apollyon and his consorts in evil fell in the trial, and fell, too, where they might have stood in purity, dignity, and bliss. If not, why did not the residue of the angelic host likewise fall? Under the same probational law Michael might have sinned as did Lucifer, and like him have been hurled from an archangel's seat in glory to hell as the result. Was there a necessity apart from his own will on the one hand, and his rectitude and purity on the other to hold his place while the latter was free to unparadise his condition and destiny by sin? Assuredly not. Both were under the same law, and the only difference between them was, that the one *kept* and the other "kept not his first estate." Lapsing from holiness into sin at their own voluntary account, and this, too, in the presence of myriads of angels and archangels, who maintained unsullied their purity and honor, was the ruin of the fallen celestials. "God spared not the angels that *sinned*, but cast them down to hell," exclaims St. Peter, as he connects their punishment with their guilt.

"Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall;
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them
Who failed; freely they stood who stood,
And fell who fell."

Our first parents in Paradise furnish another impressive instance of the trial of character, and of fall in the trial. Created in the Divine image and likeness, and thus made equal to the perpetuation of their high moral perfection, glory, and bliss, they were tested by the probational law, and, sad for our race, fell from their first estate by transgression. That they need not have fallen in the trial, follows from the fact they were specifically commanded not to "eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," being assured that in the day they ate thereof they should surely die. Forewarned and thus forearmed, they fell at their own cost. To assume that they were compelled to eat of the forbidden fruit, is to assume that the Creator commanded them to abstain from what he himself had made impossible, which is the gravest possible impeachment of the Divine character. Concerning the perfect moral freedom of our first parents, Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, represents Jehovah as saying:

"I formed them free, and free they must remain,
Till they intrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom; they themselves ordained their fall."

We might extend the range of the subject in the light we have been considering it, but we propose briefly to notice its opposite phase:

2. *Character on trial and standing in the trial.* The Bible presents not a few glorious examples of the triumph of moral character in severe trial. All its great model characters passed through the crucible on their way to spiritual perfection and heaven. Like their Lord, whose own spotless character was approved by the crucial test, they were "made perfect through suffering." But to glance at a few examples which have been given for our encouragement and imitation, look at the moral peerlessness of Abraham's character when tried on the altar of his parental affections. Required to offer up his son Isaac as a burnt sacrifice—and this, too, most strangely after the Divine promise, that Isaac's seed were to be as the stars of heaven for multitude, had been given—with what unquestioning faith and sublime fidelity does he move on in this most trying of all trials to his appointed task! And how nobly his character comes out of the trial when the angel of God interposes between the uplifted knife and the helpless victim, and assures him that his faith is approved of God, and that the lad could go free! The triumph of Abraham's character in this severe conflict but represents the lifelong faith, obedience, and purity which won in life's probation immortality and heaven. Hardly less grandly did Moses conquer when empire, riches, and worldly renown all combined as motives to seduce him from rectitude and duty; and when, spurning with contempt the price offered for his character, he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Tested in every possible way in a life marked by its vicissitudes, experiences, labors, and events, this eminent saint of God never wavered in his fidelity to heaven and duty; and as the result gained at death what was never out of his thought in life, "the recompense of the reward." One case more.

Behold the venerable patriarch Job in the fiery crucible—his property destroyed, his children smitten by death, and himself the subject of bodily affliction, such as mortal never before suffered; and you have a trial of moral character to which that of Adam and Eve in Paradise bears no comparison. And yet while they fell in the lesser trial, he in the greater maintains his integrity, proving alike to Satan and man

the sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain its subject, and yield victory under the most trying of all human conditions. In the darkest hour of his trial, and when even the hand of the Almighty seemed uplifted to smite and destroy him, he exclaims in the unquestioning grandeur of his faith in God, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." No marvel that he conquered; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The successful issue in Job's case demonstrates that trial but purifies and strengthens the true soul—that faith can conquer any lot or condition in man's probational career.

Character must be tried, reader; but, as we have seen, it may win in the trial. Oppositions and difficulties in the way to holiness and heaven is the divine order in the moral world; but these to the true heart tend only to the development of its higher spiritual energies, and the deeper and nobler experiences of Christianity. The oak of the forest is all the stronger and statelier, because it has successfully breasted the tempest and the storm. How inspiring, too, the motive to conquer, as we may, in this great probational life-struggle! What grand issues await our success! The goal is heaven, the prize eternal life. Shall we reach the goal, reader? Shall we gain the prize of approved moral character at the end of our probation? Suggestive, solemn thought! The question will ere long be decided forever; and what we are now in character, and what we are now doing in the moral realm, will greatly affect this decision, so momentous and final in its results to us. May it be, as Heaven would have it, even in the words of the Son of man, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; *enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!*"

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

IF people are to live happily together, they must not fancy because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is a great thing to be assured of in social knowledge; it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them at all points, but are vexed at not being able to

drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars? why this difference? why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance: not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticisms upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves, is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we can not call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say to strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value, than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly to your associates—but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were alluded to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things

hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, molding the one and expressing the other.

Every body must have known really good people, with all Christian temper, but having so little Christian prudence as to do a great deal of mischief in society.

PRINCIPLES OF HOME EDUCATION.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMY HERBERT.

RULES for children; principles for adults. Is there any axiom more true? May we not also ask, Is there any axiom more neglected?

Let us inquire of those who are commissioned for a time to take the place of parents—tutors and governesses—what is the frequent complaint made against the young people approaching to manhood and womanhood who are committed to their charge. Is it not that they fail in obedience, dutifulness, and respect to their parents? And what is too often the regret, the sorrow—we will not call it complaint—of these young persons when they speak of their parents? Is it not that, as the expression is, they can not get on with them—they are afraid of them—they think them fidgety, interfering, particular? It may seem a very hard thing to say, for there is no ideal to which the world clings more tenaciously than to that of the reciprocal affection and duty between parents and children—most especially between mothers and daughters. Every young mother believes that her little girl will grow up to be her cherished companion, and friend, and comfort, not because she is educated rightly, but simply because she is her daughter; and every child dreams of a mother who is to be its visible guardian angel, not because she is wise, and just, and tender, but because, in the imagination of a child, the office of such a visible guardian angel necessarily belongs to its mother.

To say that the existence of this hallowed affection can ever be a mere dream of the imagination will be at once to raise an outcry of surprise and indignation. In asserting such a possibility, it may be said, we put aside the fact that the relation between a mother and her child is recognized as sacred by God, and deny the evident intentions of his providence.

* Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation. By the author of "Amy Herbert." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If a mother's love and a child's grateful duty are not realities of natural affection, where can we look for any thing on which in this disappointing world our yearning hearts may rest? The love between a mother and child is, indeed, most sacred. God forbid that we should not think it so! It is the manifest intention of Providence that in every case it should exist. It would be folly to deny it. But there are many other things with regard to which the intention is evident—so evident, indeed, that it is impossible for any reasoning being to doubt it—while yet the failures are far more numerous than the fulfillment. Mankind are intended to be happy and healthy; but misery and sickness are the portion of nine-tenths of the human race.

Man's will, man's folly are allowed in a very awful manner to mar the merciful intentions of Providence; and, perhaps, in no way do they work more fatally than in the relation between parents and children.

"My little one is such a darling I can not help spoiling it!" The words sound almost sweet when uttered by a young mother. They speak of love, self-sacrifice, tenderness, yet are they the most cruel words which could ever escape her lips.

Not help spoiling it! Then she can not help disobeying the positive injunction of God, neglecting the example he has himself given. She can not help laying up in store for her child sin and sin's punishment; in this world, bitter regret, suffering, shame—it may be remorse, which shall never be repentance; and in the world to come—? If it were permitted us to question the unhappy ones for whom even a Redeemer's love is unavailing, how many, do we think, might be numbered among them, who were once—spoiled children? Rules for children—strict rules! We can not say it to ourselves too often. Not severe rules, not given—that were a most grievous mistake—with any severity of manner; but definite rules, on the infraction of which punishment shall instantly be inflicted. The first of the Israelites, in the wilderness, who broke the rigid law of the Sabbath, died for his offense. God was then teaching a nation of children. When he afterward gave his command to the intelligent world, the Redeemer proclaimed the abrogation of the external rule, and declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

This brings us to the second part of the axiom—Principles for adults.

What do we see, in the present day, with regard to its application to young persons?

It will, perhaps, be said, it does not concern

them. They are not adults. True, but they are rapidly becoming such. The precise age when a youth becomes morally a man, or a young girl a woman, it may be difficult to determine. It will vary according to character. But no one will say that young people of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen are, strictly speaking, children, or can wisely be treated as such. And, perhaps, no one actually professes to do so. The theory is, that as the mind enlarges, the judgment may be left more free. A right theory, consistent with common-sense, and—as we have pointed out—with the dealings of God with man. But when we come to practice what do we find? These children, such darlings that it was impossible not to spoil them—are they darlings still? They can no longer be taken into their mother's lap and fondled and coaxed. Their fits of infantine passion have become settled ill temper. Their petty willfulness has been trained into disobedience. Their shyness and timidity have been carefully nursed into vanity and affectation. Their childish whims have been converted into selfishness. What is to be done with a disobedient, vain, affected, selfish, ill-tempered girl of, we will say, fifteen? Talk to her of principles; she has no notion of what you mean. Principles are understood by their application. Their meaning is to be learned by degrees—by the help of rules and examples. There is no royal road for instruction in principles, any more than for instruction in any other branch of learning; and, as the young girl has the mind of a child, she must, it is supposed, be treated accordingly. She is placed, therefore, under a strict governess; she is watched, scolded, punished, debarred from amusement, and taught to look upon herself as hopelessly wicked, and, in consequence, forced back upon the solitude of her own heart; and, meeting with no sympathy, she naturally shelters herself under a reserve, which is considered only another symptom of a cold heart. At length, considered totally unmanageable, she is sent away from home. If in this new sphere a better life should dawn upon her, will it not, probably, be years before her affections can be drawn toward the mother who so miserably spoiled her in childhood, and so hopelessly misunderstood her in youth?

Or, take another instance, not uncommon. We will suppose a child not to have been so utterly spoiled, but only over-petted, taught to think much of herself, to put herself forward, to give her opinion unasked, to be, in fact, conceited and willful. These faults will assuredly not decrease as years advance. What we are apt to call conceit and willfulness is often only

the natural result of a too rapid growth of the intellectual as compared with the moral powers. Minds outgrow their strength just as bodies do.

A clever girl, or even one who is not exactly clever, but who has been brought forward and allowed to act and speak at twelve as if she were twenty, will naturally at fifteen or sixteen form opinions of her own, and think herself competent to decide upon all questions with which she is or is not concerned. And this is very unpleasant to a parent. Little children, if forward and disagreeable, can be sent up into the nursery and put out of sight, but a forward girl is an offense to a mother's vanity. She must be spoken to sharply—snubbed, as it is called; and the young lady is very quick to discern what snubbing means, and to resent it. So she becomes disobedient and disrespectful, and the mother talks to her of duty, and obedience, and self-control, and, finding her words unavailing, becomes angry, and loses the respect of her child, and then follows a *scene*; and the gulf between the parent and the child, which has long been slowly opening, becomes wider, perhaps so wide that it can never thoroughly close again. Who is to blame? The daughter, surely! She is no longer a baby. She is quite aware that she ought to obey and be respectful to her mother, and she has sense enough to see that her mother has right on her side. She ought to understand acting upon principle. Yes, indeed, she ought; she has arrived at the right age; but then whose duty was it to teach her to apply principle? Who ought in childhood to have educated her by rules based upon principle, and through them to have led her childish mind to the comprehension of the principle itself?

Let the fallow ground be first furrowed by careful and well-observed rules, and in those furrows we may drop the seeds of principles with the certainty that they will produce a good and a plentiful crop; but if we allow the ground to become hard and clotted we may cast our principles upon it, but we must look to their being borne away upon the winds.

Or, once more. We will suppose a child to have been well and carefully brought up, made to obey, checked when forward, taught to be considerate and respectful, and then to have arrived at the age when reason and thought begin to develop themselves. A strong will, a clear intellect, and acute observation are perhaps exhibited early, and the mother recognizes the fact with pride. But the habit of rule is strong within her. She likes power—she has the self-confidence resulting from success. Her child is so charming; it is evident that the

education has so far been successful, and how, then, can rules be laid aside? The young girl is so young she must make mistakes; her mother must know best what is good for her. And the thought of having a heart simple, unstained by the world, absolutely dependent upon one, is so very tempting both to affection and to vanity! The mother, therefore, continues her supervision. She expects to know every thought of her young daughter's mind, as in the days when the little child prattled at her knee. She thinks it right to be acquainted with every thing connected with her correspondence and her young friendships. Conversations must be repeated, letters must be read; and in order to insure this rules must be laid down. But the rules are irksome, simply because they are rules. The daughter has no friendship which her mother would disapprove. She neither writes nor receives letters of which she is ashamed; but she detests supervision. And she is beginning to differ from her mother upon some abstract points. She has opinions, tastes of her own, and she wants to express them freely. It would seem disrespectful, and it would certainly be painful to state these opinions to her mother, because she knows that they are supposed always to be of one mind; so she longs to write and speak to others—to have the pleasure of thinking, and perhaps, in some cases, acting independently. But these rules, these restraints and limitations, meet her at every turn. It is grievous to say, but her mother, good and excellent though she may be, is gradually assuming the character of a warder set over her, to watch that she does not escape from prison. Not that she really desires to escape, only she would like to feel that she might do so.

This is by no means an uncommon case, and it may be met with not only when girls are young, but when they are past what may be called youth, and yet are inmates of their mother's home. To govern adults, or those approaching to the age, by rules is to ignore the first principles of reason and utterly to destroy the happiness of domestic intercourse. When persons have reached what are called years of discretion, freedom is as essential to their moral as air is to their physical strength.

It is not, however, to be supposed that what has been here said implies that at any fixed age, such as fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, or at any precise subsequent period, government by rules may be laid aside and government by principles adopted. It is a question of degree. The little child of two or three must be absolutely governed by rules, because it is only by

means of temporary rules that it can be taught to submit itself to primary fixed laws. It can understand obedience, it can not understand the love of God; obedience, therefore, is, for the time being, its primary law. The adult man or woman must—speaking of domestic life only—be left to the absolute government of principles, for if we attempt to lay down rules for young men and young women we shall infallibly estrange their affections. Between these two points there are many degrees, varying according to circumstances; and the part of wisdom in education is gradually to relax our rules, so that the perfectly-obedient child may pass into the happy liberty of well-principled youth and the perfect freedom of full age without any abrupt transition, but only with the consciousness that the strict yet loving government by rule exercised by a parent in infancy has been succeeded by that much stricter, much sterner government by principle, which every human being must exercise over himself if he would pass through this world with the respect of his fellow-creatures, and enter upon the next with the approbation of his Maker.

It would seem scarcely necessary to add that in thus advocating the enforcement of rules for children it is presupposed that they are rules based upon principle. Subjection to rules of any kind will indeed train the young mind to the habit of obedience, but it will never train it to goodness. The slave obeys the rule of his tyrannical master, but the moment he is left to himself he obeys nothing but his own impulses. The test of the wisdom of our rules is the ease with which we may dispense with them when once the principle upon which they were based is firmly established. It is singular to remark how very few rules and what very rare punishments are required in the government, even of a child, who has in infancy been trained to strict obedience based upon principle. The little one who, when a year and a half old, finds that it never has what it cries for, will require but a very small amount of checking and thwarting in its wishes when it is three or four, because by that time it will fully have learned that most difficult of all lessons to an indulged child—to take “no” for an answer.

So, again, the child of three, who, when told to go or come, refuses, and finds that an instantaneous punishment, however slight, follows its refusal, will need no threatening and scolding at five or six to compel it to obey. The child of five or six who finds that certain rules are laid down for its conduct, and that on the transgression of those rules a penalty is always

inflicted, will, by the time it is nine or ten, keep a rule as strictly in its mother's absence as in her presence. At that age the irksomeness of obedience is lessened because the child is quite able to understand the principle on which obedience rests; to see that it obeys its parents because they are the vicegerents of God, exercising authority from him, and therefore claiming submission as a religious right. The sacredness of obedience once established, the parents' wishes as well as their commands become sacred. The child, though often unknown to itself, begins to act from a feeling of duty. “Such an action is not right, because my mother would disapprove, therefore I will not do it.”

Once fairly establish this idea of duty in the mind and rules are comparatively needless, and at thirteen or fourteen the child is scarcely conscious of them. She goes and comes, she writes and speaks freely, and, though a few directions may be necessary as guides and landmarks, there is no necessity to enforce them. The child enforces them upon herself. At fifteen or sixteen her task becomes more difficult; she is learning to rule herself instead of to be ruled, and now the mother's duty changes. She is not so much called upon to command as to counsel and advise; and because the child's will is one with hers, there is no need for severity in this office of adviser. Sympathy, tenderness, consideration, the full exhibition of that marvelous depth of affection which God has implanted in a mother's heart, all may be displayed with little or no check from external rules. And if we ask for the result we may find it in the perfect confidence, the reverent, devoted affection on the part of the child, and the loving delight and deep satisfaction on the part of the mother, which make the relationship between them perhaps the happiest, as it is certainly the holiest, of which our nature in its earthly affections is capable.

Is this an ideal picture? It need not be so; God intended it to be a reality. It is our own folly which makes it an ideal. We strive, it may be, to be strict, just, true, unselfish, and indulgent in our dealings with our children. But we begin with indulgence and end with strictness, instead of beginning with strictness and ending with indulgence, and the result is fatal.

If it be asked, Why do we thus act? the answer will sound severe, but it will be very true. Because we are selfish. We love ourselves better than our children. There is nothing more tempting to a woman's tenderness

than her little child of two years old; it is tempting even to those who are not mothers. The soft, round cheek, the bright complexion, the silky hair, are so inviting to the eye, the broken words are so sweet to the ear, the tottering steps appeal so trustingly for help, and the first demonstrations of awakening love are so inexpressibly winning that it requires a self-denial greatly beyond that to which we have at all accustomed ourselves to look grave or check, much more to punish. But ought it not to be equally difficult to check, reprove, or punish the disobedient girl of thirteen or fourteen? Her face is still young and fair, her voice is still sweet, her steps are tottering on a far more dangerous path; her love, when awakened, is a far more valuable treasure than that of the unconscious little one. Yes, but she is disrespectful, passionate, disobedient; she makes us angry; she vexes us. There lies the secret; it is self, after all.

An unselfish mother will punish her little child, though it may wring her heart to do so. She will never fear chilling its infant heart by wise strictness, for a mother's tenderness will make amends in an instant for the suffering inflicted. Very little children will bear a large amount of moral coercion, just as they will a large amount of physical coercion. It belongs to their age, to be compelled to obey is natural, and they never resent it; and it is the feeling of resentment which makes enforced obedience injurious to the moral character.

And so, also, an unselfish mother, if by any unhappy weakness she should have failed by wise rules to train her child to obedience in infancy, will be penitent and forbearing when the consequences of that neglect are displayed in youth.

She will not then insist upon laying down rules, thwarting, and restraining. It is too late; restraints which would have been light in childhood are felt to be very heavy in youth. They will but increase irritability and widen the difference. The mother has "sown the wind," and she must be prepared to "reap the whirlwind;" happy only if, by gentleness, love, sympathy, she can at length so far regain her child's affections as to win her confidence, and at last, through God's mercy, awaken principle which should have been awakened long before.

Alas, that so few will think of this! Alas, that a direction the most obvious, the most reasonable, and, upon the whole, the most likely to be acknowledged in words, of all which God has given to guide us in education, should be so neglected that it requires pages of expostulation and illustration to enforce it;

and that, after all which can be said, it is probable that scarcely one in twenty will ever fully carry out into practice the axiom—rules for children; principles for adults!

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

DO THEY LOOK BACK?

DO those who have passed beyond the grave look back upon us? If they do it seems to me that they must weep at the unworthiness of those whom their blind and tender love regarded good and noble as they behold them so ignoble in purpose and action, so weak in faith, so impatient in trial, so unlike the angels of God. Must they not shrink from creatures so impure and find joy in heavenly things alone? If our daily transgressions are fully revealed can any but the great Infinite love us? Ah, it seems to me that the great Infinite alone can see in our broken lives precious fragments worthy to be gathered up and remolded into beauty. We have been so false where we might have been so true; we have broken such holy resolves, or perhaps resolved such unholy things, that it is we who have wandered from the holy dead, not they from us. But He, with whom all things are possible, can unite us again.

"Never here—forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here."

A LIFELESS HAND.

Have you never, when greeting the living, touched a lifeless hand—a hand that speaks of something dead in the life of the one who gave it to you—a hand that tells of a passive existence—of a heart from which the active life-blood has been crushed out in the wine-press of suffering, or, sadder still, has flowed out through some vile channel? You feel that the one whose hand you touched walks very wearily if not very waywardly through the world, perhaps both wearily and waywardly. You feel that the active elements of suffering and enjoyment have passed from the life of one who may have suffered and enjoyed more than you, but who now suffers less and enjoys less, for when in this world we cease to experience active suffering we cease to experience active enjoyment. Would you not rather take your chances on a rough sea, than be thus becalmed afar from a haven of rest?

GENIUS AND COMMON-SENSE.

Genius is a great light, sending its rays far into the future; common-sense a steady flame, cheering the humble hearth and making glad the hearts of the lowly. Genius is a prophet and common-sense an interpreter. Genius is eloquent, persuasive, and theoretical; common-sense comprehends readily, reasons clearly, acts rationally, reduces theory to practice, lends to action, discretion, and directness of purpose, and, without taking wings to soar over obstacles, carefully removes them from its way. Many a man of genius

"Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave."

Genius startles, thrills, and arouses; common-sense daily warms and strengthens. The one feels its power, the other lives unconscious of it. Genius dreams of a brighter future and yawns for the dawn of to-morrow; common-sense rejoices in the light of to-day. Genius works with extraordinary instruments and achieves remarkable results; common-sense deals not with the diviner's rod, but brings into subserviency powers too often overlooked, and by patient industry works wonders. Genius is an inspirer; common-sense a practical follower of inspiration. Genius unfolds the mysteries of life; common-sense learns to read them and profits by them. Happy indeed is the man who is renowned for

"Sterling sense,
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth
And always pass for what 't is truly worth,
Whereas this genius, like a bill, must take
Only the value one's opinions make."

We are grateful for the revelation of grand ideas which we ourselves should never have conceived; we love eloquence of thought and feeling; we are not indifferent to beautiful theories, but

"O, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflowed
Its strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,
A thing the thrush might pity as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest!"

THIS is the wisdom of a Christian when he can solace himself with the comfortable assurance of the love of God, that he hath called him unto holiness, given him some measure of it and an endeavor after more; and by this way may he conclude that he hath ordained him unto salvation.—*Leighton*.

HOW SHE FELL.

WERE you ever poor? I thought not, or you would be more considerate and just to the poor. I wish you had been poor for a single day, only one day; hungry and without food, or money to buy it; without a place to lay your head, or in debt for the last wretched place you lay in; without work and unable to get it, hunting for it from shop to shop, up and down the endless stairs till your feet were swollen, and burning, and blistered; afraid to tell your trouble and need, lest you should lose favor and friends. One day of such poverty would be enough for you—and you need one. "I overdraw." No. The colors are none too deep for woman's poverty as I have seen it. But the worst poverty is not to be compared or named with the sin to which it tempts.

Do you see that block of old, dark, dingy buildings? I never pass it without faintness and sickening of spirit, for I know too well what is behind those dirty, cobwebbed windows. And those attics—my eye lingers there for the pale, sad faces. The city is full of such old, shell-like skeleton blocks, and up in their dismal attics you will always find the saddest specimens of womanhood that live.

Up in that second attic, right in the window-seat, to get the most light on her work, and a little view of life in the street below, sat for months together a young and pretty girl, stitching at heavy tailor work all day.

Early in the morning, before the sun rose, when nothing else was seen astir but the city pigeons and the market men, she was at her toil, and no one ever saw her pause from it but for her hasty meals, and short naps, and hurried visits to the shops where she obtained work and food. When she glanced into the street she was drawing through her thread, and the quick glance could not hinder. Her head throbbed at times as if it would burst; sharp pains smote through her breast, and then came a sinking sense of feebleness worse than pain, but she sewed on just the same. She was too poor to yield to sickness. She had to work while her hand could move to pay for her food and shelter.

She was a lone thing; went out and came in alone; sat always alone in her sky window, and if she ever saw any friends it was when she went out; no one came to see her. The pain in her head grew worse till it was almost maddening, and she laid down her needle and clasped her hands to her temples, and her eyes rested with interest on the cheerful windows

across the street. The sun shone into those windows through beautiful draperies of embroidered lace, and lay soft and mellow on the rich satin and velvet of furniture and carpet. Then a sweet voice rose and swelled till it met her ear. Once she could sing like that—not now.

She could only raise the saddest note now, and that brought tears to spoil her work. It was a gay song she heard, and she saw gay young girls come to the window, and they were not pale like her, held no hand to the throbbing head, but moved lightly and buoyantly, as if borne up by pleasure. Yet the poor sewing-girl shrinks and shivers, and covers her eyes, for "their house inclines unto death and their path unto the dead. None that go unto them return again, neither take they hold on the paths of life." She takes up her needle and plies it briskly again.

But her look has not been unnoticed. The Jezebel who rules in that house of sin has long been watching her. She smiles, she gloats—the woman-demon! That such monsters live—and in woman shape, too—in shape like our blessed mother—like her whom Christ called "mother" in his tender love! But they do so live, and in our very midst, and their victims—they are many. Shall I tell you of all the snares that Jezebel, the woman-demon, laid for the poor, over-tasked, half-starved, sickening sewing-girl? She did with hellish purpose what you or some other woman would have done with the holiest. "The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." She showed her kindness with a studied delicacy that could not fail to please, and won her gratitude. She gave her work and full and honest pay, and so lured her within her influence.

That attic window is empty now. The young girl is gone. She sews no longer, nor is she hungry or lonely more. The roses bloom on her cheeks, her laugh is gay, and her step is light and sylph-like as she floats in siren dances to siren music. But alas! poor thing, alas! O, that she were the honest, half-starved sewing-girl still! "Roses on her cheeks!" Why, they are false roses. Never more living bloom for her. A "gay laugh" and a hollow one, that would move a loving heart to tears. They who are like her laugh such gay, hollow laughs to keep themselves from tears, but tears are less sad than their laughter.

Her step is not always "sylph-like;" it grows slower and weaker each day, and a new and terrible pain is gnawing at her breast, and her temples throb wildly with wretchedness. If it

were only with weariness and exhaustion as once! The old pain seems like a pleasure to this. "Never hungry and lonely now;" but what a price she has paid for food! One that tempts starvation, even. And company—what company!—that of lost women like herself, some of them fiend, maddened, and maddening spirits. Lovers smile on her; they court and flatter, and fill her ear with delightful praises. "Lovers!" O, that one, only one true, honest heart could love her! They who smile on her despise and insult her; they turn from her in scorn and loathing. Who can respect or love her?

Ah, she knows too well that no one cares for her. She no longer cares for herself. Her day is short, and still she would shorten it. Only five years for such as she is! "*Only!*" Why, how can she live a year? The agony of the present deadens her to all fear of the unending agony of another life. Hell! Is there a worse hell? Five years is the allotted life of the abandoned. And men call it short. Short! Then what is long? And who is responsible for the terrible losses of life and happiness? Are not you who refuse such as her their pay? full, righteous, living pay, their due, their right—not the least they will take, nor half, nor quarter pay, but what they earn, what God would give them if he settled between you, and what he will yet require at your hands at the final reckoning, on the great day of accounts.

Had you sewed from dawn till midnight, day after day, for the paltry hire you give, you would know it was not half enough; you would tell that you were wicked in keeping the poor sewers so poor as you keep them. Had it been your young daughter that grew faint, and sick, and despairing in that wretched attic, would you sit at your ease while hard men, and hard women too, compel other daughters to the same dark, sad life—a life which seems to the young like a breathing death, only for the weariness and pain, death giving us thoughts of rest? And O, if you had seen her tempted through her poverty—overtempted and lost—could you rest while other daughters followed her hapless fate driven on as she was driven, tempted as she was tempted? And must you suffer before you can feel for those who suffer? Will you not learn to do right till you have felt the iron heel of wrong? Must it be your own cry of anguish that wakes you to the piercing cry for food, and warmth, and sleep, the fearful demand for justice, going up to the ear of the Lord God of justice and compassion?

The Children's Repository.

JOHNNY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

IF there was any thing in the world that Johnny Parker really coveted it was a *knife*. Almost all the boys in his class had pocket-knives except Johnny. To be sure they were not the most stylish kind, for Billy Stone's had the blade broken, and Tommy Ward's had the handle broken, but Eddy Foster had a regular bran-new, two-bladed knife, a genuine Barlowe knife, and it only cost half a dollar. Johnny watched it with admiring eyes every time Eddy drew it out, which happened whenever there was any thing to cut, and he had vainly tried to buy it with his whole stock of playthings. Johnny knew better than even to ask his dear mother to buy him such a knife, for he knew well enough that she had all she could do to pay the rent of the little cottage where they lived and keep him and Robby in comfortable clothes. So Johnny only thought, and wished, and contrived all to himself, but he could n't hit upon any plan for getting such a knife as Eddy Foster's. But one day as he was going home from school he saw little Bertie Grant sailing a tiny ship on a little pond of water near his father's house. The little fellow had emptied his pockets of their contents to try to find something that would do for ballast, and just as Johnny came up he had loaded his ship with a handful of coins.

"I would n't put those in, Bertie," said Johnny, "they'll slip into the water and you'll lose 'em."

"Well, I can't find any stones little enough," said Bertie.

"Wait and I'll get you some," said Johnny, going across the street and filling his hands with some clean, white pebbles.

Bertie was delighted with the pebbles, and threw his money carelessly on the ground.

"May I count it?" said Johnny, gathering it up. "O, my! how much you've got—two dimes, and a silver quarter, and no end of pennies. What are you going to do with it, Bertie?"

"I do n't know," said Bertie carelessly, starting his ship on a new voyage, "what would you do?"

"I'd buy a knife quicker 'n a wink if I was you," said Johnny.

"Mamma says I can't have any knife, not till I'm seven years old," said Bertie, "and I guess I sha'n't ever get to be that old."

"I'm older than that," said Johnny, "but I never had so much money as this, and I do n't s'pose I ever shall."

"You may have it all if you want it," said Bertie; "I do n't care about it a speck."

"Will your mamma let you give it away?" said Johnny, his heart beating hard and his cheeks burning with excitement.

"O, she do n't care," said Bertie; "I had more 'n that, but I lost some down the cistern."

So Johnny thanked Bertie, slipped the money into his pocket, and ran home. He did not stop to speak to little Robbie, but went straight up into his room and poured the money out on the bed and counted it over. There was a good deal more than enough to buy a knife, and he gathered it up to return it to his pocket. What a pleasant sound it made as it went jingling into his pocket, where nothing had jingled an hour before but a slate-pencil, two brass-headed nails, and some bits of orange-colored glass.

"Johnny," called his mother, "I want you to run to the store and bring me some thread."

"Yes 'm," said Johnny, running down stairs two steps at a time.

"There'll be a penny change," said his mother, "and you may have that for a new pencil; you said your pencil scratched so."

Johnny was on the very point of telling his mother about his fortune, but somehow he could n't help feeling afraid she would not approve of his spending the money, so he started on his errand without saying a word about it.

"He gave it to me without asking," said Johnny to himself, "and so, of course, it's mine."

"He's too little to know any thing about the value of money," said something to Johnny, "and you ought not to have taken it."

"His papa is rich, he can give Bertie any thing he wants," said Johnny to himself, "and my papa is dead and my mamma is poor."

"Your papa was an honest man, and your mamma would sooner see you begging bread than *stealing*," said something to Johnny.

"*Stealing*!" said Johnny, indignantly, "I ain't going to *steal*, not even for a knife; but I believe it is too bad to take the money from such a baby. I'll just lay it on the steps as I go by and they'll find it."

It never took Johnny Parker long to make up his mind to any thing, so he just pulled the

money out of his pocket and laid it in a little shining pile on the broad stone step by the front door. Then he walked bravely away, but he could n't help looking back and thinking how pretty it looked.

"S'pose somebody should come along and get it," thought he, and then he went back and gathered it up in his hand and rang the door-bell.

"I wonder who 'll come to the door," he thought, with his heart beating pretty fast. "I wish it would be Mr. Grant himself; I like him first-rate."

But it was n't Mr. Grant at all, or even Mrs. Grant who answered the bell, but a red-armed Irish girl, whose first words were, "Why could n't ye come to the alley door? the front way is n't for the likes of ye."

"Here is Bertie's money," said Johnny, "he gave it to me, all of it."

"Bless his little heart," said the girl, "he's always a givin' to ivery spalpeen he meets," and she shut the door without even saying thank you.

Johnny went away with a sort of indignant feeling at being called a *spalpeen* and treated like a beggar, but after all he felt glad to have the matter over with.

"I should n't wonder a bit if she never gave Bertie the money at all," thought Johnny. "She's a mean old thing any how, and crosser'n a bear; I'm glad she do n't live to our house."

Johnny went to the store and bought the thread for his mother, walked resolutely past the glass show-case where he had lingered so often to admire the tempting display of pocket-knives, and whistled merrily all the way home.

Matters went on in pretty much the old way with Johnny Parker for the next two weeks, only whenever Eddy Foster made an unusually-provoking flourish over his new knife he could n't help saying to himself, "I might have bought a nicer one than that," but always adding, "I'm mighty glad I did n't, though."

About two weeks afterward, as Johnny was going after his mother's cow he met Mr. Grant coming slowly up the street.

"Ah, Johnny Parker," said Mr. Grant, "you're growing so tall I hardly knew you; full of business as ever?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny with a pleased look.

Mr. Grant always remembered boys' names, and boys have a special dislike to being called Sam or Bob, as if they were of no importance at all. Then every boy likes to think he is growing tall, so Mr. Grant walked straight into Johnny's affections.

"See here, Johnny," said Mr. Grant, "how

was it about that money? Bertie says he gave it to you to buy a knife; why did n't you keep it?"

"I did at first," said Johnny; "I did n't think much about it, 'cause I wanted the knife so bad; but afterward I thought it was kind of sneaking to take it from such a baby, so I brought it back."

"You did well," said Mr. Grant. "I like you, Johnny Parker, and I think you 'll grow up to be a brave, honest man."

Then Mr. Grant tore a leaf from his memoranda, wrote a few words on it, and folded it up.

"I wish you would give this note to Mr. Somers as you go by the store," said he, "unless you are in a hurry."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "I can take it as well as not," and he went on his way as happy as a king, because Mr. Grant had said a few kind words to him. He gave the note to Mr. Somers and hurried out of the store, but just as he got to the door Mr. Somers called out, "Here, Johnny Parker!"

Johnny turned back.

"Do you know what's in this note?" asked Mr. Somers.

"Course not," said Johnny, indignantly; "you s'pose I'd read it?"

"Well, I'll read it to you," said he: "'Give Johnny the best double-bladed knife in the store, and tell him not to cut his fingers off before he gets home.'"

Johnny could hardly credit his senses when the knife was put in his possession. He forgot all about the cow, and walked home again without her, and if Robbie had not bailed him from the gate he might have gone on and on clear to the old saw-mill.

And that is how Johnny Parker got his knife, and I can only say with Mr. Grant, "I like Johnny Parker."

MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"HERE, Trip, stand up! stand up and speak!" and Morris Whitney held as high as his arms could reach the white crust of his apple-pie before his dog and coaxed him to bound for it and bark.

"You are wasteful, my boy," said his mother, chidingly, as she lifted little Lottie Morris out of her high chair to the floor.

"Nothing but an old bit of pie-crust that I do not want to eat. Here, Trip, speak loud,

louder," and the crust fell from his fingers, and the dog caught and swallowed it, and kept his eyes upon his master for more. "Mother, may I give him this dry cake?"

"Why, my son, I have seen the day when I would have eaten that crust of yours quicker than I would now the nicest plum-cake."

"Was you 'most starved 'cause your cow had run off?" here interrupted Lottie, with her face all aglow with interest.

"You little pet, who would think you listened to every word! No, no, I did not love milk as you do," and Mrs. Morris caught up the child with a little laugh and gave her a good kiss, then sat her upon the floor. "When I was a girl we did not have wheat flour as we do now. Our bread was made of rye, and so were our pies, only upon holidays, or when we had company. I can remember a keen disappointment that came to me when I was a little girl. We had a nice wheat pie for breakfast, and, thinking to prolong the pleasure of eating it, I hid the crust amid some plantain leaves in the yard, and when I went for it either the ants, or birds, or chickens had carried it away. I think I cried a little."

"Why did you live so poor, mother?" questioned Morris, as he carefully replaced a nice slice of bread that had been in imminent danger of falling into Trip's mouth from a movement of his elbow.

"O, we liked it very well, and never thought any thing about its being hard fare to live upon rye and corn. The bread was very sweet and moist, but yet we enjoyed a white loaf when before us. I shall remember as long as I live one meal. Father was a mechanic and kept no horse, and I believe I could tell you of every ride that I took before I was ten years old. One day business called father to an adjoining town, and as he wished to take over a set of wheels he hired a horse and springless wagon, and for some reason my older sister and my younger brother were told that they could accompany him. I begged and teased in vain to go with them, and after they drove off I cried as if my heart would break."

"Did you really feel so bad, mother, about a ride in 'an old one-horse wagon?" interrupted Morris with an incredulous look. "I never even think to be glad that I can ride horse-back almost every day, and in a buggy just when I please."

"That is too often the way, my child. The blessings that are common grow valueless, but let you walk for one year and then take a ride and you would enjoy it to that degree that it would seem something to be grateful for. Your

sight is as great a blessing as that that came to the blind man, a gift from the Son of God, and yet he followed and glorified the Savior, and I fear my boy has never even given a thankful thought that he could see; but what was I telling you? O, about how bad I felt. Well, I went up stairs under the low garret roof as far as I could creep, and laid down upon the lath floor, and sobbed as if my heart would break. After I had cried till it seemed as if I could not shed another tear, the thought of their driving down by the mountain, and over the river, and seeing the nice houses would make them burst forth afresh, and my whole frame would quiver with the sobs. You can imagine my sorrow, for it was the loft that held two old Revolutionary muskets, and a knapsack, and a red cockade, the top of it tipped with white feathers, and certificates from Washington for patents taken out by my father, written upon parchment in the beautiful letters, and upon paper so strong that no child's fingers could tear it; and yet I never gave a look at the bright cockade, or the eagle engraved upon the brass plate that held it in place, but kept crying, and if I saw any thing it was the ugly mortar that had clinched above the lath or the cobwebs that had clung to my hair. Mother at last found me, and she laid my head upon her knee and for awhile tried in vain to comfort me. At length she said if I would come down to the pantry with her she would make the nicest short-cake and we would have a grand supper. I wiped my eyes and went with her and watched as she took out a few spoonfuls of flour from a little white bag that hung upon a nail, and dipped some cream, and let me make the pearlash—for it was pearlash, not soda, then—and saw her stir it into the cream and make it foam, and then mold it, and roll it just the size of the spider, and cross it with a knife, and turn the spider up before the open fireplace, and bake it to the nicest brown. Mother made the tea, and took some china cups from a high shelf and placed them upon the table. They were sprigged with a green leaf and tiny red flower, and so clear that I could see through them, and too choice to use only upon the rarest occasions, and mother delighted me by passing me one filled with tea. I can taste that supper yet—that short-cake, light and flaky, that cream-biscuit since has never rivaled, a sauce-plate of preserves, dainty with color and fineness, and the china cup that felt smooth within my lips, like a piece of ice without the cold."

"But I think it was real hard that they did not let you go," sympathized Morris with a

resentful look. "I should like to know if you was not as good as your big sister or little brother?"

"He was the baby, and perhaps it was not my turn. I have forgotten. I presume they never realized how I would suffer. It would be hard for me now to imagine that a child could care to ride upon a board across a hard wagon, with four wheels piled at his back, if I had not experienced the sorrow."

"Or to think how a boy wants to skate when all the boys are on the pond," put in Morris mischievously.

"Bundle up and go along," came the reply, with a merry laugh from Mrs. Morris; "nature made you a lawyer, for you know just when to put in your plea."

"And gain the case," added Morris as he bounded out the door, skates in hand.

MAKING TRACKS.

A LIGHT snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in. There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from it and see who could make the straightest track. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. If each had gone forward in a straight line the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel, the tree representing the hub.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly when the ground is so smooth and nothing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could without looking at any thing but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others.

It appeared that nobody but Henry had

aimed at a particular object. They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. We can not succeed in any thing good without a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object and go steadily forward to it.

BENNIE'S PLEASURES.

BY HARRIET M. DEAY.

LITTLE BENNIE'S sports were many,
Happier boy there was not any;
All his Summers had delights—
Games of ball and flights of kites—
Sometimes here and sometimes there,
He was merry every-where.

Boys look forward to be men,
So did Bennie now and then;
And he thought it hard to wait
For his manhood proud and great,
For the grand house he would rear
After many and many a year.

With no sad thoughts of to-morrow,
With no dread of future sorrow,
With enough to bless him now,
Better things would come, but how
It was not for him to say;
So he would be glad to-day.

Many things he had to bless him,
Friends to love him and caress him,
And a life all free from care;
Things to keep and things to spare,
Why should he not be content
With the good that God had sent?

Little Bennie, happy liver,
Also was a "cheerful giver;"
As he found a joy in living,
So his heart was glad in giving.
Others shared his simple pleasures;
From his pockets came forth treasures.

Yet those pockets never grew
Empty—reader, it is true;
Something came as something went;
What he gave, like wealth well spent,
In some form came back again;
Still enough had little Ben.

Yielding to his teacher's rule,
Good at home and good at school,
Little Bennie's days went by,
And when came the win'try sky,
And the winds began to blow,
How he loved the drifting snow!

He would call his playmates, then
They, of snow, would fashion men;
Stand them up and see them fall,
O, those boys were happy all!
And I doubt if ever men
Lived as gay as these and Ben.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

MANNERS—WHAT NOT TO DO.—From an exchange we extract the following, not very elegant, but certainly very plain and wholesome remarks on a large number of very disagreeable and sometimes disgusting things in our American manners. Girls, will you please first read them yourselves, and then have your brothers read them?

The difference between the gentleman and the clown consists, not so much in the breadth of thought and nobleness of nature on the one hand, with the absence of these on the other, as may be supposed, but rather in a thousand little things. Many, who have excellent common-sense in some things, and even talent, make themselves unacceptable to their friends on account of uncouth habits. There is no criminality in being awkward, but it is a great inconvenience, at least would be, if the man knew it. In a brief period one may see a great many things that excite his pity or awaken his disgust. We know a person of wealth who goes to church early, and is sure to take out his knife and cut and clean his finger-nails before service commences. We know another who has a classical education, who, in church, uses his tooth-pick, not because his teeth need picking, but simply to keep himself occupied, as one would twirl his watch-key, or as a lady would toy with a fan.

Now, tooth-picking associations are as bad as nail-cleaning. But we would rather see a person clean his nails, even in company, than to see a black streak under each finger-nail on a lady's hand that flashed with diamond rings; but we read in Scripture of the jewel being in an unfit place, and why should they not be in modern times?

Some young men whistle in a ferry-boat or street-car, and we have noticed, nine times in ten, that the fools who practice this are deficient in musical talent, and are not aware that they are chafing the nerves of every listener in two ways—first with the bad music; second with the rawness of the practice of perpetrating music on people, without any invitation and without their consent.

Drumming with the fingers or with the feet, making unnecessary noise among some people who are nervous, render the society of persons who thoughtlessly perpetrate these petty rudenesses almost insufferable. We are aware that these habits often originate in diffidence. The person feels nervous and does not know exactly what to do but practice this drumming as a kind of outlet or scape-goat to nervousness. Well-bred people may do this, but it is no sign of good breeding, and is *prima facie* of ill-breeding.

Sprawling the feet and legs in company is another

common and very improper practice. It is an American habit, known and observed by the rule of putting the feet as high as the head, or higher. Passing by hotels in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, one sees in a single window perhaps four pairs of feet; and we have seen protruding from a third-story window a pair of feet and a foot or leg attached to each.

It is regarded in England as an offense against good taste to show the bottom of the shoes in company, and therefore, Englishmen are not likely to so sit as to exhibit the bottom of the foot, much less rest one foot on the knee; but go into a company of ten or twenty American men, and see what awkward adjustment the men present with their feet and legs, and we ask no severer criticism than that will give on this bad habit.

Another bad practice in company, or any where, is to lean back against the wall, and hoist the feet on the round of the chair, if it have one. We have seen many a nice mahogany or rosewood chair broken off at the back, by heavy louts leaning back on the two hind legs—but we beg pardon for having been caught in such company. If the habit were not uncouth, and if the chair did not break, it would mar the wall.

Lounging on sofas, and sitting, as some *gentlemen* do, on the small of the back, is very rude. If a man wishes to recline on the sofa, let him lay himself down, and gather up his feet, as if he were composing himself to sleep, or as if he were drunk; but this sprawling, lounging, and leaning, is execrable.

Picking the nose in company, or using the handkerchief unnecessarily or ostentatiously, and especially looking at it after it has been used, need not be condemned—the very mention of it is enough.

Persons frequently work at the ears "before folks." We remember, when a child, seeing a woman in church put her little finger in her ear, elevate her elbow, and give it one grand shake; but though it was before the days of daguerreotypes, it was thoroughly daguerreotyped on our memory.

Hawking, spitting, and clearing the throat may sometimes be necessary, even in public, but it should be done as quietly as possible, with the handkerchief to the mouth. Yawning, stretching, putting the hands in the pockets, it will do for little boys with their first pockets, but when we see men in the pulpit, or on the platform, thrust their hands in their trowser pockets, we can not say it is a sin, but it is an uncouth habit.

Playing with the pocket-knife, jingling keys and loose change, are in very bad taste. Looking at the watch in an open way makes one think a person wishes to make a display of that valuable article. It is considered ill manners to look at one's watch in company,

but we now speak of public places, concerts, church, etc., and not private society. One may take a peep at his watch in public places, if he does it quietly, not to attract attention, and it is allowable. Loud talking is very rude on the ferry-boat, in a railway car, at church, in the lecture or concert-room, before the services commence, and detestable afterward. Little parties should keep their personal conversation to themselves. Nothing, we think, shows good breeding more than a quiet manner, a mellow voice, and that decorousness and gentleness which accompany that style of speech.

MRS. SIGOURNEY AT HOME.—The following extract from Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters of Life," presents a very beautiful and suggestive picture of a happy home, secured and perpetuated by the prudence and good sense of an excellent and loving woman.

"The introduction to a new abode was signalized by many kind, social attentions in the form of calls, entertainments, and parties. Such marked regard from the aristocracy, as well as other classes, might have humbled me with the feeling that I had no just claim to it, had I not considered it as a demonstration of respect to my husband. He, though a devoted and successful merchant, often found time, toward the close of day, to take little excursions, always choosing to drive himself through the beautifully-varied scenery which the suburbs of the city presented. A promise had been made, at taking me from my parents, that, whenever it was possible, he would bring me to visit them every month. This pleasant journey of forty miles was performed in the same style, with a single horse, taking one of the children in rotation, to share in our happiness.

"Our household, besides our three lovely children, comprised a maiden sister of the first Mrs. Sigourney, a lady of most amiable manners, and of the same age with my husband, two clerks, who, being from good families, were generally included in our own circle, two men employed about the grounds, store, or stables, and three female servants. Finding the arrangements of a family that had been in existence sixteen years systematically established, I was careful not to disturb or interfere with its routine unnecessarily. Still it was my desire to bear a part in its operations, and to prove that the years devoted to different pursuits had created neither indifference nor disqualification for domestic duty. In this new sphere I could scarcely hope to equal my predecessor—who was a model of elegance—but was assiduous that our hospitalities, especially the dinner parties, which were occasionally large, should show no diminution of liberality and order.

"Habitual industry did not forsake me, but was ready to enter untried departments. Perceiving my husband to be pleased with efforts of the needle and knitting-needles, mine were seldom idle. Not content with stockings of all sizes, I constructed gloves of various sorts, adjusting their fingers to the tiniest hands, and surprised at my own success. A still bolder enterprise kindled my ambition—the cutting and making a pair of pantaloons for our son. Ripping a cast-off garment of that sort, and sedulously measuring and adjusting every part by the pattern, I produced an article of mazarine blue bombazine, which, trimmed with white pearl buttons, was well-fitted and becoming. It was

sufficient for me that the father was pleased, and praised it. For I was often saying in my heart, I hope he may sustain no loss, at least in financial matters, from having married a schoolmistress and a literary woman."

EXCELLENT RULES FOR PARENTS.—1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do any thing, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.

13. Never allow of talebearing.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.—Mr. Trollope does not have faith in the good results of American training for children, and expresses his views of the matter as follows:

"I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the background, as children are with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them, as I have heard them squalling, by the hour together, in the agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be wondered that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk are more favorable to soft childish ways than beefsteak and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea that I should never dare approach to an American mother; but I must confess that, after my travels on the western continent, my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beefsteak and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning, childish ways are, I fancy, the product of bread and milk."

ANGER.—A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices.

WITTY AND WISE.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, a Milesian, one of the wisest men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid succession, these difficult questions:

The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

What is the oldest of all things?

God, because he always existed.

What is most beautiful?

The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?

Space, because it contains all that is created.

What is quickest of all things?

Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

ANECDOTE OF DR. EMMONS.—A Pantheist minister met him one day and abruptly asked:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"

"As old as the creation," was the answer in a triumphant tone.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them," replied the Doctor with great coolness; "but I never knew before that it was you."

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester's, Hannah More urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, and, therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined.

THE EVER-PRESENT MASTER.—"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a dry goods clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure. Your master is not in." Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face and replied, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every tempted child, ay, and adult, too, adopt Johnnie's motto: "*My Master is always in.*" It will save him from falling into many sins.

LABOR IS GENIUS.—When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learn, and do n't succeed because they do n't learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse to a great blessing."

DELICIOUSLY MODEST.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow myself on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share."

IRISH CALCULATION.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there was at the party: "The two Cro-gans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and who was four? Let me see [counting his fingers] the two Cro-gans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three—and—and, bedad, there was four of us, but St. Patrick could n't tell the name of the other. Now, it is meself has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Cro-gans was two, meself was three—and—and, be my sowl, there was but three."

INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman on the wharf to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends at Cork are in bed and asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening." "That's always the way," exclaimed Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

A NEW EDITION OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.—An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how much 'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, and what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em going about *Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back.*"

USED TO IT.—An elderly gentleman traveling in a stage-coach, was amused by a constant fly of words between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naivette, "I've been married twenty-eight years."

REPLY OF A TEMPERANCE DOCTOR.—"Doctor," said Squire Love-a-little, "do you think that a very little spirits, now and then, would hurt me very much?"

"Why, no, sir," answered the Doctor very deliberately, "I do not think a little now and then would hurt you *very much*; but, sir, if you do n't take *any*, it won't hurt you at all."

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU WRITE.—"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they can not rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

A FIT PAIR.—A dandy is a thing in pantaloons—with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane and white handkerchief, two brooches, and a ring on his little finger. A coquette is a young lady with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, with more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants.

Scripture Expositor.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thess. iv. 13.

How often have these words come with heavenly cheer and inspiration to the afflicted Christian when first recovering from the bewilderment and shock which death caused, when it rudely and ruthlessly snatched from him "the desire of his eyes," the child of his affections, the guide of his youth, or the friend of his confidence and love! Instead of being driven to despair by the thought of an everlasting separation—which death would practically cause if there was no further recognition of our friends—the believer is enabled to contemplate the body's dissolution as effecting, in the case of the pious, but a temporary loss of companionship; as but interrupting for a little while an intimacy which is destined to be renewed and perpetuated forever; as only the suspension of a fellowship which will, probably just because of such suspension, be eventually all the closer in that brighter world where sorrow is unknown and separation can never come.

In this present life it frequently happens that those most attached agree for a time to part, when such a separation is calculated to promote the temporal interests of the parties concerned. How often, for instance, do we see parents willing to surrender the most promising of their children, and even assisting them to go to some far-distant land, in the mere hope that there they may amass such wealth as will enable them to assume and maintain an honorable position in society, or return perchance, after many years of vigorous exertion, to bless and comfort their parents in the evening of life!

This expectation of ultimate reunion upon earth, often fondly cherished, has frequently been sadly blighted, and the homes and hearts of parents, instead of being gladdened by the return of these children of their hopes, have often been filled with sorrow by the tidings of their misfortune or of their death. But no such disappointment awaits the believer who expects to meet his sainted relatives in the "better land." His is a hope which "maketh not ashamed," and one which will eventually be realized in the "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" for this blessed truth of recognition assures him that he will be restored to the embraces of their affection, that he will yet join them in their songs of heavenly thankgivings, and that, together, they will yet bask forever in the sunshine of the Almighty's love.

Such a hope, too, may also convey a lesson of resignation and submission, as well as comfort to the afflicted saint. If he have a well-grounded assurance that his beloved ones who are gone, are gone to be with Christ, then "it is far better" with them now than it ever could have been on earth. They, unlike the earthly emigrant, have run no hazard and are exposed to no further risk. They are now safe within the vale; de-

livered from all sin and suffering they know no want. Their happiness and honor are secure. Instead of having gone from home, they are gone home. They now find that they have far more and better friends in heaven than ever they possessed here. The major part of the family has already entered the paternal mansions, and these that still remain will in a few short years be also there.

O, then, ye bereaved ones, why do you still mourn? Will you continue to weep as you think of the glory of your departed saints? Do you envy them their fellowship with Christ and their communion with his ransomed hosts? You would not, if you could, bring them back to earth. To gratify your selfishness, you would not wish them to descend from their thrones of peerless dignity and subject them to their former ills. You would not ask them to exchange their heavenly coronets for earthly cares, nor desire them to throw away their palms of victory even to engage in the conflicts of faith. You surely do not grudge them their everlasting kingdom and imperishable renown. They are now kings and priests unto the Father, and associated with those princes of creation who are nearest the throne and heart of God; and you would not, though you could, involve them in their former privations, and sufferings, and sins. O, no! They have now got home, and be content to leave them in their Father's house, with its many mansions, its happy inmates, and unending joys: for you too will, ere long, be permitted to join them, and with them be forever safely "housed in heaven."

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE.—"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Matt. v. 8.

How ecstatic the present blessing connected with this beatitude, and how unbounded the promise of future bliss! God has joined together purity and happiness, as faith and repentance. The disciplinary process through which his people are called to pass here, is an order to sanctification, growth in grace, and increased purity of heart and life, that they may be made more meet for the purer and holier joys of heaven. The regenerate soul, passing through the laboratory of the Divine hand, strives for higher attainments in the divine life, longing for greater conformity to the image of Christ; like Paul, not satisfied with present attainments, constantly "pressing forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." Like David, he cries, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The pious breathes, even here at times, of the real communion, the atmosphere of heaven, as the earnest of the purer and holier joys of the New Jerusalem. And as the purity of heaven is the legitimate atmosphere of the pure in heart, so it must of necessity shut out from the blest abode the unsanctified. The absence of congeniality must necessarily present an absolute barrier to the enjoyment of the impure in a holy place, surrounded with the beautiful glory of

heaven, and greeted with the hosannas of sanctified spirits. As, therefore, it is according to the Divine Constitution to inseparably connect together purity and happiness, so has he made it his unalterable mandate to connect together sin and suffering. It is not strange, therefore, that if upon one hand God has thus connected together impurity and misery, and on the other, purity and felicity, that there should be connected with grace of the Spirit the promise of ecstatic joy. "They shall see God." Here the clearest views which faith gives to sanctified humanity are clouded with the defects and deformities inseparable from the grossness of this present state. Here, we see through a glass darkly; there, face to face; there we shall be satisfied with the direct displays of the Divine glory. "They shall see God!"

Fellow-Christian! refresh thy memory with the declarations of the Divine Word in regard to what is involved in this comforting promise. To see God implies an admittance of the righteous to the heavenly home, the peculiar dwelling-place of the Father and Son, where "Christ sitteth on the right hand of God"—the seat of his beatific glory, and the throne of his dominion, surrounded with that celestial choir "whom no man can number," ascribing honor, glory, and dominion to him.

THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.—"And she brought forth her first-born, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger." *Luke ii, 7.*

How we shrink from such amazing humility on the part of Christ! How often we wish that he might have come, as the Jews expected him, with more than earthly splendor! But in meekness and poverty he fulfilled "all righteousness," and became the finished law to every one who believes. How many a poor sinner would have perished in despair if he had not thus humbled himself to his low estate! He could not believe that the Lord of Glory would dwell in his heart, even with his promise that he would dwell in the humble and contrite heart, if he had not once so humbled himself for his sake as to dwell in a manger.

What surpassing condescension, that our bodies should become his temple wherein we may constantly offer the sacrifice of prayer and praise! But often, even in our hearts, we offer him but the manger, and wonder that he does not accept the offering, and crown it with his eternal joy. M. K.

THE NAME JESUS.—"And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." *Matt. i, 21.*

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life! Filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating the mind with a glory of truth in which no fear can live. Soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength! Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our sicknesses, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires! Jesus, melody to our ears, altogether lovely to our sight, manna to our taste, living water to our thirst! Jesus, our shadow

from the heat, our refuge from the storm, our cloud by night, our morning star, our sun of righteousness! Jesus, at the mention of whose name "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." Jesus our power, Jesus our righteousness, Jesus our sanctification, Jesus our redemption, Jesus our elder brother, Jesus our Jehovah, Jesus our Immanuel! Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God—thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus, thou only canst interpret thy own name, and thou hast done it by thy work on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father: JESUS, SAVIOR!—*Dr. Bethune.*

"THAT SAME JESUS."—This is Christ's introduction of himself to his disciples after his resurrection. He was now the conqueror of Death and Hell, beyond all the mutations of earth, about to ascend to the right hand of the majesty on high, there to remain till he should come in the glory of his Father with all his holy angels. Yet he was "the same Jesus;" still bore the marks of his crucifixion; still sympathized with them in their sorrows and daily cares, even saying, "cast thy net on the right side," and preparing them earthly food, while he gave them the promise of the heavenly, the promise of the Holy Ghost. M. K.

DR. CHALMERS.—On one occasion this eminent minister was entertained at the house of a Scotch nobleman. The conversation was respecting pauperism, and the Doctor obtained very marked attention to his views on the cause of pauperism and its cure. A venerable Highland chief was observed to be specially delighted with the Doctor's conversational powers. When this old chieftain retired to rest, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and in a few moments expired. As Dr. Chalmers stood among the distressed visitors, he broke out in a tremulous voice, "Had I known that my venerable friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on pauperism in our evening's conversation. I would have preached unto him Christ Jesus and him crucified, and would have urged him with all earnestness to prepare for eternity."

A PUNGENT SERMON.—St. Jerome, in one of his sermons, gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so apropos to our own, that it is circulated just now in Paris quite universally. The following is a sample:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster faces too white to be human, reminding us of idols—those who can not shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeit presentiment of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

SELF-EXAMINATION.—By a daily examination of our actions, we shall the easier cure a great sin, and prevent its becoming habitual.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

REMARKABLE OCEANIC ERUPTIONS.—The Bay of Thera or Santorini has long been remarkable for the property its water possesses of cleansing the copper bottoms of vessels, by the sulphuric acid produced by submarine gases. About the 1st of February the waters of this bay began to be violently agitated, with flames issuing from the sea, accompanied by loud explosions. These agitations resulted on the 4th of February, in the appearance of a new island, rising from a depth of 103 fathoms, between Palos and New Kaimeni, and increasing in size till it very nearly joined the latter. The London Times furnishes the following interesting particulars from the report of her Majesty's Ship Surprise, which had been sent to Santorini to render assistance to the inhabitants:

As soon as Santorini was sighted by the Surprise a dense white mass of vapor was observed rising from the sea, which appeared to be boiling from some unknown cause; and when the island was approached a strange sight was seen—the sea evidently was boiling, and clouds of the whitest steam rushed out, soaring heavenward like an enormous avalanche, and looking like snow. Something black was then seen slowly rising from the sea, which afterward turned out to be no less than an island springing from the deep. It appears that there were no earthquakes, but convulsions of nature caused by volcanic islands having been thrown up from the sea; and as violent eruptions had taken place the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, but at the time the Surprise arrived no immediate danger was apprehended. The position of the vessel was a very good one to watch the eruptions from the volcano on the burning island that had lately risen from the deep. The sea for several miles looked very strange, the sulphur giving it a yellowish appearance, and round the new volcanic island the sea was boiling at some one hundred yards distance from shore. The steam rose with great grandeur, the whole island emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, colored by the flames inside the volcano, in some places being cracked, and through the fissures an immense mass of red-hot lava was visible. The volcano was in a constant state of life, and an eruption took place on the morning of the arrival of the Surprise. A black mass of vapor was vomited forth from the volcano, pouring upward; but the fury of the eruption was soon expended, and it suddenly ceased.

The second night after the arrival of the Surprise another eruption took place. The roar was very fierce, smoke poured forth from the volcano with terrific fury, and large blocks of rock and stone were hurled into the air, the whole presenting a most imposing sight. During that night it was said that a new island had been thrown up; the one pointed out was about three hundred yards long, and was a black, smoking mass. Close to the anchorage of the Surprise there had been a place called "Mineral Creek," which was then no more; a large hill had risen out of it. It made its appearance before the arrival of that vessel, but it

rose higher and higher during her presence there, while the old island was sinking gradually, as if about to return to the depths of the sea from which it had risen. On this sinking island were several houses, many of which were gone altogether, and others were being washed by the sea. Of one house there was little more than the roof and the chimney pot above the water, while a building sank and rose again. It was remarkable that rocks were constantly appearing above the sea and then disappearing; and hence the position taken up by the Surprise was not very pleasant. On the second night a slight concussion was felt two or three times on board, and, as islands had been springing up in the immediate neighborhood, it appeared likely one would come up under the ship's bottom. At the time the wind and sea were heavy, and the vessel drifted rapidly in the direction of the volcano, round which the sea was boiling, and a world of steam, vapor, and smoke arising. The Surprise immediately got up steam. A large number of houses were buried in the lava and by the new hill that arose from Mineral Creek; but, fortunately, no lives were lost, as timely warning had been given and the inhabitants had escaped. The damage done to property was not so great as might have been expected.

ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.—According to Sir Charles Lyell, in his admirable work on the Antiquity of Man, Ireland was at one time, and probably since the existence of man on the earth, united to England, and England to the continent of Europe, so that, at the time of the bone caves of Belgium men walked across where the Straits of Dover now are. The process was a simple one by which the change was brought about. If the north-western part of Europe were elevated but six hundred feet, the whole of the British Islands, the British and St. George's channels, would at once be included in and annexed to the continent. There are clear traces of a period when this was the case—once before we find proof of man's existence, and once since.

Even the first of these periods may not have been above two or three thousand centuries ago. The country was probably a little—a very little—warmer than at present; we have relics of the forests that then existed, their roots still upright in the ground. Elephants, horses, deer, cattle, and swine, all of extinct species, lived and died. By degrees, very slowly, through long ages, the thermometer sank, the shellfish, and even the trees and plants of Iceland grew; down sank the thermometer still lower, and all Europe was wrapped in polar ice. Wales sank down 1,400 feet, and Ireland 2,500 feet. Only a few parts of England and Ireland remained above the seas. Then after other ages, the thermometer rose, the ice melted, the glaciers disappeared, and the Emerald Isle, not as an island, but a part of the European Continent, rose, bright, lovely, and warm, out of the sea.

Even at that remote period it would seem that England kept all the chief advantages to herself, as fewer

elephants and horses, and even reptiles, which crawled over from France and Belgium, traveled so far as Ireland, and we are not sure of any decisive proofs of man there in that period. It seems the elevation between England and Ireland did not continue long enough. The Irish Sea and St. George's Channel sank down, before all the men and other mammals that had set out from France and Belgium had arrived, and they stopped in England. And after a while the British Channel gave way, and the Straits of Dover sank down and the sea flowed in, and thus were formed the present British Islands.

A CONTINENT COVERED WITH ICE.—Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other very eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments just below the level on which the glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head alone above the desolated waste of ice and snow.

In this, then, the thickness of ice can not have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kinds of evidence in other parts of the country, for, when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and, when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surfaces of the rocks were ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

COMPENSATION FOR AMERICAN WORKS.—Washington Irving realized a handsome fortune from his writings, as did also Mitchell, the geographer. Professor Davies received more than \$50,000, and Professor Anthon more than \$60,000. The French series of Mr. Bolmar yields him upward of \$20,000, and the school geography of Mr. Morse more than \$20,000. A single medical book has procured its authors \$60,000. The first two works of Miss Warner brought her about \$20,000. Mr. Headley has received about \$40,000, and Ike Marvel's—Mitchell—about \$20,000. Miss Leslie's cookery and receipt books have paid her \$12,000, and the Rev. Albert Barnes has realized more than \$30,000 by his publications. Mr. Prescott, the historian, received more than \$100,000 from his books. The present sale of each of Mr. Bancroft's volumes yields him more than \$15,000, and he has thirty-one years for future sale. Judge Story died in the receipt of more than \$8,000 per annum for his works. In three years

Daniel Webster's works paid \$25,000. Kent's Commentaries have yielded, to the author and his heirs, \$180,000.

BOOKS IN OLDEN TIMES.—Before the art of printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to beg one copy of Cicero's works and another of Quintillian's, because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert Abot, of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494 the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on borrowing a Bible from the Convent of Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, to return it uninjured. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such importance that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previously to the year 1300 the library of the University of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, the Royal Library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works.

IRISH WRITERS.—The following bits of gossip concerning popular novel-writers appear in an Irish journal: "It is a curious circumstance that at this time nearly all the serial stories in the leading magazines are written by Irish authors, or by authors of Irish extraction. Thus, that of the Cornhill, 'Armada,' is by Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose father, the painter, was an Irishman; that of Blackwood, 'Sir Brooke Fosbrooke,' is by Mr. Lever; that in Macmillan is by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the daughter of 'Tom Sheridan;' that in All the Year Round, 'The Second Mrs. Tillotson,' is by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; that in the Dublin University, by Mr. J. Le Fanu; that in Once a Week, by Mrs. Stafford, author of 'George Geith;' that in the Shilling Magazine, by the same; that of Temple Bar, by Mr. Wills—Irish also—and by Miss Braddon, who, it is rumored, is of Irish extraction."

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—Chail Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, has presented to the Emperor of Russia, for the Museum of the Ermitage, a magnificent collection of antiquities discovered in excavations in Egypt, and, among others, fifteen figures in bronze, inlaid with gold and silver, a statue of an Osiris in a standing posture and another in a sitting one; also, a cat consecrated to Osiris, and several statuettes of kings, of which three belong to the period of the Ethiopian Pharaohs. There are also some remarkable pieces of the Ptolemean period, and among them a bust of Serapis, and a bust of a queen with the attributes of Isis.

POMPEII.—The excavations now making at Pompeii have brought to light several vestiges of the ancient Christians. In the palace of the Edile Pansa, in the Via Fortuna, an unfinished sculptured cross has been found in one of the wells, as well as a number of abusive inscriptions and caricatures ridiculing a crucified God.

Episcopal Record.

METHODISM IN HER CENTENARY YEAR—METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—In 1766 Philip Embury formed the first Methodist society in America; his first congregation consisted of four persons besides himself. In the year 1773, at Philadelphia, was held the first Annual Conference, with ten traveling preachers, who reported 1,160 members of society. In 1784 was held the first General Conference at which was organized the "Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America." We are now called upon to celebrate the Centennial in this one hundredth year of American Methodism. To aid in inspiring our thank-offerings we present some well-authenticated facts respecting the results of the first century of our ecclesiastical life.

| Conference. | Traveling Preachers. | Local Preachers. | Members. | Female Members. | Total. |
|----------------------------|----------------------|------------------|----------|-----------------|---------|
| Baltimore..... | 93 | 93 | 12,037 | 1,693 | 13,730 |
| Black River..... | 197 | 162 | 19,953 | 1,941 | 21,894 |
| California..... | 101 | 100 | 3,912 | 638 | 4,550 |
| Central German..... | 72 | 92 | 7,977 | 983 | 8,960 |
| Central Illinois..... | 150 | 247 | 16,652 | 1,465 | 18,117 |
| Central Ohio..... | 110 | 156 | 15,322 | 1,536 | 16,858 |
| Cincinnati..... | 156 | 209 | 25,105 | 2,115 | 27,220 |
| Colorado..... | 14 | 8 | 214 | 15 | 229 |
| Delaware..... | 34 | 94 | 6,504 | 328 | 6,832 |
| Des Moines..... | 74 | 144 | 8,422 | 1,311 | 9,733 |
| Detroit..... | 102 | 172 | 14,659 | 1,579 | 16,238 |
| East Baltimore..... | 230 | 155 | 29,246 | 4,296 | 33,542 |
| East Genesee..... | 186 | 151 | 19,492 | 1,615 | 21,107 |
| East Maine..... | 90 | 79 | 8,715 | 1,907 | 10,622 |
| Erie..... | 234 | 278 | 25,823 | 2,234 | 27,807 |
| Genesee..... | 117 | 78 | 7,366 | 638 | 8,004 |
| German Mission..... | 41 | 57 | 3,465 | 1,151 | 4,616 |
| Holston..... | 48 | 55 | 5,412 | 695 | 6,107 |
| Illinois..... | 169 | 371 | 26,029 | 2,945 | 28,974 |
| Indiana..... | 115 | 217 | 21,936 | 2,760 | 24,696 |
| India Mission..... | 26 | 9 | 117 | 92 | 209 |
| Iowa..... | 94 | 192 | 14,391 | 1,415 | 15,806 |
| Kansas..... | 66 | 112 | 4,005 | 1,327 | 5,332 |
| Kentucky..... | 31 | 27 | 2,489 | 411 | 2,900 |
| Liberia Mission..... | 24 | 42 | 1,350 | 102 | 1,452 |
| Maine..... | 123 | 63 | 10,303 | 1,710 | 12,013 |
| Michigan..... | 136 | 190 | 12,748 | 1,739 | 14,487 |
| Minnesota..... | 81 | 108 | 5,996 | 1,043 | 7,039 |
| Missouri and Arkansas..... | 74 | 143 | 7,161 | 1,454 | 8,625 |
| Nebraska..... | 21 | 16 | 1,369 | 320 | 1,629 |
| Nevada..... | 14 | | | | |
| Newark..... | 138 | 93 | 20,686 | 2,513 | 23,199 |
| New England..... | 194 | 101 | 17,895 | 2,031 | 19,926 |
| New Hampshire..... | 124 | 93 | 10,677 | 2,550 | 13,227 |
| New Jersey..... | 162 | 156 | 22,493 | 3,623 | 26,116 |
| New York..... | 285 | 202 | 32,807 | 4,422 | 37,229 |
| New York East..... | 196 | 200 | 28,218 | 3,404 | 31,622 |
| North Indiana..... | 126 | 268 | 20,269 | 5,023 | 25,292 |
| North Ohio..... | 113 | 131 | 13,282 | 862 | 14,144 |
| N. W. German..... | 75 | 49 | 4,636 | 1,047 | 5,683 |
| N. W. Indiana..... | 119 | 161 | 15,662 | 1,376 | 16,938 |
| N. W. Wisconsin..... | 38 | 41 | 2,260 | 445 | 2,705 |
| Ohio..... | 173 | 742 | 27,034 | 2,069 | 29,103 |
| Oncida..... | 180 | 128 | 16,884 | 1,914 | 18,798 |
| Oregon..... | 50 | 66 | 2,592 | 436 | 3,028 |
| Philadelphia..... | 265 | 352 | 45,970 | 6,179 | 52,149 |
| Pittsburg..... | 226 | 225 | 35,222 | 5,362 | 40,584 |
| Providence..... | 128 | 87 | 14,353 | 1,573 | 15,926 |
| Rock River..... | 168 | 212 | 16,910 | 1,590 | 18,500 |
| S. E. Indiana..... | 89 | 133 | 15,370 | 1,037 | 16,407 |
| Southern Illinois..... | 110 | 338 | 17,311 | 3,167 | 20,478 |
| S. W. German..... | 77 | 101 | 5,624 | 778 | 6,402 |
| Troy..... | 198 | 126 | 22,381 | 2,053 | 24,434 |
| Upper Iowa..... | 122 | 172 | 12,010 | 1,460 | 13,469 |
| Vermont..... | 135 | 89 | 11,777 | 1,454 | 13,231 |
| Washington..... | 21 | 43 | 7,877 | 317 | 8,194 |
| Western Virginia..... | 86 | 155 | 12,523 | 2,486 | 15,009 |
| Wisconsin..... | 130 | 156 | 10,184 | 1,496 | 11,682 |
| West Wisconsin..... | 77 | 114 | 6,177 | 743 | 6,920 |
| Wyoming..... | 110 | 136 | 12,296 | 2,008 | 14,303 |
| Total..... | 6,915 | 8,682 | 820,094 | 104,952 | 925,046 |

BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—

| Conference. | Miss. Soc. | S. S. Union. | Tract Soc'y. |
|----------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Baltimore..... | \$18,348 77 | \$31 00 | \$5 00 |
| Black River..... | 8,868 30 | 461 56 | 441 38 |
| California..... | 2,388 75 | 142 30 | 51 00 |
| Cent. German..... | 8,309 80 | 228 44 | 392 31 |
| Cent. Illinois..... | 9,160 72 | 340 81 | 266 75 |
| Central Ohio..... | 12,797 01 | 221 47 | 335 82 |
| Cincinnati..... | 24,762 63 | 575 97 | 289 00 |
| Colorado..... | 1,040 00 | 43 75 | 45 20 |
| Delaware, col..... | 438 95 | | 3 31 |
| Des Moines..... | 3,505 20 | 46 25 | 53 60 |
| Detroit..... | 9,983 51 | 171 21 | 148 33 |
| East Baltimore..... | 22,537 72 | 549 57 | 523 23 |
| East Genesee..... | 9,938 77 | 306 68 | 200 85 |
| East Maine..... | 2,132 23 | 219 84 | 164 44 |
| Erie..... | 24,491 47 | 803 70 | 878 35 |
| Genesee..... | 4,580 78 | 329 67 | 111 01 |
| German Mission..... | 1,167 04 | 490 25 | 379 02 |
| Holston..... | | 86 00 | |
| Illinois..... | 19,921 30 | 461 30 | 570 15 |
| Indiana..... | 10,592 70 | 229 30 | 255 50 |
| India Mission..... | | | |
| Iowa..... | 6,118 08 | 98 80 | 109 78 |
| Kansas..... | 2,441 60 | 69 50 | 65 65 |
| Kentucky..... | 779 70 | 3 40 | 2 75 |
| Liberia Mission..... | | | |
| Maine..... | 4,498 74 | 229 22 | 371 90 |
| Michigan..... | 7,376 64 | 280 27 | 72 58 |
| Minnesota..... | 2,856 56 | 173 85 | 73 08 |
| Missouri and Arkansas..... | 1,690 25 | 33 00 | 7 35 |
| Nebraska..... | 731 05 | 12 90 | 6 35 |
| Nevada..... | | | |
| Newark..... | 16,729 50 | 614 03 | 826 48 |
| New England..... | 18,616 80 | 387 99 | 574 94 |
| New Hampshire..... | 6,300 54 | 273 35 | 235 20 |
| New Jersey..... | 17,075 62 | 679 57 | 687 76 |
| New York..... | 25,813 82 | 1,172 91 | 1,272 49 |
| New York East..... | 34,911 83 | 855 02 | 1,504 49 |
| North Indiana..... | 13,528 46 | 225 92 | 232 62 |
| North Ohio..... | 11,007 64 | 284 17 | 267 53 |
| North-West German..... | 4,496 85 | 141 87 | 169 80 |
| North-West Indiana..... | 8,209 72 | 242 98 | 174 69 |
| North-West Wisconsin..... | 785 40 | 77 57 | 21 40 |
| Ohio..... | 21,814 92 | 437 76 | 1,467 65 |
| Oncida..... | 10,203 27 | 352 58 | 325 13 |
| Oregon..... | 1,526 10 | 172 30 | 76 34 |
| Philadelphia..... | 57,593 44 | 1,371 81 | 4,426 51 |
| Pittsburg..... | 39,472 90 | 1,262 53 | 463 60 |
| Providence..... | 12,725 18 | 479 12 | 344 76 |
| Rock River..... | 12,978 94 | 786 90 | 537 65 |
| South-Eastern Indiana..... | 8,789 68 | 161 25 | 595 31 |
| Southern Illinois..... | 6,852 29 | 298 22 | 253 50 |
| South-Western German..... | 4,900 85 | 177 57 | 336 20 |
| Troy..... | 12,243 62 | 528 65 | 1,190 66 |
| Upper Iowa..... | 6,959 56 | 339 12 | 370 73 |
| Vermont..... | 7,109 52 | 273 90 | 356 80 |
| Washington, col..... | 43 25 | | |
| Western Virginia..... | 3,438 08 | 47 55 | 35 60 |
| Wisconsin..... | 7,078 83 | 272 75 | 1,179 75 |
| West Wisconsin..... | 2,883 95 | 86 45 | 64 75 |
| Wyoming..... | 6,435 29 | 283 16 | 316 73 |
| Total..... | \$600,840 97 | \$19,306 56 | \$22,508 78 |

THE BOOK CONCERN.—The Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church has two chief centers of operation, one in New York and one in Cincinnati, with a capital of \$838,000; five hundred publishing agents, editors, clerks, and operatives; with about thirty cylinder and power presses in constant operation; it issues about two thousand different books, and publishes sixteen official periodicals. It has depositaries at Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, and at Portland, Oregon. It does an annual business of more than a million dollars, and has given away from its profits for various Church interests, in a period of only thirty years, \$1,047,690.

The following is a list of its official periodicals:

Methodist Quarterly Review.—Published quarterly. Each number contains about 160 pp. large 8vo. Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., Editor.

Ladies' Repository.—A general literary and religious magazine for the family. Published monthly. Each number contains 64 superroyal 8vo pages. Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D., Editor.

The Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at New York. Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.

Pittsburg Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Pittsburg. Rev. S. H. Nesbit, Editor.

Northern Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Auburn, New York. Rev. D. D. Lore, D. D., Editor.

Western Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Cincinnati. Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

North-Western Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Chicago. Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

Central Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at St. Louis. Rev. B. F. Cray, D. D., Editor.

California Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at San Francisco. Rev. E. Thomas, D. D., Editor.

Pacific Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Portland, Oregon. Rev. H. C. Benson, D. D., Editor.

Sunday School Teachers' Journal.—Published monthly at New York. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Sunday School Advocate.—Published bi-monthly. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Good News.—Published monthly. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Missionary Advocate.—Published monthly. Edited by the Missionary Secretaries.

The Christian Apologist, (German).—Published weekly. Rev. William Nast, D. D., Editor.

The Sunday School Bell, (German).—Published semi-monthly. Rev. William Nast, D. D., Editor.

CENSUS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BY STATES, FROM THE MINUTES OF 1864.—

| States and Territories. | Members and Probationers. | Preachers. | Churches. |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|------------|-----------|
| Arkansas..... | 240 | 1 | |
| California..... | 4,179 | 77 | 82 |
| Colorado Territory..... | 287 | 6 | 1 |
| Connecticut..... | 18,160 | 117 | 171 |
| Delaware..... | 12,299 | 22 | 119 |
| District of Columbia..... | 3,534 | 14 | 16 |
| Illinois..... | 87,961 | 548 | 896 |
| Indiana..... | 84,399 | 429 | 1,160 |
| Iowa..... | 37,599 | 266 | 271 |
| Kansas..... | 5,442 | 87 | 34 |
| Kentucky..... | 2,677 | 23 | 38 |
| Maine..... | 22,978 | 170 | 198½ |
| Maryland..... | 45,987 | 168 | 614 |
| Massachusetts..... | 30,185 | 230 | 228 |
| Michigan..... | 31,434 | 273 | 200 |
| Minnesota..... | 7,681 | 89 | 70 |
| Missouri..... | 9,259 | 63 | 79 |
| Nebraska..... | 1,829 | 27 | 12 |
| Nevada Territory..... | 271 | 13 | 4 |
| New Hampshire..... | 10,251 | 87 | 90 |
| New Jersey..... | 45,307 | 237 | 380 |
| New York..... | 169,342 | 1,101 | 1,608½ |
| Ohio..... | 121,376 | 592 | 1,858½ |
| Oregon..... | 2,029 | 30 | 30 |
| Pennsylvania..... | 104,766 | 619 | 1,148 |
| Rhode Island..... | 3,225 | 20 | 20 |
| Vermont..... | 14,444 | 135 | 170½ |
| Virginia..... | 868 | 7 | 14 |
| Washington Territory..... | 278 | 9 | 4 |
| West Virginia..... | 15,083 | 74 | 223 |
| Wisconsin..... | 23,161 | 239 | 234 |
| Total..... | 908,680 | 6,743 | 9,922½ |

CHURCH PROPERTY BY STATES.—

| States and Territories. | Church Property, 1864. | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|----------|--------------|
| | Churches. | Parsons. | Prob. Value. |
| NEW ENGLAND STATES— | | | |
| Maine..... | 198½ | 92 | \$522,937 |
| New Hampshire..... | 90 | 46 | 248,050 |
| Vermont..... | 206 | 112 | 497,325 |
| Massachusetts..... | 213 | 87 | 1,809,250 |
| Rhode Island..... | 18 | 8 | 194,900 |
| Connecticut..... | 157 | 58 | 663,100 |
| EASTERN MIDDLE STATES— | | | |
| New York..... | 1,639¼ | 653½ | 6,067,683 |
| New Jersey..... | 406 | 111 | 1,601,675 |
| Pennsylvania..... | 1,341 | 200 | 2,143,440 |
| Delaware..... | 158 | 11 | 298,025 |
| Maryland..... | 372 | 44 | 817,520 |
| Virginia..... | 15 | 2 | 35,500 |
| District of Columbia..... | 18 | 5 | 161,700 |
| WESTERN MIDDLE STATES— | | | |
| Ohio..... | 1,784½ | 328 | 3,114,178 |
| Indiana..... | 1,156 | 262 | 2,119,266 |
| Michigan..... | 280 | 160 | 793,500 |
| Kentucky..... | 42 | 9 | 72,320 |
| West Virginia..... | 227 | 27 | 198,675 |
| Illinois..... | 905 | 314 | 2,162,636 |
| THE NORTH-WEST— | | | |
| Iowa..... | 270 | 103 | 637,525 |
| Wisconsin..... | 225 | 135 | 462,475 |
| Minnesota..... | 73 | 43 | 94,960 |
| THE WEST— | | | |
| Missouri..... | 68 | 22 | 193,285 |
| Arkansas..... | | | |
| Nebraska..... | 11 | 8 | 19,400 |
| Kansas..... | 34 | 6 | 52,340 |
| Colorado Territory..... | 1 | | 16,000 |
| THE PACIFIC COAST— | | | |
| California..... | 82 | 57 | 341,067 |
| Oregon..... | 30 | 18 | 66,650 |
| Nevada..... | 4 | 4 | 60,700 |
| Washington Territory..... | 4 | | 10,100 |
| Total..... | 10,008½ | 2,902½ | \$25,218,990 |
| Church Property in 1866..... | | | \$26,614,083 |

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.—

| FOREIGN MISSIONS. | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|------------------|
| | Foreign Missionaries in 1866. | Members in 1866. |
| Liberia..... | 32 | 1,463 |
| South America..... | 12 | 125 |
| China..... | 39 | 162 |
| Germany..... | 54 | 4,647 |
| India..... | 49 | 239 |
| Bulgaria..... | 3 | |
| Scandinavia..... | 23 | 792 |
| Total..... | 302 | 7,478 |

| AMERICAN DOMESTIC MISSIONS. | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|-----------|
| Conferences. | Missions. | Conferences. | Missions. |
| Baltimore..... | 9 | New England..... | 62 |
| Black River..... | 15 | New Hampshire..... | 37 |
| California..... | 24 | New Jersey..... | 28 |
| Central Illinois..... | 9 | New York..... | 30 |
| Central Ohio..... | 10 | New York East..... | 29 |
| Cincinnati..... | 4 | North Indiana..... | 6 |
| Colorado..... | 12 | North Ohio..... | 7 |
| Delaware..... | 12 | North-West Indiana..... | 4 |
| Des Moines..... | 34 | North-West Wisconsin..... | 36 |
| Detroit..... | 25 | Ohio..... | 2 |
| East Baltimore..... | 23 | Onida..... | 9 |
| East Genesee..... | 6 | Oregon..... | 20 |
| East Maine..... | 24 | Philadelphia..... | 62 |
| Erie..... | 10 | Pittsburg..... | 15 |
| Genesee..... | 9 | Providence..... | 21 |
| Illinois..... | 10 | Rock River..... | 25 |
| Indiana..... | 4 | South-Eastern Indiana..... | 11 |
| Iowa..... | 3 | Southern Illinois..... | 11 |
| Kansas..... | 50 | Troy..... | 24 |
| Kentucky..... | 41 | Upper Iowa..... | 23 |
| Maine..... | 26 | Vermont..... | 36 |
| Michigan..... | 23 | Washington..... | |
| Minnesota..... | 35 | West Virginia..... | 35 |
| Missouri and Arkansas..... | 57 | West Wisconsin..... | 37 |
| Nebraska..... | 20 | Wisconsin..... | 33 |
| Nevada..... | 14 | Wyoming..... | 16 |
| Newark..... | 32 | | |

From this table it appears that there are *eleven hundred and twenty-four* AMERICAN DOMESTIC MISSIONS fostered by our Society, and enjoying the labors of at least an equal number of missionaries, who re-

ceive their pecuniary support in part or in whole from the missionary funds of the Church.

MISSIONS AMONG FOREIGN POPULATIONS, 1866.

| | Missionaries. | Members. |
|-------------------|---------------|----------|
| German..... | 286 | 20,187 |
| Indian..... | 10 | 1,039 |
| Scandinavian..... | 23 | 2,166 |
| Welsh..... | 4 | 182 |

Total.....303.....33,554

SUNDAY SCHOOL STATISTICS.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Schools..... | 13,385 |
| Scholars..... | 914,687 |
| Officers and Teachers..... | 163,039 |
| Volumes in Library..... | 2,542,087 |
| Bible Classes..... | 16,987 |
| Infant Scholars..... | 136,337 |
| Expenses..... | \$285,830 |
| Advocates Taken..... | 230,386 |
| Conversions..... | 25,123 |

TRACT SOCIETY STATISTICS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| Receipts..... | \$13,568 |
| Disbursements..... | \$13,906 |
| Monthly Issues of Good News..... | 74,600 |
| Number of Tracts on Catalogue..... | 678 |
| Pages of Tracts Printed per Year..... | 10,000,000 |
| Pages of Tracts in Good News..... | 26,820,000 |

SUMMARY OF METHODISM IN 1866.—After a very considerable amount of effort in obtaining information, we have compiled the following table, which we presume is as near an approximation as can be made to the number of Methodists throughout the world:

| Designation. | Preachers. | Members. |
|--|------------|-----------|
| AMERICAN METHODISM. | | |
| Methodist Episcopal Church..... | 6,993 | 925,285 |
| Methodist Episcopal Church South..... | 2,494 | 708,949 |
| Canada Methodist Episcopal Church..... | 216 | 19,526 |
| African Methodist Episcopal Church..... | 500 | 75,000 |
| Evangelical Association..... | 405 | 51,502 |
| Primitive Methodists, Canada..... | 58 | 8,854 |
| New Connection Methodists, Canada..... | 79 | 8,028 |
| Canada Wesleyan Conference..... | 591 | 56,395 |
| Eastern British America Conference..... | 148 | 15,029 |
| American Wesleyan Church..... | 232 | 21,000 |
| Methodist Protestant Church..... | 558 | 90,000 |
| Total in America..... | 12,274 | 1,976,568 |
| FOREIGN METHODISM. | | |
| British Wesleyan Conference..... | 1,492 | 349,318 |
| Irish Wesleyan Conference..... | 168 | 20,031 |
| French Conference..... | 28 | 1,826 |
| Australia Conference..... | 365 | 42,042 |
| Foreign Missions..... | | 62,545 |
| Primitive Methodists, England..... | 868 | 149,108 |
| United Methodist Free Churches, England..... | 269 | 71,689 |
| New Connection Methodists, England..... | 149 | 24,289 |
| Bible Christians, England..... | 227 | 25,832 |
| Wesleyan Reform Union, England..... | 78 | 10,683 |
| Grand Total..... | 15,916 | 2,734,529 |

Thus, while Methodism beyond the Atlantic has been widening its way across the continent, reaching by its wonderful missionary agency the eastern confines of Asia, planting its standards on the islands of the Pacific, and originating a large and prosperous Conference in Australia, Embury's little congregation of five persons in 1766 has multiplied to thousands of societies, extending from the northernmost settlements of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Nova Scotia to California. The five persons have grown into nearly 2,000,000; the first small Conference of 1773, with its ten preachers, has become nearly one hundred Conferences, with more than 12,000 regular ministers. The Church, whose first place of worship was the sail-loft, is the owner of property in churches, parsonages, colleges, and seminaries to the amount of 30,000,000! To the God of all truth and grace be glory and praise through

Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord, for all his wonderful work!

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—In connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church we have 22 universities and colleges, with 144 instructors and 3,009 male and 1,217 female students; three theological institutes, with 112 students; 84 seminaries and academies, with 464 instructors, 5,556 male and 8,060 female pupils; giving us a total of 109 institutions, 617 instructors, and 17,954 students.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS UNDER THE CARE OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.—*Theological Institutions:* Southern Branch, Richmond, John Lomas, Theological Tutor; *Northern Branch*, Didsbury, John Hannah, D. D., Theological Tutor.

Wesleyan Collegiate Institute, Taunton, S. Simmons, Governor and Chaplain.

Wesley College, Sheffield, John H. James, Governor and Chaplain.

Normal Training Institution, Westminster, John Scott, Principal.

New Kingwood School, Francis A. West, Governor and Chaplain.

Woodhouse Grove School, John Farrar, Governor and Chaplain.

CENTENARY PICTORIAL.—Brother Tibbals, of 145 Nassau-street, New York, informs us that the Centenary Committee have authorized the publication of a "Centenary Pictorial, or Pictorial History of Methodism, Dr. Curry, of the Christian Advocate, Editor, assisted by the first men and women of the Church. It will be the same as Harper's Pictorial—only on much finer paper and more beautiful pictures. We intend, says brother Tibbals, to establish an agency in every town in the United States and Canada. We want to sell one million copies. It will be the most useful, curious, popular, and cheap publication of the Centenary year.

We give a few of its attractions: 1. An article on Camp Meetings. 2. On Itinerancy. 3. On Class Meetings. 4. On our Literary Institutions. 5. On Periodicals and Literature. 6. On Methodism in the East. 7. Methodism in the West. 8. On our Book-Rooms. 9. One Hundred, or a Centenary of Anecdotes illustrating Methodism all along the Century. 10. A Facsimile of the Diary of Mr. Wesley's Mother, written 150 years ago. 11. A Facsimile of a skeleton of a Sermon from Rev. John Fletcher. 12. An article in which the striking traits of one hundred men are presented, making a centenary of men and a centenary of years, as representative men of Methodism, by Dr. Roach, assisted by Bishop Thomson and others. 13. The Noble Women of our Church, by Mrs. Olin; and other articles and incidents of general and local interest.

Pictures.—1. Mr. Wesley and his little class. 2. An itinerant scene. 3. An immense congregation of every nation and costume listening to the Gospel. 4. A happy death-bed scene. 5. Mr. Wesley in the center, surrounded by a cloud of light, all encircled with a beautiful wreath, worked by 100 artists, making a most attractive Centenary picture. 6. The largest picture of a camp meeting in full operation ever made. Both these pictures will make beautiful parlor ornaments, and either of them worth more than the cost of the whole work.

Literary Notices.

PROPHECY VIEWED IN RESPECT TO ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURE, SPECIAL FUNCTION, AND PROPER INTERPRETATION. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D., Principal of the Free Church College, Glasgow; Author of "Typology of Scripture," "Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy," etc. 8vo. Pp. 524. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A new treatment of the whole subject of prophecy is a necessity growing out of the tendencies of the age. The old method of treatment current as lately as the beginning of the present century, which consisted merely in a not very critical statement of the prophecy itself, and a not very accurate historical application as its fulfillment, will no longer serve as an argument from prophecy for the truth of Scripture, and will no longer meet the wants of the critical spirit of the age. "The claim of the Bible to Divine authority," says the author of the work before us, "on the ground of its predictions has now to be maintained from a more internal position than formerly, since objections are laid by the opponents or corrupters of the truth against the argument from prophecy less on the ground of an alleged weakness in the argument itself, abstractly considered, than by attempting to eliminate the predictive element from Scripture in so far as it can be said to carry with it any argumentative value." To meet this new phase of the question we want not merely instances of the fulfillment of certain prophecies, but the demonstration of prophecy itself—a statement of the essential nature of a prophecy. This we take to be the aim of the work before us. We have not yet had time to study it as we mean to do, but from what examination we have been able to give it, it appears to be an able investigation of principles and of the fulfillment of certain prophecies as illustrative of the principles given in the work. "To meet the special wants of our day," says the editor, "by ascertaining the fundamental principles of prophecy, thence to delineate the structure of the grand whole, and finally to deduce the rules that regulate the special applications, constitute the critical yet conservative object of this work." The author is already very favorably known in this country by the republication of his "Hermeneutical Manual" and his "Scripture Typology," both of which works were excellent preparatory studies for the present one.

LITERARY REMAINS OF REV. DR. FLOY. I. *Occasional Sermons, and Reviews, and Essays.* 12mo. Pp. 460. II. *Old Testament Characters Delineated and Illustrated.* 12mo. Pp. 355. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Dr. Floy was one of the earnest and good men of Methodism, hardly appreciated to the full measure of his worth while living, but destined, we venture to predict, to take a place of just and honorable appreciation in the future. To float on the wave of popularity he lived and died a little too soon. It was his portion to stand in the heat of the battle, giv-

ing and taking blows, misunderstanding, and being misunderstood, making some enemies in the sense of strong opponents, and gaining some friends. The battle in which he was engaged has since ended in victory on the side for which he contended, and his successors reap the fruits. He lived long enough, however, to see the coming triumph, and in this, and in the appreciation of his labors by those who came after him is his reward upon the earth. But Dr. Floy was not only strong in his convictions and therefore a warrior for the right, but he possessed an intellect of great vigor and activity, and "became a writer by a kind of necessity." We have long been waiting for the report that should be made with reference to his "literary remains," and now that these goodly volumes have appeared, we are both pleased and disappointed. We are glad to accept what is here, but we had hoped for more, and join with the editor in regrets that "a large portion of his manuscripts were only carefully-prepared outlines." As no hand but his own could properly fill up these outlines, we feel that they had better be allowed to die and be buried with regrets than to be given to the world in broken fragments. The "Occasional Sermons," and "Reviews and Essays," and "Biographical Sketches" are complete, and, we doubt not, will be welcomed by many as all that we can have of the "Literary Remains" of James Floy.

THE EARLY CHOICE: A Book for Daughters. By the late Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 379. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a very handsome book, printed on tinted paper, with crimson edges, neatly bound, and containing five well-executed illustrations. The contents of the book are fully worthy of the fine setting which the publishers have given them. Dr. Tweedie was an admirable writer for youth, and has given to the world several works which were very popular in England and Scotland, and some of which have been republished in this country. Some time ago our publishers issued one of his works—"The Life and Work of Earnest Men"—well calculated to arouse and direct the noblest purposes of young men. The present work is similar in character, and is designed "for daughters," and we heartily wish every daughter of our Christian households could be induced to read it. It treats of the noblest traits that can adorn and elevate the female character, not in dry essays, but in biographical illustrations, in which are given sketches of some of the noblest women that have adorned the sex. There is more interesting and valuable reading in it than in a score of so-called "religious novels."

DIUTURNITY; or, the Comparative Age of the World, Showing that the Human Race is in the Infancy of its Being, and Demonstrating a Reasonable and Rational World and its Immense Future Duration. By Rev. R. Abbey. 12mo. Pp. 360. \$2. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.—The ample title-page and the following statements from the author's "exordium" will sufficiently indicate

the nature of this book: "I hold the doctrine of Millennium, in all the shapes and phases in which I have seen it stated, to be a most dangerous form of infidelity, though I must confess that many who hold it are by no means aware of this. Indeed, many are among the most pious and useful Christians. Indeed, further, most of the objections I have seen against it, not being directed against the thing, but some particular phases of it, make concessions in its favor which are utterly subversive to the Christian religion. They tell us that millennium writers do not know when the millennium will set in; it might happen at any time, and that our business is to let their calculations alone and get ready for it. It may happen at any time. On the contrary, I hold that there is and can be no such thing, neither now nor ever, that if a millennium and a human second coming can happen at all, then the Christian religion is both a falsehood and a failure. And what we are to do, or can do, to get ready for such an event, should such a thing be possible, I can not comprehend, nor have I ever heard any one attempt to explain it. I know of no religious preparation we can make, except to live and die right and assist others to do the same." The book, in many respects, is a remarkable one. The author pursues his own course independently, and, we think, a little too confidently and egotistically.

A TEXT-BOOK ON CHEMISTRY. *For the use of Schools and Colleges.* By Henry Draper, M. D., Professor Adjunct of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of New York. With more than 300 illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 507. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work embodies the valuable parts of the work issued some twenty years ago by Prof. John W. Draper, the father of the present author, with the addition of more than a hundred pages of new matter and a number of new illustrations, bringing the subject fully up to the present time. The fact that the former work has passed through more than forty editions, is sufficient proof that it is eminently adapted to its object, as a text-book.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER; *Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo.* By James Greenwood, Author of "Wild Sports of the World," etc. 8vo. Pp. 344. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is a book of marvelous adventures, somewhat after the order of Robinson Crusoe, but vastly below it in naturalness of conception and simplicity of style. It is the story of an imaginary captivity among the savages of Borneo, interesting enough to be eagerly read by the young folks, free from some of the blemishes which sometimes characterize books of this kind, and containing some crumbs of useful information in the geography, botany, and zoölogy of those islands, and concerning the habits and customs of their savage occupants. Young readers will find the whole dish very palatable. It is copiously illustrated.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M. P. 12mo. Pp. 182. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Bulwer has successfully achieved a most difficult undertaking. The famous Tales of Miletus are lost forever; their popularity and merit are attested by

both Greeks and Romans, among whom they enjoyed great popularity in times when their imaginative literature was at its highest point of cultivation. Even the means to form a reasonable conjecture of the materials which entered into these Tales are very limited, and an opinion must chiefly be formed from other similar attempts at story-telling. The author of this most readable book does not pretend to give us the recovered Tales; but, out of certain scattered indications of the character and genius of the lost Milesian Fables, and from the remnants of myth and tale once in popular favor, he has endeavored to weave together a few stories that may serve as specimens of the various kinds of subject in which these ancestral tale-tellers may have exercised their faculties of invention. The experiment required scholarship, industry, and taste for its execution, and the admirable result proves that Bulwer possesses all these qualities. The stories that he offers are exquisitely beautiful, fresh, and original, and the style is a model of classic dignity and grace. We have been delighted in the reading of this book, and are confident that Bulwer has here made an addition to the world's literature that will be of permanent interest.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz. 12mo. Pp. 311. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The articles collected in this volume have already appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. Those who read them there will be glad to have them in this more permanent form, and those who have not read them will welcome these new contributions to the geology of our American Continent—for the most of the facts and theories given are in reference to this New, no, this Old World—for the author pronounces America "the first-born among the continents." It is really refreshing to learn that we are old in something, and really have an antiquity to be proud of. "Hers," says the author, speaking of America, "was the first dry land lifted out of the waters; hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth besides; and, while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the far West." It is needless to commend any thing coming from the pen of Professor Agassiz, and we are sure these lectures, for such indeed they are, being rather familiar talks on scientific subjects than scientific papers, will commend themselves by the interest of the subjects they present and the popularity of the style in which they are given.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Annie H. M. Brewster. 12mo. Pp. 442. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—St. Martin's Summer is that beautiful Autumn season which we more commonly designate Indian Summer, and, from its supposed resemblance of the calm and pleasant period, the rest from great trials, rare and short, but precious, during which this book was written, the author has given her work this name. It is a very readable book, easy, graceful, and natural in style, and full of interesting gossip of a journey in Southern Europe, making a very pleasant mixture of travel and sight-seeing, truth and fiction, human love and human sorrow. It will make pleasant reading for the recreations of the approaching Summer.

LUCK ARLYN. By J. S. Trowbridge, Author of "*Cudjo's Cave*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 564. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We can not as freely commend this book for light and easy reading as we have done the preceding. Mr. Trowbridge is an admirable writer, and always produces an interesting book or article, but he does not know enough of genuine religion to write a book in which religious experience, sacred things, and authoritative truth are largely involved. He undoubtedly means well, and writes fully up to the measure of his apprehension of sacred things, but, in spite of his good aims, there are many sentiments in the book false and offensive, that can only be resented by all who believe in a real divine life and inspiration in religion.

SNOW-BOUND. *A Winter Idyl.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.25.—This is poetry, pure as the drifting snow of which it speaks, falling as gently on the heart as the snow-flakes; gliding as smoothly as the yet unfrozen stream glides between its snowy banks, and addressing itself to our nature as genially as the beautiful and domestic loves of which it sings. Do you remember this scene in the long ago?

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent."

The following lines beautifully lay to rest an elder sister:

"O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

And thus the beautiful vision of a younger sister:

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?"

ASPHODEL. 12mo. Pp. 224. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—An anonymously-written story; but whoever wrote it knows how to conceive a beautiful and pure story, and how to write it in a most chaste and elegant style. It is a beautiful book, both in mechanical execution and in the matter and style of its contents; but it is entirely imaginative, and we suppose represents no possible phase of our real human life here below; at least we are glad that we have been permitted to see but little

of such ideal and poetic forms of life, but have found existence here to be something real, solid, earnest, and common-sense in its joys and sorrows, labors and hopes.

CHERRY AND VIOLET; A Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "*Mary Powell*." 16mo. Pp. 239. \$1.75. New York: M. W. Dodd.—Those who have read that charming book, "*The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell*," will need no better recommendation for the present volume by the same author, and in reading it they will not be disappointed. We are pleased to learn from the publisher, Mr. Dodd, that other works by the author of this volume, among which may be named "*Household of Sir Thomas More*," "*Colloquies of Edward Osborn*," etc., will follow at short intervals; and that "*The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell*" will be next in order.

BALLADS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Constantina E. Brooks. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. \$1.—The lady author of these poems mounts a strong Pegasus, and what is more, holds and guides him with a strong and steady hand. The Ballads are fresh and original, and given in smooth, strong, and expressive poetry. The translations evince considerable learning, and no little power of classic versification.

HONOR MAY. 12mo. Pp. 404. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. This is also an anonymous book, and is a very pleasing story of a waif of the ocean, cast upon our coast during a storm, and received into the home of a very excellent, intelligent, and happy family. Honor, possessing great musical talent, devotes her life to her high art. The book is full of excellent thoughts on music, and it needs an appreciation of this art to fully enter into the spirit of the book. A pure and interesting story serves as the frame-work on which to hang the criticisms on music.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART. By Ada Clare. 12mo. Pp. 336. \$1.75. New York: M. Doolady. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Society owes much to itself. There are certain proprieties of life which even its master passion dares not to violate, and the passionate energies of the Orient little fit the quieter nature, but none the less loving, of our countrymen. A woman's heart, though full of mystery, is at the same time full of transparency; but none, whose love is deep and pervading, with whom it is the grand spring of hopes and fancies, of doubts and agony, ever cares to hold it up for the close inspection of the object beloved. If we have learned any thing of a woman's heart, none such as here described does or can exist. Perhaps, in some impossible world, among impossible characters, under impossible circumstances, we might look to find it. At any rate, we have never met it, and hope never to do so.

THE DOVE'S NEST, AND BENNY AVERET. By E. L. Llewellyn, Author of "*Piety and Pride*," etc. 18mo. Pp. 90. 65 cts. Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A very pretty little book, neatly illustrated, and containing two very nice stories for the little folks.

THE GREAT WEST: Railroad, Steamboat, and Guide and Hand-book, for Travelers, Miners, and Emigrants to the Western, North-Western, and Pacific States and Territories. By Edward H. Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The title well explains the nature of this book, and we would esteem it an indispensable book for the westward emigrant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Sunday School Teachers' Institute.* By J. H. Vincent. With an Introduction, by John S. Hart, LL. D. Paper. Pp. 38.—Both these names are well-known in all Sunday school circles, and any thing they present to the public is worthy of attention.

Maxwell Drewitt. By F. G. Trafford. No. 266 of *Harpers' Library of Select Novels.* Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co. Paper. 50 cts.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the Author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," etc. No. 269, *Harpers' Library of Select Novels.* Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. 50 cts.

Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. No. 268, *Harpers' Library of Select Novels.* Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Paper. 75 cts.

Harpers' Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. No. 16.—Continuation and conclusion of the Peninsular campaign. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. 30 cts.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CCLI. January, 1866. *The North British Review.* March, 1866. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* April, 1866. The above are the American editions, published by Leonard Scott & Co., 38 Walker-street, New York.

Methodism in England and America. A Centenary Tract. By Gabriel P. Disneyway. Tract Society Publication. Contains a large amount of valuable facts.

Miller's Mill.

COFFEE CRUSHED VS. COFFEE GROUND.—From one of our contributors we have received the following note, and as we know of no other place where we can use it, we have concluded to give it to our readers here. We are satisfied, whatever may be the rationale of the fact, that the crushing of coffee rather than the grinding is an improvement, and if any one can add to the flavor of this delicious beverage, we vote him a benefactor of the race:

Although none of us desire to see the Repository degenerate into a receipt-book, I think there are many who will feel grateful to the "Journal of a Housekeeper" for its excellent recipe for making good coffee. When next Dame "Elliston's" husband laughs at her preference for pounded coffee as a mere whim, she may quote to him the following from the Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864:

"It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact, and in his brief article on the subject, Savarin gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma, and an oil which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers, that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used these pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill, the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill." In explanation he tells the following anecdote:

"Monsieur," said Napoleon to La Place, "how comes it that a glass of water into which I put a lump of loaf sugar, tastes more pleasantly than if I had put in the same quantity of crushed sugar?"

"Sire," said the philosophical senator, "there are three substances the constituents of which are identical—sugar, gum, and starch; they differ only in certain conditions, the secret of which nature has preserved. I think it possible

that in the effort produced by the pestle, some saccharine particles become either gum or amidon, and cause the difference."

L. A. O.

THE ENGRAVINGS.—We present our readers for this month a beautiful Swiss scene, among the mountains of the Canton of Berne. "Interlaken"—between the lakes—receives its name from its position between the two charming mountain lakes, Thun and Brienz, near the former of which lies the scene of our engraving. The beautiful lake lies embosomed among the Bernese Alps, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, a crystal bed of water about seven hundred feet in depth. Through it flows the Aar, the most considerable river of Switzerland after the Rhone and Rhine, and which becomes navigable on emerging from this lake. Its course furnishes some of the most beautiful views in that land of beauty. Rising among the glaciers of the Schreiehorn and Grimsel Mountains, near the source of the Rhone, it dashes along with great fury, and is precipitated over several waterfalls, till, after passing through the lakes of Brienz and Thun, it becomes a calm river, flowing through one of the most charming valleys of Switzerland. In this valley lies "Interlaken." Our Western readers will be pleased to see the manly face of Dr. Marlay, and our Eastern readers will, we doubt not, welcome the acquaintance of one of our fathers of the West.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.—We place the following on file for use: Antwerp Laborer; Paul on Mars' Hill; Symmetry of Christian Character; Kalampin; Roger Williams; The Physician's Dog; Life's Reveille; Loose Leaves; Greatness in Small Things; Melpomene; One by One; A Reply; Mother, Home, etc.; Desolate; Father, I'm Tired; and Live Near the Cross.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Pioneer Sketches; Jennie's Mission; Truth; Letters to Rosa; What a Human Skull said to Me; Beauty; The Olive-Tree; The Mustard Plant; At Rest; Where is Katie? Memory Bells; Our Huckleberry Excursion; Heart-Yearnings.





W. WESTWOOD SC.

ELIZABETHA DAVENPORT

MARGARET DAVENPORT

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1866.

THE MINISTERS AND WORSHIP OF THE DESERT.

BY HON. G. F. DISOWAY.

"But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou would'st hear immortal tales
By the wind's deep whispers told.

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship, on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom."—MRS. HEMANS.

THE Churches of the Desert were those retired and wild spots where the Protestants of France held their religious services during the early persecutions of that bigoted land. These were often found in the retired passes of the *Cevennes*, where holy altars of rude stone, turf, and wood were erected, like the ancient altars of the patriarchs in the land sanctified by the footsteps of Abraham and the prophets of the Lord.

The great festivals of the Reformed French Church took place in the Desert when they were to be blessed with the pastor's presence, and to sing, pray, and receive religious instruction. A splendid fete in that day, at the gay Versailles, could not be an occasion of more concern or arrangements, and, above all, of greater anxiety, than many of these poor humble assemblies, which perhaps were destined to send its pastor to the stake or scaffold, the men to the galleys, and the women into prisons or convents for life.

The Desert arrangements were sometimes commenced two, three, and six months beforehand, and all the faithful have notice of it, but nothing must be made public. If any hostile move should be heard all were warned timely, for fear that some, as had often happened, would find soldiers where they expected their retired, pious

brethren. Hence arose a proper organization, which seemed regularly arranged, but formed itself only temporarily from the influence of danger alone. Whole months, at times, passed away in concerting the plan of a Desert assemblage; still one was often convoked in a few hours. The preacher unexpectedly arriving at some village, a single word from him, in a short time, would collect in some retired valley one or two thousand of his followers.

These solemn convocations were arranged with perfect regularity—the choice of the place, the disposition of the sentinels, all fixed with admirable art and management. Yet, in the most peaceful times, the assembly could never be sure of finishing their religious exercises in quietness; never was any one of the hearers safe from the secret, fatal ball that might destroy him on the very spot of his devotions; and in their martyr history we find a long list of such bloody visitations. On one occasion, when not less than 10,000 were assembled in one of the deserts of Lower Languedoc, a region rich in corn and fruits, just as the preacher ascended the pulpit, suddenly he perceived on an eminence the uniform of royal soldiers. Shots immediately followed, and not a ball missed its victim in the crowded multitude. They cried, struggled, and fled, while the persecutors, re-loading, repeated the murderous volley four times. A single word from the pastor of the Desert would have torn the assailants to pieces. But not so; the Christian submission the man of God had ever preached he still declared at this trying, indignant moment. The assembly carried away their dead and wounded, and from the midst of the retiring, praying band, there arose to God the interrupted psalms of grateful praise.

At such a moment of trial and death, how did these forest songs of the Huguenot forefathers penetrate the very soul! With them

these psalms became epic, and as truthful, and profoundly so, as have ever been written or sung by any nation. They became sacred treasures, the patriotic remembrances of joys, hopes, and griefs. A single verse or line often contained a whole history, and this was sung by the mother at the cradle of her first-born, while some other was chanted by one of the martyrs on his march to death. The Vaudois returning armed to their country sung these sacred songs, while the bold, pious Camisards marched with them to the field of battle. In the year 1703 the Count de Broglie attacked two hundred Camisards at Val de Bane, but the approach of the troops did not move the resolute band, who continued singing the sixty-eighth Psalm, with one knee on the ground, till they had received the first volley, when they replied with such effect that their enemies retreated. Their battle song then was thus versified:

"Que Dieu se montie seu lement,
Et l'on verra dans le moment
Abandonner la place;
Le camp des enemies epars
Epouvonté de toutes parts,
Fuira devant sa face," etc.

O, what cheering songs! these psalms of the wilderness! What human language can ever express the joys and consolations which they imparted to the dying, upon their own soil crimsoned with their own blood! If permitted, those who once thus wept, prayed, and sung, must have looked down with joy from their heavenly high upon such scenes as these!

In these mountain retreats the man of God would be listened to with profound silence, the Bible placed upon a table before him. Remaining a moment in silent prayer, he then opened its sacred pages. Nehemiah we can readily imagine was read, for the simple narrative of the sufferings of the Lord's people possessed such interest, and so aptly suited the persecuted Frenchmen. The sighs and longings, the consolations and promises of the oppressed Jews so well suited their case! Their captivity, return, and the rebuilding of the Temple, all became a type and prophecy to them. When would liberty and peace dawn over the Cevennes Mountains? When should their sacred Temple be rebuilt? They now put their trust entirely in the Lord.

The most touching character of the petitions was the profound humility with which they bore the most inhuman cruelties of man, as the chastisements from heaven. With this pious sentiment we find their solemn liturgies, hymns and exhortations all filled—profoundly filled.

From the very bottom of their hearts they exclaimed with the prophet Nehemiah, "We have sinned against thee; we have not kept the commandments which thou hast given us." "Let us kneel, then, brethren, let us all kneel; let each of us, in the sight of God, and implore him to enlighten our consciences." A profound silence ensued, the Cevennes all kneeling, their hands joined and their eyes fixed upon the ground, while they mutually communed with their own hearts. This solemn act was customary in their public worship, and often, especially on fast-days, the officiating minister paused to request the people to discharge this solemn duty, he kneeling at the same time, with clasped hands, and his head supported by the Bible.

On the 20th of March, 1702, the numerous pathways to the "*Temple*," as the retired spot was called, were crowded with the faithful on the way to God's worship. This was the well-known name of one of those retired places in the Cevennes or Mountains of Languedoc, where ten thousand persons could be seated. From its lofty surrounding eminences danger could be perceived at a great distance, and this had rendered the solitary spot famous in the history of the Desert worship. Some had now already assembled, the pulpit had been arranged, and behind it a tent for the use of the pastors. Very soon the whole place was filled; the people had left their homes, as they always did, with the feeling that perhaps they might not return again. Never had a larger or more numerous assembly been seen at the *Temple*.

In solitudes like this, the pious persecuted children of France

"Foiled

A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws."

To their usual ardor, on this occasion, was added the attractive ceremony of an ordination to the Christian ministry. The Reformed gloried in erecting once more the sacred pulpit which the Parliament, the kings of France for a hundred years past, had done their utmost to overthrow. Moreover, they now built it within sight, as it were, of the new gibbet for one who had been accustomed to address them—the pious Rochette. Upon hearing the description of his glorious and triumphant death, all asked themselves if they should die with the same holy courage and constancy!

"They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids."

According to the ancient customs of the Reformed Church, seven pastors were to unite in dedicating their new laborer to his holy work. Vincent, Guizot, Encontie, Gibert, Bastide, and

Pradel, faithful men in that day, had already arrived, accompanied by the Elders of their Churches. Soon the seventh appeared, preceded by his four guides, and followed with a numerous group. This personage was one of the most extraordinary men of that day; the Christian hero of many stirring narratives, and a marked leader of the Lord's scattered flock. His son was by his side, and to-day the center of all eyes, for he was to receive ordination.

In front of the pulpit a raised platform had been prepared for the six assistant pastors. The reader now took his place, when the precious verses he repeated penetrated distinctly the remotest corners of the *Temple*, where ten thousand hearts thankfully gathered this ancient manna of their Desert worship. Then, suddenly ten thousand voices broke forth in that triumphal hymn, which had been here often sung by many lips now silent in death—the old Huguenot *Te Deum*.

"We praise the mighty God, we worship thee, O Lord;
A joyful hymn we sing unto thy name adored;
By all thy creatures raised, it through the earth shall
ring
In honor of our God, our Father, and our King."

The immense multitude followed the strain from line to line, from word to word. At the end of the verse they stopped, when another was continued with united voices:

"Thrice holy is our God, the universe shall shout,
The mighty Lord of hosts."

The procession now left the tent, and it was truly a humble one. Passing through the crowd, at first came several elders, then *Rabaut* the pastor of the "Wilderness," next his son between two other pastors, and then four others all in their sacred robes. Several elders followed, and this was all—the pomp of Protestantism for such an impressive occasion. In the then famed Reformed Cathedral at Geneva, the spectator of such a religious scene would have beheld no more than he now saw beneath the blue vault of heaven. Upon the platform at the foot of the pulpit were seated the pastors, and in front stood the youthful candidate, Saint Etienne. We need not follow the ceremony step by step. He was ordained, his own father, in fact, conferring the right or privilege to mount the scaffold for his pure faith. He became *Rabaut de St. Etienne*, a member afterward of the French National Assembly, and lost his life by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

Rabaut, the father, was now in the pulpit, and read his text, "I send you forth, as sheep in the midst of wolves." The reading of the

text amid the agitated movement of the vast crowd and their sobs, with the emotions of the speaker himself, rendered its declaration almost as impressive as the most eloquent sermon. An hour afterward, reëntering the tent, the new pastor threw himself into the arms of his father, and Rabaut, exhausted in body and soul, only murmured, "My son, my son, God be with thee!" when other voices repeated, "Amen and amen!"

Sometimes there happened a wedding feast in the Wilderness, but no songs or laughter were heard there. What then would signify noisy wishes and commonplace felicitations? for a sword hung over the head of each guest, and, more than any others, over the newly-married couple. Marrying in the Desert, they committed one of the crimes most pitilessly punished by the cruel edicts, then ruling the pious Reformers of France. Many, alas! were torn asunder the very day upon which they had been united, and they had no need of the usual ceremonies which the gay world had. They prayed and were joyful, because they prayed much.

Often in the retired passes of these mountains did the children of God build with stones, turf, and wood, the antique altar of the patriarchs; and perfuming it with thyme, ascending it, they then, upon their knees, with hands raised to heaven, offered themselves up body and soul to God. These old mountains, at such a moment, were no longer the Cevennes, but as it were the land sanctified by Abraham's footsteps, or the prophets, or the Son of God. And in these, times of desolation and sorrow, they became an Eden of joy to the oppressed.

LIVE NEAR THE CROSS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

LIVE near the cross when storms arise,
When adverse gales blow wild and drear,
When clouds of darkness veil the skies,
Live near the cross, thou shalt not fear.

The cross protects the fainting soul
That hastens to its hallowed shade;
When surging waves upon thee roll,
Let this thy sure defense be made.

And when a cold, deceitful world
Shall make thy tender spirit feel;
When harsh unkindness wounds the soul,
The cross—the cross has power to heal!

Live near the cross till Death shall place
His icy signet on thy brow,
Then take the crown of righteousness,
Behold it glistening yonder now!

THE ANTWERP LABORER AND HIS FAMILY.*
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, A. M.

I.

THE last days of January, 1841, were extremely cold. The streets of the city of Antwerp were dressed in Winter garb, and shone with dazzling whiteness. The snow did not come down in gentle flakes, scattering itself about capriciously like soft down, but harsh as hail it lashed the windows that were so carefully closed to keep it out, and the shrill whistle of the north wind drove most of those who ventured to their doors back again to the comfortable stoves within.

But in spite of the rigor of the weather, and though it was yet but 9 o'clock in the morning, thanks to its being Friday—the market-day in Antwerp—there were many people in the streets. The young folks kept themselves warm by trotting along briskly, dignified citizens blew their breath on their fingers, while laborers lashed their bodies with their arms.

Just at this time a young woman, walking at a brisk pace, crossed the Rue de la Boutique, with which by this time she ought to have been well acquainted, for she passed from one humble house to another, and always came out with an expression of the sweetest satisfaction on her face. A satin cloak, no doubt well-lined and warmly wadded, was wrapped about her elegant figure; a velvet bonnet inclosed a kindly face, and her cheeks were softly purpled by the keen air. A boa was rolled about her neck, and her hands were hid in a rich muff. This young woman, who appeared to be in easy circumstances, stood by the door of a house as if about to enter, where she saw, not far off, a lady of her acquaintance. She stopped before the door of the humble dwelling till her friend was within a few steps of her, then advancing

* The story given here is by Hendrick Conscience, the well-known Flemish writer. The story is valuable, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as being a fine example of the simplicity of style and purity of moral sentiment for which the writings of this author are so remarkable. I am not aware that this touching little piece has ever been rendered into English before: certainly one can not but wish that the writings of Conscience were better known in America. This story is called by the author, "What a Mother can Suffer;" but I have ventured to substitute the present title as more expressive of its purport. It is proper that I should say that the present translation is made, not from the original in the Flemish dialect, but from the authorized French edition.

with a pleasant smile to meet her she said, "Good morning, Adèle, how are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you, and how are you?"

"Quite well, thank God, and happier than I can tell you."

"How's that? Surely this isn't a morning to put one in a good humor."

"It's just the kind of morning for me, Adèle. I've been out an hour, and I have visited twenty of these wretched houses. I have seen misery enough to break one's heart, Adèle. Hunger, cold, sickness, nakedness—it is incredible. O, I am so happy to be rich! It is such a pleasure to do good."

"I declare you are going to cry, Anna. I see tears in your eyes now. Come, don't be so sensitive. Poor folks can not have much to complain of this Winter. Think how much has been distributed—coal, bread, potatoes in abundance. Only yesterday I subscribed fifty francs, and I tell you I would rather give my money through others than to go into these villainous houses myself."

"Adèle," said the other, "you know nothing of the poor. You judge them by these rascally tattered beggars, who think the asking of alms a good trade, and who tear and soil their clothes for the express purpose of exciting horror and pity. Come with me and I will show you working-people whose clothes are not rags, whose lodgings are not vile holes, and whose lips never open to ask alms, but only to thank and bless those who relieve their distress. You can see the horrible want depicted on their sunken faces. You can see it in the black, frozen bread, clinched by the numb fingers of starving children, in the mother's tears and the father's black despair. O, if you do but once see this silent picture of suffering, what heavenly joy you will find in changing it all with a little money! You will see the poor little children clinging to your dress while they dance for joy, the mother will smile gratefully with clasped hands, the father overwhelmed with joy at his deliverance will press your hand tenderly between his own hard palms, bathing it with tears; and then you will shed tears of joy yourself, Adèle, and you will not withdraw your hand from that of the working man, rough as his may be. Really, Adèle, the recollection of such moments as these affects me too much."

While Anna was drawing this picture with a voice full of the deepest feeling, her friend had not uttered a single word, not even one of those little words—exclamations that serve to indicate the hearer's sympathy. Anna's emotion had gotten the better of her, and when her

friend looked up she was drawing a handkerchief from her muff to dry the great tears that stood in her eyes.

"Anna," said Adèle, "I mean to visit the poor with you. I have money with me. Let us consecrate the morning to good deeds. I am so glad to have met you."

The good Anna looked at her friend with enthusiasm. She was delighted to have secured another benefactress for the poor. Followed by Adèle, she entered, a few steps farther on, a house in which she knew there was suffering.

The house on whose threshold she was stopped by the sight of her friend was forgotten. This was pardonable, for she had never entered it, and she had proposed to do so only that she might satisfy herself that it did not contain some wretched family hitherto unknown to her.

II.

But in a room in that very house there dwelt indeed an unfortunate household. Four naked walls were the silent and only witnesses of suffering untold, and the heart-rending spectacle was enough to fill one, not only with grief, but with a certain feeling of hatred toward society. The air was as bitter cold as that in the street, and there was a dampness about it that penetrated the clothes. On the hearth there was a feeble fire fed by fragments of furniture, and which now and then shot up flickering flames. A sick infant, barely one year old, lay on a bed in the middle of the room; its livid face, its little wasted arms, its eyes set in their sockets, all made one feel that it would soon claim a place in the Stuijvenberg.* Seated on a heavy stone near the child, a woman, still young, hid her face with her hands. Her clothes, though sadly faded, did not bear the stamp of that sort of poverty that asks openly for assistance; on the contrary, an exquisite neatness and numerous but almost imperceptible mendings, bore witness to the care she had taken to conceal her poverty. Now and then a sigh escaped from her oppressed bosom and tears trickled down over the fingers that hid her features. Yet at the least motion of the infant she lifted her head with a shudder, looking with sobs and gloomy terror at the withered cheeks, and then drawing the cover again over its cold limbs, she would fall back weeping and hopeless upon the stone. The profoundest silence reigned in this place of desolation; a silence broken only by the snow that beat against the windows and the melancholy howlings of the wind in the chimney.

* The cemetery of the city of Antwerp.

For a while the woman seemed to sleep; the babe had not stirred, and she had not raised her head. She seemed even to have ceased weeping, for the tears no longer glistened between her fingers. The room was like a tomb that had received its occupants and was to be opened no more.

All at once a feeble voice from beside the fire murmured, "Mamma, dear mamma, I'm hungry."

This plaint was from a little boy of five or six years, crouched in the chimney corner, and so doubled together over the fire that it was only by looking closely that one could make him out at all. He trembled and shook as if racked by a fever, and by listening you might have heard his teeth chatter with the cold.

Whether it was that the woman had not heard his cry, or whether she was paralyzed by the impossibility of satisfying his demand, she did not answer, but sat immovable as before. The deathlike stillness was restored for a moment, but soon the child's voice broke out anew.

"Dear mamma," he said, "I'm hungry. O, give me a little piece of bread!"

This time the woman raised her head, for the child's voice pierced her heart like a knife. The melancholy fire in her expression told her despair.

"Dear little Jean," she answered, bursting into tears, "hush, for the love of God! I'm dying with hunger myself, my poor child, and there is nothing more in the house."

"O, mother, I feel so bad; there is one little piece of bread, is n't there?"

The child's face at this moment had a look so beseeching, the agony of hunger was so vividly depicted on his pale and wasted features, that the mother sprung up as if about to commit an act of despair. She plunged her trembling hand under the cover of the bed, and drawing thence a little piece of bread and going toward the child she said:

"Take it, Jean. I have been keeping this to make a little pap for your poor little sister, but I am afraid she will never want it, poor little lamb!"

Her voice broke down; the mother's heart overflowed with sorrow. As soon as Jean saw the bread, a star of salvation to him, his eyes glistened, his lips became moist, the muscles of his cheeks twitched, and thrusting out his hand he seized the bread as a wolf does its prey.

The mother returned to the sick child, looked at it a moment, then fell back exhausted upon the stone.

Seized with inexpressible joy the little boy

carried the bread eagerly to his mouth, bit it savagely till it was rather more than half gone. Then suddenly he stopped, looked hungrily at the bread for a long time, carried it to his mouth several times, but did not eat any more. At last he rose and approached his mother softly, shook her arm to awaken her out of the sleep in which she seemed to be, and holding out the piece of bread he said in a sweet voice:

"Dear mother, I've kept a little piece for our Mariette. I am very hungry and very sick, but when papa comes back I shall have a piece, sha' n't I, mamma?"

The unhappy woman folded the good boy tenderly to her bosom, but a moment later she let him slip down from her lap without perceiving it, and fell into her former dejection. Jean went very softly to his sister, deposited a kiss on the emaciated cheek of the little sufferer and said, "Sleep on, dear Mariette," then he returned to the fire and, crouching as before on the hearth, relapsed into silence.

It was just this moment that the generous Anna was stopped at the door by the sight of her friend in the distance.

A whole hour elapsed in which the unhappy mother was lost in her sorrowful reverie. She also was hungry. She too felt the imperious cry of an exhausted organism and of the frightful torture that preyed upon her vitals. But she was by a death-bed. She waited in anguish for the hour when she, a mother, should see her child gasp and die. Could she brood over her own sufferings? No; a mother is always a mother, happy or miserable, rich or poor; there is no sentiment more profound, no passion more vast than that which binds a woman to her child. And this affection, this passion is all the more fervent and more absorbing with those who know how much of care, of anguish, and of toil their offspring have cost them.

The poor, above all, know this!

About 10 o'clock mother and child started up at the same instant. She sprang from the stone and he from the hearth, and both cried out together:

"Here's your father, Jean."

"Here's papa, mamma."

A joyous smile gave a strange expression to their faces. They had heard the sound of wheels stopping at their door, and rushed forward to meet him whom they expected. But before they reached the door a man burst abruptly into the room. While he was shaking off the snow Jean seized one of his hands and hung upon it as if he would draw his father forward. The man gave the other hand to his

wife and looked at her with the most utter dejection. At last he said with a sigh:

"Thérèse, we are unfortunate. Since morning I have stood at the entrance to the railway depot with my *mussel-boat* [a kind of hand-cart] and have not earned any thing. Look here, Thérèse, you may not believe me, but I wish I was dead!"

Insufficient as these words were to express his sorrow, it was none the less overwhelming. His head fell dejectedly upon his shoulder, his eyes were obstinately fixed on the ground, his fists were seen to clinch violently, and the crackling of his finger joints could be heard as the convulsions of despair shook his nerves.

The woman, forgetting her own sufferings at the sight of the tortures her husband endured, threw her arms about his neck and said with sobs:

"O, François, be calm; this will not last always. It is not your fault that we are so unfortunate!"

"Father, father," cried the little boy, "I'm hungry, won't you give me some bread now?"

These words threw the laborer into a frightful agitation. His limbs trembled; he looked with a sort of fury on the little boy; his expression was so savagely fierce that the child, frightened and weeping, took refuge in the chimney corner and cried through his tears:

"O, dear papa, I'll never do it again."

Without being delivered from the frightful trouble that harrowed both soul and body, the man went to the bed and looked with the same hard eye at the little dying child, who just at that moment lifted its eyes to its father.

"Thérèse," he cried, "I can not support this any longer. It is done. This thing must come to an end some time."

"What is it? O, Heaven!" cried his wife, "what is the matter with you?"

The fearful struggle in the mind of the man coming to an end at this moment, he became suddenly calm, and perceiving how much alarm his exclamation had caused his wife, he took her hand and said despondingly:

"Thérèse, you know, woman, that since we were married I have worked steadily; not a day has passed that I have not provided for your wants and those of our children. And now, after ten years of hard work, must I be a common beggar from door to door? Thérèse, if we all die of starvation I do not see how I can do it. I am blushing now to think of it. Beg? No, there remains yet one thing that will give us bread for a short time. It is hard to do it, woman, but I am going to sell the '*mussel-boat*.' Perhaps I shall get work dar-

ing the time in which the money will sustain us, we can manage then to get a new 'boat.' Wait, then, half an hour, and I will bring you all something to eat."

The mussel-boat was the only implement the brave laborer had with which to earn his bread; it is not astonishing then that it cost him so much to take the resolution to sell it. The wife was not less afflicted at this extreme necessity than he, but her maternal heart pressed her to come to the assistance of her children. And so she answered:

"Yes, go to the Friday market and sell the mussel-boat, for our poor little Jean is dying of hunger; for myself I can barely stand, and as for the poor innocent lamb there moaning—O, are you not already an angel in heaven, my dear little child!"

The tears burst out afresh; a fit similar to the one he had already felt convulsed the frame of the man, and his fists were again clinched with a crackling sound, but he contained himself and hastened out of the door, a prey to the most violent despair. Soon the cart wheels were heard swiftly flying down the street; nor did the sound cease till lost in the distance.

III.

At the Friday market, on one side of Falcon alley, there was, among other articles, a little two-wheeled vehicle, one of those hand-carts that are called in Antwerp "mussel-boats," because they are principally used in transporting those mollusks. Not far from the cart stood a man who seemed a prey to the most utter despondency. With folded arms he looked with moistened eyes, first to the mussel-boat and then to the auctioneer, who was selling furniture a little way off. Now and then the sorrow-stricken man stamped upon the ground as if irritated by painful thoughts, but each time he relapsed into an utter hopelessness when his eye fell on the instrument that, till now, had been his means of earning his daily bread.

While he was absorbed in these heart-breaking reflections, two young ladies came into the market at a rapid pace. One of them must have noticed the affliction expressed on the face of the laborer, for she stopped her companion on the corner of Falcon alley, and said:

"Did n't you notice the sorrow on that man's face, Adèle?"

"What man, dear Anna?"

"The man who is stamping in that way. See how he draws his elbows into his sides. Surely, Adèle, he is wretched."

"Perhaps so, Anna; but he appears to me to be angry."

"No, Adèle, I know the expression too well. The unhappy always have an appearance that can not be mistaken. It attracts the generous heart, while wickedness and anger repel. I can not be deceived, my dear friend; this man is a victim of this long Winter. His clothes, you see, are neither soiled nor torn. Let us go to him; I feel bold enough to ask him the cause of his sorrow."

The two friends moved toward the laborer, but at that moment there came up a man who, like himself, appeared to belong to the laboring class, and who slapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Halloo, François, what do you think of this weather? Pretty sharp, eh! Come along, I'll pay for a drop or two."

The downcast laborer shook off the hand of his friend and did not reply. The other looked into his eyes and saw how wild they were.

"François," he cried, "what's the matter with you, my friend?"

The answer was delayed a while longer, and the young women had a chance to draw a little closer in order to hear what the unfortunate man might say.

At last in a dull voice, broken by long sighs and betraying the greatest emotion, he answered:

"Gregory, you said something about taking a drop or two; I would like better to lie down here and die than to drink a glass of Holland. If you only knew my distress!"

These words were spoken in so sorrowful a tone that Gregory felt the keenest emotion, and changing his tone immediately he spoke with the utmost seriousness. He seized his comrade's hand and said almost with tears in his eyes:

"François, my friend, what is it? You talk about dying. Is Thérèse dead?"

"No! no! but I am going to tell you all, because you are our friend. I think you know, Gregory, that I have never been too lazy to earn my bread, and, thank God, till now I have never failed to earn it. But I am done, now. My Thérèse, the poor, dear woman has not had a mouthful to eat for two days; our little Jean is tortured with hunger, and poor little Mariette is dead perhaps by this time. The breasts of her mother are dry from cold and starvation. Do you not see what I mean when I say that I am ready to kill myself? Could you go and beg, Gregory?"

"Beg! no! I have hands on the ends of these arms yet!"

"And so have I; but it has come to such a pass with us that we have sold or pawned all

that we have except this mussel-boat that you see there. We economized and ate bitter bread to buy it. But, since it is God's will, it must be thus, only I wish the auctioneer would come this way soon, so that I could carry some bread to my wife and children."

"There he comes—tell me, François, do you live yet in the Rue de la Boutique?"

"Yes."

At this instant the auctioneer installed himself with his stool just where the poor laborer stood, and commenced shouting at the top of his voice:

"Purchasers, this way! Purchasers for a mussel-boat, this way!"

A smile crossed the laborer's face. The two young women were whispering together of something that seemed to please them greatly.

The auctioneer began: "Shall I have a bid of thirty francs on this mussel-boat? Twenty-five, then? It is as good as new and going at a sacrifice. Will somebody start it at twenty francs?"

One of the young ladies nodded her head and the auctioneer proceeded:

"Twenty francs offered; twenty francs! Any one bid higher?"

Some spectators bid higher in their turn, but the young lady each time bid above them, the auctioneer turning quickly from one to another in order to catch their signals.

"Twenty-one francs!"

"Twenty-two francs!"

"Twenty-three!"

"Twenty-four!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty-seven francs! twenty-seven! Any body? Any body? Does any body bid? Gone! A good bargain, madam."

Anna said something to the auctioneer's servant, and he shouted out at the top of his voice:

"The purchaser pays the cash!"

The laborer was already in the auctioneer's office. He was just about to run home with the money, upon which he was laying his hands, not without giving a last sad look at the mussel-boat, when he was addressed by one of the young women:

"Would you like to earn something, my good man?"

"What is it? at your service, madam."

"We want you to take home this mussel-boat for us."

"I am sorry, madam, that I can not, but I have a pressing engagement."

Anna, who was full of pity, and who knew the poor better than her friend, said hastily to the man, who was on the point of leaving:

"We want it to go to the Rue de la Boutique."

"Then I am at your service," he answered, "for I go there myself."

He seized the cart, disengaged it from the midst of the articles that were scattered about over the ground, and followed the two ladies who walked at a moderately quick pace. He felt bitterly chagrined at having to draw for others the cart that had been his own; but the certainty that, thanks to the money it brought, he should be able to dry his good wife's tears, was a sweet consolation. He felt very impatient when they ordered him to stop at a store. But he was soon on his way again, for they had hardly entered the shop before there were thrown on the cart a sack of potatoes, two or three large loaves, some wood, and, what Anna put on carefully with her own hands, a stone jar.

Arrived in the Rue de la Boutique, the laborer asked where they wanted the mussel-boat.

"Go on," said Anna, "it is further on."

In spite of these directions he stopped before a humble house that Anna recognized as the one she had been on the point of entering herself that morning. The man took off his hat and said:

"Ladies, let me go in here one moment if you please."

The permission given, he pushed open the door and went in, followed by the ladies, who went with him into the room.

Anna and her friend shuddered with horror. It was a melancholy sight that met their gaze. The young woman seated near the bed was stretched inanimate on the stone, her cheeks pallid, her eyes closed, her head fallen upon the side of the bed, insensible as a corpse. At the very moment when the ladies entered with the father, the little boy seized his mother's strengthless arm and cried:

"Dear mamma, I'm hungry; a little piece of bread, do give it to me!"

The husband, without noticing the presence of the two friends, rushed toward his wife, called her in tones of despair, tearing his hair and uttering the most broken words.

"Thérèse!" he cried, "O, my dear Thérèse! Unhappy woman! O! my God, is it possible! Dead—dead from hunger and cold! Have we deserved this?"

Suddenly he seized a knife that lay on the table; but Anna, who had seen the motion, uttered a sharp cry and rushed on him, wrenching the knife from his grasp.

"Your wife is not dead!" she cried. "Take this! run quickly and get some wine."

She handed him a piece of money and pointed to the door. He bounded out of the room and went off like an arrow.

Anna raised the poor mother in her arms. Her satin cloak and velvet bonnet were rumpled by contact with the wretched clothes of the unfortunate one. But this seemed pleasant to her. She lavished on Thérèse the attention she would have shown a sister. In fact, out of her heart full of pity, she looked on the suffering woman as her sister, according to the commandment of the divine Savior. She drew from her pocket an orange and expressed the juice upon the lips of the sufferer. She uttered an exclamation of joy when the eyes of the poor woman opened.

During this time Adèle had not confined herself to the contemplation of this scene of famine and misery. As soon as she heard the entreaty of the little boy, she had run to the "mussel-boat" and brought in the stone jar and some bread, at the same time telling the boy to throw some wood on the fire. From the moment that Jean caught sight of the bread his eyes never left it, and he repeated his request for a slice. Adèle, who that very morning felt such a horror of the poor, was so moved at the sight of so much misery that she took the knife herself and placed the loaf against her bosom, to the prejudice of her elegant toilet, in order to cut off the slice that the child desired so ardently.

"Take it, my child," she said, "eat all you want. You shall not be hungry any more."

The child seized the bread with joy, kissed her hands in token of his gratitude, and then gave her such a look that she turned away to hide the tears she could not repress.

At the same time the mother opened her eyes and fixed them with an expression of satisfaction on the child who was engaged in assuaging his hunger. Perhaps she was about to thank her benefactress, but the return of her husband prevented it. He, seeing before his eyes his wife returned to life, set the bottle down precipitately on the table and rushed to her, seized her in his arms, and embraced her wildly again and again, repeating all the while such broken expressions as these:

"Dear Thérèse, you are alive again! My darling wife, I have the money for the mussel-boat. We have something to eat now. I am happier in my misfortunes than the angels. It is true, my dear Thérèse, I thought I should never see you again in this world."

Anna approached with a cup of wine and held it to the lips of the feeble woman. While she drank it the husband looked up in wonder

at Anna and her friend. The latter was near the fire with Jean, holding out the little fellow's hands and saying:

"Warm your hands well, my little man, and eat up that slice quickly; I am going to give you another when that is gone."

The laborer seemed to have just come out of a dream. One would have said that he had but just discovered the presence of the two friends.

"Ladies," said he, stammering, "pardon me that I have not thanked you before for the help you have given to my poor wife. You are very kind to enter our miserable lodging, and I thank you a thousand times."

"Good people," answered Anna, "we know what you have suffered from hunger and cold, and how much you had shuddered at the thought of being obliged to beg your bread because, as honest working-people, you prefer to earn a livelihood by the sweat of your brows. Such sentiments deserve reward. You shall not endure privation any longer."

She placed a handful of money on the table and continued: "Here is money; at your door there are potatoes, wood, and bread; all this belongs to you. As for the mussel-boat, it was not sold; use it to earn your daily bread; continue to live honestly; do not beg; but if hunger and cold should overtake you, here is my card. You will find here my name and residence; I will always be your friend."

While Anna was speaking not a sigh could be heard, so great was the silence that reigned; but a flood of tears overflowed the eyes of the laborer and his wife. The former could not speak, but he looked from one of the young ladies to the other with an expression of astonishment as if he did not credit what he heard. When Anna had finished speaking the mother slipped from the stone to the ground, and crawling upon her knees weeping, she took Anna's hand within her own, and, bathing it with tears, she said:

"O, my dear ladies, God shall reward you for having come to us as guardian angels, and for having saved me from death."

"Are you content now, mother?" asked Anna.

"Yes, yes, my good lady, we are very happy now; see our little Jean dancing by the fire; poor little fellow! and if this innocent lamb who is dying could speak, she also would thank and bless you, madam."

At these words Anna ran to the bed of the sick infant, and concluding that want had also brought this one so near the tomb, she gave Adèle a signal for departure. The latter, who

enjoyed the little boy's pleasure, took him up in her arms, kissed his cheek, and rejoined her friend. Anna went to the door, and, as she was leaving, said:

"Be at ease, good people, in half an hour a physician will be by your child's bed, and I have no doubt, mother, but that you shall one day see her a woman grown."

A smile of genuine happiness lit up the faces of the laborer and his wife. Both ran to the door, and a thousand benedictions and a thousand expressions of gratitude burst from their lips as the two benevolent friends disappeared from their sight.

Neither Anna nor Adèle said a word till they reached the cattle market; their hearts were too full, their souls too much moved for utterance.

"Well," said Anna at last, "tell me, Adèle, do you find poor people as dirty and disgusting as most people think."

"O, no! I am only too glad I met you. I feel a certain holy exaltation of spirit, an emotion that I never knew before. I have no horror of the poor any more. Did not you see me take that little boy upon my knees and embrace him? What a charming, gentle little fellow he is! I love him already."

"Poor little Jean!" said Anna, "he wept when he saw us leave. Tell me, my dear, is there any greater happiness on earth than ours? These worthy people are dying of hunger; they raise their hands to heaven and ask aid of the Lord. We have come to them as the messengers of Divine Mercy; they have kneeled down to us as to angels who came to tell them that their prayers were answered, and they have thanked and blessed God in us."

"Do not say any more," said Adèle, all broken up with emotion; "I understand you. Hereafter I am going out with you every day to visit the poor and share your good enterprises. For to-day only I know a heavenly joy—a sort of beatitude on earth. Unhappy are the rich who know nothing of the joy of beneficence."

At this moment they turned the corner of the street, and were lost to view behind the angle of the houses.

I CAN not but take notice of the wonderful love of God to mankind, who, in order to encourage obedience to his laws, has annexed a present as well as a future reward to a good life; and has so interwoven our duty and happiness together, that, while we are discharging our obligations to the one, we are, at the same time, making the best provision for the other.

OUT OF DESPONDENCY.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

PEACE cometh to my soul again
Like Summer dews to earth,
And on the parched and dusty plain
Hope gives new blossoms birth.
The day is near, and, hark!
Above life's toil and fret
There is a singing lark,
And thou shalt hear it yet.

I bid the caverned lake adieu,
And from its midnight shore
To sunny isles in waters blue
I steer my boat once more.
Cheer up! I leave the dark
Where suns nor rise nor set,
And thou shalt see my bark
In pleasant sailing yet.

Few pleasures in the world around
Doth dreaming poet find;
The heroes he hath laurel-crowned
Are beings of the mind.
The earth looks grim and dark
To eyes with tear-drops wet,
But thou shalt see my mark
In lines of sunshine yet.

Yes, friend, there is a joy within,
Pure, beautiful, and bright:
A power that can its pathway win
Through suffering into light;
A voice that whispers—hark,
'Mid worldly toil and fret
Thy soul the saving ark
Shall reach in safety yet.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

O, YOUNG heart touched with sudden grief,
And 'wildered with strange fears,
I watch thy spirit looking forth
Thro' mist of gathered tears,

Nor fold thee in love's gentle clasp,
Nor speak the soothing word;
For lo, with a sweet opening thought
Mine inmost soul is stirred.

I feel it leaf by leaf unfold,
In silence pure and deep;
Like dew unto the lilies, are
The tears thy young eyes weep.

I list, the dropping of those tears
Tell every pulse's throe;
O soul, O mourning soul, I cry,
"The Father counteth so"

Thine every grief. O chords of love,
E'en our infirmities
Reach up and sweep with trembling hand
And falt'ring touch o'er these!

PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

BY REV. J. I. ROSWELL.

WHAT emotions must have stirred the heart of the apostle, as from Mars' Hill he proclaimed the Gospel to the assembled Athenians! Beneath and around him lay the beautiful city. There was the public square where the idle multitude gathered, "either to tell or to hear some new thing." Near by was the garden where the pleasure-loving followers of Epicurus spent the long hours of the Summer days. Not far off was the very spot where Demosthenes wielded words that struck deeper than the spears of his foes, while along those streets once walked Socrates, discoursing of those great truths which, to his unaided vision, were but dimly shadowed forth. Right before him, on the Acropolis, rose in massive strength and beauty the Temple of Minerva, adorned with the sculptures of Phidias. It seemed as though the art of man had done its utmost to make that city illustrious throughout the world. But this alone did not make it famous. Other cities had temples and statues, others were more populous and had thrice the commerce of the capital of Greece. Yet Athens was the most glorious of them all. More than any other city, it could point to the songs of its poets, the reasoning of its philosophers, and the struggles of those heroes who gladly laid down their lives to preserve the honor of the Republic. These were the things which made it honored then, which make it honored now. For it is not mere numbers, nor ships, nor stores, nor heaps of glittering gold, but the living thoughts and deeds of living men which make the smallest city great, and give it a firm hold on the affections of the present and the future.

But Mars' Hill itself was famed in the annals of Greece. The ground was made sacred by the poet and the legend-teller. Here the legendary trial of Mars was held. Here, under the open sky, the council of Areopagus held its sessions. Here matters of religion were discussed, and the religious awe of the people was centered. And here, scarcely disturbed by the ceaseless murmur of the city in the plain below, was the place where the Gospel was first sounded in the ears of an Athenian multitude.

Who was the unknown preacher? Saul of Tarsus. Born a Jew, and therefore despised by the polished Greek; uncomely in mien, and therefore ridiculed; preaching the religion of the crucified Nazarene, and therefore an object of contempt rather than of persecution. Here was a man from Palestine, in the capital of the

ripest civilization, with but one object in view, and that to all human appearance a visionary one—to plant the standard of the Cross amid the strongholds of heathen idolatry, to turn the soul from the worship of the splendid works of man's genius, to the worship of Him who was the "unknown God."

What is it, then, that has made the name of Paul so memorable? In Athens better scholars were found—men who had sounded more thoroughly the depths of human wisdom. There were those whose words and deeds seemed to excel those of that unknown Jew. Yet many of those are forgotten, while Paul still lives in the grateful hearts of the Christian world. And the reason is obvious. It was because he was the earnest and uncompromising advocate of "Jesus and the resurrection," of that truth which alone brings life and joy to the soul. This was the weapon of his power, and by this he conquered. It was this truth which, from the hour of his conversion, shaped his career; leading him through trials on sea and land, and through the fires of persecution kindled by false friends and bitter foes, till a martyr's death sealed his labors, and a martyr's crown rewarded them.

As he gazed upon the city he saw with sadness the signs of heathen worship. Idolatrous temples of matchless beauty were at every turn. Beneath the plane trees, along the banks of the stream, near the grove and before the various gate-ways were statues of Hercules, of Bacchus, and of all the other divinities which the quick intellect of the Greek could invent. Processions in honor of the false gods passed through the streets, while the songs of many white-robed priests, performing their services, filled the air. Rites devised by vice and superstition, and accompanied by the wildest excesses, were oft repeated. The whole city was given to idolatry; and though without all seemed prosperous, yet moral decay was at the heart of this splendid civilization, like rotteness at the core of the fairest fruit.

When Paul saw these things "his spirit was stirred within him." And observe the practical nature of the man. He began at once to proclaim the truth. Energy, courage, bold and decisive action were needed to advance the religion of Christ in the face of a persecuting world. It required then, as now, a man who held the truth so dear as to be really in earnest when he proclaimed it—a man whose will was so strong that persecution could neither bend nor break it. Above all, it needed one who would follow prayer with works. Prayer and works should ever go together—let no man

divorce them. God gives the Spring rains and the Summer sunshine, but never yet were fields plowed, or weeds dug up, or good seed sown, or golden harvests reaped, without the strong arm of labor. No prayers of Pharisees who go through life with folded arms evangelize the world, or long since the glories of millennium would have dawned upon us. But men like Paul, who work in their prayers, and pray in their work, are those who will enter heaven with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

What were the means the apostle used? They were not carnal but spiritual. A fanatic would have gathered a chosen band and destroyed the temples, the idols, and his own cause. He would have cast aside prudence and expediency, and rushed to certain death without advancing the truth. He would have been the noisy advocate of some scheme to uproot all evil in Church and State in a single day, and force men to goodness by some outward pressure. Not such is the course of true wisdom; not such the course the apostle pursued. He pulled down no idol, but sought to change the idolatrous soul. He overthrew no peculiar institution. He accepted society as it was, and sought to make the individuals in it better. The reformation he aimed at, was that which worked from the inner to the outer, from the soul to the life, from the individual to the community in which he dwelt.

How did he strive to do this? By preaching the Word with that sublime faith in its power which never for a single moment wavered. Preaching is the characteristic of true religion. Others have their splendid temples, their multitude of priests, their sacred books and smoking altars, but the Christian religion alone exalts preaching to the dignity of an act of worship. Others appeal to the civil power and make their arguments irresistible by fire and sword; but ours, when true to the teachings of the Bible, advances its standard by the prayerful preaching of the Gospel, and rejoices to find that standard victorious.

Strangely that truth must have sounded to that heathen audience. Some mocked when they heard of the resurrection—that doctrine most cheering to the soul that is in the gloom of uncertainty, was treated by them with contempt. Others in the foolishness of pride turned from it. Yet we are told that the truth was not without some effect. There were those in ancient times who turned away in sorrow and disgust from heathen iniquities, and who longed for clearer light and purer knowledge. Many a soul longed for a religion which would unfold the pitying love of God and the life beyond the

grave; which would go with them across the dark waters of a rough and troubled life, and gently whisper, "Peace, be still." To such earnest seekers how full was that Gospel message of hope and joy!

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER V.

HOW THE HOME WAS MADE.

GO to that poor, scared orphan—the hard gliter of the world's selfish eye cowing his soul, the shiver of its coldness curdling his blood, the gripe of its horny hand making his heart ache. Ask him what word embodies his one agonized wish. I think he will sob out, "A home!" Go to the man who married a pretty face or a few thousands of money—that is his mansion over yonder on the grand avenue. He has to eat and lodge under the same roof with a silly, peevish, exacting woman, and a half dozen ungoverned, ungovernable, quarreling, little, worldly people, promising a rare crop of ill deeds and disgraces by and by. Ask him, when his brain is outworn with the tramp, tramp, year in, year out, of dividends, loss and gain, cent per cent., and his heart is empty, alone, tired, tormented, what is his idea of the best this world can give. If he answer honestly, he will groan, "A home!" What is better than a home—be it in hut or palace, a place where hearts blend, and rest, and grow; where sorrows are less, and joys more, for the sharing? What legacy might a man better leave his children than the culture, development, and memories, to be had no where in this desert of a world but in a Christian home?

Homes and trees are made by about the same process. First, in a mind, a plan; then, year by year, sunshine and frost, dew and storm; gentle, unseen forces, working on by sunlight and starlight, and stout, rough powers, shaking and bending, and wrenching, but only sending the roots deeper into the soil.

If you, my friend, have chosen to spend your years cultivating marygolds and poppies, thistles and bramble-bushes, you need not start up, now that you are tired with the silly things, and your hands hurt with the merciless briers, and try to shelter the living place of your old age with wide-armed oaks and stately pines. It is quite too late, you have thrown away the time God gave you for this. If you have given your life to money-making and place-hunting, now that you are old and tired, alone and

misunderstood, it will do you no good to envy the man who chose a lowlier, less trodden path, and is resting now, where love is the atmosphere, trust the spring of refreshing, and religion the sunlight. As you have sown so must you reap. There is no use telling you how a home is made. It will only bring up the mistakes of the past. But there are those who have life before them, who hold its web yet in their hands unworn. God help them!

Mr. and Mrs. Morland were married young; she twenty, he twenty-six. Their "falling in love" was in about the earnest passionate style to be expected of a pair of sound, sensible young people, whose life had been drill and discipline—not flirtation and folly, and so, without those simoom experiences cycled "disappointments," so much in vogue among young Americans nowadays.

"This is a curious business, Sarah," said Mr. Morland, in his matter-of-fact way, after they had come to an understanding. "There are a great many more miserable marriages than happy ones."

"I believe it, George."

"Now, I'd rather die than be tied to a person I could n't love a lifetime."

"So would I."

"I think the trouble is, generally, passion turns common-sense and religion out of doors, and manages this matter, that, of all others, ought to be gone into with the eyes open, as there's no getting out of it. Passion can't stand the wear and tear of a life. Now, Sarah, I propose that we turn aside from the stereotyped modes of love-making. I believe we have both all the orthodox signs of a genuine 'attachment,' and feel quite sure, just at present, that there is but *one* in the wide world for either of us; but where nine out of ten, relying on these same signs, make a miserable mistake that torments them the rest of their lives, we had better be cautious."

"I agree with you, George."

"We've known and liked each other in a general way for some time—know as much about each other's family relations as outsiders can, very well. Now, I believe in your Church they have a six months' probation to study each other in, that is, the Church and the candidate. My proposal is that we keep all this to ourselves, and for the next six months, as coolly and dispassionately as we can, study two books—yourself and myself. To avoid gossip, I'll not devote myself to you particularly. I'll have no set times to visit you, when you shall be pinked up to receive me, in my best suit and Sunday manners. I'll drop in, now

and then, at any hour, just as it happens. You and sister Sue are good friends. You can use your chances and your woman's eyes to find out what sort of son and brother I am—what my home life is—that's what most concerns us both. After that, if we think we can live happily together a lifetime well and good, if not, we'll drop the subject. We'll pray for direction in this matter. We both believe that if we 'commit our ways to the Lord he will direct our paths.'"

Something of a shivering of the air castles an imaginative girl usually builds for herself by the help of poets and fictionists. A courtship, minus much of the moonlight and love talk that the wife of a year laughs at, and the husband calls "bosh," twisting his lip and burying himself in the "Daily." Prosy and common-sense enough, to be sure, but *they never quarreled or repented*. "O! your model people—these Morlands!—never made mistakes as other folks do—book people—unmitigated perfection!" By no means, my friend. Being human, they made numberless blunders, but I am not going to recount them. I intend to skip along over the years, and note their successes in making a home, leaving you to fill in a due amount of mishaps, temptations, failures, and repentances. I think they relied upon God for guidance more than most Christians, so they were led around many a gin and pitfall where more careless feet stumble.

"What shall we do, Sarah?"—this was shortly after their marriage. "I have a thousand dollars to start with. Wallace wants me to put it into his grocery store over there in Penwood. He'll give me a first-rate chance; the money will probably double in a short time. How does it strike you?"

"Why, George, we don't care about making money—getting rich, do we? I'd rather we'd make a home than a fortune."

After plenty of talk and no little prayer, the thousand dollars were invested in the farm afterward christened Lakeside.

"What a dunce George is!" cried half his friends in self-complacent disgust. "Such a chance as his brother offered him; he might just as well be worth forty or fifty thousand in thirty years, as to turn his hand over. And then, a fellow of his talent and education to bury himself out there on that farm, when he might just as well have any office in the country."

The thirty years have passed. Nine out of ten of those sanguine, young business men have made shipwreck of their fine prospects. After bobbing about upon the wearing surf-waves of

speculation, here and there, up and down, in and out, they are no nearer the fortune, though infinitely more bruised and battered. George Morland has been three terms in the State Legislature and one in Congress; and a happier or more beautiful home than Lakeside can not be found if you search the country through.

But how was the home made? Yes, that is what I am going to tell you. As I intimated, like a tree—first, a plan. It did not happen to grow so beautiful and symmetrical. Every time a new charm was added, there was a necessity of a choice. Sometimes there was a mistake, oftener discussion, prayer, and right decision. Oftenest, the election lay between money-making and home-making—style and home comfort. I wonder if it isn't so in most families. Money and style usually carry the day, though, I'm afraid.

"Sister Sue," a pert little embodiment of worldly wisdom, lived with them the first few years, till a matrimonial arrangement enabled her to set up an establishment of her own.

"Why, George, what made you buy this place? Wallace says every body says that commons over on the flat would have been cheaper for double the money. Wal says it's just a rich loam. You could raise more grain, two to one, than on this—and such a splendid place for keeping cattle!"

"But, Sue," threw in Mrs. Sarah, with some spirit, "this place is splendid for keeping something better than cattle. I don't believe there's another farm in the country with so much natural beauty. Those old firs and pines back on the hill-side, and the creek tumbling over the rocks and running through the meadow, and then the bits of water view from the windows, and—"

"O, Sarah, you're so romantic. These things 'll never get bread and cheese for your children."

"I mean to teach my children that there's something better in the world than bread and cheese, which, if they get, they can afford to put up with short rations sometimes, if necessary."

Religion was the corner-stone of this home. That was part of the plan. Sabbaths were days of holy rest and culture. A dilemma presented itself. Mrs. and Mr. Morland were members of different Churches—their places of worship in the embryo village, two miles away.

"What are you going to do about it, Sarah? You and George always going to separate Churches?"

"I don't know, Sue," with a little sigh. "I'm sure of one thing, though, if we commit the matter to God he'll direct us aright."

"O, yes, of course; but then, I don't just see how you'll arrange it. You think so much of your class meetings and love-feasts, and our folks are all so set in their belief. I don't believe you can turn George from his Church."

"I don't want to turn him," a little piqued in tone. "It's rather my opinion George Morland has a mind of his own about such things."

Persistent Miss Sue rallied in a moment. "Yes, to be sure. I suppose you've fixed it up between you some way, but I'd just like to know how."

"Well, Sue, you know the difference between our Churches is a matter of educational prejudice, and not of essential principle. There's no use arguing a point of prejudice, so we're not going to have a word of discussion about this. We've agreed to attend each Church every other Sabbath, and study thoroughly the polity and usages of each, and at the end of six months one of us will go over to the other."

"I'll put George up to stick to his Church, any way," quoth little Sue, *in petto*.

The last probationary Sabbath evening, Mrs. Morland stood upon the porch looking off over the moonlit slopes to where the village lights twinkled dimly in the distance. She was thinking of her little church, so dear in its unpretentious simplicity. She had made up her mind to leave it—to go with her husband. She had had a sore, sharp conflict with preference, and prejudice, and Church selfishness, but bigotry was beaten, Christ had triumphed. And yet it seemed hard to seek a home in another fold. No, not another after all. One fold, one shepherd. But Christians in those days were childish about the *meum et tuum* of Church order. People who were as little alike as possible, in the outer of their religion, each believed most stoutly that the Master would be infinitely pleased to have all the rest do just as he was doing. Sometimes they would "make faces" and throw dirt at each other. Poor, silly children! But the good, patient Christ watched over them all pityingly, for all their foolish, naughty ways. He knew they'd know better by and by. Mrs. Morland shed a good-by tear for her little church, and going to the other end of the porch where her husband was sitting upon a rustic lounge, she seated herself beside him, slipping her hand into his. You see they did not surfeit on moonlight and sentiment before marriage, so they had a relish for them after, and have yet, for that matter.

"I've made up my mind about the Church, George."

"Ah, yes! So have I, Sarah."

"It comes a little hard to leave the people

I've thought so much of so many years, but I'm willing to do it."

"Indeed, Sarah! Well, I have the start of you there. I asked for my certificate of membership a week ago. The clerk handed it to me to-day."

"O, George!"

No matter now just what was done next.

That was thirty years ago, you must bear in mind. There's a beautiful little church among the trees, close by Lakeside, now—yes, and a neat, pretty parsonage. Mr. Morland's religious life, cast in the old, iron, Puritanic mold, with a touch of the New England granite wrought into it, was finely supplemented by the activities of his wife's warm, vital faith. To be sure there were disciplinary strokes, necessary and grievous. The first little feet whose merry patter tinkled through the rooms grew suddenly still, leaving behind a

"Silence, 'gainst which they dared not cry,

That ached around them like a strong disease and new."

Then there were heart searchings and struggles with self and sin, and, as the years went on, the development of symmetrical Christian characters.

"Seems to me," said bustling little sister Sue, "you waste a great deal of time here. You make so much of family devotions, George. Now, prayers are good, of course, but this idea of all reading, hired men and all, and then singing two or three verses with the melodeon, it takes too much time. I don't see any use in it. Now, at Wallace's"—

"I think, however," was the quiet reply, "as long as God sets the seal of his approbation upon our course, by giving us the conversion of our hired men and girls, we shall persevere in it. You'll find in the long run, Sue, it's poor economy to scant religious time for the sake of temporal things."

Culture was the prime thought of the Morland home; first religious, then mental.

"Why, Sarah, you going to wear your old straw again this Summer, and that silk shawl! I'll give George a scolding. You ought to dress better, both of you. Now, Wallace and his wife"—

"We know what we can afford, Sue. We must have at least fifty dollars' worth of books this Summer. They'll do us and the children permanent good, you know. But the thought of having looked a shade and a half more fashionable than our neighbors will be a poor solace for an empty brain."

There were numberless little confabulations upon all these matters, between the Morlands

and their worldly-wise friends. Sometimes the balance wavered somewhat, but a salutary touch of prayer generally settled it in the right direction.

"If you get your election this Fall, George, you certainly won't think of teaming about in that old 'democrat' any longer."

"I expect, Wallace, the 'democrat' 'll have to do awhile yet. You see our girls are getting along pretty well with their music, and their mother thinks they need a piano. We want music every day at home, more than a fine carriage for an occasional drive."

"Umph!" shrugged Wallace, "a member of the Legislature driving about in that old go-cart! You would n't catch me," etc.

—
"Rather crowded, are n't you, Sarah?" Busy, calculating Mrs. Sue had sailed down to Lakeside, in silks and splendor, for her annual visit.

"O, I don't know. We have room enough for the present, I think."

"But you've no parlors. What do you do with company?"

"O, we do well enough. People who would be attracted by elegant parlors do n't care to spend much time with us; and, to be plain, Sue, we are quite satisfied that they should n't. Our friends seem to enjoy this sitting-room very well. I presume we shall build one when the children get older, but we can't afford it now."

"Can't afford it!" echoed Mrs. Sue, glancing at the books behind the glass doors, covering nearly one side of the room, the first-class piano on the other, and the conservatory in the rear. Her energetic little eyes pounced upon a painting she had not noticed before. "Another new picture, Sarah? Where did you get that?"

"George bought it in Washington."

"Quite nice. Did it cost much?"

"Not so very much for such a gem, only two hundred, I believe."

Mrs. Sue's needle whizzed indignantly through her cambric for a few minutes. At last her meditations burst forth. "Well, Sarah, if you and George do n't beat all! Can't afford parlors, but you do n't think any thing of paying out two hundred dollars for a picture!"

Mrs. Morland was just launching into a spirited defense, intending to hinge it upon the effect of beautiful things upon children, all of which would have been lost upon wise Mrs. Sue—for what was finer in her eyes than ample parlors, all radiant and stylish in brand-new upholstery, brussels and gilding? Mr. Morland opened the door. "Sarah, can you come and show me a little about your grotto? I can't

quite make out from the drawing how you want the vines planted. You'll come too, won't you, Sue?"

"Grotto! Nonsense!" mentally demurred skeptical Mrs. Sue. "Another of their moonshiny notions, I'll warrant."

"You have n't looked around any since you came, have you, Sue?"

"No, George. Why, how every thing has improved! I have n't been here for two Summers, you know. Wonderful! A fountain, really! Why, George! Why, this must have cost enormously. Spencer laid out two or three hundred on our grounds last Summer, and they don't begin to compare with yours."

Mr. Morland glanced in an amused way into his wife's eyes. "The statuettes were the only noticeable expense, were n't they, Sarah? Rosenstein, a German we've had for two or three years, has worked in stone a good deal. He cut the stone work rainy days."

"You ought to have been here, Sue, when George and his German finished the fountain. Such a time as the children had studying hydraulics."

"It is splendid, any way." Mrs. Sue's adjective probably belonged to the fountain, its shells, water plants, and glistening fishes; though I'm not certain, for a face, not particularly plain, flanked by a pair of decidedly-stylish wavy puffs, with just the daintiest foil of ribbons and lace, came to view as she bent over the water.

"You must have a wonderful gardener, George. We can't get any such in the city, for any money," glancing at the marvels of walks, and mounds, and fancifully cut shrubbery.

"It's the children's work, Sue, the most of it."

"Our children are pretty good botanists for their age," said Mrs. Morland. "We have taken considerable pains to interest them in natural history. I must show you their specimens in their library, as they call it, up stairs—their birds and insects, too." At this Mrs. Sue made great eyes, as the Germans say.

"You don't pretend to say your children have done all these wonderful things!"

"Yes, I do. Of course we work with them, now and then, and plan for them. We have our books on gardening and floriculture, you know." Mrs. Sue winced a trifle at this "you know." It pointed in the direction of some of her pooh-poohings. She was good at a turn, however.

"But, Sarah, don't the children go to school? How do they get time for this?"

Mr. Morland "took the word" in reply with some zest. His sister's modes with her children had always thorned him.

"You see we have our children in bed by nine o'clock—no evening parties, or balls, or late suppers, or any of your murderous nonsense—then they are ready to get up in the morning, fresh and bright, and are worth something."

"O, dear!" sighed Mrs. Sue, with a deprecating gesture, "George, you're forever sermonizing; you give me the blues."

Mrs. Morland led the way down a winding path, among clumps of evergreens, and all sorts of wildwood trees, arranged according to nature's most approved plan.

"About this grotto, Sarah, I can't imagine how you're going to get it up. You've no great rocks here, unless you've made some," half laughing. Her respect for the Morland capabilities was evidently rising.

"Don't you remember, Sue, those old boulders just back of what was the kitchen garden when we came here? We've always wanted to do something to get them out of the way, but never could contrive any thing till a few weeks ago, Mary caught this idea from a poem she was reading. A few hours' work of the men and oxen brought them into shape, and we think by next Summer it'll be the prettiest spot on the premises. The children are full of plans about the vines, and shells, and mosses, and a rustic bridge. They intend to make an island of it, by digging a channel for the creek on each side. There, you see the waterfall is just back of it."

The presence of healthful, happy children was reckoned a crowning blessing in the Morland home. Not that they *happened* to be so good, and truthful, and kind, any more than the home *happened* to be so beautiful. In their babyhood they were not looked upon as toys to play with, and pet, and spoil, till they should outgrow their amusing ways; and then to coax and whip, cajole and threaten into presentably decent behavior, till they were "settled" off the parents' hands. No, they were Christ's "little ones," left in the home a few years to be trained to do good and be happy, here and hereafter, now and forever. So every thing that would make them better in body or soul was put upon the programme, and every thing that would hurt them was denied. Of course there were sulks and storms, temptations and mistakes—as this was not paradise, only a human home—but grace and common-sense usually triumphed, and now they are a family with each character built up about as the home

was—religion the corner-stone—charms of person, culture of mind, and the graces of the spirit, each block fitted and polished, and in its place.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

I've sometimes wondered, when my path has led
My feet reluctant into stranger's halls,
When, for a season, I have been deprived
Of the endearments and delights of home;
When a self-exile from the dear fireside,
To duty sacrificing all its joys,
I've dwelt 'mong strangers—strangers still, though kind
Often, and pitying as friends could be—
I've sometimes wondered if, of all earth's words,
There were three sweeter, dearer to the heart,
Than Mother, Home, and Heaven. I have thought
That if my hand were better skilled to wield
The artist's pencil than the poet's pen,
'T would be my life task to produce a work
That should make every heart grow soft with tears
At thought of those three, simple, soulful words.

"Mother!" The utterance of that sweet word
Turns back the wheels of Time, and I am left
A helpless infant on my mother's breast.
I see her smile of love, I feel the kiss
That falls as gently as a breath of balm
Upon my brow. Then, as in after time,
I'm bowing at her knee, my lisping tongue
Repeating the sweet prayer she taught me there.
And then I listen to her kind reproof,
Her words of counsel, and my heart is stirred
With strange desires and longings to "be good."
And now I'm roaming through the wild beech-woods,
Chasing the merry squirrel to his nest;
Mocking the glee of singing birds or bees,
Swinging like a wild thing high in the air
On some long grapevine, wading in the pond
Where the tall sycamores reach out their arms,
And clap their hands that play with my wild hair.
I'm hunting buttercups amid the grass
Of the broad meadow. I am flitting here
And there in the wild, wondrous "sugar camp,"
Dipping my sunbrowned face in every "trough"
To test the sweetness of its liquid store.
And then I'm going home—home to the rest,
And peace, and quiet of the broad home hearth.
I lay my head upon my mother's knee
And tell her all the wondrous sights I've seen.
And mother kisses me and gravely says
That I'm "too wild romping for a girl."
And this is home—for "home is where mother is"—
And round me are the faces that I love.

"Home!" The pure shrine where willing spirits bend
And offer grateful incense; where the cares
And trials and commotions of the world
Should never come; the castle where a man
May shut himself securely and defy
The angry turmoils of the world without.
Home is a refuge where the weary heart

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Turns with its burden; where the weary feet
Turn from their wandering up and down the world;
Where the wrecked hopes of ruined, wasted lives
Are brought to be entombed from the world's gaze.
How many a soldier in the prison cell,
Or gloomy hospital, or battle din,
When life was ebbing out and death was near,
Has cried in vain, "O, that I might go home!"
How many a sailor, wrecked upon the sea,
Has turned his longing eye to the blue line
That tells him home is near; and with the thought
Of home to cheer, yet sadden him, gone down
To find a watery grave beneath the deep!
How many of earth's lost and fallen ones
Have been reclaimed by thoughts and hopes of home!
Home! It is where the heart is, and I've thought
That this is why we are not to lay up
Our treasures here on earth. Our Father knows
That we are strangers here, earth not our home;
And knowing that if we gather treasure here
Our fallen hearts will seek no better home,
He in his loving care hath made for us
A mansion suited to our soul's great wants,
And hath established it in heaven where we
May store our treasures for eternal use.
And here at last shall all our wanderings end
At home in heaven. How do our bosoms burn
With rapture in anticipation sweet,
Of that blessed land, where toil, and grief, and pain,
And sighing, shall no more annoy our hearts!
O! there will be no tears, no weary feet,
No crushed hearts wearing out with ceaseless pain,
No long, slow, hopeless days and sleepless nights,
No heavy burdens hid 'neath cloaks of mirth
And thus made harder to be borne, no lives
Wrecked, wasted, ruined, no cold curious eyes,
Nor scornful smiles in that pure, sinless land.
But there our Father wipes away all tears,
And perfect bliss atones for all the woes
And crosses that make earth a dreary place.

"Home is where mother is," but mother's hand
Can not remove the burden from our hearts,
Though by her tenderness she may allay
The bitter pain and make it easier.
And we may turn to home and mother when
The world deals harshly by us, and may find
A refuge from its turmoils for awhile.
But mother dies, the roof-tree is torn down,
And we are shelterless amid the wild.
"Heaven is where God is," and we may go
Weary and soiled, and travel worn and tired,
And we may leave it all without the gate.
And when we enter through the shining door
Our Father will receive us, dry our tears,
Clothe us and crown us, and one welcoming smile
Will fill us with such perfect ecstasy
That all that we have suffered and endured
Will seem as trifles not to be compared
To the exceeding glory of our great reward.

We sail the sea of life: a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

THE STAR.

BY MRS. E. L. GRIFFITH.

"I THOUGHT I'd be home in time to make those pies, mamma, so just go sit down and rest yourself."

"Never mind, daughter, you are tired from your walk now, and you are hardly dressed for kitchen work."

"Not so tired as you, my dear mamma, and as to dress, that is not an insurmountable evil," and the rosy-cheeked girl fastened a ribbon on the curls which perversely would fall over her eyes, and, tying a white apron around her slender waist, led her mother into the sitting-room, and, placing her in an easy chair, left her with the morning paper in her hand and a kiss on her cheek.

"Dear Minnie! what would I do without her?" said Mrs. Castleton to herself as she leaned back wearily and closed her eyes. "What sunlight will go from this home when she leaves it!"

In the mean time Minnie was rubbing the lard and flour between her chubby fingers, all unconscious she was doing any thing but her duty. The walk had brought a sparkle to her eye and an elasticity to her being. Nor had it been merely a pleasant ramble, as certain packages left shortly after at the door by the grocer's boy would fully attest.

"I thought I'd find you in here, and so came the back way." Maud Nettleby would have been considered a beauty as she stood there in the doorway, one tiny white hand held up to shade the face in its delicate whiteness from the sun, which persisted in looking right into the large blue eyes, and the other holding a photograph for Minnie's gaze, but provokingly allowing the fingers to stray over it so as to hide all but the mustached lip and bearded chin. A stranger looking at her thus for the first time would have said, "What a lovely countenance!" And yet as she uttered the words, "I thought I'd find you here," there was a hauteur in her manner, and a curl of the pretty lip, that was far from pleasant. Minnie did not seem to notice it, however, for she laughed lightly, as she said,

"You teasing girl, to hold the picture so when you know I can not get my hands out of this dough to take it from you. Never mind, I'll pay you for this by and by."

"I'll put it by for fear of contamination." Maud slid it into her pocket and stepped back with a mock expression of horror.

Minnie stamped her little foot playfully, and said, "Your Sir Knight would not be too ethe-

real to eat some of this same disgusting material an hour hence, I dare say, and even so radiant a creature as Maud will say, 'A small piece, sil' vous plait!'"

"That is very likely, but for all that I see no reason why you, with your intellectual tastes and brilliant talents, should spend your mornings concocting messes, delicious I acknowledge, but which any servant-girl might make quite palatable enough if she were well trained."

Minnie's lip trembled a little, for Maud's words brought before her the bright picture she had painted when a school-girl of an authoress's life and bonny hours for study, but it was only for a moment the brown eyes were misty.

"Maud, you know how I dislike this work, and how I love intellectual pursuits, but father was embarrassed in business, and when I heard mother and him planning how we could retrench, I just stepped into the kitchen and asked Mary if she could get another place easily. 'Sure an' are you in earnest,' said she, 'that's jist what I've been a wantin' to do, for Jemes an' me's been makin' up to git married.' This was an agreeable surprise to me, but mother looked troubled when I told her, for she said, 'It will be impossible to replace her,' at which I pretended to pout, for I thought I could do things as good as Mary could. They laughed at the idea of me turning girl, and, when they found I was in earnest, opposed it, but I coaxed them into it finally. Mary still does the washing, and comes other days when there is extra work on hand," she says, with some pride, "Jemes won't hear to me goin' out savin' to come here." That is the way we came to dismiss our girl, Maud; I will not say it is no sacrifice, for I have a real distaste for household duties; it seems so belittling to be thinking all the time what one shall eat and wear—to wash dishes and scour knives when one might be acquiring a new language or writing a book; but then I think the mind can create an enjoyment even in these things, and so instead of stooping I try to bring my work up to my level." Minnie was busy trimming the pies now, and Maud watched her in silence as with her thumb and finger she turned off the neat edges, and then disposed them in the hot oven, while her face grew crimson in the process.

"Make yourself comfortable, Maud, I'll be ready to sit down in a minute. I am going to have a coffee dinner to-day and so shall not cook much. Stay with me; you like coffee, I know."

Maud gave her hat a toss as the only answer, and Minnie washed her little hands, and taking

a basket said, "Come, Maud, and sit in the arbor while I shell these peas."

After a little silence Maud broke out, "Say, Minnie, it's ridiculous that you should be doing this work; if you were capable of nothing else it would be a different thing. There are plenty of women that know nothing else but mending and making, frying and scouring; but you, fitted to shine in any society and with an intellect that might dazzle the world, it is sacrilege for your talents to be thus desecrated."

Minnie's brows arched a little. "This employment is not so very pleasant, Maud, but circumstances make it necessary, and I am amply repaid for the sacrifice in knowing that by our home retrenchment father's affairs are coming out of their knotty state, and his face is less careworn than it was. He says he hopes soon to be able to have me relieved by a strong hand in the kitchen, and when our circumstances warrant it I shall gladly resign my part; for I agree with you that to those who care for nothing else, or have no intellectual tastes, ordinary domestic duties should, if possible, be resigned, while those who are fond of literature should be left undisturbed in mental pursuits. But till circumstances warrant it my duty is plainly here, and I hope never to turn aside from any duty, however distasteful. Still I have not given up study altogether, Maud."

"You must feel very much like poring over books, indeed, when you come out of that broiling kitchen!"

Minnie sighed a little. "It is true I am often very tired—too tired to study; then I do not force myself to it, because it would be a plain injustice to my physical nature, which would not long endure such pressure; but there are days when I am not overtasked, and then I can allow my mind the food it craves. You have ample time for study, Maud!"

Maud opened wide her blue eyes. "I don't believe in bringing premature wrinkles upon my forehead," and she passed her hand laughingly over her fair brow. Minnie stopped her work and looked up seriously.

"But don't something cry out within you for more? How can you let your mind lie dormant? You are naturally smart, Maud, and might become so cultivated if you only would." She rose and laid her hand on Maud's round white shoulder coaxingly. The dimpled shoulder moved restlessly.

"Indeed, I'd rather read an interesting story, which I will proceed to do while you get dinner." She drew a paper from her pocket and Minnie left her to its perusal.

In the afternoon, when the work was all done,

and mamma was taking her nap, and the children were at play, the two girls sat alone in the cozy sitting-room.

"Now, Maud, for the picture!" said Minnie, holding out her hand. It was placed in her fingers. She looked at it long and earnestly. "So this is Herbert Travers!"

"What do you think of it, Minnie?" There was more anxiety tremulous in the voice than Maud cared to have appear.

Minnie looked at it again thoughtfully. "Maud, I read intellect there; what a forehead!" She placed her fingers over it as if to measure its breadth. "I read also self-reliance, firmness, but a kindly glow looks out from the eye. I should say a noble, high-spirited man."

Maud's face flushed with pleasure. "He is as noble as he looks, and I am glad he is mine."

"So then you are betrothed, dear Maud;" she wound her arm around her—"I am glad of it. O! Maud, be all to him that he will be to you."

"O! never fear, I'm just his ideal, he says."

"Pardon me, Maud, this Herbert is a man of taste and intellect."

"I could n't marry any other, I'm proud of him!"

"Will you not have to cultivate yours to keep pace with him? Otherwise, as he will be constantly improving there will come to be, by and by, a wide space between you, and neither will be able to enjoy the other's society."

"O, Minnie, don't begin to preach or you'll drive me home! It is impossible but that I shall always enjoy being with Herbert, and I shall trust to my beauty and winning ways to make me pleasing to him, and I don't mean to trouble myself about any thing else; no, not another word." She laid her finger upon Minnie's lips as she saw her about to reply, and so they were silent.

"Is my little girl here?" Mr. Nettleby looked in in the evening to take Maud home.

"Come in, papa, Minnie and I are not half done talking yet."

"Not done, and you've been here all day, puss!"

"Come in, Mr. Nettleby," said Minnie, advancing, "papa will be in directly."

He was not reluctant to join the interesting circle, and when an hour after he went home with Maud on his arm, he ventured to suggest, "Could n't you be a little more like Minnie?"

Maud fired. He imagined he saw the blue eyes flash in the darkness. "You think every body better than I, papa."

"O! no, dear, I would n't exchange my little

girl for any in the world," said he soothingly. Maud was satisfied, but it was with difficulty Mr. Nettleby could repress a sigh as Minnie's bright form flitted before his vision—now setting the arm-chair for her father, now helping him on with his wrapper, now bringing his slippers, and a dozen little offices which properly belonged to him, but which she took on herself because "father is tired." Maud never thought of these little things; she was always ready to do what was asked her, but never thought of volunteering. How often did the father think how nice it would be if Maud would offer to cast up his accounts, and let him enjoy an evening of rest! How often would the mother have been relieved if Maud would take up the needle instead of the magazine! They were proud of their daughter, but at such times they would secretly wish she were "a little more like Minnie Castleton." The little ones, too, learned to save their "hard sums" till Minnie came over, instead of asking their sister. "Minnie always 'splains so nice, and do n't get cross when we can't understand it," little Amy would say. And so Maud, instead of being the star of her home, which she might so easily have become, was only a little moon shining by the coaxing light of others; and when the sun of adulation in which she basked was withdrawn, shining not at all, how will it be in that other home to which she is going? We will see.

"Why, Minnie, are you out so early?"

"Early, it's ten o'clock, Maud!"

"So it is; it would be early to you, though, if you had as many children as I have. I can scarcely get turned around by that time."

"You have a great deal of care, I dare say," was the reply in a sympathetic tone. The two were wives and mothers now, but the old intimacy was maintained; and Minnie had walked as unceremoniously into Maud's sitting-room as in the days of their girlhood, and found her friend much as she would have found her then, with hair hastily tucked up and a wrapper carelessly thrown on without collar or cuffs.

"Do n't I look hard?" said she laughing, "but one can't keep fixed up where there are children."

Minnie said nothing, but she thought of her own two little cherubs at home, and questioned whether even if they were six instead of two she would be found so carelessly attired. She turned the subject.

"I have come to spend the day with you. Mr. Winslow will not be home to dinner, so I thought I would run off."

The two friends sat down to an old-fashioned

talk, which both enjoyed, for they loved each other despite the dissimilarity of their tastes. When the dinner hour drew near Minnie offered to take the baby while Maud "fixed up" for her husband. The blue eyes, still beautifully lustrous, looked their astonishment.

"You don't suppose I would dress up for him!"

"For whom would you dress, then, if not for your husband?" half playfully, half in earnest.

"Why, for company; where would be the use in dressing up for one whom one sees every day?"

Mrs. Winslow looked very sober now, as she said, "Did n't you used to dress for him, Maud, before you were married, although he came every evening?"

"O! yes, I used to braid my hair, and wear flowers in it, and dress in blue, and pink, and white, and make him say I looked prettier in each successive dress."

"And isn't his admiration as dear to you now as then?"

"Of course," was the reply, a little impatiently, "but I have so much care, and so many children now, I have n't time for such foolishness."

Mrs. Winslow crossed the room, and folding her friend in her arms said, "Dear Maud, nothing is foolishness that will help you retain the love and respect of your husband. I rise half an hour earlier than I otherwise would need to in order to have time to curl my hair and present a fresh morning toilet to my husband at breakfast."

"I know you always look sweet in the morning in your white wrapper and curls, but then you have n't half the care that I have." There was a little indignation in Minnie's tone as she replied,

"I know, Maud, I have not so much care in one way, but I do a great many things which you do not."

"Pardon me, Minnie, I know you do, and I wonder how in the world you get it all accomplished. Mr. Travers thinks you are a perfect wonder, and says he wishes—well, he'd like me to study or read more—says he would keep me another girl if I would, but I never had any taste for such things."

Just then Mr. Travers entered, and so ended the conversation. Mrs. Winslow noticed that his wife was busy talking to the baby, and did n't look up for some time after he came in, and thought, "How different from the time of their courtship! How her eye sparkled then when he came! Does she love him less now?" As they sat down to dinner a flush of mortification rose to Mr. Travers's face.

"Our girl is very careless," he said apologetically to Mrs. Winslow, as he noticed the tablecloth which had evidently been used several times before. Then he made a faint attempt to laugh. "See, she piles all the things in the middle of the table, I suppose to make us exert ourselves to get them."

Minnie tried to join in the laugh, but she feared a storm, for she had seen Maud set the table herself, and it soon came. Mrs. Travers gave her husband a look any thing but loving. "Minnie's not company, so where's the use in being particular?"

Mr. Travers's face turned a deeper dye, but he said softly, "Don't you think a little taste displayed would be better at all times, my dear?"

"You had better set the table yourself if you can do it better," was the angry retort, and Minnie tried to turn the subject, for she had a mortal horror of connubial storms.

"It is terrible," she said to her husband afterward, "to think husband and wife who are so dependent upon each other for happiness, should speak or look crossly at each other at all; but if they must have discussions or unkind remarks, let them make them when there are no other persons' ears to be pained by them; the most unpleasant thing in the world is to hear a married pair contradicting each other and saying harsh things, and perhaps each appealing to the third party to know if he or she is not right."

It was with a saddened heart Minnie went to her home that day, for she felt that, entreat her as she might, Maud would remain unchanged.

"Is tea ready?" she asked of Bridget as she entered the house.

"All but settin' the table, and, plaze mem, I left that for you, as I know'd I could n't suit you, you're so particular about that husband of yours."

"O! yes, nothing can be too nice for him," and Mrs. Winslow laughed lightly.

"Faith, mem, and let me be carryin' your bonnet up stairs for you, I'll put it away nice." Bridget thought it only a pleasure to wait on Mrs. Winslow; indeed, that lady never had the trouble with "help" so many have; she was so kind as to win the love of her domestics, and yet preserved so much of a proper dignity that they never took undue liberties. The children, as she had promised them when they came from school, had gone to carry some fresh rusk and milk to blind old Katy Jones, who lived all alone with her poverty; but they thought this a greater treat than a game of blind man's buff, for they were already being taught the pleasure there is in doing good. Ere they re-

turned Mrs. Winslow had the table tastefully arranged, and was on the portico to welcome both husband and children. After a playful contest between papa and the little ones who should kiss her first, they entered the dining-room together and sat down to the well-spread table. Had Maud stepped in at this moment she would have supposed there was company, such an air of elegance pervaded the table. Yet it was not because of the costly service, for they were by no means rich. The secret was simply in this, Minnie never put away her best things and saved them for company, for she said dearer than all eyes were those of her husband. She spent equal care on the arrangement of her table; every thing being placed so tastefully that an observer once said, "If there were nothing but bread and salt on Mrs. Winslow's table it would look more inviting than many a loaded one." Her table was restricted by no means to bread and salt, however; she always had some nice little relish made with a view to her husband's taste, and he—some would say foolish man! not so say we—always thought it so much the better for having been made by his wife.

Very different was the reception of Mr. Travers at home. As he drew near his door at tea-time, he thought, "O, that Maud would meet me as she used to in girlhood's days!" and his eye brightened as he thought of the braided tresses and neatly-arrayed form. He lifted the latch and passed into the sitting-room. Mrs. Travers was busy sewing and did not raise her eyes for some time; then when he coughed a little to make her aware of his presence, she looked up indifferently, "So, you've come," and went on with her work. Mr. Travers sighed, walked up and down the room two or three times, and then impatiently threw himself down on the lounge and took up a book. How might Maud have quieted the restless spirit had she gone to him, put her arms around him, and said, "Welcome home!" He made no attempt at conversation, because, to tell the truth, which he would hardly own even to himself, he wearied of her talk, which was of nothing but commonplace matters, the children, the servants, the neighbors, such were her daily themes. He would cheerfully have read aloud, but Maud cared for nothing that interested him—a nice story, a terrible accident, etc., would set all her enthusiasm afloat; but an article on a scientific subject would have been so much Greek. Thus they lived with no tastes in common, drifting further and further apart day by day. It was as Minnie had predicted, by contact with the world his mind was expanding more and more,

and hers for want of cultivation was shriveling into littleness. The tea was taken in almost entire silence, and then Herbert Travers took his hat and said, "I think I'll go and have a talk with Mr. Winslow." His wife said, "Well," only half raising her eyes as she extended her hand for the last magazine, and was soon absorbed in a new story, and would probably have forgotten there was such a being as her husband in existence had not the money been derived from him.

What a contrast, thought Mr. Travers, was the cozy little sitting-room he now entered to the one he had just left.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were sitting side by side reading Tennyson's "Idyls." "We had been reading 'Whedon on the Will,'" said Mr. Winslow, as he rose to welcome his guest, "and took up this by way of refreshing ourselves after some hard thinking. Come, be reader for the evening!"

"Yes, do," seconded Minnie, taking his hat, "and I will get my sewing."

Mr. Travers could not help thinking what a pretty picture she made there in her crimson dress, the rich dark curls straying over her white intellectual forehead; and he could not help watching her as the gold and silver braid was twined around her fingers and formed in such cunning shapes. Then, too, what an interest she gave to the reading by her graceful comments—little poems in themselves—but when the book was laid down and a general conversation indulged in, how exquisite her taste, how faultless her judgment, how she spiced what would otherwise have been dull! The evening flew far too quickly for Herbert Travers; and when he bade them "good-night," to go to his own home, it was with a sigh.

But Edgar Winslow wound his arms around his little wife, and whispered as he kissed her, "How dull would home be without you! You are my light, my star!"

WHO ARE THE MIGHTY?

MIGHTIER than giants are men of the race of heaven; should they once arouse themselves to battle they could laugh at the spear and the habergeon. But they are a patient generation, enduring ills without resenting them, suffering scorn without reviling the scoffer. Their triumph is to come when their enemies shall receive the vengeance due; then shall it be seen by an assembled world that the "little flock" were men of high estate, and the "obscuring of all things" were verily men of real strength and dignity.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER IV.

MERTOWN, OCT. 23d.

IT is true, dearest Kate, that you have some reason to complain of me. It has been no want of time, or even inclination, that has kept me silent; but just the uncertainty of Robert Newland's movements, and the hope of soon being able to write you some news of Fred.

It will be scarcely possible now for me to obey your injunction and begin this letter just where the last one left off, but I can give you a general idea of what we have been doing.

There has been a change observable in the 'Squire since poor Mr. Haze died. Not a lasting, radical change, but a change that comes and goes by fits and starts, and shows the old nature unchanged after all. The evening controversies at our house are not given up, but they are cooler, and the combatants keep better hours. The theme of universal salvation is wholly let alone. I truly regret the poor man's death, but if he *must* die I hope it is not wrong to rejoice that one bone of contention is buried with him.

But there are many other bones for which I should be glad to find a sepulcher—one very old bone, of which I have just had a glimpse; shall I show it to you?

At the tea-table my brother undertook to convince me that hot buttered toast, of which he is extravagantly fond, ought never to be eaten.

"An indigestible mess, full of nightmare and incipient dyspepsia, only fit for the gizzard of an ostrich," was his flattering comment on its appearance. I knew that he said this from sheer love of fault-finding, and that he would directly help himself to the lion's portion. So I touched the bell. "Ann," said I quietly, "you may take this toast away, and bring some cold bread." My brother started. I believe he would have countermanded my order, but a smothered laugh from the girls drew his attention to them and they were forthwith dismissed from the table. Of course they went directly to the kitchen and made a hearty meal from the rejected toast.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I preserved my gravity, as we sat opposite to each other silently munching our cold bread. It will be some time before another favorite dish is argued off the table. Political and religious and scientific disputations are bad enough to endure without having one's victuals quarreled over.

"Phyllissa," said my brother solemnly, as he moved his chair back from the table, "what do you think of the reasoning powers of women as compared with men?"

I saw that a long tirade against the intellectuality of my sex was in prospect, so I answered coolly, "Compared with men? I did not know that men had any reasoning powers."

Not another word was said; but as soon as I could leave without the appearance of running away, I ran up to my room, locked my door, and laughed myself helpless over the whole affair.

But I must let my mind run back several weeks if I answer all your questions. At first we heard from Robert often, but the whole month of September passed without a word from him. Several times he had supposed himself on the eve of success, but invariably had found himself looking up some body else's relations. But instead of getting discouraged he grew more and more confident that his cousin was alive and would be found at last. Late in August he wrote that he had ascertained that a soldier who had escaped in company with Fred was living in La Grange, Texas, and he was preparing to leave New Orleans directly to find this man.

"He'll never come back," said my brother testily, after hearing the letter read. "There is no sense in his wasting his time and money in this way. The people of Texas are half savages. It is the last place that Fred would think of visiting. If he is alive he has wit enough to come home now that the war is over."

"You forget, papa, what Robert says about the effect of the horrible treatment upon the minds of the prisoners. And—and Fred's mother was insane. It is constitutional in her family. There is no telling where the poor fellow may have wandered if his intellect is disordered."

"Pooh! it is easy enough to imagine such things. There is no evidence to my mind that Fred is alive. The fact is, that Robert likes to travel, and this affair of Fred's gives him an excuse for doing so. A soldier's life unsettles a person and gives him a roving disposition."

Maggie bit her lips to keep back her indignant thoughts.

We had the pleasure of listening to remarks like these all through September. They grew more and more bitter as the time passed without any tidings, and at last the 'Squire decided that Robert had no intention of returning himself, even if living, which was doubtful.

Maggie is not easily disheartened. She held

up bravely and was always sure there was a good reason for her daily disappointment in regard to a letter. But the color left her cheek and her merry laugh quite deserted her as the weary days of waiting wore on. To divert her mind one afternoon when she was unusually thoughtful and silent, I proposed a long walk in the woods. She made no objection, though I could see that she was indisposed to make any exertion. But Cora tied on her hat while Leonore brought her parasol, and we were soon on our way. It was a beautiful day. The early frosts had just touched the trees, and the different colors were most lovely. Still it was difficult to interest Maggie. She was evidently borrowing trouble.

"What can be the occasion of Robert's long silence, aunt Lissa?"

"He has doubtless written, my dear. Letters get mislaid often on shorter routes. Do you remember that letter of cousin Kate's, which started only twelve miles from us and traveled nearly all over the United States before it reached us? I expect that Robert is wondering why you do not answer this letter that you have not received, and like you, he is tormenting himself to account for your neglect. When he gets safely home I shall laugh at you both."

"You may, aunt Lissa, if he ever gets home."

"Now, Maggie, you must not dwell on that dismal thought. The chances are that he is all right, and if he is not, there will be time for lamentation and mourning after you find it out. Ugh! here's a wasp on my sleeve; brush it off, please."

I have a terror of wasps and hornets and all stinging insects, and my wise brother's arguments and the amusement of my nieces are all thrown away when attempting to reassure me. I know from experience what a wasp's sting is. So as soon as I saw this one, with his long wind-mill wings spread, awkwardly balancing himself for a walk up my sleeve, I began to jump about and make such an ado that Maggie forgot her trouble in laughing at me.

"It is a white-faced one, aunt Lissa; it won't sting."

"O dear! Well, I do despise a white-faced wasp. It is regular low-church. The hypocrite! It has no business to personate a wasp. It ought to be turned out of the synagogue."

"Why, aunt Lissa, you did not want it to sting you, I suppose?"

"No; but it should n't pretend to be a wasp. Those black-faced fiery ones, ready to stab you without a moment's notice, have the real doctrine in them. They are wasps. I respect them."

"I am glad of it," said Maggie, laughing, "for there is one of them on your bonnet. And see," she continued as she bent a little birch toward me, "here's a nest of them."

"You don't! O dear! Get out!" I gave but one look at the nest as I snatched my bonnet from my head, threw it away, and ran for dear life. The low-church wasp rose in my estimation at every step, and its peaceable qualities put on a certain dignity. Maggie followed me as fast as she could for laughing, bringing my bonnet with her and thoroughly enjoying my fright. I will not deny that I exhibited quite as much of this as I felt; it was so charming to see her look like her old self again. So I kept on till I was clear of the wood and safe in the high road. Then I sat down to recover my breath and wait for Maggie to come up.

"Well done, aunt Lissa! I knew you were the quickest little woman in the world, but I had no idea you could run like that. Do you know that you have cleared two stone walls and a tolerably high fence without once stopping to measure them? As the boys say, 'I'll bet on you after this.'"

"Nonsense, my dear. You know there are very convenient steps at each of these barriers. It is the regular path across the fields, is n't it?"

"Yes." Maggie answered with a bright blush, for which I could not account till I remembered the morning of Robert's departure.

"Well, aunt, where shall we go now?"

"Any where you please."

"Let us go to the post-office."

"Yes, but do not expect a letter."

It was nearly a mile to the post-office, but the day was so lovely that it was a pleasure to be out of doors. And there was a letter.

Maggie could hardly believe her eyes when the large envelope, which she knew contained so much, was handed to her.

"Let us find a quiet place, aunt Lissa, and read what Robert says before we go home."

"Where is the letter mailed?"

"At New Orleans."

Maggie was soon lost in her letter while I sat waiting impatiently to hear if there was any news of Fred.

"In a minute," was her response to my repeated inquiries. At last I laid violent hands on the letter itself.

"I will take it away, Maggie, if you do not tell me if he has heard from Fred."

"Yes, yes, he has found him at last. He is in New Orleans, and has never been in Texas at all."

"Then Robert had his journey for nothing."

"No, for it was at Austin that he first got any reliable intelligence."

"But how is Fred? Why did n't he come home? Is he sick? Why has he kept his whereabouts so private? If he could n't write to us himself, I suppose there is some one in the city who could. What does he say for himself? Maggie, why do n't you tell me?"

"You give me no chance, aunt Lissa. Fred is very much altered, Robert says—in mind more than in person. The horrors of Andersonville were too much for him. You know how tender-hearted he is. He is rational at times, and since he has recognized his cousin seems to feel easy. All the time he has suffered from a fear of being recaptured, and would neither tell his name nor where he belonged. He is in a hospital, well cared for, and Robert thinks he will be able to start for home next week. That is all there is about Fred," said Maggie, coloring rosy as she saw me glance at the closely-written sheets which she was folding. How happy she looked!

"I think Andersonville must make many infidels," was her next remark as we walked thoughtfully homeward.

"Why, my pet?"

"Because it does not seem as if a merciful and powerful Being could suffer such wrong to his creatures. To Christian patriots, too."

"What we know not now we shall know hereafter. We can not comprehend the infinite plans of the Almighty. It is useless to speculate upon such subjects. There has probably been no circumstance of the war which has so well unmasked the diabolical cruelty of the South as its exhibition at Andersonville. The European sympathizers with the rebellion can now understand and appreciate its chivalry."

"As if it were worth while, auntie, for all this misery to be endured just to enlighten France and England, when it is not of the least consequence what either nation thinks of us!"

"Well, well, my dear, we will not argue. Your father can do that for us all."

As soon as we got home I sent Maggie to her room to read her letter, while I spread the good news it contained. My brother tried hard to disguise his joy, but he did not succeed. Even while his lips grumbled, his eyes shone with thankful gladness. There is a warm, good heart under his rough outside, and he has been so sensible and considerate for a week that I am afraid he is going to die.

Mrs. Peyton came over to spend the evening with me. She is a widow, about forty years old, and one of the most attractive women I

ever saw. You will understand that I improved Maggie's hint in seeking her acquaintance, and that the Quintet Quarreling Club—Q. Q. C.—will not have it all their own way during the approaching Winter. The 'Squire was in great dread all the evening, though he could not help admiring her. Her conversational powers are superior to those of most women, for she has read a great deal, and is an independent thinker.

Once or twice, when the conversation happened to turn upon the events of the war and the present policy of the Government, I think my brother quite forgot that she was a woman and a widow; for he contradicted her without ceremony, commencing his remarks with, "Now, sir, let me show you that you know nothing about it." But generally his sense of danger from her presence kept him quiet.

Maggie was in the room, with her cheerfulness quite restored, ready to quarrel with her father or to do any thing else for the general good. Altogether we had a delightful time, and it shall not be the last of the kind if I can help it.

Mrs. Peyton gave us an amusing account of a young niece of hers. She belongs to a family who have not favored the war or given a cent to aid the country in its need, but whose patriotism has been confined to finding fault with all that has been done to maintain the Union cause. The young lady had a lover, and they were expecting to be married soon when the war began. The lover was a good, respectable, but rather ordinary young man, with no positive opinions or principles on any subject. He was not courageous enough to enlist as a soldier, and both he and his betrothed lived in constant fear of his being drafted into the service. The scornful contempt of the young men around him who were bravely responding to the call of the country, and even the mirthful ridicule of the fairer sex were unheeded; it were small consolation to be applauded by these after being killed in battle. His head, small and empty as it was, was all the head he had, and he was naturally tender of it. So, to avoid the draft, he left home and went to Canada. No one, excepting his mother and his affianced wife, knew what had become of him, though many suspected the truth. Of course the marriage was delayed and the wedding outfit packed away till more auspicious times. There were no letters written during the war; the young lady having an impression that if his abode were known the United States would straightway require the British authorities to hand the little fellow over to be tried and shot for desertion. But when the war was over she naturally

began to look after him and marvel at his non-appearance. "You, Miss Maggie," said Mrs. Peyton, "will know how to pity her when I tell you that she has just learned that he has been two years married to a pretty Scotch girl; has a bright boy about fifteen months old, and has settled down into a loyal subject of good Queen Victoria."

"Served her right," said Maggie. "She do n't deserve a husband, though the loss of such a poltroon is scarcely worth mentioning."

"He seems to have prospered," said my brother.

"Yes. I suppose he was not to blame if he had no manliness in him. He could n't exhibit a noble spirit or an unselfish love of his country because he had n't either. He was honest, at least, poor fellow."

"I wish she had been engaged to David Malloys, and had transplanted him to the British Provinces," said Maggie suddenly.

"Why, my dear?" asked her father in an amused tone.

"You know, papa. Just listen," said Maggie, throwing up the window. We all smiled, for, crooning along upon the air, as if every note was bursting with agony, came the wailing sounds of a fiddle.

"He is a lazy, shiftless fellow, papa. He makes the whole neighborhood hideous. Are n't you one of the select men? I complain of him as a public nuisance. His wife told me that he had seven fiddles, one for every day in the week, and she is n't sure whether she has her senses left or not. He repairs fiddles and tunes them, and gets them under such headway that they can't stop going if they would. Why was n't he drafted and put in the front of the battle? Think of the thousands of useful men who have fallen, and here he has been fiddling the neighbors into fits all the time. He ought to live on an island with all his fiddles in full screech."

"Well, well, my dear," said the 'Squire, "you will have the remedy in your own hands. Robert owns the cottage where Malloys lives. You can turn him out."

"But his poor wife, papa."

My brother grew nervously restless as the evening wore on. He knew that common civility would require him to escort Mrs. Peyton to her home, and, alas! there was no Canada near wherein he could seek refuge. He had odd fits of silence, and he changed his seat continually. At last, when he was ingeniously counterfeiting a sudden attack of ague in his face, and querying whether he had n't better go directly to bed and drink hot tea to induce perspiration.

Mrs. Peyton's brother arrived, and it appeared that she had been expecting him to come for her. The 'Squire recovered so rapidly on learning this, that it seemed a pity to insist on nursing his sudden cold; but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and I resolved to do my duty. I began to heat soap-stones. "Bother!" exclaimed the 'Squire. "I tell you I am as well as ever I was. The pain has quite left me."

"It will return. It never leaves so suddenly when it means to stay away. A slight cold is often the insidious herald of graver diseases. The foot-bath will be ready directly. Put mustard in it, Maggie, and have it as hot as he can bear it."

"O, bother!" growled the 'Squire.

Maggie assisted me most zealously. By the time her father was in bed and I had arranged the soap-stones and bottles of hot water about him, she was ready with a steaming bowl of thoroughwort tea. This he was determined not to taste, and our united efforts were not sufficient to induce him to swallow it. And, indeed, we had scarcely left his room after tucking the bed-clothes snugly around him, before we heard the soap-stones rolled out upon the floor and the loud "whish" of the water bottles as they broke against the wall. You will imagine that I had little hope of breaking up his cold after this.

This was a fortnight ago, and I must not close my letter without telling you that Robert and Fred are at home. Fred will never be well again. His constitution is quite broken up. He is rational, as a general thing, and his restoration to his home has done much to quiet him; but the disease contracted in that horrid pen at Andersonville will soon lay him in his grave. When his mind wanders he is perfectly harmless, and then his chief delight is in washing his hands over and over again to remove the prison filth which he fancies still adheres to them.

Robert watches him constantly, and Maggie goes to visit him now.

"I am glad they have taken a liking to each other, Phillissa," says the 'Squire.

"So am I," I answer.

My dearest Kate, I have hopes of my brother. Unless he is being prepared to die he is getting ready to live. He is growing gentle. He does not argue, that is, scold half so much as he did, and he does not contradict us above two-thirds of the time. So while all our prospects are so inviting and encouraging, I will take the opportunity to bid you a cheerful good-by.

In love as ever, PHILLISSA BROWN.

GREATNESS IN SMALL THINGS.

BY HATTIE H. SMITH.

SHALL we wait for great things to do, or shall we "do with our might what our hands find to do?" We are too apt to conclude that if ten or at least five talents are not in our possession, we will make no effort for improvement. Self desires to be in the ascendancy. "I must be the brightest star or I will not shine at all," is the fatal napkin in which many precious talents have been wrapped, and thus lost to families, to society, and to the world. One talent here and another there well improved, strengthens the hands of a family, a neighborhood, or a country, but more especially strengthens and animates the heart of the doer to greater deeds, and to more valorous exertions.

I have often heard falling from the lips of those of my own sex the expressions, "My energies are so cramped," "My faculties are so bound and hemmed in by being ever kept hovering over the narrow precincts of home. I long for a breath from the great and busy outside world; the narrowness of my home stifles me."

O, woman, think not your sphere a limited one, it is boundless as great eternity. If that fair brow can not be wreathed with the laurels that spring up from the fields of blood and strife, it may be encircled with gems of love and truth. Virtue may plant her signet there, and its radiance may attract the erring back to the paths of peace. If your voice is not heard amid the clangor and confusion of legislative halls, remember that the dear home which is sometimes deemed a cage, is a field of usefulness open to none so widely as to you. Home, that little spot of creation shut out from all the world; whether it is beautiful or homely, still it is home. Then how deep its influences for good or evil! How great the tide of human life that is pouring onward to eternity through the countless homes of earth!

As woman sits queen of these households, whether in the palace or the lowly cot, it is hers to regulate, to keep in order, and to make lovely and attractive. And the beings who gather there to shelter them from the world's storm are to be made happier or more miserable through her influence. God help us to keep alive to the greatness of small things everywhere, but most especially in the home circle, where characters are forming, not only for the brief space allotted them here, but for eternity! Words uttered without consideration flow into the channel of thought of some tender mind, and impels it that much further on in the wrong

direction; but wisely and judiciously spoken have an opposite tendency, and reflects rays of brightness back on the heart of that careful sister, mother, or wife. Not that woman alone is responsible for the course the little tide of home may take, but hers is the greater responsibility, because of the more numerous and complicated cares which daily devolve upon her; and it is this monotonous routine from which she so eloquently pleads to be delivered, forgetting in her weariness that these small duties, well performed, go further in moralizing and Christianizing our land than all other agencies combined. Nor must she become discouraged in her heavenly mission because of the many counter influences abroad. God's divine assistance is promised to the sincere seeker for help. He has offered needed wisdom and protecting care. How deep a source from which to draw!

Something has been said of the influence of words. But, O ye unkind words, too much can not be expressed to your disparagement. Little and insignificant as ye seem, a weight too intolerable to be borne crushes the heart on which you fall. There is no simile complete enough for your illustration. The burning sands of some arid clime are no surer in their work of destroying every germ of vegetation, than are ye in drying up the pure and tender fountains of the soul. The laughing streams that gladden the happy hours of childhood would only become wider and deeper to the end of life, could we ever bask beneath the genial rays of kind words.

O, very little things are ye, but more beautiful than the sparkling dew gems of a bright Summer's morning; sweeter than the fragrance that floats on its balmy breath; more musical far than the thrilling notes of many choirs of happy birds. Then study kind words. Speak gently, and in yourself, if no where else, you will meet a reward.

While the black war wing hung so long and darkly over our land, what was it that made up the greatness of the defeats and victories of our armies? Was it alone the fall of some beloved general or the hardy achievements of some noble leader? Listen, and you will hear borne to your ears, on the winds which yet chant a requiem over the departed heroes, the answer, that had the leaders of our armies been unaided by the prayers and the sturdy arm of the Christian patriot, all would have been lost. The proud old eagle would have drooped his weary wing and died; the giant strength of rebellion would have remained unbroken—but in union there is power. The precious "Stars

and Stripes" received a deeper hue from every drop of blood spilled in its defense; and now we all love the dear old flag as we have never loved it before, and will ever cherish it as an emblem of the greatness of many small sacrifices laid upon our country's altar. A Savior is born in Bethlehem of Judea. Wondrous news! All receive the intelligence with joy. But how did he come? In great pomp and splendor? Robed in priestly garments and bearing a kingly crown? Such at least, say the Jews, should be the sign of the true coming of one who is to reign over them. Disappointed in this they rejected him. Shepherds, while attending their flocks, were told by a heavenly messenger of the "good news," and where they could find Him of whom they were told. "This," said the angel, "shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." O, stupendous thought! God manifesting himself unto us as our Savior in such a manner that the lowliest being of earth may approach and worship him. How the proud heart must humble itself if it would find Jesus! "O, why should the heart of mortal be proud" when such greatness is found in such humble things!

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

PERSONAL AND GATHERED RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. E. S. MARTIN.

IN writing of those whose development of mind, in whatever department of literature or science it may be, is remarkable, it is natural to glance at antecedents, domestic, psychological, and external, that may have influenced such minds. We shall, therefore, be pardoned for referring somewhat in detail to the home in which these children of wonderful genius were nurtured.

On the western shore of Lake Champlain lies the small but exceedingly-attractive town of Plattsburg, where, on the 27th of September, 1808, Lucretia Maria Davidson was born.

Modern science, in its various forms of steam and electricity, has been a wonderful awakener from lethargy, here as elsewhere; yet at the time when our child-eyes looked upon, and our tiny voice called it "home," the village reposed in a calm, lazy sleep—so quiet, indeed, that one could fancy the sound of fife and drum, on such primitive ears, might have been startling as on those of a Casper Hauser.

The locality, however, had known all the sights and sounds of war—cannon had roared

with fatal reverberation among its hills—the white sail that glistened on its peaceful waters had been discolored and bespattered by the life-blood of many a noble heart. There had been the bitter tears and fears of parting friends, followed by the sharp, keen agony of newly-made widows and orphan children.

The village cemetery had in its very center a consecrated green-sward, whose memorial stones answered only to the dead soldier's roll-call. Here lay many a brave hero, over whose young head the birds sang from year to year their most cheerful reveille, or beat an evening tattoo on the grand old pine-trees. There were wild legends too, bordering on the supernatural, with circumstance preceding and accompanying this stormy era, which were intensified into actualities by a constant familiarity with houses riddled by bullets and huge cannon-balls resting innocently in cavities not originally intended for their reception.

Amid scenes of such historic interest were the elder Davidson children reared, and with which they were in some degree identified. "It is curious," says Mrs. Sedgwick, Lucretia's biographer, "to watch the effect of story and song in overcoming the instincts of nature; to see this tender, gentle creature viewing the instruments of war, not as engines of torture and death, but as forges for triumphant cars and wreaths of victory."

There was much also in the natural scenery of their birthplace to excite pleasantly a romantic temperament. The country contiguous to Plattsburg is much of it picturesque and beautiful. Scores of smaller towns lie nestled in full view among its high hills, intersected continually by little brawling streams or peaceful rivulets. The lake, with its background of mountains, is every-where visible, and the quiet country roads go winding through alternate thicket of evergreens and farms of high cultivation for many and many a mile around.

The River Saranac, issuing from the shadowy mountains near a hundred miles above, comes rippling in tortuous fashion over its pebbly bed, till it severs the old town quite in twain, making a curve on one side round a low, grassy shore, and running under a bold headland on the other, where it soon widens into the broad lake.

Stretching along this high bank were the foreign-looking dwellings of several French refugees, who sought in this quiet, this most lovely spot, a lull from the stormy sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution.

The pointed gables and stiff Lombardy poplars that stood as sentinels, told plainly, as any

mute objects could tell, of a stately régime. Within and under the very shadow of this patrician line nestled the lowly, weather-stained cottage of the two child-poets—rendered so memorable that it was long a shrine where the devotees of genius, from Europe and America, made pilgrimage. Its exterior indicated, if not absolute poverty, at least but a small portion of worldly prosperity, and to our child-eyes the house was too unpretentious even to be considered picturesque.

Yet the description given by our little heroine, Margaret, when fifteen years old, of this home is charmingly fresh and not untruthful.

"The old-fashioned piazza, which extended in front of the building, was shaded with vines and honeysuckle, just budding into life; the turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald, and the wild-rose and sweet-brier, that twined over the neat inclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this—to us—earthly paradise!"

From that same low piazza, however, the outward world was glorious in its rare beauty. The "Green Mountains" loomed up in the distance with coquettish change—now laughing in tender Spring costume, as the early morning sun quivered among the tree-tops, and anon showing only grim, weird faces, as noonday and eventide lengthened out their shadows.

The pretty headland of Cumberland stretched its long neck lovingly into the deep, placid bay, and on its borders lay old country seats, whose green turf was and is like soft rich moss.

The original owners have long since found graves in other lands, but a vivid interest must ever linger about these old homesteads so long as they retain the familiar names as of yore—the Woolsey Manor, Platt Place, M'Donough Farm, etc.

Beautiful is it for situation, like Zion of old—a joy and rejoicing.

Smooth lawns lead gently to the lake shore, over which, despite of man's neglect, nature seems to indulge a peculiarly-tender care, as the grass is ever soft and trim as on the estate of an English noble. There is always the same somber silence too, broken only by the plash of restless waters over the graveled beach, or dashing rudely among the shallow caves. There must always have been, even in their days of active vitality, a subdued quietude akin to sadness, in these Lake Champlain homes; and such was the outer world upon which the dreamy eyes of these poet-sisters were continually gazing. Mental development was no doubt accelerated and modified by such surroundings, in

their case, as in that of the Wesleys, Brontes, and others.

They were nurtured, however, amid many depressing forms of affliction. Poverty often stalked defiantly toward the household; death glided into secret haunts, while the mother, a lovely and highly-gifted woman, was rarely able to rise from her bed of suffering—her life was a contest without intermission, between painful disease and poetic sensibility.

Dr. Davidson was a man of intellectual tastes, yet it was no doubt from their mother, whose imaginative character and ardent susceptible feelings were concentrated on domestic incidents and maternal tenderness, that the daughters derived their wondrous talent. "Marvelous gifts" writes Miss Sedgewick, "whose holy flame burned till they consumed the mortal investments."

Of Lucretia, the writer's memory retains but a treacherous record; indeed, this remembrance can recall distinctly but one event, the far-off vision of a little child, with hand tightly clasped within her mother's—who was on most intimate terms of friendship with Mrs. Davidson—standing in the earliest light of a sweet Summer morning near a low couch, where the young girl lay dying. Her luxuriant hair, free from all confinement, fell in soft, wavy ripples over her white dress, and the large, dark, spiritual eyes were already watching for the light of that glorious city, whose builder and maker is God.

The delicacy of her physique was extreme, and from infancy she was exceedingly fragile. Yet she was sent to the Plattsburg Academy at four years of age, learning her letters after the Lancasterian method in sand.

The first effusions from her afterward prolific pen were discovered by accident, and greatly to Lucretia's sorrow, who was ever a shy, timid little creature. A quantity of paper having disappeared very rapidly, Mrs. Davidson expressed both surprise and displeasure at the untoward event, when the sensitive child, with drooping head and tearful eye, whispered, "Mamma, I have used it; but do n't, O do n't ask me for what; I can not, can not tell you."

This led to a discovery, among the attic rubbish, of several tiny manuscript books, of which the hieroglyphics were difficult to decipher; although they were finally ascertained to be poetical explanations in meter and rhyme of pictures on the reverse.

Lucretia's love for every living thing was so unbounded that she made no nice discriminations, when a child, between a soaring bird or crawling caterpillar. A rat—sent to her by a

schoolmate—whose leg had been broken in a trap, received as careful nursing, as honorable burial, and as tearful a lament as her pet robin, an epitaph on which, when she was eight years old, is the earliest preserved record of her muse:

"Underneath this turf doth lie
A little bird, which ne'er could fly;
Twelve large angle-worms did fill
This little bird, whom they did kill.
Puss! if you should chance to smell
My little bird, from his dark cell,
O! do be merciful, my cat,
And not serve him as you did my rat."

About the same time also she composed "The Lament of an Old Comb," containing eight verses, which evinces her playful disposition at this baby age, as was "The Auction Extraordinary," when she was fifteen.

The "Allegory of Alphonso" was written at eleven years of age, and the ballad of "De Courcy and Wilhelmine" for a weekly paper, which she issued for the amusement of the family at this period, dated "The Little Corner of the World," edited by the Story-Teller, and dedicated to mamma.

Before completing her twelfth year she had read most of the English poets, besides much history, sacred and profane, novels, and various works of imagination. Her devotion to Shakespeare was unbounded, and is expressed in an address to the great dramatist, from which we extract the following:

"Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice, a part,
Lest we in wonder here should bow before thee,
Break God's commandment, worship and adore thee!"

The religious element in her character was manifested at the earliest possible age; and that these impressions were permanent, is evident from the breathings of piety throughout her works, and in the precious fruit it produced in her life.

Her versification of Scripture was exceedingly beautiful and tender, as were also the hymns she composed. When only eleven years old she wrote in poetical measure the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, commencing with this verse:

"Though I were gifted with an angel's tongue
And voice, like that with which the prophets sang;
Yet if mild Charity were not within,
'T were all a mockery and sin."

And also "Christ Stilling the Tempest:"

"Be still, ye waves, for Christ doth deign to tread
On the rough bosom of your watery bed!

Be not too harsh your gracious Lord to greet,
But in soft murmurs kiss his holy feet;
'Tis he alone can calm your rage at will,
This is his sacred mandate, "Peace, be still!"

The poem of "Chicomoco" was written at stolen moments, and commenced at thirteen years old, when clouds seemed heavily gathering over her morning, as for weeks and months her guide and companion, Mrs. Davidson, lay hovering on the verge of the grave. Lucretia resolved to forego henceforth the inspiration of her muse, and devote her life to this beloved mother. After her partial recovery, however, Mrs. Davidson earnestly entreated her daughter to resume the theme, which she did, prefacing it by the following lines:

"I had thought to have left thee, my sweet harp, forever;
To have touched thy dear strings again—never—O, never!
To have sprinkled oblivion's dark waters upon thee,
To have hung thee where wild winds would hover around thee;
But the voice of affection bath called forth one strain,
Which, when sung, I will leave thee to silence again."

The impulse to write was almost irresistible, and she wrote with rapidity, without regard to outward circumstances, except when composing her long and complicated poems, like "Amir Khan," when she required, says Miss Sedgewick, entire seclusion. If disturbed, the spell for the time was quite broken. She then retired to her own apartment, so dimly lighted as scarce to discover the characters she was tracing. "I found her," says her fond mother, on one of these occasions, "in a rapt ecstasy. Her æolian harp, which she always placed, at such times, in the window, was touched by just sufficient breeze to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her fine dark eyes were radiant with the light of genius and beaming sensibility. Her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in the right. She looked like an inhabitant of another sphere!"

Only in her intellectual pursuits and attainments, however, was Lucretia Davidson premature, as she ever retained the modesty, simplicity, and innocence of a child. To the last she manifested her love of books, as shown in a request to her mother, that a trunk, brought from school with her, might be unpacked at her bedside, and as each volume was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired it placed at the foot of her bed on a small desk, her eye fondly resting on the collection.

She finished her "Amir Khan" just before completing her sixteenth year; and although it has been considered by some critics an imitation of "Lalla Rookh," to the writer's mind it is totally unlike in its conception, although there is the same luxuriant romance of Oriental life in both.

Not much more remains to record of this gifted young being. She left her home for Mrs. Willard's Seminary, in Troy, November 24th, full of youthful health and joy; she returned in the February following to lay her weary head upon her mother's bosom and die. Her application to study had been intense. "The school period," says Miss Sedgewick, "is the period of the young animal's physical growth and development—the period when the demands of the physical nature are strongest, and the mental weakest." With Lucretia Davidson the order was reversed. These are her own words: "I have been ill, very ill. O examination—most horrible ordeal! Not preparing ourselves in *selected studies*, but the *whole course of the sciences*. O, my dear mother, how I wish I could lay my aching head on your most tender heart!" The sacrifice was soon completed. The next letter to her mother was scarcely legible, and they brought her back to the little cottage on Lake Champlain, hoping that the sweet, health-giving influences of domestic love and home associations might avert disease; but the destroyer was not to be eluded, and the girl herself looked calmly forward to the end, in firm reliance upon the merits of her Savior. She died August 27, 1825, aged sixteen years and eight months.

Her last two compositions were written while sitting in bed supported by pillows, during her last illness, and were found by Mrs. Davidson, after her death, in her portfolio; one of which, "The Last Farewell to my Harp," ending with this stanzas, is seemingly a presentiment of her death, although addressed to her muse:

"I blest that hour, but O, my heart,
Thou and thy lyre must part; yes, part;
And this shall be my last farewell,
This, my sad bosom's latest knell;
And here, my harp, we part forever,
I'll waken thee again, O, never!
Silence shall claim thee, cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here."

"The Fear of Madness" was the last effort of the dying girl, and we insert it, as none can read the dark forebodings without a sentiment of tender pity that upon one so young and lovely should have been laid a burden thus heavy:

"There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark, a fearful thing;

It steals along, with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
'Tis not the dread of death—'t is more,
It is the dread of madness.

O, may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which burning, glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—

. [Unfinished.]

The poetical writings of Miss Davidson, says her biographer, amounted in all to two hundred and seventy pieces of various lengths; and when it is considered that there are among these at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be found of the labors of a girl not yet seventeen years old. Besides these, there were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen, and about forty letters written to her mother within the period of a few months; an industry almost incredible.

The following tribute to Miss Davidson is from the "London Quarterly Review," a source sparing in its praise of American production, and is from the pen of Mr. Southey: "In these poems [Amir Khan, Maritorne, Chicomoco, etc.] there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectation, however sanguine, which the patrons, the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed!"

The personal appearance of this young poet, at sixteen years of age, just eight months preceding her death, is thus described by a friend: "Her complexion was brunette, clear and brilliant, of that warm tint, that seems to belong to lands of the sun rather than to our chilled regions; indeed, her whole organization, mental as well as physical, her deep and quick sensibility, her early development, were characteristics of a warmer clime than ours; her form was slight and symmetrical, her hair profuse, dark, and curling, her mouth and nose regular and beautiful, as if they had been chiseled by an inspired artist; and through this fitting medium beamed her angelic spirit."

When the destroyer approached, chilling with his icy breath all that was so fair and lovely, he found her ready for the summons. The prayer that she had murmured in her hours of comparative health was fully answered, as the

beautiful and symmetrical life was to be rendered up to its glorious Giver:

"O, thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
I would resign my breath,
And in thy loved embraces lose
The bitterness of death."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ONE BY ONE.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

ONE by one the flowers are dying,
When the Summer days have flown;
When the restless winds are sighing
Through the woodland sear and lone.
Fed by dews of heaven they brightened
In the garden and the wild;
And the eye with joy was lightened,
Gazing where their beauty smiled.

One by one the leaves are falling
On the mountain and the plain;
When the Autumn gales are calling
With a weird and mournful strain—
Floating on the rolling river,
Wafted on their viewless car,
Where the echoes wake and quiver
In the solitudes afar.

One by one the years declining
Mark the chainless flight of time,
While the sun above is shining,
Or the stars in glory climb—
While the lightning's flame is wreathing
Where the tempest clouds are hurled;
Or when gentlest gales are breathing
Life and fragrance o'er the world.

One by one the ages number
With the chiming bells of peace,
Or the voice of war's deep thunder,
Where the nations seek release;
With the triumphs truth is gaining
In its flight from clime to clime,
Till the isles shall know its reigning
In the distant years of time.

One by one in death departing,
Earthly friends return no more;
Brighter visions bliss imparting,
Greet them on the deathless shore;
Where immortal morn prevailing,
Lights no scene of dull decay;
Where, when earth-born hopes are failing,
Faith mounts up the shining way.

SYMMETRY OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY REV. F. B. CASSADY.

NOTHING is more beautiful or desirable than a consistent religious life—a gracefully-rounded Christian character. The highest beauty of any given scene in nature, or of any specimen of art, is the symmetrical coherence of its several parts. So in moral character. It is lovely and attractive, because all its properties and qualities are consistent one with another, and hang together like the several parts in any beautiful piece of mechanism. Religion never expresses itself irregularly or disproportionately in human character, when it has entire ascendancy in the heart and life. It is the very soul of order and beauty, and its developments, when not interfered with or distorted, are necessarily harmonious and of a piece. But we propose to be a little more specific in tracing the effects of religion upon human character.

It does not, for example, unfold the grace of faith, and at the same time leave undeveloped and passive the working, active element of man's being; for faith and works must, of necessity, go together. It does not promote the growth of benevolent dispositions, and leave its subject indifferent to heart-culture or personal piety; for benevolence, while a noble virtue in itself, can not atone for the absence of spirituality in the heart and life. It does not cultivate in the soul an intense love of the ordinances of the Lord's house, the means of grace, and yet leave the heart mean and stingy in the support and diffusion of the institutions of Christianity; for the love of the ordinances of religion, without the love of supporting and diffusing them in adequate measure, is a palpable contradiction. Religion, acting on human character and giving its true expression to the outward life, is consistent in all its work. It were to little purpose to cultivate faith without works, zeal without knowledge, benevolence without spirituality, love of the Church and its means of grace without expanded liberality of soul, not to mention other opposites which are strangely seen sometimes in professing Christians. All these things grace seeks to unfold harmoniously with the others in our lives and moral conduct. "These ought ye to do and not to leave the other undone," is the command of the Master.

Christianity in its order of development is to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection. Peter gives it in so many express words: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowl-

edge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, character." Paul gives a specific summary of the graces to be cultivated and perfected in religious character in the following beautiful words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The maturity and perfection of the spiritual graces is the crowning triumph of religion in human character. Its finished work is, "A PERFECT MAN," and "growing up into Him in *all things*, which is the head, even Christ"—progressive spiritual development is the mode of its accomplishment. Such is the work, such the result of grace in every earnest religious character. Pointing to its noblest specimens of spiritual development—specimens, alas! only too rare in the Churches. Christianity bids us, reader, "MARK the perfect and BEHOLD the upright," that we too may live wisely and so "go on to perfection."

SEA-MOSSES.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

THE sea, with its plants and its inhabitants, is study enough for a life-time, were that life as long as the life of Zanolis.

The changes of the sea are marvelous. They do not depend on the changes of the sky, except in part. They are incessant. Never is the face of ocean two days the same, never two hours the same; probably, never the same for two minutes. Constant only to change, the interest it inspires and the attention its attracts are ever new and intense.

Let me quote a few lines from a "Record of the Sea," kept while watching it from a window within a few rods of the beach.

September 13, 1865, A. M. Sea calm—stripes of white, smooth water alternating with stripes of dark, ruffled water. At noon—sea deep blue, and calm. P. M.—gray; thin mist slightly veiling the sea.

Sept. 14th. Whole sea dark blue-gray, one narrow stripe of white across the southern view. Later—sea light green—wide spaces of indigo blue. Later—sea dark lead color.

Sept. 16th. Blue and calm—a golden track across the eastern sea. Later—sea green, with a purple tinge.

Sept. 17th. Sea a mingled green and gray, and all in a wash of foam.

Sept. 21st. Sea green, and blue, and gray, created with foam and sparkling in the sun.

Sept. 22d. Sea like a smooth lake, flooded with golden glory.

Sept. 24th. Sea black, and ominously still.

Dec. 23d. Sea invisible—a mighty "darkness" where we know it lies. Tremendous snow-storm flying.

January 8, 1866. Sea smoking like a boiling pot, or as if it were all on fire. A stranger sight 't were hard to see.

Jan. 10th. Sea full of ice cakes.

Jan. 16th. Sea stiffened so that snow lies on its surface as far out as the eye can see, excepting a narrow strip near the shore.

March 14th. Sea smooth as a pan of milk, and of a pale-blue color.

March 30th. Sea pea-green; full of tiny waves.

April 1st. Sea calm and hazy. Later—rippling and blue. Later—the bluest blue, sparkling with millions of diamonds.

But enough. The stormy, raging aspect is not given. That is dreadful. The furious waves, like herds of buffalo, heads down, white manes flying, chasing each other in rows, come bellowing up from the distance, and break with thunderous shock upon the rocky shore. The whole air is filled with the tumult, and the stoniest heart may well be appalled beholding the power and the passion of the "remorseless sea."

Ah, what wonder that so many noble ships have gone down in storms! The marvel is that so many outride them. But it is after these storms that the greatest number, and the most perfect specimens of the beautiful sea-mosses are found. These "Algæ" are of three colors, green, olive, and red; but each color varies in shades, from almost black to almost white. Algæ are found on every coast, from the poles to the equator, and they vary in different latitudes. The greens are the most common and the most hardy; they abound in polar regions. The olive belongs to temperate latitudes, and the red to the warmer climes. But in the temperate zones all three of the colors are found. The green grow near high-water mark; the olive lower down, and the red Algæ, or sea-moss, as I prefer to call it, has its home yet farther down into the sea. Only at the very lowest tides can we see it where it grows from the rich ocean soil, or clinging to the rocks.

It is a great mistake to think ocean's floor a vast sandy plain, or a wild region of sterile mountains. There are deserts in the sea as well as on the land; but there are also im-

measurable fertile, fruitful plains in the aqueous world. Some of these Algæ have stems as long as the trunk of the tallest tree, and leaves, or "fronds," that rival in size the leaf of the palm.

These, however, are not precisely the plants that young ladies seek for in the sea and press upon paper. So much interest has been expressed by persons who have had no opportunity for sea-side studies, in the work of preparing these pretty mosses, that the thought of making a sketch of it for the Repository occurred to me.

It is largely from the West that the voice of this interest and curiosity comes. The moss-seekers go at low tide prepared for rough adventures, and sometimes meet such. Frequently the wind blows savagely at the very hour most propitious to moss finding. And no one who has not attempted the thing has an idea of the effort required to keep yourself on your feet, upon sea-weed and slippery rocks, or out of the sea when a resolute and vehement wind is determined to throw you down, or to cast you in.

Away out into the rocks go the moss-seekers, after having carefully examined the exposed beach. There they stand struggling with the wind, and frequently shouting back and forth to each other of what treasure they have secured or lost. They are provided with a pail and a long hooked stick, and their practiced eyes know well their prey. With much slipping and stumbling about over the slimy rocks, and occasionally the sitting unwittingly down into the cold water, the desired number of mosses is at last secured, the pail is filled with water, and, fortunate if not surprised by the return tide, the moss-seekers go home. The exciting and merry part of the work is over, and now comes the labor.

In one of the volumes of the Smithsonian Library is a page of directions for the pressing of sea-mosses, which might reasonably terrify any reader from ever attempting the task. All that need be said of these directions is, that they were given by a professor of the Dublin University, and that they are in character.

What is really necessary to be done is, that the mosses be washed clean, placed carefully on white paper, in any way most convenient to the worker. I like best a large white bowl in my lap. I place my hand under the paper, which must be just below the surface of the water, drop the moss into the paper, and with a large brass pin or a sharp stick, pick out and float out the moss till its tiny branches are all extended; then, very slowly and carefully, I lift the paper and pin it up somewhere to dry.

When it is dry place it between smooth pasteboards, press it heavily for some hours, and the work is done. When skillfully arranged these mosses are scarcely to be distinguished from the finest drawings. Many will not believe that the mosses themselves are there. "O! yes, I understand," says a friend, "you press the mosses on, and this is their impression; but how do you ever get them off so nicely?" The work is difficult and very tiresome, but "it pays" if well done. Mosses, all but the red ones, may be dried and sent any where; then soaked out and pressed so as to look quite pretty. Fresh water changes the color of some of them. Heat also will change the color of some of the olives to a bright green. Each moss has its inhabitants. With a lens we behold in them manifold wonders of God.

How great is the Lord our God, how wonderful his knowledge and power, and how delicate, as well as loving and kind, are his ministrations, that while he has upon him the care of all the suns and systems, he also nourishes and cherishes such atoms of life as we here behold!

That God is great and wise his humblest works declare; but revelation alone teaches conclusively that he is good. In nature there is much that is calculated to inspire terror and distrust of the Maker and Ruler of all.

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER VI.

MISS MURRAY found out, when she was in this country, that ladies, traveling alone, met with better treatment for being well dressed.

Is that a fact peculiar to our country? Is not good apparel a passport to favor any where? "Other things being equal," will not the best-dressed person meet with the best treatment, any where, in any country, that is, from the majority of people? There is once in a while a chivalrous spirit who is always searching for worth in rags, and who would make it a merit to help a ragged, ugly old woman, sooner than a beautiful, well-dressed young one. But these are rare. There are few that will recognize the guinea without the stamp.

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw will pierce it."

And fine apparel and rags are the badges of wealth and poverty. By these men are divided into two great classes.

A friend of mine, a lawyer, took advantage

of this peculiarity of human nature, leaning to the side where power may seem to lie. He had a client who was covered with these badges of poverty, rags. They fluttered to the breeze like flags, and were surmounted by a tattered straw hat, that set the seal upon his poverty and wretchedness. He was indigence and squalidness personified.

He had been arrested for some petty pilfering. The proof was strong against him. He would be convicted, probably, and sent to the penitentiary.

His lawyer, a young man, but recently admitted to the bar, and to whom clients were not very plenty, asked him if he could not obtain a decent suit of clothes to appear in in court. The young man—he was young and not ill-looking by nature—said he had a cousin who had a new suit of clothes that he thought he would lend him.

"Get them at once, then," said the young lawyer. "Mind that you have the boots well blacked. Display a good front of shirt bosom. Go to the barber's and get your hair cut, and get clean shaved, and be sure and have your hands and face clean when you come into court." The fellow went off with alacrity to obey these directions. On the evening of that day, as the lawyer sat in his office, a respectable-looking stranger entered. He suspended his writing to await his business, looking at him expectantly after exchanging a "good day, sir," and motioning him to a chair.

The gentleman—he looked like one—after a few moments' silence, said, "You told me to come to the office this evening."

"Your name sir, I do n't remember," the lawyer began; then seeing a peculiar expression upon the face of his visitor, the truth flashed upon him. It was his ragged client thus metamorphosed by his new suit of clothes.

He could not help laughing at the change in him. He sat erect, had an air of self-respect, instead of the slouching, sneaking one that had belonged to him in his old clothes, and, altogether, bore the part of a man of weight.

Would any intelligent jury convict a man of so good an appearance as that of stealing a pig at midnight, and bearing it—stifling its squeals—away under his coat, or of robbing the hen-roost of his neighbor, not to mention several smaller acts of the same sort, if such there can be?

Would a man of such polished boots, and so white and shining a shirt front, stoop to things like these? The idea was absurd. The event proved according to the shrewd lawyer's calculation. The man was entirely cleared from the

crimes imputed to him, and went his way rejoicing.

I was in at Mrs. Ingersoll's to-day—she is a cousin of cousin Allen's—and she discoursed something in this wise:

The bane of life is things. I can prove it. I have had personal experience in the matter. I have been overwhelmed with things. I have had my life worried out of me—a portion of it—by things. At home I am surrounded by things that annoy me. If I journey from home, things must accompany me. My evil genius is things—troops and swarms of evil geniuses, that goad and prick me worse than the Lilliputians did Gulliver. O, for an escape from things! “A lodge in some vast wilderness” would be welcome if I could escape from things.

I wanted to go and pay a few weeks' visit to a friend, but I could not do it without being incumbered, flanked, surrounded by things. I wanted to take a walk in the country, but I could not do it without being incumbered, weighed down by things. Where is my parasol, give me my gloves, my hat and veil. I must put on some outside wrap, though the weather is so warm I would fain take off one-half the weight of dry goods I at present have on. O, the weariness, the weight of things! It takes away all the pleasure of cooking, the things that must be used in the process, and the number of things that must be cooked to make out the assortment of a meal.

“Big plates and little plates,
Knives and forks to right 'em,
Big spoons and little spoons,
And so, ad infinitum.”

All these things have to be maneuvered to get the meal, and then they all have to be maneuvered back to their places. It is change, chassee across, right and left, from morning till night.

When you go to bed, the things that you have to take off, when you get up, the things that you have to put on! I playfully reminded her of the man who hung himself from very weariness of taking off his clothes and putting them on every day. She said, “He had reason,” and laughing went on. “When you go on a journey the things that you have to put up, the things you have to see to on the way, the things that you have to lumber up your friends' houses with, if you go on a visit, and the things that you have to disembowel and arrange again in presses, on shelves, etc.—O, the wearisomeness of things! The things that we must have in our houses to be cleaned, arranged, moved about!”

Thinking it over, I thought, “thereby hangs”

much truth. We are slaves to things, and I remembered how Thoreau threw away some specimens a scientific friend had given him, and which he had arranged on his window when he found they wanted dusting every morning. I must try to think how far these matters may be remedied, sometime, by simplifying, etc.

A few thoughts occurred to me to-day which I will put down, and enlarge upon them at some future time. They are not new, but they are of those things of which we need to be often reminded, to have them influence our practice as they ought.

A pleasant table is of great importance; a table with a clean cloth as a foundation fact, with bright-looking dishes, well-cooked food, and garlanded, as I may say, by pleasant faces. But don't the condition of the table make some difference in the expression of the faces around it, as those who surround it are affected pleasantly or unpleasantly by it? Pleasant conversation is one of the best garnishes of a meal; it not only makes us enjoy the meal better while we are eating it, but it digests better when taken pleasantly; our food does us more good, assimilates more readily, so those say who understand these things, and it is no doubt true.

But an ill-cooked, ill-served, ill-arranged meal does not tend to open the flood-gates of conversation of a pleasant kind. It incites to grumbling if there are those present who are licensed to grumble, and that is not a pleasant accompaniment of a meal, and does not help digestion.

I have been thinking again to-day upon the subject of noise in the house—household noises, perhaps I might call it—what a source of annoyance they may be to others, when we ourselves are unconscious of them.

Much of this noise may be unnecessary. The business of a house can not be carried on without some noise; but we common people, who live so near to the machinery, ought to try to make it move with as little friction as possible.

An appearance of bustle and fussiness, too, about a house, is to be avoided. This is more unpleasant and more apparent to lookers-on than to ourselves. We should endeavor to have things go on quietly and smoothly, with as little display of the means by which they are moved.

(Broken off by a call from cousin Abby.)

I was writing about keeping the machinery out of sight and hearing as much as possible,

but I don't know what else I was going to say, so I will begin anew.

The noise of children, to which parents are accustomed so that they do not notice it, and to whom it is less unpleasant, of course, than if they do notice it, may be very annoying, painful, and distracting to others, old people, or others in the family, or occasional comers. This is not enough thought of, I am afraid. If grandma or grandpa complains, she is troublesome, if she does not, she suffers.

Of course children can not be always kept quiet. It would be a wrong to them to require them to be. But they should be taught that they must sometimes moderate their boisterousness for the sake of others. They should be taught early that we can not always do what is pleasant to us without interfering with the comfort of somebody else, and we ought to think of these things.

I know that when Norton comes in sometimes with his sharp whistle, that it is unpleasant to Aunt Milly, though she would not say so; and I have told him that the pain to Aunt Milly was greater than the pleasure to him, and that, therefore, as she was so good to him, covering his balls, and helping him about his kites, etc., he ought to try to think and do his whistling outside when she is present. He is naturally kind, only thoughtless, and he seldom forgets himself now.

The spirit of true kindness does much toward oiling the machinery of a household, because it makes us think of these things.

There are some noises in families that live remote from the common noises of the house—those that pertain to the work—that may be made very annoying to members of the family, and others who are forced to listen to them whether they are in the mood or not. The piano may be made such an annoyance, even when it is a good instrument, well played.

There is always a soul of good in things evil, if we had the alchemy to extract it. We are too apt to condemn things in the lump. Even scandal, which is "ugly and venomous," may yet "bear a precious jewel in its head." Perhaps those sins and transgressions that do not come under the penalty of the law—they are legion, and they work, O, so much misery—perhaps they should be punished by the lash of honest tongues, their perpetrators held up to public view for the evil they work when there is no other way to deter them from it.

Most people who are cruel, who are mean, who do evil when there is no fear of punishment, are cowardly. Many of them, if they felt

they were acting in the eye of the world, would desist from their evil courses. If we could influence them in this way, we should not only benefit those whom they would injure, but themselves, for the exercise of any bad passions strengthens them. So of the good; and if we can by any means induce a person to exercise the good that is in him, instead of the evil, we do a service not only to him, but to humanity. This is trite, but we do not bear it in mind enough. Take a child about equally balanced between tendencies to good or evil—there are many such—place it among those who will appeal only to what is wrong in its nature, bringing it out and strengthening it, and he may grow up a marked bad character, whereas under opposite treatment he might have been useful and happy. I believe this. I believe I have seen the effects of influences of these kinds. I have seen children good with the good, who, when with the warped and corrupt, showed evil tendencies; the bad in their natures cropping out, coming to the surface.

Mrs. Jones told Mrs. or Miss Brown, and she told it to Mrs. Smith, etc. Query: Is it not as often Mr. Jones, or Brown, or Smith? Perhaps not. According to tradition it is not; according to commonly-received opinion it is not; yet this is not always infallible, either with regard to things or people. "Common fame is seldom to blame," the old adage says, which means that people are usually rated by public opinion for about what they are worth. We may mistake by receiving this too implicitly. Public opinion often does great injustice to people, awarding them virtues they do not possess, condemning them when they merit praise. Common opinion sees only the surface of character.

But I can not discuss that now. The question is whether women are more addicted to talking about their neighbors than men are. Possibly women are more apt to repeat any little thing they hear about their neighbors than men are. They have not so many things of more importance to take up their minds as men have. Possibly they are more curious about the affairs of their neighbors, partly for the same reason, and partly, perhaps, because they have a spice more of curiosity in their composition. Was it not so in the beginning? Was not Eve curious to know the taste of the forbidden fruit?

It is proverbial that if a woman knows a secret she must tell it to somebody, it burns in her bosom otherwise. What was that? Some one told a secret to the wave, the wave whispered it to the oar, the oar told it to the sailor,

the sailor told it to his fair, and she, she told it every-where. Well, we must have some foibles and weaknesses to overbalance those that belong to "the party of the other part." It would not do to be all perfection in this imperfect state.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.

THE rain, the rain,
The cool, sweet Summer rain;
How 'tis falling, softly calling,
With a rich, melodious strain,
From its thousand silvery voices!
And the earth, how it rejoices,
That so long hath thirsty lain!
Longing so, and grieving, sighing,
O'er the leaves, and flowers dying;
O'er the parched and drooping grain;
O'er the withering vines and grasses,
Where the sad breeze, as it passes,
Murmurs forth its bitter pain!
To the birds, which chant above it,
That there's nothing left to love it;
That its music floats in vain,
Since the flowers are drooping, dying,
And the leaves all listless lying,
Since the clouds withheld the rain,
The cool, refreshing rain!

The rain, the rain,
The welcome, welcome rain;
Hark! 'tis calling,
How 'tis falling
On the thirsty earth again!
Now it plashes,
Now it dashes
'Gainst my chamber window pane;
Now it murmurs
Of lost Summers,
With a low and sweet refrain;
And it bringeth,
As it singeth,
Brightest blessings in its train!
From the southlands,
From the cloudlands;
From the deep, mysterious main!
Life, to all the drooping flowers,
To the leaflets in their bowers,
To the rose a richer stain.
And the red fruit blushes deeper,
While each wasted vine and creeper
Feels through every throbbing vein
The fresh life-current stealing,
Like to that which wakened feeling,
In the widow's son of Nain.
And the breezes, 'mong the grasses,
Chanting low and solemn masses,
And the brooklet on the plain,
With the bobolinks and thrushes,
Tell their joy in silvery gushes
As the precious draught they drain!

While our prayers of deep thanksgiving,
To the Father of all living,
Reaches up a golden chain,
As we listen to the murmur
Of the blessed, welcome comer,
The sweet, refreshing rain,
The pleasant Summer rain!

EVENING HYMN.

HELP me, my God and King,
Rightly thy praise to sing,
And thee for every thing
Ever adore:

For all thy light to-day,
Lighting my darksome way,
With its celestial ray
Going before:

For that rich heavenly food,
Feast of thy flesh and blood,
Life, strength, and healthful mood
Quick'ning in me:

And for my safe retreat
From the world's storm and heat,
Under thy mercy-seat
Hiding in thee:

Lord, in thy loving voice
Let my cold heart rejoice;
O, may my ready choice
Make thee my guest!

Somber the night, and drear,
O, let me find thee near,
My fainting soul to cheer
With quiet rest!

On that dear breast of thine
May I my head recline,
And may that touch Divine
Thrill through my soul!

Cleansing away all dross,
Counting all else but loss,
May I thy sacred Cross
Take for my goal!

Strong in the strength of God,
Freed from my sinful load,
Daily to tread the road
Leading to thee.

Shield, sword, and helmet—thine,
Strength, courage, aid—Divine,
Only this body—mine;
So let it be.

Keen be the fight below,
Hard be the tempter's blow,
Nothing can overthrow
Whom thou dost keep.

Waiting thy great behest,
I lay me down to rest;
Calm thou my troubled breast,
Grant me sweet sleep.

E. S. D.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY R. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

ARTIFICIAL language represents very imperfectly sentiments prompted by the deeper emotions or passions, yet soul and body are so delicately connected that every disturbance of the one sends its own peculiar wave over the surface of the other. These have been termed the involuntary signs—the natural language. The great Roman orator, who knew so well how to touch every chord of the human heart, fully appreciated the significance of these external signs—this God-appointed language of emotion and passion. “Every impulse of the mind,” said he, “has from nature its own peculiar look, and intonation, and gesture.” This language of nature exposes more or less to the view of the beholder every passion and emotion that arises in the heart.

It is a language too intelligible to the unlearned, the uncultivated, and inexperienced. It is true that the more delicate and less clearly-defined expressions require some study and experience; yet there are manifestations that are plain and patent to every mind of ordinary perceptive power. Some of these signs, it is true, are common to several passions; others, however, are peculiar to one. Admiration and mirth, fear and despair, jealousy and revenge, love and sympathy, beauty and sublimity each has an external expression peculiar to itself. Of the external signs of the emotions and passions, those that appear upon the countenance generally disappear with the emotions that produced them. The poet has expressed the thought:

“I felt that I could almost trace
The thoughts that heaved her breast,
So plainly in her changeful face
Her feelings were expressed.”

But often an emotion or passion by frequent recurrence will stamp itself upon the countenance and write indelibly character or expression there that lasts till it molds and dissolves in the charnel-house. These natural signs constitute a common language. The African and Arab, American or European can comprehend it with equal clearness. Nobody fails in referring each sign to its proper passion. Even the infant can be made to coo and smile, or shrink with fear or cry out in its distress, as love and approval or anger and severity are expressed by the countenance of the nurse. The Author of our nature has doubtless designed these signs of passion and emotion to subserve various and manifold benevolent ends.

Arbitrary and equivocal words have a double meaning, and their true signification is often made clear by the accompanying external signs which show precisely the nature of the agitation within. The factitious words may be measured and modified by the trained controlling mind; but the mien, the trembling utterance, the significant expression of the divine countenance will oftentimes reveal most distinctly the passion burning at the heart. Now, man's nature is social; God designed him for society, and it is evident that social feeling may be very sensibly promoted by the instrumentality of this universal language. A look, an expression of the human face divine, will often go to our hearts and lead us to believe, nay, to feel, that we have found a worthy friend and companion, because we have caught the reflection of the soul shadowed forth in a faithful mirror. Moreover, that there are so many external signs of passion is a strong indication that man in his very constitution is framed to be open and sincere. A child's intellections and emotions beam from his eye and speak in almost articulate tone from his whole face. As we grow older, and, as we fancy, wiser, through the instrumentality of a thousand causes, we school ourselves to resist *ordinarily* the promptings of nature, and to repress and fetter many of the natural signs of emotion and passion. Yet a vivid passion will break over all these barriers, melt the lava from the incrustated heart, and in spite of the strongest effort of the will, speak through the eye and look and expression an inarticulate, yet plain and intelligible language. Hence, absolute hypocrisy—to appear entirely what we are not, and to be wholly not what we appear—is impossible; because nature here sets itself over against dissimulation, and approves and supports simplicity and truth. The evidence of virtuous and benevolent design is here most apparent, inasmuch as it is easy to see that this peculiarity of man's constitution prevents much harm in society.

But nature has also appointed certain sounds and peculiar tones for the external expression of each separate passion. It is the knowledge and ready command of the tone which nature demands that constitutes the chief excellence of the fine reader. Though passion is not really an object of the outward sense, its natural external signs are, and these are indeed more effective than words. There are other kinds of voluntary and natural signs, such as the gesture and mien, which, with most extraordinary uniformity, accompany certain emotions and passions. When these, and the tone belonging to the passion, are at the command of the orator

or actor, there is no power of resistance left in the human heart. He becomes for the time at least irresistible.

Artificial language is doubtless the principal and most important vehicle of thought; and emotion and passion find in it powerful expression, yet those that have properly considered the comparative effect of words and gestures in the communication of ideas, uniformly agree that the latter are often the more effective. It has been remarked that to order one to leave the room is not so expressive as simply to point to the door, or to whisper, "Be silent," is not so significant as to place the fingers upon the lips. A Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders expresses more than any combination of words can convey. Moreover, it is to be observed that where oral language is employed to represent an emotion or passion, the strongest effect is produced by exclamations, or the utterance of phrases and broken sentences. All this is philosophical, and results from the fact that words being but arbitrary signs, uttered to convey thoughts and ideas, there must necessarily be some friction resulting from the combination of these arbitrary signs so as to form sentences. That is, a portion of the mind must be consumed or monopolized in getting the idea from the uttered signs, leaving consequently but a portion to rest upon the idea itself. Hence the most effective speakers, and especially great dramatic writers, most uniformly use that style of language or combination of words, which produces the greatest quantity of thought with the smallest quantity of words. For the accomplishment of this the study of nature and a proper analysis of the best specimens of the most successful delineations of emotion and passion will be the best instructors.

There are certain emotions common to every heart whose external manifestations are such as to distinguish them each from the other, and which may be classed under the head of grave and gay. As sources of enjoyment the latter, though they appear to the careless observer the most important and attractive, are in reality the least important and far less satisfactory to the human spirit. They are the most showy, but the least abundant in springs of enjoyment. There is an emotion which is neither joy nor sorrow, but apparently occupying a boundary very little separated from either, which, from childhood to the end of life, is a source of the gentlest and most pleasant delight. It is a highly-refined emotion, best known to men of reflective habits, and has given origin to some of the sublimest productions in poetry, oratory,

and fiction. It is termed pensiveness, and produces a peculiar relation between the mind and the heart. There is an objection lying against this yielding of the mind to pensive reverie. It has been said that an inclination in this direction, if indulged, will weaken the intellect and unfit us for actual life—will cause us to form ideas of beauty which can never be realized, and plans of usefulness that never can be consummated; in short, makes of us "dreamers." A morbid resignation to such a feeling may have this result, yet it should be remembered that we have been created beings of imagination, we are all dreamers here, and he who prides himself most upon being a practical "Gradgrind" is often the veriest dreamer of us all. This emotion steals upon us unawares. If we seek its origin, we can refer it to no subjective nor objective cause. We would rather be disposed to reply in the language of the poet:

"The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I can not tell thee why
I'm pleased and yet I'm sad."

The experience of man in reference to the grave emotions is an argument in favor of a moral government and benevolent design in caring for all that is virtuous and good, which no infidelity can deny. When man's conscience is clear, that is, when there is no clashing between his will and the law of right, there is no degree of grief which can extinguish all joy; and the joy will be the more pure and permeating from the very sorrow that envelops it.

Moreover, Benevolent Design has so woven hope into the woof of our being that we can secure pleasure from that which we may never actually possess, enjoy, by anticipation, delights and blessings, which the future has in store for us, even while the present is dark and sorrowful.

"All disappointments pass away!
The darkest hour foretokens day.
Amid life's ills hope's glimm'ring ray
Reveals a brighter morrow!
Amid life's darkest storm, a gleam
Of sunshine on its rushing stream
Will often, like a pleasant dream,
Dispel the clouds of sorrow."

We sometimes hear of griefs and afflictions that produce despair. But this is a negative term, only indicating a less degree of hope. In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" we see grief, heart-felt, eloquent of woe, yet submissive and hoping. In Poe's wonderful creation, "The Raven," if we are to judge of it as a metaphorical illustration of his own condition, there is perhaps

the nearest approach to the notes of despair upon record.

"And the Raven, never fitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber-door:
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming;
And the lamp light o'er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

"BETWIXT THE MOUNT AND MULTITUDE"

BY JULIA DAY.

JOHN in the desert seems a person unlike John baptizing the multitude.

Was the preacher of repentance led forth by a sudden and mysterious transformation? Did the Spirit of God seize upon his soul, annulling, at once, the laws of habit and feeling, then supplying all by the plenitude of inspiration?

This is not the plan of nature or of grace. It was no casual occurrence that John "was in the deserts till the day of his shewing to Israel." He who sent an angel to foretell his birth, surrounded his childhood by religious influences, and when his soul was imbued with teachings of the law and the prophets, guided and strengthened him in his solitude, preparing him to go forth, the glorious herald of the Prince of Peace. Long ere this, Zachariah and Elisabeth had walked "in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless." The priest with his sealed lips must have thought intently of the dealings of Jehovah; and, as the result of his long silence, who can tell how much of earnest faith was added to his paternal instructions? Elisabeth, too, was filled with the Holy Ghost when she met the mother of her Lord with inspired greeting.

But even their teaching was not enough. He needed to remain in the desert, living on simple fare, till at length, with every power and appetite in perfect discipline, he became a sign and a reproof to all the trifling, dissipated human race.

Those busy Jews, who went daily to their toil or their merchandise, forgetful of the prophecies, were astonished when he came "in the spirit and power of Elijah," rebuking sin; still more when he pointed to a Messiah who had long been living in the obscure village of Nazareth, blessing earth and hallowing it forever by

the example of a perfect childhood and a spotless youth.

At John's stern rebuke, men trembled and confessed their sins. They counted him a prophet then; but long ere this, could they have looked upon him in his solitude, they might have seen the glance of that righteous indignation which moved in his great heart like "the pent-up fires of a volcano." Even then he knew the multitude. He knew how, day after day, they vexed the lower tribes, tortured each other, and insulted God—then dropped into their graves.

He saw the holiness of God, the guilt of man, and the approaching judgment so vividly, that when he spoke the multitude, like him, beheld the ax "laid at the root of the tree," and shrank from the blow of Divine justice. They saw themselves, as he saw them, pigmies before him and in the sight of Heaven.

Could the favor of Herod bribe him, or the fear of persecution influence him not to condemn sin? Such considerations were but childish toys to one who had communed with God in prayer and through his Word for years.

John was called of God to be "a prophet of the Highest," "to go before the face of the Lord," but that grace which gave him inspiration, acted through his human nature, making every habit and every power of mind a channel of communication and a point of contact with the outer world. He was clothed with power, but it was like the verdure of the trees, which is not bestowed upon them by outward deposition, but comes up in the life-current to form a robe of beauty.

Let self-indulgent men say what they will about the folly of punishing the feeble frame to benefit the soul within; there always was, and always will be, power in that self-control which borders upon asceticism. Among those who came to the baptism of John, none were awed more than the effeminate lovers of luxury; none were inspired with more confidence when they saw his raiment of camel's hair and his leather girdle.

In him the social ties and common sympathies of life were seen but as a ripple on that strong tide which bore the soul on to its mission. With strange and solemn reverence we admire such a character, and are not surprised to hear our Savior say, "There has not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Those who would move the multitude like John, must first gain strength, like him, in awful solitude alone with God. But let none think that sanctity lives only in "the shadow of the hills;" for some who dwell in crowded streets find room for solitude in their own hearts, while some go to the woods "whose

very air is holy," and there think of trifling things, or even yield to him who tempted Jesus in the wilderness. No hermit's cell nor sacred grove can dignify a dwarfish soul. They who would offer up a world which they despise, in hope of buying heaven, and thus make their lives useless—in the language of Dr. Johnson's hermit—will "be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

It is by solitary quiet thought that indefinite notions are wrought into bold ideas or convictions of duty which can never be lost; and the mind imbued with one deathless, strong desire, transmits its feelings to others, as naturally as the magnet bestows its power upon pieces of iron.

What power had Peter the hermit to go forth and rouse all Europe? How did he make all classes feel that gaining possession of the Holy Land, would give on earth the assurance and almost the bliss of the Upper Canaan? His ideas were in accordance with the spirit of his times; his strength lay in his years of hermit life. Not what he had done, but what he felt made him a leader. He loved the land which had been brightened by the footsteps of the Redeemer; it was madness to think of it as polluted by the irreverent and the unbelieving. In his eyes that was a glorious life which helped to redeem from such vile thralldom, but one of those sacred spots destined to cheer the future ages by their unfading memories.

Bunyan's wonderful dream was induced by the enforced retirement of a prison; and Luther, in the Wartburg, probably did more than he could have done abroad.

Fenelon and Madame Guyon were reproached for teaching Quietism; but it is certain that none of the stirring and more worldly teachers of their day have exerted such an influence upon their own and succeeding times.

But higher than all other examples, more important in its teaching than even the life of him who was "more than a prophet," is the example of Christ, "who departed in a mountain to pray," and came down to heal those who touched "but the border of his garment."

The Christian, more than all other thinkers, should seek "the still hour." The memory is a powerful lens which conscience, when undisturbed, loves to hold steadily above the heart till it melts; then may the image of its Lord be impressed upon it so as never to be effaced by the abrading influences of daily care. "We can not, then, too keenly feel, each one for himself, that a still and sacred life with God must energize all holy duty, as vigor in every fiber of the body must come from the strong, calm, faithful beat of the heart."

KALAMPIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GASPARIN.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

THIS odd name belonged to a no less singular figure which I see pictured in a corner of my ante-chamber in Paris—the figure of a negro. It half conceals itself behind the seat, and if no notice is taken of it, it remains there as mute, as motionless, as the little porcelain negroes, candle-bearers, which are placed in the great halls of the Venetian palaces. You have seen them with their woolly heads, their caciqués diadems, their golden bracelets, their sky-blue tunics, their red cushions, a costume half Oriental, half Louis Quinze.

This negro of mine had neither diadem nor bracelets, nor even a sky-blue tunic. Neither had he a red cushion. He crouched in an abject position; he was old and ugly—ugly but exquisitely clean. He had formerly held, I know not what office—intendant or major-domo in a Creole family, which had now disappeared. A coat, the age of which no one could tell, shining in many places through excessive brushing, enveloped his shrunken limbs. His shirt, rich with starch, dazzlingly white, swelled out like a cuirass over his breast. He had on his feet boots which always shone, however deep might be the mud. His hands, which carefully held a hat, battered indeed, but polished to the loss of its last hair, were covered with gloves, formerly straw-color, but now of an indefinable hue.

I said that Kalampin did not speak. Two reasons closed his mouth—his unfamiliarity with our language and his excessive timidity. Timidity is not the word; humility is what I mean.

Some men are humble from virtue. To bring them to that point many struggles and prayers have been needed. Not so Kalampin. He was humble because he naturally thought no good of himself. To tell the truth, he never thought of himself at all. His own person was a stranger to him. He did not look at his own actions, he did not hear himself speak, he did not pity his own sorrows, he hardly realized them. His thoughts, in their perfect simplicity, did not form the thousand circles of which self is the center. He expected little, asked still less, and when any one aided him his astonishment bordered on ecstasy.

From time to time he came, cautious, close-mouthed, and crouched in the corner of which I have spoken. If, in passing by, I saw him, it was well; that was enough. If I did not

see him he remained silent. Without the providence of others he would have left as he came.

Now, the effect which this reserve and deference, and these explosions of gratitude, had upon me, was to shake my conscience more deeply, I avow it to my shame, than ten fine sermons upon charity would have done.

In the presence of this silent and modest creature, who received the smallest gift as heavenly manna, one of those sudden questions rose in my mind of which the severity freezes the blood—sharp questions of unavoidable directness, truths which start out of the shadow, the result of which is a confusion, or more than that, a distress which only leaves us cast down with the weight of our sin at the feet of Him who pardons.

Kalampin, simple creature, would have been very much astonished at the direction he gave my thoughts.

To the respect with which all men inspired him, to his traditionary deference toward the aristocracy, was united an incomparable veneration for the white race.

Now he, poor, black, and old as he was, possessed a treasure of which the contemplation filled all his days. It was a child, his great-grandson, fatherless and motherless—his very life.

He was nothing. But his boy, his beautiful boy, Hercules!

The child was a mulatto—a quadroon. To Kalampin he was white; he belonged to the race of masters. The grandfather passed his feeble fingers through the somewhat obstinate hair of this little head, he pulled out the curls—to him they were silky. But that was nothing. He loved with all the strength of his poor, solitary heart; he analyzed nothing, he enjoyed ardently.

Kalampin would have asked nothing to sustain his old existence, but for the sake of his beautiful boy he came to perform those duties for me, his silent discharge of which moved my very soul.

The old man occupied a sunny little room on the Boulevard du Montparnasse. It was low, whitewashed—the poor negro had white everywhere—and in the decorations of these four walls was seen the spirit of his people.

At the windows were rose-colored curtains; on the walls were gay prints; the mantelpiece was paved with toys. Buttons, bits of mother-o'-pearl, shells, little looking-glasses, brass nails, ends of bright wire, every thing shone. I thought involuntarily of those charming birds which adorn their nests for their wedding. Kalampin had adorned his for his child.

The beautiful boy was happy. How many hours he spent in looking, one after another, at the wonderful objects which sparkled in the sun like precious stones! What long reveries, distant journeys to the land of the sun, and absorbed there, his eyes intoxicated with gorgeous colors, he asked for the hundredth time an explanation of this or that image.

In truth, when I entered this little home, so bright and warm, after Kalampin had somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, when I saw him sitting with the child on his knee and the sunlight glittering among the glass, I also felt expanded like a plant on a sunny morning.

Hercules did not belie his name. His curly head gave token of strength, his bright eye of energy of mind. He carried his head high and looked straight before him with a martial air and an instinct of command, which were not disagreeable. Good-natured, ready with caresses, somewhat proud—a dauphin.

Never, do what he would, could Kalampin induce his grandson to conform to his idea of etiquette. As soon as Hercules saw me he ran to me and audaciously slipped his hand into mine, addressed me familiarly, and asked me what I had brought him. Kalampin, standing with uncovered head in an agony, apologized in dismay, and dictated formulas of politeness to the child, which the latter either would not repeat at all, or else rendered them incorrectly. It was a wild burlesque, but in the depths of the heart it was happiness.

Toward Spring, when the weather was dry, Kalampin went to the Boulevard with his charming boy. The grandfather's legs could not carry him far. They seldom went beyond the long white line bordered on one side by young elms, on the other by the stalls of marble-cutters and the sellers of immortelles.

As for trees, Hercules knew only these slender trunks, with their crowns of gray rather than green leaves. For flowers, he knew only the little yellow tufts which, when they are touched, rustle like paper, which never fade, it is true, and which grow all ready plaited into garlands. It was quite enough for him.

Ah, how delighted he was when, pulling the old negro along by the hand, he held him long before the urns and the broken columns! There he saw the workmen with rolled-up sleeves valiantly attacking the stone, while the chips flew on every side.

But the immortelles! these scaffolds full of garlands; these skillfully-arranged figures, that was what he looked at with wide-open eyes. Motionless, his heart full of mute envy, he counted the flowers and the crowns. Some-

times his grandfather, yielding to the pressure of the little hand, would advance, and drawing two *sous* from his pocket lay them on the table saying,

"Choose!"

Then dazzled, perplexed, pointing first to one, then to another, at last suddenly brought to a decision by the merchant, Hercules hung the wreath on his arm. Every instant he took it off in order to see it better, and bounded around his grandfather like kids in April. It was joy enough for a whole day.

Hercules cared little for playing with other boys. As his grandfather loved him, he loved his grandfather exclusively.

So they went on. Sometimes the grandfather walked behind bearing arms. In front was the child at military distance, sword on shoulder, head erect, eyes fixed. Proud glances flashed from the old man's eyes. For the first time in his life he assumed a martial bearing.

One day the little denizens of the street attempted some jokes at the expense of the old negro, but they never tried them again. Hercules, singling out the most insolent, aimed a stone at the middle of his back so effectually that the whole troop considered it a sufficient hint.

Kalampin's learning was not deep, but on the other hand it mounted very high.

"Grandfather, who made the trees?"

"The good God."

"Who made the sheep?"

"The good God."

"Who made the sun?"

"The good God."

So it went on for hours. The ideas were not extensive, and contained nothing complicated, but then the foundation grew in the child's heart. These words, "the good God," fell into it like stones; on them one could build. To understand the creation is the beginning of every thing.

When Hercules and his grandfather had passed in review all that they knew of the physical world, beasts, and things, Kalampin spoke to the boy of Jesus. His theology was short; his stories interminable. Jesus loves little children, Jesus pities sinners. Of doctrine he knew little more. But the birth of the Savior, the shepherds, the adoration of the magi, O, he could talk forever of that! Hercules listened. A hundred times he made him repeat the stories of Christmas night and the song of the angels. The grandfather described the illuminated heavens, the silent country, the bleating of the sheep. Then came the wise men in their splendid array, as Kalampin had seen

them in some old painting, their golden coffers, censers in their hands, tiaras on their heads, and trailing brocade mantles. One was black.

"Like you, grandpapa?"

The grandfather shuddered. To compare him to a wise king—him! But one of the three was of the color of ebony—that was certain; and often during his long meditations the negro's heart leaped within him at the thought. The child looked thoughtfully at his grandfather. A holy respect filled his soul; little was needed to make him see on the old man's head an Eastern crown studded with rubies.

When they came to the massacre of the Innocents, Hercules shuddered closer to his grandfather:

"Grandpapa, they would have killed me, but not you, grandpapa."

At the story of the passion, when the troops came out to seize Jesus, Hercules drew his sword with the gesture of the apostle Peter. Like Clovis he might have said, "Had I only been there with my Franks!"

One morning I bought in the flower-market a red rose-bush and carried it to the little room. Hercules, confounded for an instant, drew near, touched it with the tips of his fingers, touched the beautiful green leaves and wonderful tissue of the petals, inhaled the perfume, looked first at me and then at his grandfather. The look asked whether the good God had also made this miracle, a rose-bush.

Two days after Kalampin came to my house. Contrary to his usual custom he knocked loudly, and as soon as he was admitted insisted upon seeing me. His face was agitated; his troubled eyes saw nothing. In an impatient voice he cried,

"The child, the child!"

"Sick?"

He made a gesture of assent, and rushed from the house.

When I reached his little room, an hour later, I felt that a tragedy was taking place there.

The little bed was drawn into the middle of the room. The child, very pale, with eyes immensely dilated, was stretched upon it. Above his head the rose-tree extended two crimson roses. The coverlet was strewn with crowns of immortelles, among which his little fingers played feverishly.

It was a strange sight, terribly sad and of touching beauty. I can not tell why it was that the old pictures of Luini and Francia, with their indistinct outlines, their faded tints, and their angels bearing lilies came into my mind.

Kalampin had heard me, but he did not move.

He remained seated, rigid, with folded arms and impassive face. Not a word, not a sign, not a tear.

I approached. The old man retained the same attitude. In this gentle, genial nature it was frightful.

The child was dying. His grandfather had prayed, but he prayed no longer. He had implored, he implored no more. God would do what he wished, what had a poor negro to do with it? He did not question, he did not submit, he awaited the blow. The torn heart held its treasure in a passionate embrace. God had for him withdrawn into the cold depths of an inaccessible heaven. Every thing was falling to ruin.

The little boy turned his delicate eyes on his grandfather. His body was convulsed with anguish, the incoherent words of delirium gushed from his lips. Through all one thought, vague but tenacious, possessed his mind, a doubt, an uneasiness, and he looked steadfastly at the old face. The expression terrified him. He could not analyze the anguish of this heart, but he felt in it something new and harsh. The dying have these intuitions: they read the thoughts. Words have passed away; the noise of life has disappeared; soul meets soul. The looks of the child were fastened on these dry, stern eyes, and between his brows a fold was traced.

I do not know what I said or how I said it. The name of death I dared not pronounce. It would have been equivalent to murdering the old man. I spoke of the Savior, of our Friend, of him whose arms encircle us in the hour of agony, and who bears us, pressed to his bosom, to the abode of the Father.

The child listened. The negro remained like marble. He submitted, he did not consent. On the contrary, his arms becoming more rigid, his lips growing more compressed, his glassy eyes gave token of that despair which no ray of faith enlightens.

Alas! words froze on my lips. This desolation bordering so closely on revolt I knew only too well. By one of those vagaries of the memory which sometimes cause a sound or a refrain to ring in the ears during the deepest emotion, as if some old choir responded with melodious hymns to our cries of grief, two verses sung by our village children came continually into my mind:

"The Lord has a garden
All sown with rosemary."

From my mind they rose to my lips. I was supporting the child. The paradise of the good God, the beautiful heaven full of angels and

flowers, where the beloved of Jesus walk—I spoke of all.

The little dying boy became quiet and turned his serious gaze upon me. Suddenly with a clear, tender voice,

"Are there any grandfathers there?"

There was silence, and then a sob burst forth. The old man had sunk on his knees with relaxed arms. He no longer rebelled—no longer struggled. To the heaven where his child was going, there would he go too. Torrents burst from his eyes. As his tears flowed the bitterness of his soul escaped in broken words.

"Good God, good God, if thou wouldst! but thou wilt not. Good God, as thou wilt! I, an old sinner, I, an old negro, I good for nothing. Good God, good God, the child is not mine!"

He buried his head in the coverings and looked in bewilderment at the lovely face, the roses, the garlands, and then suddenly cast himself upon the ground, crushed down before the Eternal, repeating,

"Paradise, good God, paradise!"

Him who resists God crushes, but for the soul which abandons itself unresistingly to the mercy of the Father, the Father has infinite love. Yes, in our days as in those glorious ones when the Lord Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus, the Savior, ever the same, draws near our death-beds and turns on us his radiant gaze.

"Believest thou?"

And when in despair we are prostrated before Him speechless, with outstretched arms, Jesus puts forth his hand and lays it on the pale forehead.

"Arise!"

The dying man revives, the color returns to his face, he speaks, it is he, my son! Thou hast given him back to me, Jesus, thou conqueror, blessed be thou, from eternity to eternity!

Thus the Savior entered this little room, thus he drew near, thus he worked this miracle of which human language can never recount the glory, a resurrection.

All the old negro's timidity came back as he saw a gleam of light. He trembled at the sight of hope. Such mercy for him! He staggered; he tottered; his trembling hands could hardly raise the child. He dared not look at him; he dared not return thanks; it would have seemed to him like audacity.

But a day came in which the old negro saw the child smile on him. In another he sat up on his bed and held out his arms. On that day the old negro gave himself wholly to the God who saves.

The old man and the child might be long

seen bending over the Gospel, following the lines with their finger as they spelled out the words. And when they came to the tomb of Lazarus, when they met the procession of Nain, the eyes of the grandfather and grandson met.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

COMPELLED by persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and sandy deserts. His whole baggage consisted of a lamp which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a dog which served him instead of a watch, to awaken him in the morning, and a guard to protect him while he slept; and an ass on which he rode.

The sun was fast going down, night was approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head or rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he at last came near a village. He asked for a night's lodging, but was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would receive him; he was, therefore, obliged to seek for shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me from the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and what he does is for the best." He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What!" he exclaimed, "must I not be permitted to pursue even my favorite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed his dog. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! But God is just; he knows what is best for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my dog are gone! My poor ass, too, is gone! But praised be the Lord! what he does is all for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see if he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appeared that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind: often considering those things as evils which thou intendest for their preservation; but thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people, by their inhospitality, driven me from their village, I should assuredly have shared their fate: had not the wind put out my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the robbers where I was. Praised be thy name forever and ever, for thou knowest what is best."

HUMILITY AND PRESERVATION.

FROM the side of the mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet—its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveler. This brook, although so small, inspired with a proud spirit, and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted as those lovely shapes are, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling! I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied:

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou'rt not—for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters.

"The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and

by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fair creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently-heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring its own reward. How little I dreamed, when I first sprang on my course, what purposes I was destined to fulfill! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair; heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

FAITH AND REASON.

REASON unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a halleluiah song,
And heavenly rapture swells:
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heavier obscuring cloud.
Reason the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The future and the past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore
Who rose not from their night-bound place,
On Egypt's veiled shore;
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wish'd-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchemy in vain
Is golden treasure plann'd

Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.
While Reason is the laboring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the fresh'ning breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lovely towering elm,
May fall before the blast;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by a "new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy-seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
A gracious Savior's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts
From Him who leads us home,
Though in the wilds himself hath trod,
A little while we roam.
And link'd within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord;
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
O'er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing;
While Reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And like a mighty buttress clasps
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array;
Reason the handmaid, who may share
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train;
Till step by step the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.

THEY sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition can not dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.

The Children's Repository.

THE BROWN RETRIEVER.

PRELIMINARY HISTORY—ROBIN HOOD—HIS THEATER AND HIS GRAVE.

BY JANUARY STABLES.

BOYS, I am going to tell you something about an old, favorite, brown dog—a thoroughbred English retriever—which has lived with me, and been my chief companion, for nearly eight years. I have had a great many dogs in my life-time, of all sorts of breeds, from the tiny lemon-colored and white Blenheim spaniel, and King Charles, all through the canine gamut up to the bull mastiff and the Newfoundland—but not one of them all has ever shown half the good sense, wit, or skill which brown Fred possesses, and which have made him so great a favorite in all parts of the country wherever he has followed me as friend and servant.

I bought him when he was a handsome young pup of about eight months old—a bright, dashing, glossy-skinned fellow, with a beautiful hazel eye, and a magnificent tail decorated with graceful curls, which, indeed, were a mere continuation of the thick clusters which were massed upon his glorious back. His color was rich, strong, and deep, a sort of golden brown; and sometimes when I have been hunting with him in the woods, and he has burst suddenly into an open glade where the sun was shining, any imaginative boy who was “posted” in his Lempriere, might very easily have fancied him to have been one of the lost hounds of that famous hunter, Actæon by name, who was turned into a stag and killed by his own dogs, because he had seen the beautiful and awful face of Diana in the moonlit waters. I never saw such a coat as the old dog used to wear at that time, for brilliance and beauty, in all my life. He came of a noted stock, from the kennels of Sir George Armitage, Bart., of Kirklees Park, in Yorkshire, England, and I got him from the keeper of that fine domain. All of you have heard, I dare say, of “bold Robin Hood—that forester good—as ever drew bow in the merry green wood—the wild deer to follow, to follow, the wild deer to follow.” Well, in this secluded park, which lies on the top of the uplands which overlook the vale of the Calder, near the town of Huddersfield, there still remain the ruins of the old priory, from one of the lodge windows of which Robin Hood shot the arrow which fell upon the

spot where he desired the nuns to bury him, and celebrate their practices of nunnery over his grave.

I saw this gloomy ruin for the first time when I went up into that far-off country to receive and bring away my brown retriever Fred—and the whole scenery lies stretched out in my memory like a sunny picture in some land of romance and fairy. It was a warm, bright morning in June when the English landscape wears its richest livery of green; when the forest is flanked all round with miles of golden gorse blossoms, and the heather is knee-deep in its purple flowers. I had just come from Sherwood Forest where these glorious features of the landscape seemed to be a foretaste of the eternal beauty which hides beyond the starry curtains of mortality. Sherwood, you also know, was the woodland home of Robin Hood, and his maid Marian, his Friar Tuck, his Allan o'Dale the harper, his Little John who stood seven feet ten inches in his natural soles, and whose grave I have seen in the pretty churchyard of Hathersage, in Derbyshire; Much, the miller's son, and all the rest of his merry men. Many a time have you boys wished, while reading about the patriot band of outlaws, that you had been living in those days. I dare say that you might have donned the Lincoln green gaberdine which the merry men used to wear, and have practiced the bow, and the quarter stave, even though the latter practice had been upon the canonical head of some fat and rich old Abbot, traveling your way, after he had oppressed and robbed the poor on his lands. Is not that so? Well, although I did not live in those times, I have walked over all the scenes which tradition and history claim to be the veritable theater of the exploits of these gallant and humane robbers. Does it sound oddly to say “humane robbers,” as if there were something antichristian in it? Suppose it does, but it is a part of the religion of Sherwood Forest to believe that they were the very best fellows that had belabored a bad churchman and helped poor people, and more especially widows and orphans.

I could tell you such a heap of nice stories about them if I had time and space; but do but see where I am now, and imagine where I may be, if I go on babbling in this wild erratic way, before I have done writing. I set out to speak of the qualities of a very remarkable dog, and here I am seven hundred years back from the present in point of time, talking about Robin Hood and his men. Well, boys, I could not and can not help it. How could a man go for a dog within the range of Kirklees Park

where Robin Hood lies buried, and not speak of that notable outlaw? Kirklees Hall, the modern mansion where the Armitages live, or used to live, is a Tudor building, and a noble pile of architecture it is. You enter the park through great iron gates, which are surmounted by the coat of arms and the crest of the family. It is completely inclosed by a high stone wall, and is nearly surrounded by woods, with grand old beech and oak trees scattered over the openings, or clustered in senatorial groups. To the right there is a high terrace, which overlooks the classic Calder, through whose valley well-nigh three hundred railroad trains thunder and whirl every twenty-four hours. All along the terrace are rustic seats and arbors, so situated as to command the finest views of the valley and the opposite hills. Noble trees are there, whose topmost branches in some instances you can almost touch with your hand, so deep is the side gorge in which they grow. Others, again, shoot spire-like upward toward heaven from your feet, and there are numberless flowering shrubs, and wild flowers, and fruits, and pretty garden plots, on the side of the solid gravel walk which conducts you up to the sacred spot where Robin Hood lies buried. Every now and then, rabbits in twos and threes come from the underbrush, and frolic in the pathway. The beautiful deer, also, reach their proud and antlered heads over the park rails, and stare at you with their liquid black, melancholy eyes. Here, too, the song of the blackbird and the thrush is never still; and all night long the nightingale pours forth her rich gushing melodies to the moon and stars. I tell you, boys, it is a most charming place to visit in the sunny June weather—for that is the richest month in all the English year; it is the honeymoon of nature in that clime when the wedding garments are most fresh and sparkling.

I suppose that the grave of Robin Hood is situated about half a mile from the entrance gates; and a more somber spot could not well have been chosen for the last resting-place of a nation's hero. It was not chosen, you know; it was the chance place where the arrow fell, as I said above, which Robin fired from the lodge window of the nunnery when he was at the point of death. Poor old fellow! he was taken very sick in the woods, and a relative of his was at that time Abbess of Kirklees; so he placed himself under her protection, for he was a "good Catholic," and attended mass very often in the woodland monasteries and chapels. So the Abbess apportioned him a chamber in the lodge—a tiny chamber not more than ten by nine feet, for I went into it and measured it.

As he lay there sick and nigh unto death, there came to him a leech that his great enemy Sir Roger de Doncaster sent to him—although Robin did not know that fact you may be sure, or he would not have trusted him. This wicked craftsman of the lancet as I always call the cunning knave, bled poor Robin nearly to death, instigated to do so by that ungodly knight aforesaid, who hated Robin; and finding himself on the verge of the river that divides life and death, he desired that he might be buried where the arrow which he desired to shoot from his bow should fall. The "nunnery" people granted his boon—and thus his bow and arrows were brought to him; and they set him upright on his bed, and opened the little oriel window looking eastward, when he let go the arrow, and then fell back and died.

Here then, at the head of this long and high gravel walk, was the place where the arrow fell. The grave is still to be seen there, and looks fresh and green. At the head of it there is a stone which sets forth the woodland gifts of the departed. I wish I could remember the lines, but I can not.

"No archer was as he sa gude,
An peple could him Robin Hude."

That is one of the couplets, and beyond that my memory fails me. Twelve hundred and something is the date of it, and really, boys, that is a very long time ago. Just think what mighty changes have passed over the face of the earth since then. England had scarcely ceased her war of races consequent upon the Norman conquest of that island and kingdom, and for that matter she has not yet ceased it. All England was Roman Catholic in religion. Luther lay yet afar off in the centuries that were to be! America was unknown, unless those Scandinavian viking men had discovered it, which is not at all unlikely. Printing had no existence, and nobody had a morning paper to tell him how the general world wagged. I do n't think all England at that time numbered three millions of people. Robin was born at Loxley Chace, near Sheffield, where I have also been—for you must know that there is not a foot of ground in England made famous by the exploits of Robin Hood which I have not visited. The beginning of the thirteenth century is the traditionary period of his birth. There have been many disputes about him, as to who he was and what his rank. Some foolish people, following some still more foolish ballads, have called him Earl of Huntington. But that was a piece of unmitigated literary toadyism. He is generally thought to

have been one of the patriots who rose under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to enforce the recognition of Magna Charta by Henry III. He preferred the wild brilliancy of the woods to the despotism of that monarch, say the enthusiastic defenders of the hero, and perhaps he did. I know I should for my part, and I dare say every brave boy who reads this would do the same. Of course there is nothing certain known about him—but one thing proves that he must have been somebody, and that is the impression which his name and character have left upon the English people. We don't love a man for nothing. There is a collection by Editor Ritson of the Robin Hood ballads still in print. I think it is called Robin Hood's Garland. They are worth reading once; and you, boys, may easily obtain them through the booksellers.

But there is a poem about Robin Hood which will bear reading a great many times. It is full of poetry, and bold cartoons of character and scenery; and it sparkles with wit, and laughs all over with a most sunny, genial humor. No one knows who wrote it; and although it has been printed in several collections, it has never received a tithe of the praise which it deserves—and the learned annotators have let it alone, as if afraid to commit themselves. But I want to tell you that it will well repay you for the reading, and that you will get hold of some curious ancient English customs, and ways, and manners in it, which will charm and instruct you. There is not a character in it which a clever boy, smart with his pencil, might not make good in drawing if he were so minded. One day some clever man, smart with his pencil, will try his hand at it. In the mean while it would be good for the boys to show the non-committal artists of the times by doing the work themselves, if only for themselves. The name of the poem is "The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," and I need say no more about it.

Let me finish here what I had to say about the grave in Kirklees Park. It is surrounded by gloomy pines and cypress trees, and inclosed by four iron rails, which form a square. There is a pleasant seat close to it, just in front of it, indeed, which looks over a glorious prospect of valley, hill, and moorland—this last running right away into North Britain.

I sat down on this seat and did a mighty deal of thinking, I tell you. I could not help associating Sherwood Forest with this park and this grave—and, as I said, I knew Sherwood well—every glade, ruin, and noble mansion in it, and every notable tree and stream, rock and

gorge. The mansions and palaces of the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle, of Lords Mansfield and Yarborough, are within its borders, and so is Newstead Abbey. The forest is in Nottinghamshire, about thirty miles from Kirklees, and borders on Nottingham town, on Worksop and Mansfield—these last being, more properly speaking, within it, along with a hundred minor villages and hamlets. The town of Edmonstowe, near Ollerton, on the road between Worksop and Newark, is what I always call the capital of the forest. Between this town and Ollerton there is a mighty track of ruined oaks—the ruined Palmyra of the forest—extending over two miles in length, and about five in breadth. Directly opposite to it, and only separated from it by a broad glade about a hundred feet wide, is a forest of glorious birch trees, and beyond this silvan realm of beauty is a forest of white thorn, called Buddy Forest.

In all England there is no such wondrous scene of woodland magnificence as this. Kirklees is a pleasant park landscape—like our oak openings—utterly unlike Sherwood. It is memorable as the grave of the nation's mythic hero, and for the ruins of the nunnery. They look as if they would never decay. One can almost trace the ground-plan of the buildings even now. The refectory is still standing, and various out-buildings. The lodge is a beautiful work. But what interested me most of all was the graveyard of the nunnery. I read there the name of Elizabeth Stainton, first Abbess of the nunnery, and also that of her sister. There were about a hundred graves in all, but most were upon a level with the old earth and hard to distinguish. The Abbess and her sister alluded to were entombed below a sarcophagi of white stone.

The convent garden also interested me. It was quite a monastic inclosure, very small, and fenced about by high walls.

Beyond the lodge, inclosed in moldering walls, The convent garden lies. The old oak door, Drooping with worms upon its crazy hinge, Admits you stooping. 'Tis the very place One would have thought to find in an old land Long since deserted of all living men, And given up to bats, and dreary owls, And lizards, sleeping on the sunny walls. Thick nettles choke the earth, and hemlocks rank, And strange, wild herbs medicinal are there, With scents of rotting leaves and hyssop flowers. The fruit-trees bear the scars of fruitless age, Their trunks all botched and knotted, with gray moss And lichens cleaving to the hoary bark. Their sapless branches bear no leaf nor bloom; But, bent and twisted, rot and fall to earth. Nature, well-pleased with their old services,

Seems to reward them with a slow decay,
Protected from the violence of storms,
And pensioned on the bounty of the sun.

Part of the old hostel of the nunnery is still used as a wayside inn, and is called "The Three Angels."

Such is the place within which my beautiful brown retriever first saw the light of this strange work-a-day world. I confess that I had not the slightest intention of going so much into the detail of the surroundings of his genesis when I set out; but once in them, and how to get out, *sans* a deliberate confession of the entire facts of the case, was too large a puzzle for my wit. So, boys, now you have it, and I hope I have not wearied you. It ought to be something considerable of a dog to come out of such a mighty pomp of external nature and history as this, ought it not? Well, I think you will say it is when I relate his story, which I hope to do in the next number.

LITTLE LULA. A SONG.

BY MARY E. FARLE.

In the trees the birds are singing
As they sang in days of yore;
But the songs of little Lula
Ne'er shall join them any more.

Sweeter was the voice of Lula
Than the voice of any bird;
And the little songs she sang us
Were the sweetest ever heard.

Gentle was the step of Lula,
And it fell upon our hearth
Softly as the dews of ev'ning
Fall upon the breast of earth.

Little Lula, darling Lula,
Fairer than the lilies are,
Airy Lula, fairy Lula,
Chang'd to be a morning star.

We are weeping in our sorrow,
We are weeping very sore,
For we ne'er shall hear thee singing,
Little Lula, any more.

THE SECRET.

THERE were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel ever sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before

the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered, "S'pose 't is cause Addie lets me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her, that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great cry was heard under my window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellowed Gerty. "Well, Gerty would n't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I do n't want she should have my ball." "Fie, fie, is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She sha' n't have my pencil," muttered Gerty, "she'll only lose it." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I sha' n't let you have it."

The "not-letting" principle is downright disobligingness, and a disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true principle of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? O yes. And do you not love them already?

NELLY'S TEMPTATION.

LITTLE Nelly was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instill into her mind principles of right and truth.

One day she stood at the door of the dining-room looking with great earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she could not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her little hands. "What ails you, Nelly?" she said. The child started, not knowing she was watched. "O, mother!" she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but *first* I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

Dear little Nelly! what a path of integrity and honor will be yours through life, if in all your conduct you seek to know your Heavenly Father's will, and do no action upon which you can not seek his blessing!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

THE PIANO MANIA.—The London Saturday Review gets off some sharp and true sayings on the indiscriminate use of the piano, and the foolish mania, which is quite as prevalent here as in Europe, for giving to every young girl, however little taste or capacity she has for it, a course of drill in piano music. We sympathize with the writer's views most heartily. Many of our Christian families, we are sure, would be much benefited by substituting a good cabinet organ, and having the daughters learn to play it well, that it might be used in the family devotions. But we let the Review speak:

"There is no social disease so wide-spread, so virulent, or so fatal in its attack, as the piano mania. Before a girl is born, nowadays, she is predestined to sit and extract dreadful screechings and wailings for at least ten years of her natural life. No question as to whether she possesses an ear, and no consideration for the ears of other people, is permitted to interfere with the decree, which is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that 'Katy' or 'Lucindy,' as the case may be, 'must play the piano.' The poor thing may be a natural-born housekeeper, with a genius for sweeping and dusting, washing and baking, but with no more perception of chords and cadences than of the music of the spheres. Still she will not be permitted to follow her natural bent, because it is so horribly vulgar. She will be wept over, scolded and fretted at, and any lazy fine lady, sister, or cousin, held up as a pattern of gentility.

"To be able to play the piano in company is the *sine qua non* of many foolish, fond mothers' hopes, who look back with regret on their own limited chances of education, and are apt, therefore, to sadly overrate the value of what are called accomplishments. Playing the piano is, doubtless, a very good thing, when it is well done, and by a person who possesses musical taste; but otherwise it is only a torture for a sensitive ear to listen to it. Jingle, jingle, jingle! thump, thump, thump! Who has not shivered, and winced, and tried to appear amiable, through the interminable hours of a small evening party, while some youthful tormentor, harassed into the display by stupid friends, was vigorously pounding out a miscellaneous assortment of battles and marches, songs and quadrilles, waltzes and opera, without the slightest notion concerning them, except that certain keys in the piano correspond with certain notes in the book.

"The piano should seldom be played without the accompaniment of a voice, unless by a Thalberg; and even then, only a few will be found to care enthusiastically for the mere science of execution. And, if this

is true of a professor in the art, what amount of pleasure can be obtained from hearing the monotonous and spasmodic thrumming of a girl whose entire capacity for music has been scolded or cudgled into her, and who would rather be employed in doing something else, even though it were sweeping and washing dishes?"

THE FAMILY ALTAR.—

"O come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before our Maker."

Come to the place of prayer;
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are.

Come to the place of prayer,
Ye band of loving hearts; O come and raise,
With one consent, the grateful song of praise,
To Him who blessed you with a lot so fair.

Come in the morning hour:
Who, who hath raised you from the dreams of night?
Whose hand hath poured around the cheering light?
Come and adore that heavenly power.

Come at the close of day!
Ere wearied nature sinks in gentle rest;
Come and let all your sins be here confessed;
Come, and for his protecting mercy pray.

Has sorrow's withering blight
Your dearest hopes in desolation laid,
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed?
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

Has sickness entered in
Your peaceful mansion? then let prayer ascend
On wings of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,
Who came to heal the bitter pains of sin.

Come to the place of prayer;
At morn, at night—in gladness, or in grief—
Surround the throne of grace; there seek relief,
Or pay your free and grateful homage there.

So in the world above,
Parents and children all may meet at last,
When this your weary pilgrimage is past,
To mingle there their joyful notes of love.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every body around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your

eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.—Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much restraint, or too much forcing, or too much display, ruins the chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and win them to a love of the flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or tuft of lilies is dead; but on a Spring morning they come, radiant with the story that the very same violet is blooming, sweeter than ever, upon some far-away cleft on the hill-side. So you, my child, if the great Redeemer lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—upon some richer Summer ground.

We talk thus; but if the change really come it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She who loved their search among the thickets will never search them. She whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths will never open them again. She whose feet would have danced along the new wood path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths, will never set foot upon these walks again.

What matter how the brambles grow? her dress will not be torn. What matter the broken palings by the water? she will never tattle over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now; the little hand that might have taken possession of it is stiff—is fast! God has it.

And when Spring wakens its echoes of the wren's song—of the blue-bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo—she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo"—from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes—shaking back the curls—dancing to the melody. And the violets repeat the lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light-footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task?—who?

And the sweetest flowers wait for the dainty fingers that shall pluck them never again!

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.—Mothers! cherish a deep and constant sense of your own importance to your children, especially to your sons. Take the high and responsible position which God has assigned you as your own, and strive, by his grace, to fill it. Remember that God has chosen to make the parental, and particularly the maternal relation, a chief instrumentality in extending the knowledge of his truth, and building up his Church. Remember that Jesus calls you to be workers together with him in preparing jewels for his crown of glory. Strive, therefore, to illustrate the beauty and power of the maternal character; assert and maintain your authority; make it lovely and winning.

Your difficulties and trials are great, but abundant help is offered for your time of need, and great will be your reward if you are faithful. Shrink not from your duty, for the consequences of your unfaithfulness will

be terrible. "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame;" terrible to you as well as to them. Attempt not your duty alone. The blessedness of bringing up children for God, to be workers in his earthly vineyard, and heirs of his heavenly kingdom, is inconceivable and eternal. The sorrow and woe of training them to be cumberers of the ground, or bond-slaves of Satan and heirs of perdition, who can imagine it?

Let no spurious love or false tenderness lead you to indulgence or neglect, which will surely prove fatal to your own peace and happiness, as well as that of your children.

Remember that you can not delegate to another the authority and influence which God has given you as mothers. If you try to do so, you will only rob and destroy yourselves and your children. Surely, you would not have others take the rewards which belong to you. It is for you to say, at the judgment, "Lord, here am I and the children whom thou hast given me." What motives for personal piety press upon you!—*Rev. J. M. Johnson.*

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.—There are women who can not grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The great secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever-young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper, neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all we have been able to discover; and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which can not be corked up and sold for fifty cents per bottle, but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as usual.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—Lord bless that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband—let his life be long and blessed, comfortably and holy; and let me also become a great blessing unto him, and a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him! Unite his heart to me in all the dearest love of holiness, and mine to keep him in all the sweetness, charity, compliance! Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make us humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to the blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion of thy love and service of God forever! Amen.

WITTY AND WISE.

MIXED METAPHORS.—An exchange thus ties grass across the path of a running neighbor:

In a recent article a New York paper says: "Events with mighty strides rush on like railroad cars." It is difficult to conceive how a thing on wheels can take mighty strides. Gigantic strides and "seven-leagued boots" go well together, but car-wheels and long steps don't exactly hitch. We have, indeed, of late, often heard of cars jumping off the track, but such performances are abnormal, and do not mitigate the present case. Still the metaphor is as good as that of the eminent Irish orator who "smelt a rat," "saw him floating in the atmosphere," and declared his fixed intention of "nipping him in the bud."

The reader has long since adopted the simple rule of Addison for testing the accuracy of a simile, namely, fancy a picture of it. Apply it to the following which occurred in the course of a somewhat fervent editorial article in a certain newspaper upon the occasion of the report of the celebrated Nebraska bill from the Committee on Territories in the Senate:

"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst; and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge society in an earthquake of bloody apprehension."

A LITTLE HERO.—A little boy of seven years old had got his leg broken, and was carried home on a litter. His poor mother, who had been long ill and confined to bed, was much shocked when she heard of it. She attempted to rise, but fainted, and was obliged to return to bed.

The injury done to her poor little boy's leg was very severe, and he suffered a great deal of pain while it was being set, and while the bruises were dressed. But, during the whole operation, the child did not utter even one cry of pain. Every one present was surprised at his fortitude, and he was asked if he had not suffered much.

"O, very much," said he, gently, "but I was so afraid of giving pain to mamma that I tried to keep from crying."

This boy afterward became one of the heroes of the Crimea.

GRAY HAIR VS. BLACK.—Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent: "A person at your time of life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my gray hair if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

CORNERED.—Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and give a paltry sum to a contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such:

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution.

"Yes, I suppose I must give my mite," said the rich man.

"You mean the widow's mite, I suppose," replied the other.

"To be sure I do."

The gentleman continued: "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars," he answered.

"Give me a check, then, for thirty-five thousand dollars; that will be half as much as she gave—all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

THE BITER BITTEN.—A man was brought into court on the charge of having stolen some ducks from a farmer.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"I should have known them any where," replied the farmer, who proceeded to describe their peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a very rare breed; I have some very much like them in my yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I've had stolen lately."

"Call the next witness."

SUBORNING A WITNESS.—During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings: Among the witnesses was one, as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they could n't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Wal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.—A lady in Nashville was making a visit to the penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him in an undertone:

"Dear me! the vicious-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put here for?"

"They are here," he replied, "because I am here—they are my wife and daughters, madam."

But the visiting madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

NEED OF INSURANCE.—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," observed Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." Garrick replied: "I hope you are insured, then."

Scripture Land.

THE HOLY LAND.—The country of the Hebrew race, from whatever point of view we may regard it, possesses features of attraction which no other region can claim. Its authentic history stretches further back than that of any other country, and crowds within its pages records to which successive generations of men turn with an ever-renewing eagerness of thought and inquiry.

We go back nearly four thousand years to the time when, obedient to the Divine call, Abraham left his own home and kindred, and pitched his tent in the "place which he should afterward receive for an inheritance," and heard the voice of the Lord saying unto him, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and thy seed forever." Henceforth it becomes the consecrated land, the land of divinely-appointed priests and kings, and of divinely-commissioned prophets; the land where the "God of glory" was known and worshiped when Egypt, with its vaunted civilization and wisdom, and its marvelous works of architecture and sculpture, bowed down in degrading homage to "four-footed beasts and creeping things."

But above all, it is the land where "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." What memories so precious, which we so delight again and again to summon, as those which are brought up at the mention of Bethlehem and Bethany, of Nazareth and Tiberias, of Jerusalem and Gethsemane, of Calvary and Olivet? The pilgrims of the Greek and Latin Churches still wend their way eastward to worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the more enlightened and the more really devout Protestant traveler counts it among the happiest recollections of his life that he has read the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel in the village of Bethany, and pondered the record of our Lord's agony and bloody sweat, and cross and passion in the very garden where Jesus passed through the ineffable strife, and nigh to the very spot where he was crucified.

Palestine proper occupies but a very limited territory. From the Nebi-Samuel, a mountain which rises from a central ridge to the height of two thousand six hundred and fifty feet, and is nearly midway between the River Jordan and the western coast line, a view may be obtained of the entire breadth of the country, from the Mediterranean, dotted with white sails on the one side, to the hills of Moab, lying outside the eastern boundary on the other. Its length from north to south may be reckoned at about two hundred miles.

But within this area there is a variety of soil and climate seldom met with any where else. A recent traveler observes, "Within a space so small that the eye can take it in from more than one point, there are heights like Hermon, covered with eternal snow, and depths like the Jordan valley, with a heat exceeding that of the tropics; there is on one side the sea, and on the other a lake, whose surface is one thousand three

hundred feet lower down, with soundings as deep again. Where on earth is there such a variety of vegetation, from the palm on the sultry plain to the lichen beside the glacier? Where such howling wildernesses, such dreary and utterly-desolate wastes, with such luxuriant plains, fertile valleys, pasture lands, vineyards, and cornfields? Where such a climate, varying through every degree of temperature and of moisture?

M. de Pressense in his recent work entitled "The Land of the Gospel," thus vividly pictures this sacred land in the significance of its tribal divisions: "Each tribe had its allotted place; and the lot of each corresponded to his historic future. This adaptation is admirably indicated in Jacob's prophetic address to his sons on his death-bed. On the south, on the very verge of the desert, grows the vine, to which, according to the promise of the dying patriarch, Judah should "bind his foal," where he should "wash his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes;" while among his own mountain fastnesses he should go up as a lion from the prey, and his "father's children should bow down before him." Gen. xlix, 8-12. Benjamin, who occupies the wild defiles on the north of Judah, is the "ravening wolf," Gen. xlix, 27; the strong sentinel placed at a perilous post, his existence one long combat. Dan, encamped rather than established at the southern extremity of the Plain of Sharon, is "an adder in the path" of the Philistine; he "bites the horses' heels," and obstinately defends a contested frontier. Gen. xlix, 17. The aged patriarch promises to the posterity of Joseph "blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb." Gen. xlix, 22-26. This was to guarantee to Ephraim and Manasseh a fertile portion, abundant in all agricultural wealth. Such was, indeed, the territory occupied by the first of these tribes and half of the second. The mountains of Ephraim, which are the northern prolongation of those of Judah, are richly wooded. The abundant dews and the full flow of the water courses realize fully the double blessing of the heavens above and the deep below, promised by the patriarch. Joseph is truly, in his descendants, "a fruitful bow by a well." Zebulun dwelt 'at the haven of the sea,' Gen. xlix, 13, and his border extended to the Lake of Gennesaret. Asher tilled the fertile fields between Carmel and Sidon. It is he who 'yields royal dainties.' Gen. xlix, 20. Issachar, placed among the verdant fields which extend around Jezreel and to the foot of Tabor, resembles 'a strong ass couching between two burdens,' who sees that 'rest is good, and the land that it is pleasant.' Gen. xlix, 14, 15. Naphtali, possessor of the mountains which extend from the Lake of Gennesaret to the foot of Hermon, 'is a hind let loose' upon the green slopes. Gen. xlix, 21. Reuben, the half tribe of Manasseh, and Gad occupy the land beyond Jordan. The near neighborhood of hostile people, encamped at the foot of the Mountains of Moab—and whose worthy successors are the Bedouins of our day—imposes on these tribes a warlike and adventur-

ous, almost nomadic life, thus indicated in Jacob's prophecy, 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at last.' "

THE FOUR PRECIOUS THINGS OF THE APOSTLE PETER—1. "*Precious Blood*." 1 Peter i, 19. Precious, because he who shed it is the mighty God and the sinless man; because infinite love was in it; because without it sin could never be forgiven, lost sinners never saved, and God never reconciled. Precious, because its voice, both within the veil and in believing hearts, ever whispers peace. Precious, because every soul sprinkled with it shall be eternally safe from the glittering sword of God's vengeance. Of its preciousness the white-robed multitude will sing before the throne of God.

2. "*Precious Jesus*." 1 Peter ii, 7. Precious, because he is the brightness of the Father's glory; because he is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" because that all the majesty of divinity, all the tenderness of perfect humanity, meet in him; because in his person and in his work there is exact suitability to meet the need of ruined souls and trusting saints. He is the "one Pearl of great price"—the "Chiefest among ten thousand"—the "altogether lovely One." His holiness, his power, his love, his grace, are precious. His living, his dying, his interceding, his second coming, are precious. So exceeding precious is he to believing hearts, that to all eternity they will gaze upon it, and tell it out, and yet leave its depth unfathomed.

3. "*Precious Faith*." 2 Peter i, 1. Precious because it is the hand that clings to a precious Christ—the eye that gazes upon him through the mists and vapors that darken this vale of tears. Precious, because it draws the soul into communion with its risen head. Precious, because it rests upon the sure foundation of the truth of a covenant-keeping God. Precious, because it looks "not at the things which are seen," "the fullness of joy," which is at God's "right hand for evermore."

4. "*Precious Promises*." 2 Peter i, 4. Precious, because they are very many, and their clusters are very sweet. Pardon for the guilty, strength for the weak, comfort for the mourner—yea, every good and perfect gift that hungry, weary, thirsting souls can need, are wrapped up in those "precious promises." They shine forth through the Word as brilliant stars shine out at midnight. They rejoice the heart as fair flowers charm the weary wanderer over a desert way. Precious, because they are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." The believer's heritage of promise, in all its rich unfailling abundance, can never be forfeited. Unchangeable as God, the "precious promises" have their foundation in the Divine character, and this is the surety of their fulfillment.

The world's gems tarnish; earth's fairest flowers droop and die; but these precious things of the apostle, possessed by the soul, make it rich and joyful forever.—*British Herald*.

STRENGTH OUT OF WEAKNESS.—Mountain sides are torn and broken with the resistless march of seas of ice, forming in the heights, and growing continually from above as they melt away below. Glaciers shine like gleaming shields upon the breasts of mighty hills. Their gradual descent accumulates upon their borders masses of the rooted rock, and these become a part of the frozen flood as it widens and advances. Nothing

can turn or hinder the course of this slow avalanche of ice. This border of ragged rock, imbedded in the arm of ice, cuts like a thunderbolt from the flying cloud. The transparent crystal has grasped the strength of the hills also, and with this adamant plowshare lays open the very foundations of the earth.

What the ice could not effect with all its massiveness and movement, is torn away resistlessly by the rock it holds. How much may be accomplished by what is weak, if it can be made the handle of something that is powerful! The hilt of the sword can not penetrate, but it can serve a blade that will divide a helm of steel. Man is feeble by himself, but he may have a faith and a word that is sharper than any two-edged sword. Let him take what the Gospel offers as strength, and however feeble he is by nature, he has what will make him powerful for the good of his fellow-men and the glory of his Redeemer. Let him grasp with his heart the weapons which are not carnal, and he will find himself mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, and to the building up of his kingdom.—*New York Observer*.

NEARER HEAVEN.—The simple fact of our time getting shorter each day does not imply that we are getting also nearer heaven. As time is flying, it may carry us on its wings nearer hell than heaven. The true and only reliable rule by which to judge upon this point is, whether we are getting nearer holiness. If we are growing in conformity to the Divine likeness and nature: if we are dying daily to sin and living unto God; if we are realizing more and more of the love of Christ within us; if we are rising higher in spirituality of affection and thought; if we are delighting ourselves more heartily in the service of God, then we are, indeed, getting nearer heaven. Heaven is perfection in holiness, according to the will of God, and as we approach this we approach heaven.

Let us distinctly and vividly understand this. There is a danger lest we think too much of heaven as a place of beauty, of pleasure, of glory, of great society, without thinking of it as a place of *spotless purity*; and all those features of heaven as arising out of this. Let us, then, press on toward purity, through the blood of the Lamb; and in the proportion we do this we shall get nearer heaven.—*Rev. J. Bates*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.—A Christian under manifold trials replied to the following effect, to a friend who was condoling with him: "I look around, and I see how many there are who are much more heavily afflicted than myself. I look within, and I see how much corruption there is in my heart, which needs to be mortified, and which provokes the rod. I look downward, and I see that hell which I deserve, and from which grace alone has delivered me. I look upward, and I see that God whose hand overrules all events, and who doth all things wisely and well. I look backward, and I see from how many troubles he has delivered me, and how many sharp afflictions he has made to work together for my good. I look forward, and I see that 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' to which he is conducting me, and for which, by those afflictions, he is preparing me. And when I have looked in all these directions, I do not think much of my afflictions."

Literary, Proprietary, and Statistical Items.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—Chancellor Ferris, in his recent anniversary discourse gave the following facts and figures relating to the history of this great Society: Previous to the organization of the Bible Society in 1816, there were 175 different Bible Societies in this country, thirty-five of which were in New York. We were moved in the formation of the Society by the representations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and adopted resolutions in 1815 which led to a convention in New York, May 8, 1816, when twenty-five societies were represented by sixty of their strongest men. Since then about seventy-two different editions of the Bible have been issued in forty-three languages; the missionaries having greatly assisted in this work. The number of Bibles issued by the Society during the fifty years of its existence is 21,409,996, distributed in regard to time as follows: First ten years, 489,000; second, 1,549,000; third, 2,500,000; fourth, 6,000,000; fifth, 10,000,000. There are in connection with the present Society 5,232 auxiliaries, besides two recently added in Tennessee, composed of freedmen. The operations of the Society have been aided very materially by generous contributions, amounting in all to about \$10,434,953, distributed as to periods as follows: First ten years, \$450,000; second, \$900,000; third, \$1,243,000; fourth, \$3,440,000; fifth, \$4,750,000. The cost of the present Bible-House was about \$250,000.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The American Tract Society during the last year, as appears by its annual report, has issued in all 141 new publications, of which 37 are volumes, and has printed during the year 726,880 volumes, or 2,420 per day; 7,898,142 publications. Total printed in forty-one years, 20,740,673 volumes, 279,367,055 publications. Printed of the "American Messenger," 154,167 monthly; "Botschafter," or "Messenger," in German, 29,375; "Child's Paper," 308,666; total periodicals, 492,208 monthly. Publications on the Society's list, 3,658, of which 728 are volumes, besides 3,750 in 141 languages approved for circulation abroad. Gratuitous distribution for the year, \$59,953.37. The following are the treasurer's figures: "Received in donations and legacies, \$124,327.51; sales, \$313,350.77; total, \$437,679.28; exceeding the receipts of any previous year, and making, with balance in the treasury, \$439,946.60. Expended in manufacturing and issuing, \$291,284.27; colporteur agencies, and depositories, and colporteur, and for the army and navy and freedmen, \$83,062.53; cash for foreign and pagan lands, \$7,500; all other expenses, as by the treasurer's report, \$57,120.10; total, \$438,368.90; balance in treasury, \$979.70."

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The abstract of the report showed that there had been nineteen missionaries and assistants sent out during the year, seven of whom were ordained ministers; three native missionaries have been ordained; three missionaries have died. The receipts of the Board have been \$207,526.65; the expenditures, \$210,376.38, leaving a

balance of \$2,849.73 against the treasury. The different agencies in operation for bringing back the revolted world to the dominion of Christ have all been sustained. These have been among the Jews and the Indian tribes of this country; the Chinese in California; the Romanists in Brazil and the United States of Columbia; in China, Japan, Siam, and India; in Liberia and Corisco, in Africa; in Italy, France, and Belgium. Leaving out Europe, where money only is sent to sustain the laborers employed, there are in connection with this Board 75 ministers, 7 licentiates, 4 physicians, and 232 teachers, colporteurs, catechists, etc., including the wives of the missionaries—or in all, a force of 318. There are 37 organized Churches, with a membership of about 1,200, and, with scarcely an exception, there have been important accessions to them. The press, as in former years, has poured out its treasures of saving health, and more than 25,000,000 pages of tracts and the Word of God have been printed and largely scattered. The schools have been maintained with increasing efficiency, and in them have been gathered 7,000 youths, who have in one form or another been made acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel. This is a larger number than has ever before been reported, and embraces boarding and day scholars—boys and girls—from the primary department to the college.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church was held, in May, in Washington City. Bishop Payne presided, assisted by Bishops Quinn, Wayman, and Campbell. This year is the fiftieth of the existence of this Conference as a body, and Bishop Wayman delivered, by appointment, the semi-centenary sermon before the Conference. The African Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church embraces 10 Annual Conferences, 4 Bishops, 200 traveling preachers, and 75,000 members. They own 286 churches, have 39 circuits, 40 missions, and 50 stations. Their Sunday school scholars and teachers number 21,000, and they have over 18,000 volumes in their libraries. Their church property is valued at over \$850,000, and they expend more than \$84,000 a year for the support of their preachers.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post-mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congest-

tion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still till chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

AGES OF AMERICAN WRITERS.—Bancroft will be 64 years of age the 3d day of next October; Motley, 50 the 15th of April; Emerson, 61 the 25th day of May; Bryant, 70 the 3d of November; Longfellow, 57 the 27th day of February; Whittier, 57 in December; Holmes, 55 the 29th of August; Lowell, 45 in Feb-

ruary; Mitchell—Ike Marvel—42 in April; Curtis, 40 the 24th of February; Stoddard, 39 in July, and Bayard Taylor was 39 the 11th of January. All were born in New England except one; no less than eight of the twelve saw the light in Massachusetts; and Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania, each produced one.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—Folio denotes a sheet of paper folded into two leaves, making four pages; quarto, or, as abbreviated, 4to, is a sheet divided into four leaves, or sixteen pages; duodecimo, 12mo, a sheet into twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages. So, also, sixteens, 16mo; twenty-fours, 24mo; thirty-twos, 32mo; forty-eights, 48mo; sixty-fours, 64mo, are the several designations of sheets, when folded into sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-two, forty-eight, and sixty-four leaves, making each twice the number of pages in any book.

Centenary Tract.

ENGLISH METHODISM AND ITS CENTENARY.

In the Wesleyan Conference of 1765 Mr. Wesley himself asked, "What was the rise of Methodism?" and he answered: "In 1729 my brother and I read the Bible, saw inward and outward holiness therein, followed after it, and incited others to do so. In 1737 we saw this holiness comes by faith. In 1738 we saw we must be justified before we are sanctified. But still holiness was our point; inward and outward holiness. God then thrust us out to raise a holy people." Methodism has been described as "a revival Church in its spirit, a missionary Church in its organization;" and Chalmers calls it "Christianity in earnest."

Wesley and his fellow-laborers, excluded from the churches, were compelled to assemble in the open air till they began the erection of their own chapels. On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the first Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, with prayers and songs of praise; and in November following the Foundery in London was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House," and the latter took its former title of the "Old Foundery." Wesley had no thought yet of a sect; he was a firm Churchman, and opened those edifices for the temporary accommodation of his converts, and because the clergy of the Establishment excluded him and his associates from its pulpits and sacred altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in 1739 also that Mr. Wesley organized his first society, and this he says "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. Wesley lived to see Methodism established in the United States with an episcopal organization, planted in the British North American Provinces and the West Indies, and died in 1791, with his system universally effective, and sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local or

lay preachers, and over one hundred and forty thousand members. Such was Methodism at the death of its founder.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of English Methodism, a festive day of religious observance, by Methodists, throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for, and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if by any other Christian body. The Wesleyans gave one million and eighty thousand dollars; the American Methodists, on the same occasion, six hundred thousand. Signal, indeed, had been the blessings of God upon their past history, and at this Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million, one hundred and seventy thousand communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including five thousand, two hundred itinerant preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, and occupying about three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavou, Fiji, and West India Islands; in their mission schools fifty thousand pupils; more than seventy thousand mission communicants; two hundred thousand hearers attended their missionary chapels.

Such was the first century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its providential mission, and the revival of apostolic, spiritual life.

OUR CENTENARY.—We have received from our friend and frequent contributor, G. P. Disosway, Esq., a copy of his excellent little "Centenary Tract," from which we extract the following earnest words of exhortation:

"An ordinary degree of gratitude will not suffice on this Centenary occasion. Our benefits to be acknowledged are incalculably numerous, and momentous be-

yond all our thoughts. Thousands have been saved from sin and wrath, and among them our revered fathers and mothers as well as we ourselves. It will be well for us to inquire, in the fear of the Lord, what would have been our condition had it not been for that merciful teaching which turned us from 'darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,' as well as for the spiritual aid with which we have been blessed as members of the Methodist Societies. We might, it is true, have been converted and saved by other means; but that we were not, is equally true. For the means by which God was pleased to bring us to himself our grateful offerings are justly due. 'We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works which he did in their days and in the old time before them.' We also have witnessed the same 'works' in our own families and hearts. Let 'young men and maidens, old men and children, enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.' On this happy Centenary we are called upon to celebrate, while families and individuals shed holy tears of gratitude before the Lord at their homes, 'let there be also in every place' 'a holy convocation to the Lord.'

'Jesus, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.'

"When the children inquire, 'What mean ye by this service?' let their parents and teachers tell them, that one hundred years ago, when ignorance and sin abounded in the land, it pleased the Lord to raise up a small number of faithful and good men, who went through the country warning the people and calling them to repentance; that thousands took the warning, religion revived, and thus began, our land is now filled with Bibles, and Sunday schools, and churches; that multitudes have died in the Lord and gone to heaven since this work commenced; and that in other parts of the world where the missionaries are laboring, children also are assembled in schools by thousands with old people learning to read the Holy Scriptures. Thus let our 'little ones,' the children of the Church, be invited to join in our hymns of thanksgiving, and cry, 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest.'

"The largest amount of property ever given at one time for religious purposes was, perhaps, that which King David and the elders of Israel presented toward the erection of Solomon's Temple. There was no vain boasting, and the spirit which actuated the entire assembly was exemplary in every respect. Every one felt that what he possessed had been received from the Lord, and that it was an act of unexpected, infinite condescension in him to accept the offerings of their hands. While they were filled with holy joy, they presented at the same time their gold and silver and precious stones, with self-abasement and sacred reverence. So let us do. 'Then the people rejoiced, for they had offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord. . . . Wherefore David blessed

the Lord before all the congregation: and David said, Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, forever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all. . . . Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. . . . As for me, in the uprightness of mine heart I have willingly offered all these things: and now have I seen with joy thy people, which are present here, to offer willingly unto thee. . . . And David said to all the congregation, Now bless the Lord your God. And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshiped the Lord, and the king." 1 Chron. xxix, 9-20.

"What hath METHODISM done for you, Christian readers? your parents? your companions? your children? your families? yourselves? Have you no friend who is as a brand plucked from the burning by its timely interference? and have you no occasion to say with heart-felt gratitude, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? [to me and mine.] I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.' Your debt is every moment increasing. It is time to begin to pay.

"There is not a mercy we have received in past times of our lives but what must be regarded as having an eye, a tongue, and a voice reiterating and still reiterating the claim of Heaven upon us, 'Yield yourselves unto God.' Yield, then, body, soul, and substance.

"You have read how in ancient times, when any spot was to be commemorated, as the scene of some touching incident or heroic deed, every man, woman, and child was called upon to cast a stone, no matter if it were a mere pebble, upon that spot, and in due time, by such simple means, would an imperishable monument rise to heaven. Thus must we build our *Centenary Monument*. No one can be excused. We want might and mites. In view of our duty and obligations we have only to ask, 'What ought I to give?' The eyes of the world are now upon us, the better part cheering us onward. It has learned to expect much from Methodism. Shall the world, then, be disappointed? No! never! never! We seem to hear from thousands of voices, 'Methodism will be true to herself and the world.' What ought I to give, then? This is our question. We have no concern with the gifts of others. We have only to ask, in view of our own obligations and duty, 'What ought I to give?'

"Now is our time. And is it not an affecting thought that this is our only time? One brief year and our Centennial celebration will have forever passed away. Where shall you and I be, dear reader, one hundred years hence? And what will then be the condition of our beloved Methodism? These are questions which most deeply concern both us and future generations. Vast, then, are our responsibilities; for not only are we, under the chief Shepherd, set as the guardians of our beautiful Zion, but it depends in no light degree upon the now living whether her pure and evangelical doctrines, in the great work of human redemption,

shall remain unchanged, and continue to bless the successive generations of man till the end of time. O if we act unworthily of our Centennial, the first of American Methodism, what kind of celebration can we expect the second to be? The little precious seed scattered by Embury, Webb, and Strawbridge a century ago has germinated, and lo, a tree sprung up whose 'healing leaves' bless every part of our happy land. It has fallen to our lot, brethren, to live in a day when the Church in her strength and beauty 'looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' Let us not be idle spectators in such a day, but manifest our grateful sense for mercies received, on this Centenary occasion, by coming forward to the help of the Lord, and casting our gifts into his treasury, that there may be a new joy on earth and in heaven.

Such has been the wonderful history of American Methodism, such its blessings to our land, and such its capabilities and aims. What should be our gratitude at this period for such wonderful prosperity? and how great our improvement of it? The eye of all Christendom and of the all-seeing God will be upon us at this auspicious moment. Let us consecrate the holy occasion with renewed vows, and the most liberal offerings of our treasures. Should each member of the Church thus lay a dollar upon God's altar this year, the sum would reach nearly one million; and should one million of Sunday school teachers and scholars gather another, the sum would soon increase to two millions of dollars. Then what may we not expect from the thousands of larger gifts? Some imagine that even twice these amounts will be realized on this JUBILEE celebration. Followers of Wesley, friends of Methodism, descendants of its first missionaries in America, the local preachers Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, and Williams, let us all come forward on this happy Centenary, and present our cheerful thanksgivings and offerings unto the Lord. Let no heart remain unaffected, nor hand idle. 'Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.' God forbid that on this celebration we should glory in man. The view of Methodism and its success in this little tract is not written, nor intended, to inspire pride and vainglory, but to exhibit the extent of the benefits and mercies for which our united thanks should be presented to the God of our fathers and our God. His hand is in all this, for he is 'great in counsel and mighty in work,' and the entire glory must be given to his infinite mercy and goodness.

"How many immortal spirits are now in the heavenly

paradise by God's blessing upon the ministry of the Wesleys and their successors in the vineyard, and how many, in times still to come, will thus be brought thither, are questions upon which we have no right to speculate, for these are among the 'secret things' which 'belong unto the Lord our God.' They will be disclosed, however, and known when the Almighty Judge of men shall send forth his angels with the sound of the last trumpet to gather the faithful from the four winds of heaven; when the pardoned and sanctified, from the east, west, north, and south, shall come, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of Christ and God forever and ever."

ANOTHER CENTENARY PICTURE is announced by Carlton & Porter, B. B. Russell & Co., and J. P. Magee, to be ready about the first of October next. It is to be a fine steel engraving, by one of America's best artists, J. C. Buttre, Esq., of New York. The design of the picture may be gathered from the following: It is proposed to represent in the left upper corner, "Wesley Rescued from the Burning Building." In the right upper corner, "Wesley Preaching upon the Tombstone of his Father." In the left lower corner, "The Old John-Street Church." In the right lower corner, "Tremont-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston." The center of the engraving to be a pioneer scene—the faithful preacher on horseback, saddle-bags, log-cabin, etc. The space between the pictures, to be filled with portraits of the Bishops, both living and dead, artistically arranged, with a vine connecting the whole, making a beautiful and symmetrical picture. The gratifying results of a hundred years of toil and labor are to be shown by statistics, neatly lettered upon the bottom.

AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.—It should be explicitly stated and understood that the Ladies' Centenary Associations of Chicago, New York, and Boston are acting in harmony, and that the Corresponding Secretary of each Association will receive subscriptions for any of the objects of either; namely, for the Institute at Evanston, the Institute at Concord, the Mission-House in New York, and the Centenary Educational Fund.

The addresses of the Secretaries are as follows: Mrs. Julia M. Olin, Rhinebeck, N. Y., Mrs. L. R. Thayer, 41 Saratoga-street, East Boston, Mass., and Miss Frances E. Willard, Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Bishop Kingsley of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Geo. Cookman, 1,613 Arch-street, Philadelphia, will also receive subscriptions for any of the objects above mentioned.

Library Notes.

PROPHECY VIEWED IN RESPECT TO ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURE, SPECIAL FUNCTION, AND PROPER INTERPRETATION. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Finding but little in our Book-Drawer for the present month, we recur again to this able work, with a view of giving it a more extended notice than our

space allowed a month ago. We esteem it one of the most opportune and valuable works recently issued from the Book Concern press, which, by the way, has within the past two or three years been prolific in giving to the Church most excellent books. Dr. Fairbairn brings fine abilities and extensive research to the task of producing this new work on prophecy. In his first

work entitled, "Typology of Scripture," he gives evidence of the minute care with which he has studied the typical and figurative institutions and language of the Old Testament, and in a more recent work, "Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy," he has practically applied and tested his principles of interpretation. This large study and experience he has brought to bear in preparing his present work on the general subject of prophecy. He has not only been a careful student of the Scriptures, but is admirably read up in recent prophetic literature, and thoroughly acquainted with the erroneous tendencies of the age, both in regard to the place held by prophecy in the Scriptures, and the methods of its interpretation. One excellent feature of the work is, that it is not polemical; that it does not spend its force in combating the erroneous views of others; but enters with all candor and fidelity into an original investigation of the nature, function, and interpretation of prophecy. The conclusions which he reaches are themselves the refutation of the errors of others.

There are two great preliminary questions with regard to prophecy which, in our day, demand reinvestigation, and which ought to be settled before any attempt is made at interpretation. These questions are, what is the nature of prophecy? and what is its function or office in the Word of God? Two schools, both evidently in error, give widely-different answers to these questions. The rationalistic answer of course endeavors to eliminate every thing supernatural and every thing properly called predictive. This school, in its last statements, would reduce prophetic utterance to a place among the Israelites about equivalent to that held by the higher orders of ethical poetry among other nations. The prophets were the wise and holy men of the nation; they were faithful servants of God; they lived as other holy men in communion and fellowship with God; they were endowed with large genius; they were profoundly affected by the wickedness and degeneracy of the times in which they lived, and in the name of God and the country poured out in the most earnest and exalted language, clothed in the luxuriance of Oriental imagery, their protests against the wickedness of their countrymen, and their announcements of the certain judgments and desolations which their iniquities would necessarily bring upon the nation! These coming judgments and desolations, however, were only such as any wise and far-seeing man might foretell as the necessary consequences of national sins. In this view prophecy is in no proper sense predictive of the future, and consequently possesses no value as an evidence of divine revelation. It is not God fore-uttering his purposes, but is simply wise men announcing to their countrymen and to some neighboring nations the evils that must, in the order of Divine Providence and under the working of his immutable laws, follow up a course of national iniquity. Nor were the prophets in any proper sense inspired, except as all holy and earnest men, endowed with penetrating genius, are inspired to discover truth and to perceive the principles which control the Divine government of the world.

The other school of interpreters, more honest and pious perhaps, but no less dangerous, is what may be called the literalistic or enthusiastic school, which sees

scarcely any thing in prophecy but the mere predictive element. To these, prophecy is an appendage to the Scriptures, an evidential addition which God has given as a proof of revelation, by enabling his servants to foretell with minuteness events in the near or remote future which could only be known to the omniscience of God himself. As such prophecy becomes "a guide-book to details happening in the political sphere of the world's history, as if it were intended to afford to those who study it an insight into the plots and movements of earthly kingdoms, to discover to them remote changes in constitutional governments, or to indicate steps of advancement in material progress." Nothing not even rationalistic tendencies, has done so much to degrade prophecy, to shake the faith of the world in it, and to reduce this sublime and glorious part of the Word of God into a mass of absurdity and confusion, as this materialistic, soothsaying method of interpreting these holy oracles. "From age to age unregulated imaginations have rioted in making special applications of prophetic predictions, without regard to the general symmetry of the prophetic system, to characters and events which, however stupendous to the fancy of the contemporaneous interpreter, possess no significance in history, and are wholly unentitled to the notice of prophecy." As a result of this, every stirring period of the world's history has brought out a harvest of new interpreters of prophecy, who are certain that they see in passing events fulfillments of prophetic announcements, which equally-enthusiastic men have a thousand times before applied to events happening in their day. Every generation has furnished imaginative spirits, who are confident that by a literalistic study of prophecy, measuring its times, counting its dates, interpreting its descriptions, and fancifully applying its figures, they can themselves become prophets, foretelling the times and seasons. The result belies their predictions, and prophecy itself suffers.

Our author reaches the true medium, and rescues this sublime part of the Word of God out of the degradation of rationalism and the confusion of enthusiasm. "The proper place of the prophetic word lies between the two extremes which rationalism and enthusiasm would respectively claim for it. On the one side, it must be held and shown that this Word was given by inspiration of God—not in the general sense only, in which good thoughts and safe counsels may be said to be so given, but as supernatural and direct communications from above. The prophets were not merely men of religious genius; they were divinely-gifted seers, who could descry the truth of the future, and could delineate it, not in the abstract merely, but in concrete forms and distinctive features, such as would carry an easily-perceived correspondence with the events that were destined to realize them. On the other side, however, the prophets were not soothsayers; they do not predict future events simply as such, without regard to God and his kingdom. To look into the very nature of God, to behold in his light the laws of eternity, according to which he governs the Church and the world, is something infinitely higher than a mere knowledge of the future, which is itself a matter of indifference."

Prophecy moves in a higher sphere than that of the mere events of time, and but incidentally as well as

sparingly touches on worldly states, only so far as these events and worldly states are parts of the plans and purposes of God. Prophecy, like all other parts of Scripture, is the revelation of God, and is only the more exalted and wonderful because it peers more profoundly into the nature of God, reveals more clearly the eternal principles of his government, and in delineating the evolutions of his future purposes with reference to his kingdom on earth, necessarily touches earthly events and states. This profound insight into the Divine nature, government, and purposes, and this sublime ethical significance of prophecy is vastly more important and eminently more demonstrative of divine inspiration than would be the mere foretelling of future events. The evidential power of prophecy lies in the fact that as the kingdom and purposes of God evolve themselves through the ages, we discover that God had revealed this evolution of the ages to his ancient seers.

Such is the doctrine of the admirable work before us with reference to the nature and functions of prophecy. "We find as the result," says the American editor, "that prophecy is a sublime portraiture of the kingdom of God. It presents before our view an organic supernatural overlying the natural, as the firmament overarches the earth. Thus, while those extravagances of fancy which threaten the very life of all prophecy are quietly allowed to disappear, the evidential value of inspired prediction stands in full force."

We have not space to speak of the equally valuable second part of this work, in which the author applies his principles of interpretation to past and prospective fulfillments of prophecy, and in which he gives a sublime significance to some of the most important prophecies of the Old and New Testaments. Nor can we indicate the value of special chapters, such as that on the relation of prophecy to men's responsibilities, in which is considered the question how far prophecy is absolute or conditional in its announcements, and that long and admirable chapter on the prophetic style and diction. We can heartily commend the whole work to every Biblical and theological student as a most valuable and timely contribution to this important branch of Biblical study, and are confident that none can peruse it without gaining a loftier estimate of the holy seers of old, a firmer conviction of the divine source whence these prophetic utterances issued, and a pro-

founder gratitude for the possession of these holy oracles.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Ralph, and Other Poems.* By Henry L. Abbey. Paper. Pp. 64. Roundout: Horatio Fowks. New York: N. Tibbals.—Twenty-two poems, moderate in length, substance, and poetry.

A Message from the Border Land to Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.—A very brief and impressive story of an excellent young lady, a Sabbath school scholar and teacher, who died a triumphant death.

The Sunday School Singer: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday Schools. By C. C. Converse and S. J. Goodenough. Paper. Pp. 128. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

Lessons for Every Sunday in the Year. Being No. 4 of the Orange Judd Series of Lessons. From Elijah to Christ. Carlton & Porter.—One of a series that is meeting with much favor.

Helpful Hints for the Sunday School Teacher. Carlton & Porter.—A very suggestive little book for the Sunday school teacher.

Hand-Book of Croquet. Illustrated. Paper. Pp. 32. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley & Co.—A little book giving full instructions for playing this game, which is rapidly becoming a home favorite in this country.

Armada. By Wilkie Collins, with Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. \$2. Gilbert Ruge. By the Author of "A First Friendship." No. 270, Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper. \$1. Sans Merci; or, Kestrels & Falcons. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." No. 271, Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Westminster Review, No. 168. April, 1866. American Edition. New York: Leonard & Co. Contains, among other good articles, an interesting paper on "The United States Constitution and the Secessionists." Address on Oddfellowship. By Rev. F. C. Holliday, D. D. Indianapolis: Merrill & Co.

Seventeenth Annual Announcement of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania. For the Session of 1866-67. Philadelphia: Ann Preston, M. D., Dean. 148 N. Eleventh-street.

Minister's Study.

LIVING FOR GOD.

THE final object of the great scheme of human redemption is the salvation of the human soul by bringing it into the favor and fellowship of God, and originating in it a new divine life, which will transform and assimilate it to the image of God. Toward this result the wisdom of God which devised the plan, the love of God which inspired the gift of Christ, the life, the lessons, the death of the blessed Savior, the institution and perpetuation of the Christian Church, all look as the object to be accomplished. "Christ Jesus came into

the world to save sinners," is the central idea of the Gospel, and Christianity only accomplishes her true mission when she works out this result. The Christian Church, which is the repository of the truth and the chosen instrument of God, has this for her special work, and where she fails of this work she fails of her true mission in the world. She has other subsidiary uses, as the reformer of society, as the disseminator of light and truth, and as the promoter and preserver of civilization, but her preëminent work is salvation. Whatever is not tending to this result is not of the spirit of the Gospel. That Church, or that minister,

or that professing Christian that is doing nothing toward the specific work of saving souls, is incomplete and inefficient in the highest sense. They fail of their true character; whatever else they are accomplishing, they are not accomplishing the first grand object of Christianity and the Christian life.

What God has assigned as the duty of his Church is the duty of each individual member of the Church, and the mission of each Christian in the world is precisely the mission that God has given to the whole Church. The aggregate of the labors of all Christians is to be the accomplishment of the glorious purposes of mercy and grace that God designs to achieve through his Church. The mission of every Christian, then, is a mission of salvation to others, "and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." The true office of the Christian is that of a worker together with God; his true life, a life of personal effort for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This is evident from the organization of the Church of which we individually claim to be members. The Church of Christ is presented to us throughout the New Testament as his chosen instrument for the carrying forward of his work of mercy and blessing to the world. When Jesus had finished his great work of expiation, and was about ascending to the Father, he in the most solemn and impressive manner committed his cause as a sacred trust to his disciples, constituting them the living, acting agents for the propagation of his truth and kingdom throughout the world. The Church is something more than a mere society; it is a living, acting organization, animated by the life of Christ; a body of which he is the Head, and through every part of which flows and acts the quickening spirit of Christ. Hence it is his instrument, the body of which he is the soul, the chosen medium through which he will communicate grace and mercy to the world. It is in view of this living, organic character of the Church that Christ says, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches," and as such, "herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." "Ye are the light of the world," "ye are the salt of the earth," "ye are my witnesses," says Jesus, thus indicating the true mission of his Church.

But while we all feel this is the great work of the Church, as a whole, we are prone to overlook our part of the work as individuals; we are apt to forget that the Church is made up of individual men and women, and that she can only accomplish what her own sons and daughters accomplish for her. The Church is not a great machine that does its work as one great instrument, but is rather an army, every soldier of which must engage in the battle—a society, the power of which depends on the number and activity of its individual members. "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular," says St. Paul, when he is representing the Church as dependent for health and activity on the health of each of its members. How beautiful and suggestive are these figures of Christ and his apostles! How near to the heart of Jesus are we brought as *members* of his body! How intimate is our participation of the life of Jesus as the branches of that living vine on which he hangs the clustering fruit formed by his grace and love! What glory from the Divine Redeemer must rest on us as

reflectors of his light in being the lights of the world! How much of his saving grace must infuse itself into us that we may be the salt of the earth! And how much of his own sacred work does he impart to us, when he makes us witnesses for him, as he was a witness for the Father!

The spirit of the Gospel is love and good works; it is the spirit of Christ breathed into the hearts of his people; that mind of Christ through which, "though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor;" which moved him to the great work of human redemption, to suffer even unto death that he might save perishing souls and bring them to God; the spirit that works in him yet the intensest desire to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Satisfied with what? With sinners redeemed and blood-washed, returning home to God. What individual member of Christ can feel this philanthropic, love-breathing spirit, and not be moved to earnest efforts for the salvation of souls? And yet, St. Paul says, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." The spirit of the Gospel is the constraining love of Christ, both his manifested love toward us, showing on his part the intensest earnest for the salvation of men, and revealing to us in his self-denial, toils, and death, the inestimable worth of human souls, and also the constraining love to Christ which is inspired in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and which is the inciting and impelling influence of the Christian life. Little, indeed, can that man appreciate the love of Christ to a sinful world, little can he sympathize with the beneficent purposes of the blessed Redeemer, little can he feel the constraining love of Jesus in his own soul, who feels no impelling desire, no burden of duty resting upon him, to seek the salvation of human souls. How promptly and spontaneously this spirit manifests itself in the genuine disciple of Christ! Andrew "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah." "Philip straightway findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write." "We can not but speak the things that we have seen and heard," said Peter and John. "The love of Christ constraineth us," says Paul, "because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live *should not henceforth live unto themselves*, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

The constitution of society, and the intimate relations we sustain to each other, and our capability of mutual influence plainly indicate the duty of personal activity for God and souls. God is as much the author of the relations and dependencies of human society as he is of the Church, and we discover such points of resemblance and mutual adaptation between society and the Church, that we can only conclude that the same great Creator designedly instituted these resemblances and adaptations. Man is no where an independent creature, nor will God let him be. He was linked to his fellows by the strongest and most enduring ties, and by the most powerful influence. We are related together as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, mutual relatives, equal friends, employer and employé, companions and associates, all indicating our mutual dependencies and

mutual influence. We have said that we can not doubt that the wise and gracious Father has designedly created these relations of human life, and created them, too, with reference to the best interests and surest success of his cause and kingdom in the world. How do these mutual adaptations between the Church and society indicate to us our duty? God has thus given to every individual member of his Church these endearing relations, these points of contact, these links of union, these channels of influence, connecting him with human society, that he may use these circumstances in drawing precious souls into the fold and family of Christ. "No man liveth to himself." Out of himself is flowing perpetually influence for good or ill. Around each Christian is a sphere, the diameter of which has been largely determined by the providence of God, in which he can work more efficiently than any other living man. Whoever has a husband or wife, a parent or child, a brother or sister, an intimate friend, an associate, a dependent, has a special field of labor assigned by God himself. Here, too, on this broad foundation—broad as human society and deep as the human heart—God has laid that great precept which measures our duty to our fellows: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What member of the Church of Christ can look upon these relations of human society, and listen to this great commandment, and not feel that God and the Savior intend that he should be an active instrument in advancing the cause of Christ, and in converting the sinner from the error of his ways?

Not only has Christ thus clearly manifested to us our duty in the genius and spirit of Christianity, and in the circumstances which surround us, but the Word of God makes this personal activity a specific duty, and clearly declares to us that in the great work of salvation we are expected to be "laborers together with God." When the Savior compares himself to the vine of which his disciples are the branches, he does it to show that "herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," declaring that "every branch in him that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth that it may bear still more fruit." What is the fruit of the Christian life if it be not activity for God, and what more precious fruit than bringing souls to Christ? The kingdom of heaven, this present sphere of our Christian activities, is compared to a vineyard, and the Lord of the vineyard goes out in the morning, and at the third, and sixth, and ninth, and even the eleventh hour, saying, "Go ye into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will give thee." Our Lord is a king gone to a far country, having left talents with his servants to use till his return. Hear his blessing on him that "had gained other ten," and on him that "had gained other five!" "Well done, good and faithful servants: ye have been faithful over a few things, I will make these rulers over many things." "Wherefore, beloved brethren, let us be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

TWO COTEMPORARY ESTIMATES OF MR. WESLEY.—In Dr. Holcombe's "Literature in Letters," published awhile ago by the Appletons, we find two characteristic letters from personal observers of Mr. Wesley.

One is from the famous Horace Walpole, a mere man of the world, living a life of utter abandonment to gayety and pleasure, one of the most vain and self-concoited mortals that perhaps England has ever produced, and no more capable of judging such a man as Mr. Wesley than a Hottentot would be of judging Sir Isaac Newton. The other is from Alexander Knox, who, in his early life, was connected with Mr. Wesley and his movement, but who, on account of a disrelish for some of the practices of early Methodism, withdrew from the connection, and afterward became an eminent divine.

I am impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself. All my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brome to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts to Scotch ballad tunes, but, indeed, so long that one would think they were already in eternity and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows—yet I am not converted—but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution; they have very neat mahogany stands for benches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *haut pas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the Broadest part are two of my eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet arm chairs for all three. On either hand is a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the Apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *souffron* of curls at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but toward the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm, decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I thank my God for every thing." Except a few from curiosity, and some honorable women, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a fine rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was the *author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors. The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever.

"This letter," says Dr. Holcombe, "is a curious record of the impression made upon a mere man of fashion by the greatest and most truly apostolic divine that England produced in the last century. Great injustice is done to Wesley, who was no ordinary scholar himself, by charging him with hostility to learning. Although frequent exhortations to his preachers to improve themselves by study, are to be found scattered through his writings, he certainly did not look upon profane learning as absolutely essential to the work which his coadjutors were preëminently called on to perform, of reviving pure Christianity in England, and preaching the Gospel to the poor. His own explanation of the use of the plainest words is perfectly satisfactory. 'Clearness,' said he to one of his lay assistants, 'is necessary for you and me, because we are to instruct people of the lowest understanding: therefore, we above all, if we think with the wise, must speak with the vulgar. We should constantly use the most common, little, easy words, so they are pure and proper, which our language affords. When first I talked at Oxford

to plain people, in the castle or town, I observed they gaped and stared; this quickly obliged me to alter my style, and adopt the language of those I spoke to; and yet there is a dignity in their simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank." Let the reader compare with the text the opinion of Wesley, expressed by another cotemporary far more competent and equally disinterested.

"At an early age," writes Alexander Knox, "I was a member of Mr. Wesley's society, but my connection with it was not of long duration. Having a growing disposition to think for myself, I could not adopt the opinions which were current among his followers, and before I was twenty years of age my relish for their religious practices had abated. Still my veneration for Mr. Wesley himself suffered no diminution; rather, as I became more capable of estimating him without prejudice, my conviction of his excellence and my attachment to his goodness gained fresh strength and deeper cordiality.

"It will hardly be denied that even in this frail and corrupted world, we sometimes meet persons, who, in their very mien and aspect, as well as in the whole habit of life, manifest

such a stamp and signature of virtue as to make our judgment of them a matter of intuition, rather than a result of continued examination. I never met a human being who came more perfectly within this description than John Wesley. It was impossible to converse with him, I might say to look at him, without being persuaded, not only that his heart and mind were animated with the purest and most exalted goodness, but that the instinctive bent of his nature accorded so congenially with his Christian principles as to give a pledge for his practical consistency, in which it was impossible not to place confidence.

"It would be far too little to say that it would be impossible to suspect him of any moral taint, for it was obvious that every movement bespoke as perfect a contrariety to all that was earthly or animal, as could be imagined in a mortal being. His countenance as well as conversation expressed an habitual gaiety of heart, which nothing but conscious virtue and innocence could have bestowed. He was, in truth, the most perfect specimen of moral happiness I ever saw; and my acquaintance with him has done more to teach me what a heaven upon earth is implied in the maturity of Christian piety, than all I have elsewhere seen or heard, or read, except in the Sacred Volume."

Editor's Table.

CENTENARY PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY.—From E. C. Middleton & Co., of this city, we have received a magnificent Centenary offering in the form of a portrait of John Wesley, printed in substantial oil colors, cabinet or half life-size, in a fine oval gilt frame. We feel strongly inclined to accept and recommend this as the standard portrait of Mr. Wesley. It comes before the world with an authority unequaled by that of any other. It is taken from a fine English engraving, made from a painting by Jackson, procured through Bishop Janes; copies of the same have been issued by the Methodist publishing establishments, of both England and America; it has been regarded by these authorities as the standard portrait. Persons who have seen this copy by Middleton & Co., affirm that it more closely resembles the private portraits of the founder of Methodism found in English families and painted from life, than any representation we have yet had in this country. In the conflict of portraits of Mr. Wesley the palm is generally conceded to this one by Jackson. A few days ago the venerable Samuel Dunn, of England, now on a visit to this country, was in our office, and in discussing the question of Wesleyan portraits, stated that after a very considerable amount of investigation, he is satisfied that Jackson's is the best we possess. The copy before us is as faithful a transcript of the original as it is perhaps possible to get; and for its life-like expression, and its richness of coloring, it is a remarkable work of art. It is executed in the finest style of oil colors after the peculiar chromo-lithographic methods originated by this firm; and in beauty of finish and effect it is but little below the best paintings of the day. By this art the copies can be multiplied to any extent, and furnished at a very low price; ten dollars, we believe, for the portrait set in an elegant oval frame. We cordially recommend this portrait as a beautiful and appropriate home ornament, to all who desire an authentic portrait of Mr. Wesley.

MARRIAGE OF CONTRIBUTORS.—Since our last issue some of our lady contributors have been assuming new responsibilities, and we devoutly hope, new joys and blessings. Miss Annie E. Howe, whose poetry has often adorned our pages, has gone to adorn the home of our beloved Bishop Thomson, in which we hope her songs will be as sweet, and her life will flow as smoothly as the songs she has been singing for us. Miss Mary B. Janes, whose pen has given us frequent lessons and examples for our inspiration, has gone to be herself the inspiration of one whose name we profoundly regret we have lost. Miss H. Effie Fisher, who has but recently begun to favor us with contributions from her pen, has become Mrs. H. Effie Webster, and already has given us evidence that her gain will not be to our loss. We wish them in their new spheres and homes abundant joys and blessings.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following we place on file: John Keats; Charitable Institutions in Europe; The Mother's Charge; Keeping House; Our Homes; Keep Thy Lips; Fashionable Amusements; By and By; Pure; Under a Cloud; In a Country Church.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we will not be able to use; the largeness of the list of poetry arising from the fact that want of space prevented our naming several of them a month ago. *Prose:* The *Æsthetics* of Dress; An Influence; Behind Time; Unsatisfied; Alfred the Great; Love of Truth; The Affections; Helen Wilson. *Poetry:* Rain Thoughts; Withered Leaves; The Old Oak Tree; The Lost Baby; Harry; Petitions, etc.; Thy Will be Done; Live near to God; Midsummer Night's Dream; The Young Mariner; To Cayuga Lake; The Three Gifts; What Shall I Write? Musings of a Canadian in the South; The Night Wind; The Early Blest; Time's Anthem; Waiting, etc.; May Day; Gathering Sheaves; Nicodemus; To Spring, and Esther.



W. G. R. 1871. The River and the Castle.



THE STUDENT



THE STUDENT

THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1866.

MINNESOTA.

BY MARY LONDON.

TO escape the heat and dust of the city, and also to secure the benefits of a dry, invigorating climate, I last June took the western train from New York *en route* to Minnesota. After a journey of some days, rendered pleasant and unpleasant by the usual concomitants of railway travel, I arrived at La Crosse. Here, exchanging the close car for the commodious cabin of an elegant Mississippi steamer, we journeyed northward amid scenery beautiful exceedingly. High bluffs robed in the rich verdure of this "bright and leafy month" rose on either side. At times they crowd close upon the river banks, and again withdrawing to a considerable distance leave a smooth plain between themselves and the river. Through occasional openings in these river-walls we obtain glimpses of the rolling ocean-like prairies beyond. Very many of the bluffs, having risen gently and gradually for a considerable distance, suddenly lift themselves brokenly and abruptly in huge masses, resembling dilapidated walls. These crumbling summits, standing grim and unclad of verdure—seemingly remains of huge castles—give an antique air to the landscape. We think of the castled Rhine, and can scarcely conceive that those old ruins can be more impressive or romantic than these broken battlements of Nature. We make our way among the sweet, thick-strewn isles of the Upper Mississippi. Scattered upon its placid bosom they seem like emerald jewels cased in crystal. We see far before us the glistening river, the trees on its banks, and these islands reduplicated with wonderful accuracy.

We at length reach Lake Pepin, a broad expansion of the river, with no perceptible current. It is a smooth sheet surrounded by

bold cliffs and bluffs, among which is the renowned Maiden's Rock. A little above the head of the lake, nestled in a valley at the foot of precipitous hills, is a small town—Red Wing. This is the seat of Hamline University—a school such as Methodism delights to scatter over our land—where learning is united to religion. I am told that at the breaking out of the rebellion this youthful college sent out nineteen brave, loyal hearts to assist in maintaining our country's honor. As the boat was to lie here some time I climbed the highest of the bluffs, and was fully repaid for all the toil by the exquisite beauty of the scene thus brought to my view. Winding far away is "the beautiful river, goldenly shining;" in the opposite direction is the sparkling lake, and all about the grand hills clothed in all the pomp of Summer. Nearly two hundred years ago Father Hennepin, with tireless oar, worked his way up through all this wonderful beauty. These banks now filled with Christian homes then swarmed with savages. Only dusky faces peered upon the pale-faced voyager as his little bark overcame the opposition of this river with its powerful current. What impelled this wanderer from his native land thus earnestly to struggle against all difficulties? What heroic resolve so filled his mind that toil and weariness were scorned alike? And how the wealth of this virgin valley must have amazed him, as mile after mile the country opened before him, watered by this river which gave no indications of revealing its sources, but rolled broad and full from some far, undiscovered region! Worn out at last, he named the falls he reached for his patron Saint, and turning back followed the current toward the sea.

We soon approach St. Paul, the head of steam-boat navigation, and the capital of Minnesota. Crowning the bluffs, it overlooks the country for a great distance. The situation is charming,

"a city set upon a hill." We pass one day here, and take the morning train for Minneapolis, a town on the western bank of the Mississippi, at the Falls of St. Anthony. Here we cross the river on a light bridge of wire, a miniature Niagara bridge, that rocks and quivers rather suspiciously. The falls are now reduced by the crumbling of the rocks to rapids, roaring, boiling, and tumultuous. The immense water-power here afforded is being rapidly appropriated. This greatly impairs the beauty of the scene, although very many pleasant little nooks within hearing of the falls invite the visits of the tourist.

On the east bank of the river is a mineral spring. The cold, clear water—strongly impregnated with iron—gushes from the bank about forty feet above the bed of the river. It is approached by steps from above, and a broad platform is constructed for the accommodation of visitors. The banks are very abrupt for a long distance below the falls, and numerous little rivulets fall tumbling over into the river, forming crystal cascades as they meet the projecting rocks in their way. A tiny stream that falls unbroken by the rocks, and is spread by the air into a lace-like spray, is called the "Bridal Veil."

Minnesota is a Dacotah word, signifying "muddy water." The name was given to the Minnesota River, whose waters rival the Missouri in their turbid appearance. The river forms a junction with the Mississippi at Fort Snelling, and I saw the latter river six miles below that point, and it had not as yet mingled with the Minnesota. The two waters could be easily defined, the clear Mississippi apparently dreading to become opaque by mingling with her muddy neighbor.

Numerous lakes are scattered through the State. Nestled in every prairie, sheltered in the bosom of every forest, they add grace and beauty to the scenery—the waters are remarkably clear and limpid. Not far from Minneapolis lie many of these lakes. Those most resorted to by pleasure parties—"The lakes," in common parlance—are Calhoun and Harriet. Boats lie in their waters ready for use. From Lake Harriet flows the bright beck that dances along till, leaping over the rocks, it is christened Minnehaha. That little undisturbed nook is, I doubt not, more loved, more associated with romance than any other resort in the land. We took an early opportunity of visiting it. The day was perfect; over us bent the bright sky of Minnesota, and about us was spread the beautiful prairie. Every thing conspired to fill us with happy thoughts. After a ride of less than an

hour, we crossed a little bridge beneath which babbled the clear stream—drove on to a little inclosure, leaped from the carriage, and in a moment were

"Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

O! how perfect, how beautiful, how merrily indeed the waters laugh in silvery tones! We hasten down the rocky banks into the deep valley below the falls, and looking upward behold the foaming waters joyfully leaping down. The bright sun shining lovingly upon the mist-robed Minnehaha, crowns her with rainbows. The walls that rise on either hand are covered by a soft growth of mosses and lichens, and adorned by bright spray-fed flowers. We passed behind the dainty sheet and felt as though concealed in a fairy temple. The crystal wall before us seemed for the time to shut out every thing worldly. We lingered some time in this enchanting spot, collected a bunch of flowers and mosses, and then drove on to Fort Snelling. From this old fortress went the first regiment of volunteer troops that was tendered to the Government at the outbreak of the rebellion; a regiment whose deeds of glory are the just pride of the State. We went out upon the round tower, from which we obtained a very extended view of the region around. Looking to the left we see between the noble bluffs—lying hazy in the Summer sun—the grand Mississippi. On the other hand, bordered by equally beautiful landscape, is the Minnesota. We could feast our eyes here for hours.

Tourists agree in saying that the Summers of Minnesota are like those of France, while it is just as readily conceded that the Winters resemble in fierce cold those of Sweden. None but the more hardy fruits can endure the Winters, while the Summers produce melons that rival those of Syria. Though lying far from the sea and having a clear atmosphere, there is no lack of rain during the growing season. The Summer is remarkable for the soft Southern winds. There seems to be a powerful atmospheric current from the gulf; the moisture with which this is laden is precipitated apparently by contact with cooler currents from the North. Southerly winds are much less frequent in Winter, which accounts for the slight fall of snow. The dry, cold arctic air is constantly poured over the country; this dry air being a non-conductor of heat renders one less sensitive to the same degree of cold than a moist air. It is, as one has remarked, a robe of arctic fur that envelops all.

I have never seen so beautiful skies as those

of Minnesota. Through the long July and August days I have watched the white, fleecy clouds floating in the soft, clear azure—slowly and dreamily changing their exquisite shapes for others even more entrancing—till, at the eventide, catching the glory of the brilliant west, they would flame in gold and crimson, the sky itself seeming piled with their gorgeous forms, melting from one exquisite shade to another, till the eye almost ached with beholding. In the east all this time would lie the soft amber and rose-colored clouds in banks of beauty; at length, all laying aside their brilliant tints, they would reassume their snowy hue, and catch the mild light of the moon on their silver wings.

I had supposed that the most magnificent displays of Northern Lights took place in Winter. What was my surprise, early in July, to behold the northern sky aflame with a most beautiful Aurora! It was as if over some unseen Troy we could behold the contentions of the celestials. Banners of purple and gold were thrown in the air, spectral lances shook and quivered, plumes of heavenly helmets waved and floated, and shifted from one point to another. All the colors of the rainbow were mixed and blended in beautiful confusion. At times the flames of some mystic artillery would shoot up their fiery tongues and lick the stars of the zenith. It was a most wonderful spectacle. The bright Summer days passed quickly on. I paddled in the lakes, loitered at Minnehaha, rode over the prairies, and journeyed through the groves of this lovely State. Every day I felt stronger; the air is exhilarating like wine. I determined to prolong my stay through the Winter. Though the cold is intense, the atmosphere is peculiarly bracing. There is seldom, if ever, a Winter that passes without bringing days that freeze the mercury in the thermometers.

I noticed that as the Autumn approached the frost was late in making its appearance. The months of September and October were very mild and pleasant, with the exception of one chilly storm. And words can not describe the Indian Summer that lasted till the close of November. The warm light seemed to glorify the landscape. The air tinged with the smoke of the prairie fires clothed the distant hills with a soft haze; and the whole month, as one perfect day followed another, was like the holy calm that sometimes follows a life of noble toil.

But all beautiful things must find a close, and so with December came a cold, rough storm. The month had scarcely opened when the sky darkened—the North wind howled and shrieked constantly—snow filled the air. This storm

lasted two weeks. Through the stern air we observed how low down to the horizon the sun had traveled, how feeble all his rays were, how the lurid light struggling through the frost-filled air made every thing look ghastly. The mercury sunk lower and lower, and one day indicated thirty-six degrees below zero. Every thing seemed dead. As the air cleared of snow the cold seemed to increase—the sunlight seemed without warmth or life. At night the stars blazed with wonderful brilliancy, as if to shame the ineffectual efforts of the sun, and one morning we were amazed to behold an apparent mutiny in the heavens. Morning broke clear and cold. The crescent moon hung golden in the sky; the stars retained their splendor; the sun approached the east, but Aurora scarcely welcomed him. A very pale amber just tinged the lower sky. It was as though the goddess remembering the sad, aged Tithonus, and sorrowing for him cared not to renew her own youth. At last the sun struggled up and showed his face to the world and sky. But his coming was not heeded. The moon shone on; the stars paled not. As if astonished, the sun beamed forth more brightly, but it was more than a minute after he was above the horizon before the moon and stars retired before him. The sun called to his aid two "mock suns," as they call this wonderful phenomenon of the parhelion. One each side the sun blazed fiercely, as if the body-guard were challenging the rebellious spheres to duty. Soon the sun crowned himself with two splendid rainbows. Rising in mid air—the one reduplicating the other—they formed a triumphant arch above him. Having abashed moon and stars, he thus surrounded himself with splendor to the delight of all. But it seemed that the moon had jealously observed this display, and was not herself without resources. After a while, one cold evening, we beheld her rising resplendent in the east, bringing up with her, on either hand, a "mock moon." For two hours these luminous wonders increased in brilliancy, till at seven o'clock they rivaled the moon herself in splendor. Proceeding from the moon at right angles were bright belts forming a cross. The horizontal belt passing through the paraselenæ nearly compassed the heavens. All these luminous appearances were adorned by the colors of the rainbow. It was difficult to decide which excelled in wonderful display, the sun or the moon.

HE is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man.—*Shakspeare.*

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN EUROPE.*

BY REV. J. F. HURST.

THE nineteenth century has been distinguished by great charitable movements in Europe not less than in America. Beneficence has more opportunity for development in a free than in a despotic country; but there is not a monarchical government in the Old World, affected to any great extent by Protestantism, which has not been blessed by the spirit of charity. The ruler is glad to find among his subjects those who are willing to operate as individuals in behalf of the suffering classes. For such influence is a relief to the Government, in that it aims to help those who would otherwise be a care to the State. The agency is similar to that exerted by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions in the late civil war in the United States.

The work before us is a beautiful specimen of mechanical execution, and betrays also a commendable spirit of inquiry on the part of the author. In the Autumn of 1862 Mr. De Liefde had a conversation with Mr. Strahan, the publisher, in the back parlor of *Good Words* office, London, during which Mr. S. said to Mr. De L., "Could you not help to increase our knowledge of continental philanthropy? You are yourself a native of the continent; you are acquainted with many of the men and their works; could you not pay a visit to some of the institutions and tell us what you saw and learnt?" The suggestion took root, and soon afterward the author was back on the continent, pencil and paper in hand, gathering the facts which he has here placed before us in a very attractive form. The work is well-planned, and the opportunities at command were excellent. We think the author's labor is characterized by such a simplicity of style, as we find so apparent in Mr. Stevenson's similar work, "Praying and Working," republished a few years since in New York. Every allowance must be made for Mr. De Liefde, on the ground that the English is not his vernacular. He is an evangelical clergyman of Holland, and has performed his task in the spirit of a true philanthropist.

WICHERN AND THE ROUGH-HOUSE.

We are first introduced to the celebrated Rough-House at Horn, near Hamburg. It was instituted by Wichern, from very small begin-

nings, in November, 1833. Wichern was a young and unknown theological candidate, whose heart was aroused in behalf of the homeless children of Hamburg. He had no money, nor had he reason to suppose that he would have influence with the wealthy. But he was rich in faith, and faith brought him all that he needed. During the first week of the Rough-House three boys were received within its humble walls, and before the year closed there were twelve.

"This was the first family," says Mr. De Liefde. "Wichern slept with them in the same bedroom, and took his meals with them in the same parlor. It was not exactly the most agreeable company one could wish for one's pleasure. Eight of them were illegitimate; four were brought up by drunken and criminal parents; one lad was known to the police for ninety-two thefts; one had escaped from prison. They were a lot of young savages, accustomed to live upon robbery, to amuse themselves with hazardous enterprises behind the policeman's back, to sleep under a bridge or on a staircase, to curse their fathers in return for parental curses, and to beat their mothers when scolded for coming home with empty hands. But Wichern and his mother were but too happy to have them. Here was something for which to pray and to suffer, to wrestle and to toil. And what could love more delight in, provided there were some likelihood of saving a few? Certainly it was an arduous task for the young man, who never had such work in hand before. But what he lacked in experience was made up by his kind mother's wisdom. And true, genuine love imparts a wonderful talent for the work of training, inasmuch as it is guided by the Spirit of God, and draws every day fresh knowledge from the inexhaustible wells of his Word. The problem which was to be grappled with was, how to win the confidence of young liars and thieves who distrusted every body; how to make obedience a pleasure to young rascals who were resolved to obey nobody; and how to reconcile with an orderly and decent life young vagabonds who claimed the liberty of turning day into night, of running half-naked about the streets, and of dining off potato skins and other offal, with a pudding of tallow, such as is used for greasing shoes, by way of an additional dainty. This problem only faith in a Divine Savior could solve.

"The great love of God in Jesus Christ, who hates sin but rescues the sinner, was the constant theme of conversation in this family. It was exemplified in the way in which Wichern dealt with each of its members. The boys

*Six Months among the Charities of Europe. By John De Liefde. 2 Vols. Alexander Strahan: London and New York. 1865.

learned from him the existence of that love 'which is plenteous in forgiveness, which believeth all things, and hopeth all things, and endureth all things, and yet rejoiceth not in iniquity but in truth.' Regular labor in the field and in the workshop soon came to be liked as a recreation, and the school-teaching as an amusement. Freedom, too, was honored as a queen. That ugly earth-bank, which inclosed the place like a prison, was dug away amid loud hurrahs. Every body could run away now whenever he liked. But nobody did, or the few who tried came back of their own accord. They found, after all, that the Ruge-Hoos was the best place any body could dream of.

"One of the most striking proofs that Providence had gifted Wichern with an extraordinary genius for administrative philanthropy, and with uncommon wisdom in the training of children, was afforded by his adoption of the family system, which was afterward so successfully imitated at the French and Dutch Mettrays. When the old Rauhe-Haus was full with its twelve children, he did not think of enlarging it to hold more. He felt that his patriarchal number was quite sufficient for a man to bestow his parental affection and care upon. Though the children never called him by the title of 'father'—a hackneyed orphan-house term which he could not bear—yet nevertheless he loved them, and felt concerned about them as a father. But he perceived, too, that he would come to lose the feeling of a father, if he allowed his family to swell beyond the range which nature has drawn for the duties of a parent. There was room enough for building a house for a second family, and he had no objection to enlarge the place for more houses; but to enlarge the house for more children—never!

"Upon this principle several family-houses were successively built in the course of the ensuing years. They are very pretty little buildings, scattered all over the place in a rather irregular order; because the one was built before it was known where the next one was to be located. They take their names from their peculiar form, or from some peculiar event, or other circumstance.

"And so there are 'The Swiss-House,' and 'The Green Fir,' and 'The Gold Bottom,' and 'The Bee-Hive,' and several others, all peopled with little families of boys or girls. The custom is introduced of celebrating the anniversary of the foundation of each house in a festive way. Then the house is adorned with wreaths and flowers. The family has a holiday, and a large cake for a treat. The families of the other

houses meet with that family at the prayer-room to offer up thanks for the blessings which it has been favored with during the past year. The history of the foundation, and of some events concerning that house, are read; and thus every family keeps up an interest in its own dwelling-place, while at the same time all the children every year hear an account of the origin and progress of the entire institution. The histories of these houses are collected into a book called 'The Festival-Book.'"

With Wichern, as with all other philanthropists here described, we observe a studious effort to mingle pleasure and work in happy fraternity. If there was some great undertaking for the boys to engage in, their good friend and "house-father" never forgot to so associate festivity with it that the boys seemed scarcely to know whether they were working or playing. By this means, much of the labor of erecting new buildings has been performed by the boys themselves. Year after year new edifices sprang up, as the wants of the institution demanded. What now is the record of the Rough-House? Has Wichern's plan proved successful? Could he send out from his house of refuge useful men, able to dispense to others the blessings they had received at Wichern's hands? Happily, we can answer affirmatively. "A glance round the circle of those who were children of the House," says Wichern, "carries us into every region of the world, even into the heart of Australia. We find them again in every grade and social position; one is a clergyman, another is a student of theology, and another a student of law; others are or were teaching. We find among them officers in our German armies, agriculturists, merchants in Germany and at least in two other European countries, partners in honorable firms; they are presidents of industrial institutions, skillful landscape gardeners, lithographists, and xylographists; artisans scattered through many towns, wandering apprentices in every conceivable craft. One is a sea-captain, some are pilots, others sailors, who have taken one voyage after another, and seen all the seas of the world. They are colonists in America and Australia, and both there and at home there are happy fathers and mothers among them, training their children righteously, and building up their family life after the fashion they have learned here."

PASTOR FLIEDNER AND HIS LABORS.

Young Fliedner was pastor of a small Church in the village of Kaiserswerth, near the manufacturing city of Düsseldorf. This was in 1822. He heard the loud wail of suffering that came up

from the prisons, hospitals, and the many abodes of misery, crime, and destitution. It was irresistible; and he called woman to his aid. He labored early and late, year after year, with a consumptive body but quenchless desire, to relieve sorrow. He has lately died; but his labors are among the noblest monuments of Christian charity. In person, he was unpretending and simple. He was of middle stature; had thin, fine hair, a high forehead, a long, straight nose, bright eyes, and sharply-cut lips. He said but little, but always spoke to the point. In his large institution he was the first to rise and the last to retire. He did not smoke, because it took too much time. He cared nothing for the luxuries of the table, his favorite dish being potatoes, with the skins on. He read his multitudes of letters while eating, and answered them in waiting-saloons and steamboats, for he always carried writing materials about in his pocket. Still, he never complained of having too much to do. He was never too late for a train or boat. When trying a quill he always wrote the word *hurtig*—quick—which expressed the spirit of his life. He used quill pens because he could do most work with them. He once wrote nine months with one quill pen, without its being mended! He ignored the fashions completely, the cut of his dress being invariably of the fashion which prevailed at the beginning of the century. His hat often showed serious symptoms of decay before he thought of getting a new one; and his wife always had a hard struggle before she could persuade him to part with an old coat. He never allowed himself to be the subject of conversation. Praise was utterly disgusting to him, and he always called those who lauded him "poisoners." Once he jumped up in the presence of a lady of high rank, who was praising him, and told her he would leave the room unless she desisted.

Flüedner's great work was the recognition and making useful of woman's influence in behalf of human want. He has done for German Protestantism a service which—if his successors will only go on zealously where he has left off—will eventuate in multitudes of restored criminals and rescued fallen ones of all classes. In the parent institution at Kaiserswerth deaconesses are trained for usefulness wherever they may be called. There are ninety-six stations in various quarters, owing their origin to the institution at Kaiserswerth. In these 293 deaconesses are laboring. Of the stations 78 are in Prussia; and others are in Turkey, Italy, Switzerland, Egypt, America, and other countries. During the late Schleswig-Holstein war,

twenty-eight deaconesses were engaged day and night in the hospitals. They were like consoling angels to the wounded Danes, as well as to their own countrymen. One day General Wrangel visited the Hadersleben hospital, where the deaconesses had daily to nurse from sixty to seventy invalids. He here saw a Danish prisoner, with whom he conversed through an interpreter.

"And are you content with the treatment here?" asked the General.

"Content! content!" cried the Dane in broken German, as he rose in his bed. "Ya, ya, ya! Thank, thank!"

"All right, my son," the old General replied, "but let these sisters, not me, have your thanks!" And with these words he shook hands with the deaconesses.

THE BLIND SCHOOL AT ILLSPACH.

The little village of Illspach is situated about two miles from the thriving manufacturing town of Mülhausen, in the department of the Lower Rhine, France. The central point of interest in this village is Mr. Alphonse Koechlin's establishment for blind persons. Once it was a tavern; but now it is one of the best charities in France, or even in Europe. Mr. Koechlin, a man now only in the prime of life, has been led by remarkable providences to engage in laudable labors in behalf of the blind. Some eighteen years ago he was a clerk in the *Banque de France* at Mülhausen. The situation was profitable, and it pleased him so well that he threw his whole soul into his work. He was not a Christian man, however; but God led him to spiritual light by taking away his natural vision. His eyes became seriously diseased, and he could only see as if looking through a haze. The Word of God was his study nearly all the time. In course of time his vision was completely destroyed. He was advised to travel to Lausanne, in order to obtain advice from the celebrated Dr. Recordon, connected with the asylum for the blind in that place. He entered the institution and remained some months; but was at last told that his eyes were incurable! He yielded with calm resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. He begged to be received into the institution as a pupil; but his request could not be complied with, for the statutes of the asylum forbade the reception of a pupil above the age of fourteen. To a man of less trust in God this repulse must have been most discouraging. He met with a copy of the Gospel by Luke, printed in relief with Roman types. Immediately he set to work to learn to read his beloved Bible

by the touch, and in a fortnight's time was able to read the raised words pretty well. He learned by heart every word that he read. In five months he had read and committed to memory the whole Gospel of Luke. He was now about to try other portions of the Scriptures; but, alas! the cup of bitterness had not been fully drank. His nerves now gave way, and the acuteness of his touch departed from him. He laid the precious volume aside, never expecting to be able to read it again. But after awhile the acuteness of his touch returned.

Mr. Koechlin asked himself the question, "How can I help the blind of France?" He wished to become a preacher and teacher for the blind. A poor blind young man was his first pupil; a second followed soon; and without the slightest effort on his part, before the year drew to a close, his house lodged eight pupils. From step to step his institution has grown—probably the only instance in the whole world where the director of a blind asylum is himself a blind man.

THE DEACONESS INSTITUTION IN PARIS.

The idea of introducing female agency into the Protestant Church of France was suggested before Fliedner thought of deaconesses, though it was not till fifteen years after Fliedner founded his deaconess house at Kaiserswerth that the Paris institution was called into existence. The Protestant Church of France was blessed with deaconesses long before Vincentius de Paula established, within the Romish Church, the institution of the Sisters of Charity in 1642. Henry Robert de la Marck, son of Robert IV, embraced the Reformation in 1559 and "instituted the *Demoiselles de Charite* for solacing aged and infirm people at their homes; and he assigned the necessary funds for rendering this pious foundation permanent and efficacious."

It was the Rev. Antoine Vermiel, minister of the Reformed Church of Paris, who revived this worthy institution. He loved the poor, and lavished his time and money in their behalf. Mademoiselle M. was led by his preaching to give herself to Christ. She had a school in Bordeaux, and used every effort to bring her pupils to a knowledge of the Savior. Her heart was too large for her present sphere, and she dreamed of nothing but being a missionary. Mrs. Fry had just been at the metropolis, and formed a committee of ladies for visiting the prisoners of St. Lazare. The ladies found that a refuge for receiving discharged prisoners was one of the first requisites. Miss M. was at once singled out for directress.

This was the starting-point. Then came up one institution after another till all France was made to feel their power. Large buildings were provided by liberal hearts; many women were enlisted in the good cause of saving the destitute; and thousands were rescued from emporal and eternal ruin.

The record of charity in the Old World is not without its important lessons for us in the New World. The field is large here as well as in Europe. Many readers of this sketch can look around and see some class which they can bring up to a higher condition. Let them do it! Let every one who can be aided by us not go down to the grave, and to ruin, without the helping hand that we can proffer!

BY AND BY.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

LITTLE words so often uttered
 To the fondly-trusting child,
 Where a mother's love and patience
 All our wants and woes beguil'd;
 Ever still her voice seems lingering
 Like a soothing lullaby,
 With old argosies of promise
 In the goodly by and by.

Tender memories softly bringing
 Radiant flowers and golden sky,
 With youth's rosy-pinion'd angel
 Whispering mother's by and by;
 Though all pass'd and hush'd in silence
 Those dear lips so long have been,
 Still these words with gracious meaning
 Bring a cheer we knew not then.

Often foot-sore, cold, and weary,
 In a lone and barren way,
 Seems the night-storm, dark and dreary,
 And so distant still the day.
 Striving with our pain and weakness,
 On the mount we fix our eye,
 Saying, lest we faint and falter,
 Morning breaketh by and by.

And as travelers with burdens,
 Through this wilderness of care,
 In each thorny path still looking
 For the sinless footprints there;
 Often from the toil-worn summit
 Gleams the Canaan of the blest,
 Blooming fields and cooling fountains,
 By and by the pilgrim's rest.

O this hope of our to-morrow,
 Where no sorrows ever come;
 When from tearful tents to mansions,
 Jesus calls his wanderers home!
 No more anguish, pain, or parting,
 Lov'd ones then no more will die;
 O the triumph, peace, and gladness
 In the glorious by and by!

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

BY REV. A. J. MERCHANT.

"Who wants amusements in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse when medicines can not cure?"

YOUNG.

THAT the Creator seems to have designed the system of life's activities to operate on the principle of mutual compensation, or mutual recreation, perhaps no one will question. In harmony with this manifest design or law, while one set of our powers are vigorously engaged in some useful pursuit of life, others may remain at rest, relax their energies, receive healthful recreation, and thus the complicated machinery of our physical and spiritual constitution may be self-lubricating.

Taking the hint from the divine conduct, we believe—may we not *affirm*—that life approaches nearest the true ideal, when it is divided into two grand departments, labor and rest. Hence, should it be thought impossible, nay, impracticable, that the activities and labors of life could be placed under such a regimen—an agreeable variety, a change from the exercise of one class of functions to those of another—as to secure the end proposed by those who would separate man from the godlike by making a third department, an interpolation for purposes only and solely of play, sport, amusement?

And here it must not be overlooked that the varied employments of the devotees of play and amusement moving in fashion's circles, generally, if not always, make severe drafts upon the vitality of man, not unfrequently defeating the end proposed; so that, in spite of the cherished theory of "sportive recreation," life's activities range themselves under one chapter and only one *labor*. Therefore, a great problem to which we should address ourselves for its solution is, *How shall the hours of labor in all the diversified engagements of man be so adjusted that the ultimate design of the great Architect may be realized?*

Let us speak of some of the grave mistakes made by the advocates of popular amusements.

1. It is assumed that some of the endowments of our nature can only find scope for healthful exercise when the mind is engaged or entertained amid scenes and surroundings that are solely adapted for amusement. What shall call forth from their hidden sources the outflowings of mirthfulness and cheer but environments of gayety and pleasure? We answer:

The world is wide. It affords pursuits, honorable and useful, diversified as are the faculties of the human mind; pursuits that not only furnish ample room for the play of the free and gushing emotions that spring from a glad and buoyant spirit, but at the same time yield fruits that will crown the brows of fellow-spirits with blessings, sending back to us the rich reversion of conscious rectitude and the benediction of an approving God.

2. It is argued with great confidence that the overtaxed energies, especially of the mind, can not be *recreated* except in obedience to dictation of pleasure. It is replied, that the mind ought not to be overtaxed, and to obviate the danger, and also to furnish natural recreation, should it be "crushing beneath its burdens," let the student betake himself, an hour at a time at regular intervals three or four times a day, to some useful manual enterprise, and he will soon find by experience the wonderful power of the system here defended to invigorate the mind, to strengthen the perceptive faculties for the abstrusities of science, to enlarge the domain of his memory. Reference to honored names is unnecessary. The Divine proposition is, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

3. It is a fair deduction from what we have read in favor of amusements, that a desire to be cheerful, to be gay, to be light-hearted, to be happy, should be the ruling motive. It is answered: God has made the dictates of duty, in all the relations we sustain, the ruling motive to action, in order to the achievement of our high and noble destiny. Also, he has so adapted his moral government to us, that an *incident* arising from a faithful observance of his precepts is the gratification of our better natures—we are happy.

"Happiness is a wayside flower
Growing by the paths of usefulness;
Plucked, it withers in thy hand.
Tread not the thyme beneath thy feet;
Be useful and be happy."

4. Another error is this: "Life can only be lengthened to its just limit by daily relaxation from all labor." Then, so far as pleasure requires labor, it also must be foreborne. What then would remain of pleasure? Nothing. "Relaxation from all labor" is needed. God rested. Man should rest, not play. Still we hear, a life of labor is a constant "attrition by which the wheels, and cogs, and rivets, and axles of life are worn out," thus ignoring the great law of compensation exhibited in lives of properly-adjusted labors, and enstamped with the Divine signet; exhibited in ten thousand instances of

devoted philanthropists, laborious statesmen, profound philosophers, and self-sacrificing divines, whose entire energies have been expended in harmony with the law of useful labor followed by suitable repose; who, at last, in advanced age, have come down to the grave "ripe and fit for their Master's use," who have "ceased at once to work and live."

There are numerous pursuits, both innocent in themselves and affording a happy change in the current of human vigor, which we would not exclude from the catalogue of legitimate employment. Let the exuberance of spirit, cheerful and joyous from a consciousness of rectitude, flow forth in song and hymn, accompanied by the dulcet strains of an "instrument of ten strings," or of an instrument with a "bank of keys;" let an evening glide swiftly by while the sociabilities of companions turn upon business, science, philosophy, poetry, politics, morals, religion—eliciting closeness of thought, exciting mirthfulness by the salient repartee, attracting the mind to the contemplation of lofty themes, devising means for the alleviation of the wants and woes of the unfortunate; let each day witness to manly effort in the pursuit of knowledge, in taking note of passing events; let the eye feast upon all that God has made pure and beautiful in earth and heaven; let imagination roam far beyond the limits of the tangible and visible, and dwell upon scenes of unrealized and betokened bliss and happiness; let life be filled with labors such as these, and no violence is offered to the law of our munificent Creator, who would spread over us the pavilion of his glory here, the symbol of his presence hereafter.

"Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin's promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill."

The amusements in vogue, sanctioned by custom and recommended by the sonorous adjective, *fashionable*, are numerous.

"Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion."

And,

"New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed."

The space we allot to this paper will only allow us to mention the names of some of the amusements now current—evening entertainments, dancing, gaming, gambling, billiards, ball-alleys, itinerating shows, and theaters—and point out their relation to human welfare by indicating a few general truths concerning them.

1. Many of the popular recreations of our

towns, cities, rural districts, are attended with an unwarrantable expenditure of care, thought, anxiety, time, and money. Whoever will seriously undertake to compute the outlay in these several particulars connected with but one of our large fashionable evening receptions, will find startling proof of our proposition. The evening is decided upon. The guests are invited. Weigh, if you have scales adapted to the delicate but momentous task, the thought and care consumed and consuming, that are spent during the progress, till they drag their wearied bodies to repose amid the small hours of the night. Add to this the outlay for honiton laces, bareges, silks, perfumes; the outlay for table furnishing, and you have an aggregate that is altogether unwarrantable, if considered with reference to the end achieved! If considered in the light of duty's call to "feed the poor and clothe the naked," to "be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame," it is no less than the high crime of robbery and of rebellion against God who would make us the almoners of his bounty for the exaltation of our common humanity.

2. Nearly all the fashionable amusements of the day are, in themselves or in their necessary connections, so many means in active operation for undermining and ruining health and inducing premature decay and death. No one in his senses can, for a moment, question this. The hours God has ordained for repose encroached upon—night turned into day—the gormandizing, wine-drinking, and gluttony attendant, the enervation consequent upon the unnatural exercise of the ball or dance, the exposure returning in the gray of morning, these are suggestions of the answer to the oft-repeated questions, why is the present generation so much more effeminate than the former? Why are the sons and daughters not able to endure as much as their parents? Death itself could not devise a surer system to gratify his lust for dominion than that now in operation; namely, the systematized amusements in vogue with their necessary concomitants.

"In the embattled plain
Though Death *exults*, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not, e'en *there*, so *absolute*,
So *merciless*, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in the intoxicating draught concealed,
Or couched beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, naught suspecting,
Means to be blest, but finds himself undone."

3. The inevitable tendency of pleasure sought in amusements is to sloth and idleness, to dissipation of body, mind, and morals. Fashionable

pleasure mingles poison in the cup. When the affections and passions have become enkindled by its fascination, the plain and simple diet of industrial pursuits is regarded with loathing and disgust. The night's revel is past; the exhilaration of wine is over; the enchantment of gay society is fled; the hallucination of cards, of music, of dancing, of the drama, is ended. But the unnatural heat of the mind and passions does not so soon subside. The steady round of the counting-room or sales-room, the manipulations of the workshop, and the scenes of husbandry, have proportionately lost their charm. Amusement to its devotees wears a bland and smiling face; opens up a paradise of delights; promises "a home of love," while the toil and care of honest industry in mental and manual pursuits is repulsive. Mark how different now! Mark how different in the end! While Industry builds a home of beauty and plenty amid embowering shades and cooling waterfalls in which to pass the evening of a useful and happy life, Amusement, in disappointment and remorse, filled with disease, the fruit of early indulgence, before the sun of life has reached the meridian, lies down to die upon a dunghill.

"I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

4. We may justly charge home the results of any system to its principles, provided they follow generally and apparently necessarily. What are some of the tendencies and results, further, of fashionable amusements?

(1.) To the professor of the Christian religion their tendency is to spiritual apathy, to a disrelish for the means of grace, to sure departure from God, to backsliding, to final abandonment of his solemn espousals. "*And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard the word, go forth, and are choked . . . with the pleasures of this life and bring forth no fruit to perfection.*" "*But she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.*"

(2.) To those frequently large evening entertainments, the tendency is to haughtiness and pride, to deception, and to a politeness and etiquette as false and hypocritical as the bosom of Judas Iscariot. "*All their works they do to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments.*"

(3.) To the devotee of cards, the tendency is to gambling, to drunkenness, to debauchery, to poverty, to disgrace, to bitterness and death. "*He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;*" "*He that loveth wine shall not be rich;*" "*He*

shall die without instruction;" "*He shall mourn at the last when his flesh and his body are consumed.*"

(4.) To those in weekly attendance upon the theater, witnessing dramas and tragedies, the tendency is to a "wear and tear" of mind and body, and to a creation and nurture of the grossest immoralities. "*The heart of fools is in the house of mirth.*" "*The end of mirth is heaviness.*"

PURE.

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THERE's a mist, or a dust, or a poisonous breath,
Or a vapor of death
Suspended in every air.

It may blow o'er the mountain or hang o'er the heath,
It may sweep o'er the ocean's wide main,
It may babble through fountain, lie pent up beneath,
Or parch o'er the dry, arid plain;
It may drop its pearls on the bergs of the poles,
It may float with the lightning's home,
It may crystal the clouds to the whitest snows,
Or sift through the high dashing foam.

In valleys deep
Where breezes sleep,
It may balm its invisible breath,
But 't will bear on its bosom, wherever it flows,
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There are waters that melt from the mountain's crest
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That limpidly trickle below;
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That with sparkling leaps into the day,
Or leaving the mount as a silent rill,
Pebbly, merrily, murmurs away;
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There are billowy waves that wash the shores of the sea
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There are dewy pearls
In the leafy curls,
That tremble in the morning sun,
But every drop, wherever it be,
Has passed o'er the dead and impurity won.

But I think of a land, O! that beautiful land,
And a golden strand,
Where all that is there shall be pure.

The air of that clime shall be fresh, every breath,
And streams, crystal, pure evermore.
Naught belonging to time, no tincture of death
Can breathe o'er that mystical shore.
These impure hearts, endless fountains of woe
That weary us so in the soul
And give us no rest, shall be evermore pure
While ages unlimited roll.

O, ravishing thought!
With the invisible fraught—
To be holy and pure, through the death of the Son.
In the presence of Him to whom the stars are not pure,
And forever with both to be one.

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.
PERSONAL AND GATHERED RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

(CONCLUDED.)

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

"Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay;
For sin too pure, for earth too bright;
And Death who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light!"

Margaret to her Sister.

THE family circle within the Davidson home breathed an atmosphere of romance and poetry, which was actually exhaled from its every member.

The mother, on her bed of prostration and disease, was full of ethereal sensibility. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Townsend, dreamed in poetical measure; so did the eldest son, whose education at West Point and short season of military duty on the frontier, prevented any morbid tendency by the events of a more stirring and active life. There was perhaps a greater degree of vigor and maturity of thought in the emanations from Levi Davidson's pen, than in those of his young sisters, although in the true inspirations of genius in its symmetry and purity, few have exceeded the latter. He too died young; and so sensitive was he to the peculiar organization in his family, that when jestingly called the "poet-boy" at school, he exclaimed, "Spare me, it is not a pleasant sound. A family of dreamy enthusiasts, [which was really not the case.] O that we were full of physical health, of strong endurance, with the promise of long life instead!" And in one of his hours of depression, every line that he had composed was destroyed.

In a life however brief, where the fleeting years are filled with interesting incident, and rendered uncommon by precocious development, it is a difficult task to give a just idea of the subject in a condensed magazine article. If, in addition to this, the writer has been intimately associated with such a friend, the perplexity increases, as every expressed thought or written memorial is invested with a peculiarly-sacred charm, that makes any selection from the mass of such composition quite unsatisfactory.

The writer of this sketch confesses that upon a review of Margaret Davidson's correspondence, her prose essays and versatile poems, covering, as they do, a volume exceeding two hundred pages, she finds so much originality, so much fresh buoyancy of thought, so much of what Hugh Miller calls "the true, yet rare

accomplishment of verse," that she can not feel the meager extracts and other souvenirs of her friend are sufficient to convey a just inception to the minds of strangers, of a person so young, and yet so highly, almost miraculously, gifted.

Margaret Miller Davidson was born at the family residence on Lake Champlain, in the village of Plattsburg, on the 20th of March, 1823. Like her sister Lucretia, she evinced fragility from her birth, and this delicacy of constitution drew out all the tenderness of the elder sister.

Says Washington Irving, "Lucretia, whose brief poetical career has been so celebrated in literary history, was her fond attendant, and some of her most popular lays were composed with the infant sporting in her arms. She used to gaze upon her little sister with intense delight, and, remarking the uncommon beauty and brightness of her eyes, would exclaim, 'She *must*, she *will* be a poet!'" Lucretia did not live to see the fulfillment of this prophecy, as her brief sojourn on earth was over before Margaret was two years and a half old. "Yet," to use her mother's expression, "on ascending to the skies, it seemed as if her poetic mantle fell like a robe of light on her infant sister."

Margaret was emphatically a spirit-child, who went gliding about with quick, nervous motion, as having no connection with this mundane sphere. A lady remarking this peculiarity said to Mrs. Davidson, as the child went flitting by them in the twilight, "That little creature never walks," and turning to Margaret added, "Where are you flying now, sweet Ariel?" "To heaven," replied the child, "to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my new wings!"

Till the buddings of genius began to expand into greater maturity, her whole existence was passed in the midst of an imaginary pageant, that often merged itself into scenes of Oriental splendor—each rise of the curtain displaying a more vivid proscenium, that not infrequently overpowered the more prosaic minds about her. Where we could not keep pace with the child's excited fancy, she played the rôle for all.

Her juvenile amusements had indeed a great originality and variety about them. "Each character," writes Irving, "as ascribed either to her dog, kitten, or doll, was carried out with an ingenuity and precision truly remarkable, and the historic personations, whether Mary Queen of Scots, or her rival, Queen Elizabeth, evinced a wonderful memory and power of adaptation."

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forms itself into a laugh. If I look forward, every thing seems bright before me. If I look back, memory calls up only what is pleasant, and my greatest desire is, that my pen could bring a ray of sunshine over this scribbled page. By the way, I am not to be called a child any more, for yesterday I was fifteen. What say you to that? I feel quite like an old woman, and think of putting on caps and spectacles."

The last of the year 1837 had come, and this sensitive young being began fully to realize what the end of these physical changes must be. Although still buoyant, there were seasons when it seemed unnatural that she should fade away from the bright world she loved so well. This sentiment is keenly indicated by the poem, "To Die and be Forgotten."

On the night of December 31st she said to Mrs. Davidson, "Mamma, will you sit up with me till after twelve o'clock, that I may bid farewell to the present and welcome the coming year, whose close I may never see?" Let us describe the scene in Mrs. Davidson's own words: "When the clock struck twelve, I arose from my seat and stood leaning over the back of her chair, where my daughter sat resting her arm upon the table. She had finished 'The Farewell' when it wanted but a few minutes of midnight. The clock struck, an expression of solemn awe passed over her face, and then she resumed her pen, resuming also the theme:

'Hark! to the house-clock's measured chime,
As it cries to the startled ear,
A dirge for the soul of departing time,
A requiem for the year.
Farewell! for thy truth-written record is full,
And the page weeps for sorrow and crime;
Farewell! for the leaf hath snud down on the past,
And concealed the dark annals of time.'

As the bell of the village church ceased its last echo, she commenced a cheerful refrain:

'The bell it hath ceased with its iron tongue
To ring on my startled ear;
The dirge o'er the grave of the lost one is rung—
All hail to the new-born year!'

From this period Hope rarely whispered an encouraging word; and although her sweet, sunny spirit beamed out from every portentous cloud, the following fragments, as furnished by her mother, appear to be the breathings of her soul during the last few days of her life, written in pencil, and in a hand weak and tremulous:

"What strange, what mystic things we are,
With spirits longing to outlive the stars,
. . . but even in decay

Hasting to meet our brethren in the dust.

As one small dew-drop runs, another drops
To sink unnoticed in the world of waves.

O, it is sad to feel that when a few short years
Of life are past, we shall lie down unpitied
And unknown amid a careless world;
That youth, and age, and revelry, and grief
Above our heads shall pass, and we alone
Shall sleep! Alone, shall be as we have been,
No more."

From the beginning of August, 1838, her decline was rapid, and there seemed a sacredness, a holy light surrounding her, which indicated a Divine presence—even strangers felt it, although few, except intimate friends, were admitted to her sick-room.

A week before her departure, she desired the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be administered to her, "not because I feel worthy to receive it; I feel myself a sinner, but desire to manifest my faith in Christ by receiving an ordinance, instituted by himself a short time before his crucifixion." After the ceremony a holy calm seemed to pervade her mind, and to use her mother's words, "She looked almost like a beatified spirit. The following evening she said to me, 'Mother, I have made a solemn surrender of myself to God. Living or dying, I am henceforth devoted to him.' A cloud for a few hours oppressed her, and during the continuance I asked her if there were any little arrangements she would like to make. She turned her softly-beaming eyes upon me and said, 'Dear mother, when I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies, then I will think of other matters.' Her hair was now very beautiful, and she usually took much pains with it, a duty I had performed during the whole course of her sickness. One day, as the hour of her departure drew nigh, after making a great effort at composing, she requested that the bright locks should be taken off. She did not like to have the idea of death associated with tresses we had loved to braid. The dark, rich locks were severed at midnight, and never shall I forget the expression of her young, faded face as I entered the room. 'Do n't be agitated, dear mamma. Lay it away, please, and to-morrow we will arrange and dispose of it. I view my hair as something sacred, which will be reunited to my body at the resurrection.'

"On the 22d of November death was evidently near, and my feelings were intensely agonizing. Margaret said, 'Do not be distressed. Surely, my dear mother, you have many consolations. You are gathering a little family in heaven to

welcome you.' My heart was full. When I could speak I answered, 'Yes, my love, but how dreadful to doubt whether I may ever be permitted to join the circle!' 'Hush, hush, dear mother,' she whispered, 'do not indulge such sad thoughts. The fact of your having trained the little band to inhabit that holy place is sufficient evidence to me that you will not fail to join us there.'

"About sunset of the 24th I spoke to her, and how can I describe the solemn expression of her sweet face as she answered, 'Mother, my own dear mother, do not grieve. In life we were inseparable—I feel that you can not live long without me.'

"A paroxysm of oppression coming on, she called for ether, which revived her. 'I am better now,' she whispered, and stretching out both her arms toward me said beseechingly, 'Mother, take me to your heart once more.' I passed my arms about her; her head dropped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine with a look that said, 'Mother, is this death?' I answered the appeal as if she had spoken; I laid my hand on her white, damp brow; I spoke, 'Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished; you will soon be with Jesus.' A few more fluttering throbs and her pure spirit was with its God."

She died on the 25th of November, 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months.

A little package, tied with white silk, was found a few days after in the library with this superscription, "For my mother—private." They were found to contain the results of self-examination from a very early period of her life till within a few days of its close, and display a degree of self-knowledge and humility, and a depth of contrition that could only emanate from a heart chastened and subdued by the power of Divine grace.

A broken shaft of polished marble stands alone in the rural cemetery at Plattsburg, bearing the name of Lucretia M. Davidson. The other members of this gifted family lie in a beautiful retreat at Saratoga, and with the exception of one son all are gone of a once large household. The pleasant home on Lake Champlain is still there, although modern improvement has invaded its sanctity, and it is no longer "the small, neat cottage, peeping forth from the surrounding foliage, the image of rural quiet and contentment," as described by the little Margaret, but a pretentious compound of brick and mortar that quite incloses the quaint frame of the old-fashioned cottage. The change is one in which unfortunately prosaic America and Yankee utilitarianism take evident delight,

but over which the lovers of poetry and admirers of true genius will expend vain sighs of regret. Many who "pass that way" will uselessly long to look within the unchanged rooms made sacred by a heavenly presence, and where these tender, dreamy children drew in new inspiration with every breath of faintest perfume, from rose-bud and sweet-brier that clustered about the "low rustic porch," or with each fresh daisy that sprang up along the grassy paths which once encircled the homestead.

A REPLY.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

You have no "gift of speech," you say, and surely that is true;

For many and many a man I know has smoother words than you;

Has smoother words and phrases fitter for gentle ears, Yet well I know your rougher tone is tenderer than appears,

And often when you speak my eyes are filled with happy tears.

You have no "wealth or honored name;" ah well! that little gold

Could furnish gilding for your gifts I need not have been told;

For surely you're not overwise, as worldly maxims go, And the feet of fickle Fortune will come to meet you slow—

Yet I'm loving you to-day, am richer than you know.

You never heard me vainly speak of your gentle birth, you know;

For yours is not a noble name, I knew it long ago.

None will ever see it graven on proud memorial stone, And I shall not often hear it from lips besides my own; But can it be less dear to me that 'tis dear to me alone; The while I think our souls are one in sight of God's white throne?

It may be 'names mean less up there, and souls mean more than here,

That many pass uncrowned below that to our Lord are dear;

It may be in our social creeds some hidden error lies, That what we here most loved and praised will wear far different guise

When we shall view our earthly life with unbedclouded eyes.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

KEEPING HOUSE—TWO WAYS.

BY EFFIE WEBSTER.

MR. and Mrs. Montjoy were installed in their very comfortable abode, and were quite ready to receive and entertain their friends; also to enjoy themselves as best they might in the pleasure of possessing a home. They had boarded the past ten years, and were capable of appreciating those luxuries found only at one's own fireside.

Directly opposite Mr. and Mrs. Hill had established themselves. They had fully calculated the economy and advantage of housekeeping before they patronized Monroe & Co. for their outfit. Mrs. Hill was enraptured when they took possession, and declared herself supremely happy. Had n't she had quite enough sour bread and soggy potatoes? And dear Mr. Hill had been dolefully troubled with dyspepsia—she knew it was caused by bad biscuit.

So it happened that Mr. Montjoy and Mr. Hill became master of an establishment the same day, and Mrs. Montjoy and Mrs. Hill commenced their housekeeping experience the same day. The families were not wealthy, merely "comfortable," as the world terms it, and much depended upon the management of the household. Having children, they engaged one servant, and they happened to be sisters, equally competent and trustworthy.

"What do we have for dinner, ma'am?" asked Mary of Mrs. Montjoy the next morning after her arrival.

"We have a roast to-day. Be careful and have it nicely browned, as Mr. Montjoy is very particular. And the pudding, Mary, see that it is not overdone. I have no doubt but you will have every thing right. Here are the keys to the pantry, you are perfectly able to take care of them; and I trust to your honor that the kitchen proceeds as if I were here all the time. I do not consider it necessary to watch you," and with this injunction she transferred the care to Mary.

The girl was pleased with this confidence, and went about her work with good will. As Mrs. Montjoy had said, dinner was properly cooked; beef done to a turn, and all the viands palatable.

After dinner she cut out some shirts for her husband and commenced making them.

Maggie was at Mr. Hill's the same day. She was willing to commence her labor, and bustled about, straightening up the half-tidy kitchen, for Mrs. Hill's motto was, kitchen last and least attention, if she performed her own domestic

duties. Before Maggie had finished dusting, her mistress came down to order dinner.

"Don't finish that now, Maggie, you must always prepare your meals in season. I have no patience with tardy meals. Here is a joint, we must have some fine soup. Let the meal be well cooked." Upon no account let the pies be a failure. She unlocked her larder, and measured out seasoning and whatever else she considered necessary for the preparation of dinner.

"There, that is the required amount, I always attend to these things myself," and she left the room.

"Umph! she expects I'll steal. That is what she calls the right measure. Ha, ha! if Mr. Hill enjoys his soup seasoned that way it's all right, but I shall have a separate dish."

Mrs. Hill flew into the kitchen and peered into the kettle many times before dinner.

At the usual time the meal was served. Mrs. Hill leaned back to observe her husband's appreciation of the soup. He tasted, glanced dubiously about, tasted again, and looked annoyed.

"Wife, this is a curious mixture, what do you call it?"

"Call it! The very best kind of soup. I superintended the making of it myself. I did not trust it to Maggie," she replied.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth, and it has not failed in this instance. Let Maggie bring me some meat."

"Perhaps this may be made better—let me taste it. Ugh! as salt as brine, and enough cayenne to burn one's mouth up. No other seasoning that I can taste. A combination of pepper and salt."

Maggie appeared, sober and attentive.

"What on earth possessed you, Maggie, to spoil this soup?"

"Spoil it, ma'am? I surely put in just what you gave me, and supposed that was right. A cup of salt, half a cup of pepper, three blades of mace, one onion. Most of folks like soup with more seasoning. Sage and bit of spike-nard would have made it better."

"Why did n't you say so, and why did you use so much salt and pepper if it was not necessary? We are in no haste to be out of either."

"I supposed you measured out just what you wished in the soup, and I could n't very handily get at the other things, seeing they were locked up."

"Maggie, some meat if you please," said Mr. Hill, interrupting the conversation.

The meat was well cooked, but the pie was over-sweet, the pudding devoid of sugar or salt. Maggie declared she used just what was

given her, and how on earth was she to use what she had n't?

"That's just the way," exclaimed Mrs. Hill, "a girl will destroy and waste half. It is so perplexing to watch one. If she supposes I will give her clean sweep of the pantry she is mistaken. I propose to know how things go."

The next day was sunny and balmy. The air gave evidence that Spring-time was not far off. Mrs. Montjoy bethought herself of the plot of ground before the house, and sending Mary for a man to make her some neat little beds, she planted seeds for coming bloom. About the veranda she strewed morning-glories, and procuring myrtle she, that very day, began to teach its tendrils to wind about the lattice. Mrs. Hill, perceiving her at work, ran over to inquire the cause of such unusual bustle.

"Planting flowers. We like them so much."

"But of what use are they, Mrs. Montjoy? I find plenty to keep me in an incessant hurry about the house."

"We use them for ornaments in the parlor, and for our dining table as well. Again, the sun will strike hot upon that south veranda, and the vines will serve as an excellent shelter. Your home will look so much pleasanter if you will plant some; you have no larger family than I, and I find the time with very little trouble."

"Neither time nor inclination," she answered, laughingly. "The truth is, I am so fretted about my work while I am at it, that I am fit to rest when I have finished."

Mrs. Montjoy having finished her work out of doors, invited Mrs. Hill into her parlor. A very pleasant parlor was this with its bright ingrain carpet, graceful chairs and sofa. Pictures and fancy articles added to its cheerfulness; an air of home comfort pervaded it. Mrs. Montjoy and her parlor were very alike, easy and uniform in temper.

"How much did you pay for your pictures?" asked Mrs. Hill reprovingly. Mrs. Montjoy and herself being old friends, pointed questions were excusable.

"Pay for them! The sum of three dollars for frames, Louisa. Those three I sketched myself while we were boarding, and if you look closely at that large piece on your right, you will perceive it is the same one you and I painted alike years since. I have improved it, certainly. The frames, most of them, I constructed myself out of pine cones, pebbles, corn, shells, and coffee. Mr. Montjoy was not able to purchase nice frames, and we did not wish shabby ones, besides these are very pretty."

"But the time, Emily, when did you find that?"

"We have been housekeeping three months, Louisa, have we not?"

"Yes, but such a busy three months!"

"Busy, certainly, I did not do these all at one time, or even finish one up in a day. Edward is sometimes delayed at dinner, and I then have half an hour, mayhap, that I can use to advantage. Waiting is tiresome, and such pastime makes the moments pass more quickly. These pictures were made during niches of time."

"Goodness knows I sha' n't make a slave of myself. I believe my children wear and tear more than yours, for my fancy-work is mending always. Charles, too, is so careless. Ah! you have purchased some of those ottomans at Monroe's! They are so pretty, but so expensive. You have n't had them long. Why is it we can not afford such things, and Charles has the same salary as Edward?"

"Ha, ha!" and Mrs. Montjoy's silvery laugh rang out loud and clear. She patted an ottoman near her affectionately, and laughed again.

"Mr. Monroe would be complimented could he hear you compare my homespun articles to his New York latest. Edward had an old coat quite dilapidated for wearing, but there was sufficient to make these ottomans. With the help of some canvas and some bright zephyrs, I have made them quite presentable. What we can not buy, we must try and manufacture. They are not as elegant, to be sure, but answer every purpose."

Tea hour arrived, and Mrs. Montjoy urged her friend so persistently to remain and partake of their repast that she did so. How fresh the table looked with its snowy cloth and delicate china! The viands were served by Mary nicely, and were well cooked.

"Do you go to hear Mr. Gough to-night?" asked Edward.

"I think not, Charles never cares for such things, and I do not like to go without him."

"We would be happy to have your company," he replied, pleasantly.

"Thank you, but I must decline. By the way, Mr. Montjoy, have you read Taylor's last?"

"I have."

"It is capital, I know, I have been crazy to get hold of it."

"You can find it in our library. We have taken the north bedroom and put shelves in it for a library. We make it a point to buy a good book every month, and the money could not be better spent. I read during the evening while my wife sews. We shall have a select library, as our choice is made so slowly that we have plenty of time to deliberate."

"If I had a book a month I should be obliged to read it myself, as Charles is always from home in the evening."

After a short conversation Mrs. Hill went back to her own home. Her parlor looked very bare as she surveyed the walls—no pictures, fancy articles, nor ottomans. The chairs, too, had a stiff ungainly look, having been selected for their strength and inferior price by Mr. Hill. She started in surprise as she saw her husband sitting near the window.

"Ah, Charles! you have remained at home to take me to Gough's lecture, haven't you? Mr. and Mrs. Montjoy are going. Their house is so cozy and nice—pictures that Louisa has made, and some pretty ottomans, too. Please, can't I have five dollars to fix our place up? It would be so much nicer. Can't I?"

Mrs. Hill had been taught her kind of economy by her husband, but a ghost of her old self arose when she saw her friend's pleasanter home.

"Five dollars to spend in such flummery! No, ma'am. Your children need it more, madam, and your husband would prefer his supper to his wife gadding about," he testily rejoined.

"Your supper! I supposed you had it long since. What is Maggie about?"

"I have nothing to do with Maggie."

Mr. Hill was not usually cross, but a succession of ill-timed meals, and badly-cooked ones, too, had quite disturbed his temper. He was usually uniform, because his nature was of that calm, calculating stuff that rarely ruffles. Loving to a cent, he never expended more money than was barely necessary for his family. His wife had had this instilled into her mind during the years she had lived with him, and only occasionally did her own nature come up. Then it was quickly put down by her husband; and they lived on in their comfortless style, when by the expenditure of a few more dollars home might be transformed into something like elegance. Often their purchases were more expensive to them in the end than if they had selected something better.

Mrs. Hill entered the kitchen with a contracted brow. Maggie was making buns for breakfast, singing merrily the while.

"Maggie, this neglect is unpardonable. Mr. Hill has been waiting for his supper these two hours. Is it possible that I can not depend upon you to prepare meals if I happen to be out? I am astonished at your laziness. What excuse have you to offer, you impertinent girl?"

Maggie looked up sharply. "This, ma'am. I have been used to live with ladies. Either you never had a girl before, and wish to

put on airs, or you think I am a thief. How could I get supper with that pantry locked? No tea or any thing else but dishes. I won't work for such a woman," and she turned about angrily.

"Don't speak so impertinently to me," replied Mrs. Hill, perceiving that it was her own fault and forgetfulness. She took the proper articles from the pantry, and went up stairs to her husband.

"This all comes of your caution to keep the pantry locked, Charles. There was nothing for supper. It entirely slipped my mind. Such a mean way any how!"

"I always supposed a wife looked after her house," replied Mr. Hill. "Girls waste more than they use. It is not supposed the mistress will run away and stay away with the key, however. Girls are nuisances any way, a useless expense and trouble. We had our meals properly when you were alone. We had best return to the old way."

"It is so hard, Charles. Maggie saves me so many steps after all."

"All that is required of you is to care for your family. It is not necessary you should run about attending to your neighbor's affairs. You are not delicate; you can do the work for four. Maggie may go in the morning."

Tea was placed upon the table. Maggie had been expeditious when she had a chance to be, and was not watched. The tea was hot and fragrant, the biscuit light and sweet. Any one but Mr. Hill would have resolved to keep the girl, especially since she had had so short a trial. He managed to swallow three cups of tea, a couple plates of biscuit, besides cake, meat, pickles, and sauce. With so good an appetite and so bountiful a supper one would suppose he would be unusually forbearing. Not so. When Maggie came in to take the tea things away, he said, "Maggie, we can dispense with your services. You may leave in the morning."

"As I should do, sir, since I am not used to work for close people," she pertly said, flouncing out of the room.

The table was but half cleared, yet she did not return. Mrs. Hill quietly gathered up the remainder, and upon taking them to the kitchen found that her handmaiden had taken Mr. Hill's command a few hours sooner than he intended.

Although her head was aching sadly she finished the work, and then returned to her parlor. The children were in bed; and, solitary, she amused herself by mending stockings. Mr. Hill returned at ten, and reminding his wife that sitting up late was expensive, gas being dear,

she laid her work away and retired. A short time after Mr. and Mrs. Montjoy returned from the lecture, refreshed and happy. Rendering thanks to the Father for his supreme goodness, they peacefully retired.

Hot Summer came. Its scorching breath withered vitality, and brought disease. Contagion floated in the air, and the town where our two families live did not escape. They were not stricken down when others were low about them. Mr. Montjoy thanked Heaven that his family was spared, and Mr. Hill thanked his good luck that a doctor's bill was saved. Mrs. Hill did her own work that live-long Summer, never once failing to have her husband's food prepared at a specified time. At the close of a scathing day she sank breathless into a chair, when snap, the back came entirely off. "Only the third one broken," she listlessly said. Her husband came in.

"Tea ready, Louisa?"

"Nearly. I was so warm and tired down in that hot kitchen that I came up here while the biscuits bake. It will not be long."

Mr. Hill did not reply, he never did when he was displeased. He only looked.

"Charles," she said, bringing in the tea, three of our chairs are broken, and the fourth nearly so. These are such great clumsy things that they break so easily. Those of Mr. Montjoy's are as good as new, and have been used twice as much. They are so light and nice."

"And a pretty price, too; just twice as much."

"But they last so much longer," pleaded his wife.

"So would yours with care," he rejoined.

She did not appear to hear him, but continued her remarks.

"And our sitting-room carpet is quite worn out before the stove and door. That would have been saved so much by those mats, and they were but a dollar apiece. Mrs. Montjoy says she could n't get along without them. We must have a new carpet. Our sofa, as well, is gaping in the seams. I believe this cheap stuff amounts to nothing."

She did not taste her tea nor touch her biscuit, but gazed vacantly upon the table, then out of the window.

"Our yard, too, overgrown with weeds till it is a disgrace. I wish I had planted some vines as Mrs. Montjoy did. The sun would not have beat so relentlessly into our kitchen and upon the veranda."

"It is a great pity, Louisa, that you did n't marry a second edition of Mr. Montjoy," he cuttingly retorted, but she did not heed him.

"And the children's underclothes are wearing out as well as your shirts. I don't believe this flimsy cloth is so cheap after all, besides the labor of making it up is to be considered. Where the time is to come from to make some more I am sure I can't tell."

"Other women find time; you do not know how to use yours." He spoke truly then. Mrs. Hill hurried too many kinds of work into one half hour, spoiled them all, was obliged to occupy another half hour undoing what she had done, and then she commenced at the beginning again, fretted, impatient, and heart sick.

The extreme heat and sickly air had worn upon her system till she was quite prostrated. Then all the defects in and about the house came up before her.

When tea was finished, hers untasted, she threw herself upon the sofa to ease, if possible, the painful throbbing of her temples, and the nervous pain in her limbs. Later, when Mr. Hill returned, he found her unconscious, her baby burning with fever, and her mind wandering whenever he aroused her from the dormant state.

A nurse was found the next day, and Maggie, who happened to be at that time at liberty, reinstated in the kitchen. No body but Maggie could be found, and it was with reluctance that Mr. Hill again subjected his domestic affairs to her care.

Three months was the poor woman alarmingly ill, then slowly began to mend. Mrs. Montjoy had been a daily visitor, her household not suffering in consequence.

"Emily," said Mrs. Hill, feebly one day, "do you know where a sewing girl is to be found?"

"Miss Emery is not engaged at present. It would be better to wait till you are fully recovered before hiring her. What do you need?"

"Every thing! I have n't found time for any thing but mending this long time. A garment never comes off but it seems half worn out. Mr. Hill is positively suffering for shirts; Emma's aprons are in shreds, and Willie has n't a respectable pair of pants to his name. Dear, dear! there is nothing but what must be made directly. Will you please tell Maggie where she can find Miss Emery?"

"Certainly."

Miss Emery came, and for two months her brisk needle flew in service of that family. Mrs. Hill being unable to select materials, Mrs. Montjoy kindly offered her services. Mr. Hill felt annoyed at the price she paid per yard for muslin, print, and other cloths. He was not accustomed to pay as much, but courtesy forbade fault-finding.

At the close of the seventh month Mrs. Hill was perfectly recovered. What a house was presented to her view! Not one tidy spot in it save the kitchen, Maggie's domain. The parlor carpet was stained, greased, and quite shabby. The remainder of those lumbering chairs were broken, and the seams of the sofa had gaped so wide that a part of it had fallen off.

"O, Maggie, what a looking place!" she exclaimed dejectedly.

"I could n't help that part of the house, ma'am, the nurse and children overrun that, but the kitchen, ma'am, every thing is just as you left it. Not a tin missing."

She had, indeed, kept every part of the pantry, china, closet, and kitchen in perfect order. Mr. Hill expressed himself surprised with her superior cooking.

After tea Mr. and Mrs. Hill called upon their neighbors. The conversation turned upon the economy of housekeeping.

"Economy," said Mr. Hill, "I am sure there is no such thing about it. My expenses are enormous, horrible! Look at our house! It must be entirely refurnished to be half comfortable; and the bills that are daily presented to me for past expenses are fearful."

"Charles," said Mr. Montjoy, kindly, "we are fellow-clerks and good friends. Would you take a little advice as insult?"

"No, Edward. What you say is spoken in a friendly spirit."

"It is because you do not understand your part of housekeeping that your expenses are so large. Good carpets and furniture outlast three common sets, and give home an air of comfort and elegance besides. If you had saved your wife's strength this Summer there would probably have been no illness at your house, and you might better have hired one girl all of the year than three half the year, and a doctor besides, speaking not of the pain your wife endured. Men of limited means must calculate far ahead, and also for the greatest present happiness of their families."

"Maggie was so bad," said Mrs. Hill, "but come, Emily, what have you to say? It is something, for I see that old credulous smile peeping out."

"It was of Maggie I was thinking."

"Ah! you have been teaching her."

"No, the girl has been assisting her mother at home since you discharged her. When she is placed upon her honor she will not forfeit the trust. A girl is always resentful, and inclined to do her very worst when she is watched sharply. I do not mean that it is best to cast all care from your mind, but tell her what you

expect and then leave her. If it is not well done, then reprove her. A mistress can keep close care over her house without appearing crafty and cunning. Act as if you expected she would do right, and it is a rare case if she do n't. Good mistresses make good servants, you know. Again, Louisa, you can find time to ornament your house by having a system about your work. Every thing is done at its proper time then and time left."

"Wife and I are adepts at lecturing, said Mr. Montjoy, laughing. "We shall follow your precepts at least," replied Mr. Hill. "I am tired of our way, and a change would be entertaining if no better."

Mr. Hill's house was entirely refurnished, and Mrs. Hill had pictures, mats and ottomans, what-nots, and books. Maggie was allowed liberty, and a more faithful servant was never found. Mrs. Hill found that good cloth needed less mending, and wore twice as long. She copied Mrs. Montjoy's example of making garments ahead during spare half hours; thus she never found it necessary to be hurried about a diversity of garments at one time.

At the end of the second year Mr. Hill's house was more elegant and comfortable, his family well and happy, and his expenses less than during their first year's experience.

STORING UP OF LIGHT.

MARVELOUS as it may appear, light can actually be bottled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insulate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper, the whites coming out as blacks. If insulated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of engravings. Take a thin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of paper which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, seal it up hermetically in a dark tube, and the paper will retain the light so effectually that after two weeks, perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs.—*Professor Grove.*

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER V.
GETTING RICH.

NOON in dogdays! How the sultriness shimmers and trembles in the sunglare! The breath of air that is astir, is so laden with heat, its oppressed wings fan one languidly, only bringing added warmth. The burning sun is bathing his hot face in the lake. Hardly a wavelet ventures to lift its tiny head, for a glance shoreward, lest a sunbean should shiver its lance upon it, and scare it into flat propriety again. The hills lie asleep in the hazy distance. The trees are nodding dozily, and talking to each other below their breath—their topmost leaves agleam, like silver tracery, above the grottos and pyramids of transparent, living green the Summer has been building. The creek has lost the roystering, youthful bluster the Spring-time gave it, and is talking in a motherly, even undertone, to the thirsty things that come down to it for coolness and refreshing. The birds that have been giving such glorious morning concerts, have turned their attention to domestic affairs, and are chipperly busy in their shady homes. Cows, standing midleg in water, are winking at their sleepy selves, reflected beside them, and switching their tails in a mechanical, indolent way. Nature waves her scepter of sultry quiet over all. Only one animal dares disregard her decree. Man drives himself and others right on through these sweltering days. No wonder that, weary with his stubborn earthliness, she touches him with her hot finger, and he falls in a fever, or sinks under a sun-stroke. The farmer—we're in the country, you remember, and have nothing to say about those brain-working town-folk who are struggling so resolutely for a standing-place on the social stair, a step or so higher than somebody else. Poor souls! They might a thousand times better be unrecognized by their next neighbor, live on bread and water, and wear Kentucky jean the next three months, and so economize to buy a little rest under God's bright sky, among the great, kindly trees, away from musty books and tiresome people. No, we are not to speak of them now, nor of the trades, or craftsmen and women, nor of house-drudges, who will have a style of living just out of their reach, and throw their best years into mammon's mint, in a vain effort to purchase it. We've nothing to do with these suicides now. The farmer raises his rickety palm-leaf, and tosses the perspiration from his

glowing face. "O, but this is hot! Enough to melt a body! Capital weather for corn, though." The vision of the greenbacks said corn, in its natural state, or alchemized in the pigsty, will bring, spurs him into a brisker joy of his clattering reaper. It is n't golden grain that calculating, money-making man is harvesting, as he crowds on, year after year, in heat and cold. He has sown in those mucky furrows the best part of the soul the good God breathed into him, and his reaping shall be weariness, emptiness, narrowness.

I suppose it was the general disjointing of affairs that came about when the primal pair sinned themselves out of Eden, that makes these sultry dogdays necessary to grain ripening. Good seems born of ill, plenty of discomfort.

"O, dear! I do wish I was rich!" Fannie Morland had puzzled over a picture that live-long, hot forenoon, till her head ached, her hand trembled, and her eyes had grown slow in noting distinctions of color. She could not get the effect she sought to produce. It would go wrong in spite of her—now too strong a light, then too deep a shade. "O, dear! I do wish I was rich," throwing herself back with an annoyed sigh.

Mrs. Morland raised her head a little, to fix her quiet brown eyes for a moment upon her child's face. "Well, daughter, what if you were?"

"Why, I would n't stay here, suffocating in this heat. If there's coolness this side the pole, I'd have it. And then this everlasting bother over this old canvas. I would n't work, such wretchedly-tiresome days, when I do n't feel one bit like it, and every thing seems bound to illustrate Gail Hamilton's total-depravity notion."

"Your wish being interpreted," Mrs. Morland's voice was a trifle lower, and gentler—a true mother's way when she means to chide—"would stand, I wish I was satisfied with my surroundings—a little more patient with myself and things generally. You know, dear, every season and every position has its discomforts enough, but when we have our minds made up to make the best of things we do n't mind them."

"But, mother, you know rich people have hundreds of nice little arrangements to make life pleasant, that we can't have. Now, at Aunt Sue's"—

"Yes," interrupted Harry, who had come in, all aglow from his vacation gymnastics in the harvest field, and sat fanning himself with his

sunburnt straw hat. "I should think, Fannie, you'd better talk about Aunt Sue's—they're so prodigiously happy there—with all their fine things." He spoke in an ironic, annihilative way, not the most soothing.

Now, it's the easiest thing in the world to be a little cross with the mercury at ninety; so Fannie retorted, half tartly, "I know all about that, Harry. Of course, if people have a mind to be proud and selfish they'll be unhappy any way, rich or poor. But if we only had great, cool, airy parlors, so completely screened from dust and heat as Aunt Sue's are"—

"Now, Fan, you know Aunt Sue's parlors are not half as pleasant as ours. If the back door happens to be a little ajar you can catch glimpses of the turbulent household, and hear the children breaking each other's heads up stairs. Things are elegant, to be sure, but nobody's a whit happier for it. When Aunt Sue goes calling on her *bon ton* acquaintances, she comes home in dismal dumps, because she has to have things so shabby. And then to think of living in that noisy, dusty, smoky city! Fudge!"

Fannie wisely ignored her brother's adjectives and interjections. "Every Summer," she said, "if they get tired of staying at home they go off to the seaside, or to Saratoga"—

"Or come here," laughed Harry. "I move, mother, that we give Fannie one Summer's experience of the rest and quietness of a fashionable watering-place. I think after that she would appreciate Lakeside."

"Come, come, Harry," Mrs. Morland slipped her arm about her boy's neck, so as to lay her fingers upon his lips, "you must n't tease your sister. She's all tired out with her forenoon's work."

"Well, I do n't believe she really knows how pleasant home is, and I only wish she could go somewhere else a little while."

"She ought to have gone with me," said Mary, laying her writing materials away in the desk. "You can't think, Fannie, how nice and cool the grotto is. I've had a splendid time writing."

"What about, Mary?"

"Getting rich."

"Capital! Apropos! Just the thing!" clapped Harry. "Let's have it, sis. A good preachment for Fan, I hope."

"Not now, please, children. Dinner's about ready. This evening we shall have an hour or so probably."

Toward night, when the sun's slant rays lay like gold on the grass, and the Morlands sat under the trees to enjoy the coolness that

crept up from the lake, Mary read her essay upon

GETTING RICH.

"Want tugs at every human heart. It is the wolf at every door. Its hungry growl is upon every man's track. Want sobs in the infant's wail. It rings discordantly in shouts of mirth, and in peans of victory. It echoes in the old man's moan. The being who bears sway in this sad, evil world is not the man of paradise, with the chrim of God's 'very good' upon his forehead. He wants eagerly, demands violently, seizes furiously. A child in reason—a beast in appetite. It is the mind that starves. It is the soul that wants. Will people ever learn this? When they do, I think the millennium will be not very far off."

"The present human state is abnormal. Man is shipwrecked on an enemy's shore. Stunned, stupid, he can not decipher the cabalistic character of the past. He does not know the vernacular of present events. He will not bend his ear to the whispers of his own inner being. What wonders would be wrought by one half hour, in twenty-four given to the study of real self-needs! Try it, friend. Listen to your own better life. It will tell you strange, new things. You have treated it as do some nurses the babies they dose out of the world. It moans—down with an opiate. It wails—it is hungry. Thrust a sweetened, sickening compound down its throat. It writhes in pain—toss it, shake it, trot it, any thing but giving it the healthful food and gentle care it is dying in need of."

"This cry of want is ceaseless. It will not down. It is universal. If you could put your ear to the door of that savage's heart you would hear it. He lies in the sun like a lizard, gormandizes like an anaconda, cares for his mate and her young about as the lion does, sheds blood as ruthlessly as the tiger, yet, through the beastly wrangling of passions, the low swash of the tide of brutish appetites, the yell of cruel butchery, sounds ever that moaning undertone of the better being, 'hungry! hungry! hungry!'

"Turn to the man who sits a king. Not a king made of purple and gems—in whose weak hand has chanced to fall a scepter—but one who rules in the thought realm, and makes laws for potentates. Listen to his secret heart throbs. Is he satisfied? No, no; he too feels the pinching, wearing hunger. Want is universal. Want prompts to acquire. A babe is hungry. It thrusts its fist into its mouth or the corner of its cradle quilt, now a flower, then a bit of broken pottery, whatever comes in the way of

its eager, senseless clutch. So these grown-up children struggle to acquire.

"One takes the inner hunger wail to mean a demand for epicurean luxuries, dainties for the animal. Dyspepsia and gout stand guard over these, but he will have them, be the consequences what they may. Another thinks to satisfy himself by elegant adornments. Worms of Europe, sheep of Asia, and small, wild creatures from Arctic deserts, are put under tax. Human lives are woven and stitched into his fabrics, and yet the effort is a failure. The clamor ceases not.

"Another, a trifle wiser, thinks by choice mental viands to purchase a silence. He seeks rare authors, books bubbling with the ripe, red wine of posey, resonant with the grand, heroic chimes, sounded down through the ages by noble souls—yet the restless voice murmurs wearily, 'hungry! O, so hungry!' Another translates the cry into a call for social preferment. He must rise—yes, he must be honored—held in regard above others. So he tugs and toils, cuts furrows in his forehead, frosts his hair, wears grooves in his heart, and scrambles up. Yet the voice, like the sea's eternal moan, surges under his life stronger than before.

"Only crazy people, who starve in garrets, love money for its clink and glitter. The masses strive for it, as the sinews of appetite, taste, or ambition. We plume ourselves that we are plain, sensible people, saying what we mean, believing what we say. Not ideal. O, no! The imaginative folk are those who gaze at the moon and make rhymes. Slightly mistaken, however.

"I hold a check in my hand, a slip of paper with a few words upon it. It is mine. It is money. It means a thousand bright, round, yellow dollars. No. That is what the monomaniac in the garret would see in it. If I am a sensualist, I see soups streaming, wines sparkling, cigar smoke wreathing, horses prancing, gems flashing, light feet tinkling, music rippling, laughter ringing. Am I literary, it represents to me walks alone with calm-browed, old sages, hymns of immortal vigor, from poets too full of life to die, racy chats with spicy moderns. Am I artistic, my note means a look at the old masters, a sail on the Rhine, a ramble among Romish ruins. The dullest dolt, holding it upon his palm, the magic little possessive 'mine' tingling upon his tongue tip, would hardly fail to see in it the things he thinks the want within means by its clamoring.

"We talk about the idealism of ancient pagans, who looked into the calm, mild eyes of the sacred ox, to see the Spirit of eternal Power

and Patience—forgetting the beast in the idea it stood for. We are not a whit behind them. We grasp eagerly bits of green-tinted, pictured paper, for which we have risen early, sat up late, and eaten the bread of carefulness, because we think we see in them the satisfying of the needs of life.

"The ignorant Hindoo worships the god he carries in his robe. The philosophic Brahmin bows before the idol, with his thought upon the spirit it claims to represent. An iconoclast might demolish all the idols of heathendom, but unless he gave the pagan mind another idea of the Infinite, it would not be one iota better. We work to get rich. Many of our modes are evil, and only evil, continually. But like the error of the pagan, the fault is in the idea back of the grinding and slavery, the rapine and murder. Our social structure rests upon a rotten foundation—a wrong rendering of the need at each man's soul, and a consequent greed of gain. Three men are ground up, body and mind, that the fourth may pamper artificial appetites. The question is, who shall be the fourth? Answer: the strongest in brain, or will, or by law. The social tree bears poisonous fruits. Like the upas-tree, its shadow deals death. The agrarian, the communist, each grafts on a twig that, he insists enthusiastically, will right the whole thing. But the virus of which the gnarled, blotched, old trunk is full, creeps up into his brave branch and withers it in spite of him. Only another failure. Said the Incarnate Word, 'First make the tree good.' But how? This question has wearied all thinking brain through all time. Earnest men have grown gray over it. Strong men have given their freshest and their ripest years to it. All in vain. It had to be wrought out in tears and blood by a human hand. The God-man solved it upon Calvary, and when he groaned 'It is finished,' earth shuddered, and the heavens were veiled."

A brisk rattle of wheels broke in upon the soft, even tones of the reader, and their accompanying hum of country evening sounds, like a gust from the busy, pushing, outside world. All looked toward the dusty road.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Harry, with sundry extra vocal flourishes, "Mrs. General Adolphus M'Smath—or whatever else her name is—stopped at the gate with her grand turn-out. Going to honor us with a call. Fudge! Good-by to your essay, sis, for if she gets her talking machine in motion once, there'll be an end of every thing else for to-night."

"A capital illustration of the subject on hand," said James, laughing. "You have n't

served up the inevitable egoism of rich people yet, Mary. You may get some new ideas if you keep your eyes open. I wonder her ladyship ever comes here. We never give her that adulation and flattery she is so used to. A change, perhaps—our plain *faré*."

"Charity, charity, children," whispered Mrs. Morland, with a little shake of the head, as she rose to meet the lady who was sailing up the walk.

Mrs. General Adolphus M'Smath—the title unabridged was her delectation—was of that unfortunate order of beings, a born heiress. Of mediocre ability, she might have made a clever, *au fait* woman. But heiresses have a golden charm that too often excuses them from the drudgery necessary to solid culture. Of medium amiability, by a little wholesome discipline, she might have grown into large-hearted kindness. But self-indulgence had narrowed her, and incessant flatteries had set her in the middle of the world. At the time of this writing, we find her exacting, querulous, disagreeable. Years had worn away the pink-and-white prettiness of her girlhood, and had left her no mental beauty to make one forget the lack. Recently she had made a matrimonial barter with the "fast" young General M'Smath—she to wear his very stylish name, he to squander her very convenient cash.

"O, deah! Mrs. Mawland, how can we subvive if this heat continues?" sinking into an easy seat, after the necessary salutations, and fanning herself languidly. "I tell the General every mawning, I don't possibly think I can live till night."

"Wonder if it alarms him any?" Fannie's abrupt query quite startled her mother's sense of propriety.

Mrs. M'Smath, however, only simpered mildly—that simper was a favorite of hers, she learned it of a French Countess—"O! no, you dawling. Youah children, Mrs. Mawland, always will be amused by my-ah little eccentricities. I tell the General," etc.

Mrs. Morland improved the first pause to thrust in a gentle inquiry about the lady's health. This was a trifle imprudent, because such a question always gives rein to an egotist's hobby.

"O, deah! Mrs. Mawland, I'm mis'able, mis'able, thank you. I do have so much caah. I tell the General it's just killing me. We do have such wuthless subvants. I tell the General we shall have to go to England, or to the South"—quite an energetic wave of her plump, white hand—she was on her pet hobby now. "It would be so splendid to have such sub-

vants as they have in those countries—so-ah—so devoted to their mastahs and mistresses."

At this Fannie's sturdy republicanism began to feel somewhat belligerent. "I am afraid, Mrs. M'Smath, you would n't find the South exactly an elysium in that regard, just at present."

"A lyceum, my deah? Indeed, I shouldn't think of having any discussion with them. I tell the General," etc.

These remarks seemed to affect the young Morlands seriously, in spite of their efforts at composure. Mary bent low over her manuscript, Harry coughed, and Fannie came suddenly to recollect that she must go and attend to her plants.

It was the end of the reading, however, so we shall have to wait for the rest of the essay till another evening.

MY BROTHER.

BY MRS. L. B. CURTIS.

Come back, my brother! back to me,

I can not think thee dead!

I've heard no dirge-like chant for thee,
No mourners' solemn tread.

I have not seen thine eye grow dim,
Or watched thy failing breath;
Ne'er marked the feeble steps of those
Whose feet go down to death.

Brother, come back! thou'st tarried long.
We've waited day by day;
Come with thy young life glad and strong,
As erst thou went away.

We may not tread the dear old walks,
Our feet in childhood made,
Or climb the gray old mossy rocks,
Where with our mates we played.

But we can walk in fancy there,
And life grow bright again,
Forgetful of the years of care
Betwixt the now and then.

The now! God pity us, the now
Shall never be as then!
The shadow on our pathway low
May ne'er be bright again.

They talk of glory for the brave,
Of laurels won in strife;
To me 't is but a brother's grave,
Instead of glad young life.

The grave! 't is well to rest thee so;
God's ways are always just,
He'll guard the unmarked dust, I know,
Committed to his trust.

Sleep well, beloved! the battle's roar
Falls silent on thy ear;
War's jarrings may disturb no more
Thy tranquil slumber here.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER V.

MERTOWN, JAN. 2d.

DEAR KATE,—Your last letter came to me the evening after Fred died. I have felt little inclination to write to any one since, and have put off all correspondence, even yours, till the fear of offending past forgiveness impels me to take up my pen. And yet, now that the first effort is made, the pleasure of being in communication with you gives a spur to my pen which will speedily fill these blank sheets. This premonitory glow of delight, heralding the rush of sweet memories—memories of *our* past, makes me as eager to speak as I was just now reluctant.

You say I must begin where I left off and tell you every thing.

Poor Fred! As his strength declined his intellect brightened, but it never regained its old power. He lay on a sofa day after day, wasting and sinking, not suffering pain apparently, but gradually growing weaker till the last. And all the time, in spite of the opinion of a score of doctors and the evidence of his own eyes, Robert clung to the hope of his recovery. He scarcely left him by day or night. "If Fred only gets well," was his reply to all who urged him to take care of himself. But Fred did not get well. He died very peacefully, very happily, a month ago, just at sunrise. One more martyr for his country—one more redeemed saint in heaven.

It has been clear, cold weather for a fortnight, and there is just snow enough for good sleighing. But skating has been the principal pastime of our young people. The great pond is frozen over, and its three miles of smooth surface offer wonderful attractions to the young. Among my nieces Maggie is the only one who cares for the sport, and last week there was a terrible accident which will be a life-long lesson to her.

The weather had been moderating for two days, and there were suspicious-looking cracks in the ice, though it was considered safe. The young people were in the height of their enjoyment, when suddenly a sharp cry of terror rang out above the laughter and merry voices, and a rush of the crowd backward from the center of the pond revealed quite an extent of broken ice, and human forms struggling in the black waters.

In a moment more the young men were skating back to the rescue of their companions. Through the good providence of God five were

saved, among them our own pet Maggie, who was taken out insensible. I shall never forget the horrible dread that nearly paralyzed me when she was brought into the house. Robert was with her. It was the first time he had been on the ice since Fred died, and he had only left Maggie for a moment when the ice gave way under her feet. He had saved her, but was unable to give us any particulars except that he had been able to swim with her in his arms to the thick ice, where they were both lifted out by their companions. How he had found her in the water he could not tell, but he remembered that he had to choose between saving Maggie and a slender boy who was sinking for the last time close by her side.

The little fellow knew that he must die, but in that awful moment he remembered his mother. Alas! he was her only son and she is a widow.

"My mother! give my love to my mother," was his last cry as the waters closed over him. The rest were all saved.

My brother has positively forbidden all future skating by Maggie. She does not need the prohibition; she is too thoroughly frightened to venture again on the ice.

For my part, I think it is an unsuitable, indecorous amusement for young ladies. But, as I remind Robert, I am an old maid, with a long neck, from Down East—name of Miss Phillissa.

I must not forget to answer your inquiries in regard to the 'Squire. He does admirably. He is growing in politeness and good-nature, as well as in grace. A really-execrable beef-steak, which no mortal power could masticate, made the tour of our breakfast-table this morning without exciting remark; though I may as well confess that the 'Squire's looks were sufficiently eloquent without words. He and Mrs. Peyton are the best of friends. I must tell you how it happened. She had observed with considerable vexation that he looked with doubt and suspicion upon her repeated visits to me, and, being a woman, she was not long in fathoming the cause. She has courage as well as refinement, and she has likewise the straightforward speech and manner of your humble correspondent. So she did not wait for long years of social intercourse to annihilate the 'Squire's bugbear, but attacked it at once.

"I do not come here to see you," she said to him. "I come always to see your sister. I like you very well, but I like her much better. I know that you can not see me here without remembering that I am a widow and that you are a widower. Now, I could come here any number of times without thinking of this if

your manner did not remind me. Let us understand the position. You may be in the market, but I am not. If I wished to marry again you would not be my choice."

For once in his life the 'Squire seemed to be at a loss for words. His confusion was so comical that I had to rummage all through a cupboard in pretended search for something lost in order to conceal the amusement I felt.

"Have you no fear of gossip, ma'am?" he said at last.

"Not a fear. No one who knows us both would dream of associating us together, and strangers will not interest themselves in the matter. Be at rest; there is no danger."

"Why have you told me this?"

"From pure compassion, a womanly virtue. I could not bear that you should suffer any disquiet that could be so easily remedied. It is better to understand the truth."

"Yes," he answered, and then sat silent a long time playing with an ivory paper-knife which lay on the table. But there was a secret discontent that showed itself upon his face, and he did not, as usual, join in our conversation.

"You seem scarcely satisfied with my attempt to make our relations frank and easy," observed Mrs. Peyton to him as she rose to take leave of us.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he answered honestly, "I thought your way of stating the case implied that I was a sort of good-for-nothing fellow. Is that your real opinion of me?"

"Ah, I see. I wounded your self-love. No, that is not my opinion of you. I respect you for the strong points of your character, for your natural ability and extensive information. Your real goodness of heart, even more than your acknowledged mental power, commands my esteem as it does the respect of all who know you. But," she continued, smiling as she saw his face brighten, "but your egoism spoils you."

"Thank you."

He was not offended; he rarely is downright angry. He even joined her in laughing over the rather odd subject of their conversation, but he was unusually thoughtful for several days. And they are the best of friends. She comes in and out with the freedom of a sister, and is a favorite with us all.

She was here nearly all this morning playing duets on the piano with Maggie. Her musical taste is fine, and so is her style, which is plaintive rather than brilliant. The liveliest waltz breathes a certain pathos under her touch. I went down stairs when I heard them begin Mendelssohn's Overture to the Midsummer

Night's Dream. They played together admirably. As the music went on, an expression of deep sadness came over Mrs. Peyton's face, and I was struck, as I had been many times before, with the depth of feeling which characterizes her playing. I have heard those same tones rendered with so little expression as to change the whole scope of the composition.

"I never play this piece," she said, "without recalling a dear young friend, of whom you, Maggie, often remind me."

"Not unpleasantly, I hope."

"She was a gay, thoughtless young girl, liking society and its amusements, very fond of dancing, but more passionately fond of music than of any thing else. The death of her mother gave her the first serious thoughts of her life, and for a few months she attended Church regularly and sought the society of pious people. But the seriousness soon wore off and left her gayer than ever. I often talked with her and did my best to win her to better things, but she would put me off with a kiss or a jesting word, and tell me that I must wait for age to bring her wisdom."

"Tell me more about her?" asked Maggie. "What became of her? Is she living?"

"No, my dear, it is ten years since she died. It was a pleasant, wintery day like this. She was preparing to leave home to spend a month among the gay pleasures of the city. Her trunks were partly packed when I went in, but she left them to run over this overture with me. She was so gay that I used to wonder at her taste for classical music. We went over the music twice, and then she hurried up stairs to resume her packing, I still lingering at the piano. Scarcely a minute had elapsed before I was startled by a loud scream and a heavy fall. I ran up stairs, followed by her father, who happened to be in the house. She lay on the floor with both hands clasped tightly upon her forehead.

"Her father raised her in his arms, supposing at first that her fall was accidental. But one glance at her face, which was almost purple from the pressure of blood to her head, showed us her real danger. He laid her on the bed and I ran for help, but we soon saw that it was in vain. She knew it too.

"'Eliza, dear Eliza, do you know that you are dying?' I cried in such agony of mind as I never before experienced.

"'Yes,' I could just hear the whispered answer.

"'Are you afraid?'"

"'O, yes.' These words were spoken aloud, but she breathed her last in uttering them."

"Dreadful!" said Maggie shuddering. "I shall never care to play this piece again."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Peyton, "the music is none the less beautiful because of this sad association. Shall I tell you why I have told you this? It is because I so earnestly desire to have you feel how unsafe it is to delay one moment in seeking a preparation for death."

Maggie colored, hesitated, looked at me and then said in a low voice, "Aunt Liessa, I sometimes think I am a Christian. I want to be one. Not just a professor of religion, like many careless Church members, for that would be worse than nothing; but a real, thorough, Bible Christian. That night when I was so nearly drowned was a dreadful night to me. I kept thinking what a mercy it was that Robert was there. But what if he had not recognized me, and had saved that poor boy instead? What would have become of me? It was impossible to sleep with all those awful thoughts rushing into my mind. I have many times prayed for a new heart, but never so earnestly as then. And I think," said Maggie, looking down and coloring with embarrassment as she made her profession, "I think that God heard my prayers at last. I felt so peaceful, so happy! I can not tell you how sweet it was; and I have felt it ever since. Robert thinks my heart has been really changed, but then he can not see into it as God does. But I am sure of one thing, I want to serve God and to enjoy his love. And I shall not stop trying to do this so long as I live."

I need not tell you, dearest Kate, how truly I rejoice over this, my pet lamb of the flock. Cora and Leonore seem to be of a different nature; they are meek and gentle like their mother.

Maggie resembles my brother. She has a resolute will of her own, which would often make her disagreeable were it not for her affectionate heart.

Our kitchen maid, Ann, is in a state of great anxiety about the 'Squire. She has lived in the family fifteen years, and is much attached to him. She thinks he is "ripening for heaven surely," because he has ceased to find fault. The coffee suits, beefsteak ditto, muffins ditto, etc. The humps have all disappeared from his mattress, and the counterpane is beautifully straight.

You have seen in the papers an account of the revival in our Church. It was ended in the usual way. Some of the sisters began to plan a Church fair. There has been a debt on the church for a dozen years, and it was proposed to take advantage of the general interest

in religious matters to get up a big fair, pay the debt, and make a handsome present to the minister. The pastor and the more spiritually-minded Church members objected strongly. They thought it would divert the public mind from its most important interest, and our minister declared that he wished for no gift that must be gained at such a price.

Dear Kate, did you ever know a fair to be given up when two or three women had once laid their heads together and determined on one? The approbation of the pastor and the leading Church members is very good if it can be had, but it is not a necessity.

Well, our lady-brethren had their fair, and a grand occasion it was. "It was tip-top," said Bessy Layton, one of the rudest girls in the parish. "Tip-top—as good as a ball or the theater."

It was held in the vestry of the church, which had been once dedicated to the service of God. There were tableaux, comic songs, theatrical acting, a post-office, and grab-box. But the chief interest was divided between the refreshment-tables and a variety of lotteries, which last, being forbidden by the laws of our State, had very appropriately taken refuge in the church.

The debt is paid, the minister has received his present and been blessed in spite of himself, and, instead of the fervent prayer meetings of the early Winter, we are having a series of surprise parties, which take exceedingly well among the young people.

Cora is to be married very soon. My brother has ceased to object to the young minister's poverty, and we are all busy with the preparations for the itinerant housekeeping.

I went with the young couple to a meeting held in a forlorn-looking school-house in a forlorn-looking neighborhood about five miles down the shore. I had never heard my intended nephew preach, and indeed had scarcely become acquainted with him at all. He is very quiet and diffident in his manner, and seldom speaks in company unless he is spoken to. I have often rallied Cora upon his silence, and asked her how it was possible for a dumb man to preach.

She always laughed contentedly and answered, "Come and see."

I will confess that I have seldom been more astonished than I was when he commenced the service. Every trace of bashful embarrassment had vanished. An inexpressible dignity of manner gave authority to the gracious words he uttered, and there was a musical fullness and power in his voice which bore no resem-

blance to the weak, hesitating utterance that characterized him in society.

"He is cut out for a preacher, there is no doubt of that," I admitted to Cora when we were discussing the sermon at home, "but how will he manage about pastoral visiting?"

"I must visit with him, aunt Lissa," she answered quietly, "and make it as easy as I can."

The school-house where he preached was an old-style affair, with seats running all round the room and sharp-edged shelves at the back for the convenience of writing. These last served as seats for the people, and the little room was crowded.

Just after the opening exercises, when we were settling ourselves into the easiest attitudes for listening to the sermon, I saw through the window a woman running toward the house. She had a blanket pinned over her head, but, although it was a cold day, I saw that she wore no stockings.

As she entered the room she just glanced round for an unoccupied seat, but seeing none she seated herself on the low platform by the speaker's desk. Not another look did she bestow upon the audience, but with her head thrown a little back to enable her to see the preacher, she listened to him as if every word were a sentence of life or death.

I could scarcely keep my eyes from her face. It was very plain, but as the sermon went on and her eyes softened with tears, or brightened with hopeful smiles, she became beautiful with spiritual loveliness. She hurried away as soon as the audience was dismissed, not stopping to speak to any one.

"Who is she?" I asked of a woman near me. "What is her name?"

"Lovel—Martha Lovel—Tim Lovel's wife."

"Where does she live?"

"Just round the point. Her husband drinks awfully and abuses her for coming to meeting. She'll catch it when she gets home."

"Has she any children?"

"Seven of them: one is a baby. She has to support them all. Something of a job, ma'am, with the prices where they are now."

"I should think so, indeed. Do you ever visit her?"

"I? Why, they live in a little hut no bigger than a pig-pen. I would n't stay there half an hour for ten dollars."

"But she lives there, you say," I urged.

"Well, she is used to it, I suppose."

"Has she no neighbors?"

"No. She will have nothing to do with the low set her husband mates with, and, of course, better people look down upon her. It is a

pity," said the woman, "for the children are always well-behaved, and they look tidy though they wear patches of all colors. Little Jemmy is a real smart boy, and he'd be called a beauty any where else. And Martha herself always looks clean. I should give right up if I was in her place, but there is nothing like being used to a thing."

"Is she a Church member?"

"O, yes."

"Are you?"

She colored, but answered readily, "Yes."

"And she is one of Christ's poor—one of the little ones committed to his people in sacred trust. In the day of judgment somebody will be held responsible for her false position among his followers. Somebody will be told before the assembled universe, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to this woman, one of the least of my disciples, ye did it not unto me.'"

"My husband is waiting for me, ma'am. Good day."

I had only to tell this to our home-circle to awaken an active interest in the poor woman and her family. Cora and Leonore drove over to see her the next morning, and my brother gave a liberal sum to be expended for her benefit. Robert and Maggie spent a whole day in driving about from house to house collecting flour, meat, butter, and the various things which go to stock a pantry. They went in the great farm wagon, and Maggie said that they begged at every door. Some contributed clothing, and some gave money, and several farmers offered to employ the drunken husband if he could be persuaded to give up drinking.

"Now," said Maggie, "it would be a real pleasure to take all this to her if we could be sure the old toper would never get a bite of it at all."

"He may reform," said Robert encouragingly.

Maggie's face expressed her doubts. "It is only in stories that such things happen. And this is real life, you know."

"Yes; and so was Dan Bent's case in real life. He reformed."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," quoted Maggie gravely.

I look at the bright young face, and then catching the sweetness of Cora's smile, I sadly ask myself what will the home-place be when its young bloom is removed to grace other dwellings? My brother seems to read my thoughts, and says with a gentleness which is becoming habitual,

"It must be so, Phillissa. The young birds will seek out nests for themselves. But we

will grow old here together and make a home for each other."

I ought to be thankful, Kate, and I think I am. Maggie and Leonore will be near us, and Cora, wherever she may wander, will call this place her home. The argumentative neighbors still come in of an evening, but it does not annoy me as of old. A gentler spirit seems to rule, and confident assertions of opinion and contradiction often yield to loving truth and reason. So good-by, my dear friend. God ever bless and keep you!

PHILLISSA.

"KEEP THY LIPS."

BY JESSIE LISLE.

MATTIE and I were sitting quietly in the moonlight, somewhat weary after a day in the woods. The little silence that had fallen between us was broken by Mattie's saying in her quick, earnest way, "How very careful we ought to be of our words and actions! How little we know what an influence even a look may sometimes exert!"

"That is very true; but of what particular occurrence were you thinking, Mattie?"

"I was thinking of a picnic I once attended in the same place where our picnic was to-day. During the ride I sat beside a young lady whose character I greatly admired. I respected her religious professions and always considered her a model Christian. I always thought I would like to be just such a Christian as she. I have never known another person in whom I have felt greater confidence than I had in her up to that day. But one look and three little words overthrew the fair structure that I supposed was immovable, and she was no more to occupy the position she had hitherto occupied in my esteem. Before leaving the village we stopped to take in a lady who was a stranger to most of us. As she came out I was surprised by hearing Beulah say in a low tone and with an expression of the utmost contempt, 'Is she going?'

"And why not she?" said I.

"She's nothing but a French woman," she half whispered in my ear.

"I was astonished and indignant that she should think her any less worthy of our confidence and respect because she was not an American. The presence of the object of her unkind remark alone prevented me from making her acquainted with my views on the subject. I took some pains to observe the 'French woman's' deportment during the day, and after-

ward became somewhat acquainted with her. I found her to be a woman of intelligence and refinement.

"I have never been able to think of that young lady till this day without feeling that there is a serious defect in her character. I do not know positively that it hindered my becoming a Christian sooner, but I can not help regretting that it ever occurred. Had it not been for that she would, without doubt, have exerted a powerful influence for good over me."

"I quite agree with you in thinking we ought to be very careful of our words and acts. I am reminded of an incident of a different character that occurred when I was a child. I had been rambling on the mountain with my sisters one day, enjoying the beautiful views from the mountain-top and gathering the sweet-scented blossoms of the May-apple. As the sun slowly descended the western sky we turned our steps homeward. 'Let's go down the side of the mountain,' said Nell, 'it is so much nearer than the wood-road.'

"Allie remonstrated against such a perilous undertaking, the mountain-side being nearly perpendicular, but in vain. Nell declared there was n't a bit of danger. My timid little heart leaped to my throat as we commenced to descend the steep, rocky hill-side.

"Nell sprang lightly from rock to rock with the fearlessness of a deer, now swinging herself down by a sapling, now pausing to shape her course, and I could but gaze after her with wonder and admiration at her daring spirit. Allie lingered to assist my fearful steps, and by the time we had reached the half-way tree I had gained a little courage. 'Do n't you see, Allie,' said I, 'that I do n't slip at all? I am sure to get a good footing every time, and I get along nicely.'

"That is right, little sister," said she. 'I hope you will do so all through life's journey. Be sure that your footing is secure, and then walk on bravely and trustingly.'

"Those words spoken so lovingly and earnestly by that dear sister left an impression on my young heart that has never been effaced. And all through the intervening years they have proved a talisman in many an hour of doubt and uncertainty."

A few words fitly spoken, though soon forgotten by the one who utters them, may find a lodgment in the heart of the hearer and remain to spring up and bear fruit in after years that will bless and encourage many other hearts. How important, then, that our words be well chosen, that nothing that may prove an injury to any one may ever pass our lips! Our words

have a mission in the world, and it is well that we see to it that the fountain whence they come be pure, else these little messengers will scatter desolation and blight instead of life and sunshine.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIDDEN, U. S. N.

SUBLIMITY.

THERE is an emotion which is termed "sublimity" that is highly elevating, and that seems to have been implanted in the mind of man as the basis of all adoration. The external signs of this emotion are easily recognized. It excites and overwhelms the mind. It is an easy thing to apply the adjective sublime; it is nevertheless difficult to name any one sensible quality of things which constitute the emotion. It may have its origin in objects of sight, or of hearing, as in the lowering storm-swept heaven, the boundless ocean, the muttering thunder, or subjectively as in the conception of infinite space, or of a deity whose existence is every-where and forever. But whatever specimen of the truly sublime we may select, I think, upon examination, it will be found that there is one common intellection which always precedes and excites the emotion, and to which the highest art must resort before it can reach and move the feeling of sublimity. Man has a high estimation of his own power, insomuch as that he is disposed to make it the standard of the great. Hence, when that appears before which his own greatness succumbs he is overwhelmed, and the emotion of sublimity rises, like the sun, in his heart. In Byron's sublime apostrophe to the ocean, every figure seems to be directed to the one object; namely, to excite and intensify the conception of power and immensity:

"Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests!" etc.

That the cause of the emotion excited by the pealing thunder is not the sound, is evident from the fact that while the rolling wheels of a passing wagon, when mistaken for thunder, will excite the same emotion; if we are undeceived the emotion instantaneously dies. Loudness of sound is by no means a necessary antecedent. "And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire:

and after the fire a still small voice." This passage of Holy Writ has been presented by the most refined critics as a remarkable specimen of true climax. The transition from the noisy elements to the "still small voice" of the Great God who holds them in his fist is truly sublime.

It has been a question of debate whether the passage from the first chapter of Genesis, "Let there be light, and there was light," may be said to be a specimen of genuine sublimity. It has been assumed by those who sustain the negative, that the resultant emotion of humility which inevitably and instantaneously follows the conception of such godlike power, overwhelms the mind to such a degree as to leave no place for any other emotion. It is true that no two emotions can be retained simultaneously in the mind; they may follow each other in most rapid succession, but there is no sort of union nor contest. Though proceeding from the same cause, each emotion is distinct and independent, and is only felt in succession. Now, if vastness of conception be in every case the cause of the emotion of sublimity, the superhuman power indicated in this case, the thought, the laconic style of the expression, all induce to render it truly sublime. Coleridge thought that the manner in which it is usually repeated greatly weakens the sublime emotion, which otherwise would be ardently enkindled. "Let there be light, and there *was* light," is the usual reading. The true reading, in his opinion, which excites the intellection which necessarily produces the emotion, is, "Let there be *light*, and there was light."

"The Paradise Lost" contains many passages of great sublimity. Sublimity is, indeed, its preëminent characteristic. No author, living or dead, has created any thing which so effectively excites and sustains this emotion. Dante attempted the description of Satan and hell, but however horrible his pictures, they excite no emotion of sublimity. His devil is the devil of ignorance and superstition, and his hell an awful prison-house, with tortures revolting and innumerable. But Milton lived in an age that had begun to throw off the fetters of superstitious and ignorance that bound the minds of men, and he stands forth the noble representation of a higher civilization, and a purer and more intelligent religion. His conceptions of deity and angels, and Satan and hell, and our first parents in their primeval innocence and happiness, are so true to the suggestions of enlightened reason and faith, so full of unmingled sublimity and beauty, that we are constrained to believe that his devout prayer to the eternal

Spirit to send his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to enrich his knowledge and inspire his utterance, was heard and answered. Dante's description of hell or of Satan, as we have intimated, excites no emotion of sublimity, but rather disgust or a wail of unutterable horror. In Milton, however, Satan and hell are the sublimest conceptions of human genius. Satan, though an outcast, exchanging "celestial light" for "mournful gloom," is still an archangel, powerful in resource, and unconquerable in will and immortal hate, and bringing a "mind not to be changed by place or time," that "in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven!" Sublimity is an emotion so exciting and powerful that it can not be long sustained nor endured. Moreover, it produces an abnormal strained elevation of mind, which the slightest interruption or incongruity pains and outrages. Hence it is difficult, after the speaker has got his hearers up, so to speak, to let them down sweetly and easily from such elevation to the natural level ground. Many speakers in the effort fail signally, and thus illustrate the trite proverb, "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." I once heard an eccentric genius, who was sometimes powerfully eloquent, close a thrilling temperance speech thus: Snatching up a tumbler upon the table before him, he raised it and exclaimed in clarion tone, "If I had concentrated within this glass the strength of King Alcohol for the rolling years to come, his power to ravage and destroy, to blast and consume, to wither and curse this fallen world, which has so long through his influence reeked with blood and rung with wailing, I would lift it on high in the sight of the assembled universe, and, whack it would go." I heard another, a divine of great reputation as a popular orator, on an exciting occasion, make a political speech, in which he stirred the inmost souls of his audience by some of the finest specimens of genuine eloquence that I have ever heard, and, finally, after closing up a very long yet very eloquent sentence in fine style, suddenly throwing his arms to his side, "whew!" said he, blowing like a porpoise, "that sentence nearly took my breath, it was as long as my arm."

NEVER yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word—by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world—which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

ANN ROGERS WALLS.

BY REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

IT is natural for us to expect the capabilities of woman to be called into requisition during the prevalence of a high type of civilization and pure Christianity. Under such circumstances her amiable and attractive qualities will be duly appreciated, her influence increased, and her power to achieve good rendered incalculable. Christ and his Church will assign her a position in the Lord's vineyard. And when, in her sphere, she goes forth with a cultivated mind, a renewed heart, a sound discretion, and a quenchless zeal, with God's blessing, who can estimate the glorious work she may accomplish? The agency of women has formed one of the most interesting features of the history of that wonderful revival of religion of the eighteenth century, first in Europe and then in America, called Methodism.

Dr. Abel Stevens, in his admirable work on this theme, has rendered an invaluable service to all Christian people who have organized under the name of Methodists. We are glad our historian was able to record the names of so many women, and give them a degree of prominence by appropriate remarks, who have beautifully "illustrated the history of Methodism." It was impossible for him to enumerate them all, for, as he affirms, "they throng its annals from its origin down to our day," and admits "many of the most conspicuous have been necessarily omitted."

It is deemed suitable, in this centennial year, that a brief sketch of the long and useful life of Mrs. Walls be published in the Ladies' Repository; especially as she experienced religion at so early a period, and was converted in the first church erected under the auspices of American Methodism.

Ann R. Walls was born at Bromsgrove, Worcester, England, March 31, 1773. In 1783 her father, William Rogers, left England for the American continent, and, for the sake of a more speedy voyage, came by the way of Ireland. In this isle the family were detained, on some account, nearly three years, suffered much affliction, and buried two of their children. In 1786 they landed in New York. Mr. Rogers settled in New Jersey, twelve miles in the country, but his daughter Ann remained with her relatives in the city till she was nearly grown. By some means her thoughts had been turned to the great interests of her imperishable nature. She had been under a deep religious concern for some time, and prayed earn-

estly in secret for relief and comfort. One day she providentially heard some men talking about the Methodists, whom they called "noisy swaddlers," that worshiped at John-Street Church. They described, in a bitter, deriding spirit, their religious exercises. Especially did they speak with much ridicule and contempt of their "noisy praying and shouting." At the moment she heard this conversation she determined to attend that Church, and see and hear them for herself, and did so the next Sabbath. The minister that day was William Jessop, a man of great strength, zeal, and power. She had heard the Calvinistic Baptist ministers occasionally from childhood, and to hear of a full, free, and immediate salvation for sinners was an attractive novelty to her awakened soul. It was indeed glad tidings of great joy to her anxious spirit. And before the sermon was ended she realized conscious relief from the burden of sin and the anguish of guilt, and enjoyed indescribable and sweet peace of soul. She knew not by what name to call the blessing, but knew she possessed the rich comfort she had so much needed. In her connection with Methodism she soon ascertained it was justification by faith—"the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Her anxious friends supposed she was going crazy, but she rejoiced in knowing she had just come to herself, and was in her "right mind."

Not long after her conversion it became necessary for her to leave her friends in New York and go to her father's in the country. Being warm in her first love, and having received so much good to her soul under the ministry of the Methodists, she soon begged her mother to go and hear them preach. Her mother became offended at the request, and repulsed her daughter with as much energy and decision as if she had made an attempt to involve her in some disgrace. The daughter, however, was not to be put off in that short way. She continued, in a meek, sweet spirit, earnestly to importune her mother till she prevailed and obtained her consent to hear John Dow once. Under the first sermon Mrs. Rogers was awakened to a sense of her lost condition as a sinner, and returned home with a most favorable opinion of the Methodists. Mr. Rogers, somewhat excited, suddenly reached the conclusion that the fanatical people had made his wife as well as his daughter crazy. After his excitement had fully subsided, the wife and daughter united their skill and influence on the husband and father to persuade him to hear a Methodist preacher. After much affectionate entreaty and importunity he finally responded, "In order to get rid

of your pother I will go and hear the Methodist preach once," taking special pains to assure them definitely that he would hear the preacher but the one time. The nearest preaching-place was two miles on the Hackensack River. He and his daughter walked to the evening meeting. She, no doubt, prayed all the way for her father. When they arrived the small private house was so crowded that Mr. Rogers could not get in, but had to stand up in a small entry and hear the sermon. He never had supposed there was any danger of his being caught in the snare of wild fanaticism, with which he thought his wife and daughter had been so strangely affected. Yet before the sermon was ended he determined to yield to the powerful influence which accompanied it and identify his interests with the persecuted Methodists. At the close of the services he came forward and invited the preacher to make an appointment at his house, which he promptly announced. The great novelty of Methodist preaching at Mr. Rogers's attracted much attention, and when the time arrived there was a large congregation in attendance. The family became earnest Christians and zealous Methodists, and many of their neighbors, so that a large society was soon raised up in that vicinity. John Rogers, Ann's brother, became a local preacher, and eternity can alone disclose the glorious results. And all originated from a young woman's hearing some men in the street persecuting the Methodists who worshiped at John-Street Church. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" Many little incidents connected with the history of Methodism have been known to possess wonderful influence and produce stupendous results.

Not very long after this period Ann Rogers was married to John Walls, who was brought into the Church in the revival in the neighborhood, and became a local preacher of deep piety and usefulness. They lived awhile in New Jersey, and then removed to Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, where they resided many years, holy, useful, and happy. Their house was the home of the weary itinerants. Asbury, George, Roberts, and many other pioneers of Methodism and laborious servants of Christ were often accommodated under their hospitable roof, and were refreshed, encouraged, and comforted in their self-sacrificing vocation and hard toils. Here Mrs. Walls for several years met in "band" with five other women, all eminent for piety and usefulness. They prospered much in holiness, and were "steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord." She used to speak of them all by name—how they were

dispersed, where they settled, and how triumphantly four of the number had died. These passed away long before their leader, and no doubt were in waiting to welcome her to the rewards of heaven.

At a quarterly meeting at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1802, Mrs. Walls realized the great blessing of sanctification—was made "perfect in love." She enjoyed the fullness of that blessing fifty-three years—till life's last hour. Her rapturous testimony was, she never lost the evidence of the reality and indwelling enjoyment of that gracious work for a single day.

In 1823 Rev. John Walls and family settled in Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. L. Swormstedt and the writer of this sketch were the preachers of the station when they arrived. Here she had an ample field for the exercise of her gifts and graces, and to apply her earnest and skillful labors in building up believers, encouraging the weak of the flock, and guiding trembling penitents to the Cross of Christ. And well did she occupy this field. Her modest eloquence thrilled, cheered, and comforted many hearts in the love-feasts. At prayer meetings she was eminently useful, not only in leading the devotions of the people, but her strong faith had peculiar skill and success in helping the humble seekers into the kingdom of grace. Her presence and efforts in the class-room seemed to secure, under the blessing of God, seasons of rich enjoyment.

She had a special delight in her Church associations—duly appreciated the ordinances of God's house, improved her exalted privileges, and, as far as her health would allow, she was present at all her meetings. Her long connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was more than sixty-five years, was distinguished by great moral courage, deep and uniform piety, and constant devotion to God and his cause.

Her conversation was always profitable to those she met. Her visits to the suffering, the poor, the sick, and the dying were usually greatly blessed to their comfort. Her large and diversified experience enabled her to comfort all "who were in any trouble by the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God." One evening she met a penitent who informed her she had been seeking pardon several months in deep distress of soul, but as yet no comfort had come to her relief. She responded, "I will pray for you." The seeker asked, "When will you pray for me?" She answered, "To-morrow morning at 7 o'clock." The penitent, in the deep anguish of her spirit, did not keep in mind the hour fixed, but it so happened that very soon after the hour speci-

fied the burden of sin was rolled away, and her heart was filled with joy and peace in believing. Many others could testify how her prayers assisted them in the exercise of saving faith, and helped them in their earnest struggle to obtain forgiveness.

In 1838, when in her sixty-fifth year, she met with a most terrible calamity. Returning from her son's in Newport to her home in Cincinnati, she happened to be delayed till night-fall. After crossing the river, and as she was stepping ashore in the twilight, her leg was caught between the steam ferry-boat and the wharf platform, crushing the bones just above the ankle into small pieces. The family physician, in view of the nature of the fracture, her age and infirmities, concluded the limb would have to be amputated to save her life. This opinion being expressed, she positively refused to part with her limb, saying, "That foot has long and often assisted to convey me to the house of the Lord, and I can not part with it." It was then intimated she might likely die; her quick reply was, "I am ready, and my Heavenly Father, whom I have long served, will receive me to himself, and all my body will be buried together." The surgeons then set the limb, arranging the small pieces of bones as best they could. The process of the dressing and healing of this fearful fracture was exceedingly painful, and confined her for a considerable time. The Lord, however, conducted her in safety through all her severe sufferings, and she recovered; and for many years she was able to walk to Church—to enter the sanctuary of the Lord and worship with his people.

She was a woman of strong mind, astonishing fortitude, and great energy and decision of character. In the Christian warfare she was a heroine. She seemed afraid of nothing but of offending God. In the cause of justice and right she was invincible. The following is a specimen of her undaunted courage: One morning she stepped a short distance to market, leaving her house in charge of a small girl. On her return the girl reported a man had entered and taken away her watch. She asked, "Do you think you would know him again?" The girl answered, "Yes." "Then come with me." Both entered the market together, and as they reviewed the different groups of men Mrs. Walls would ask, "Do you see him? is he here?" Finally the sagacious witness identified the robber, and Mrs. Walls peremptorily demanded her watch—alleging the girl saw him take it from its place above the mantle. The thief quailed before her stern countenance and

courageous demand, and unconditionally placed the watch in her hand, quickly changing his position.

Some seven years before her death she suffered a severe illness. Happening to be in the city I called to see her. I found her convalescent in body, and as usual triumphantly happy in soul. Jesus graciously and sweetly communed with her heart while we conversed and prayed together. The memories of that hour are not to be forgotten. Just before leaving she said, "I have something special to say and a request to make, and wish to do it now while you are here and I am able to speak. When I die, if practicable, I desire you to preach on the occasion, using my selected text, Rev. xiv, 13," adding, "I do not know how it will be, but if I am permitted I will be present and watch the words as they proceed out of your mouth, and see the effect they may produce on my surviving friends." Her request was complied with.

From this time she suffered considerable affliction, but for several years her general health was at times quite comfortable. She continued to exhibit in the circle of her acquaintance the reality and true dignity of the Christian life and character.

For a considerable time she lived with her son in Newport, Kentucky, where, in her extreme feebleness, she received the kind attentions and tender nursing of Mrs. Nelly Ann Walls, the excellent wife of her son, who did every thing in her power to soothe and comfort her as she gradually descended to the crossing of Jordan.

Mrs. N. A. Walls was a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for more than twenty-eight years; her character was obviously "ornamented with a meek and quiet spirit." Her life also was a beautiful illustration of religion and of Methodism. She was transferred from the Church militant to the Church triumphant January 18, 1859.

James Walls, Esq., was the eldest of three sons, and the only one of his father's family who survives. He has long been a happy and useful member of the Church of his parents. And having attained a good old age, he is waiting with Christian patience for his change, when he expects to pass to the better land and rejoin his loved ones who have gone on before.

Mrs. Walls retained her faculties surprisingly to the close of life. She retained also her rich blessings and strong "confidence steadfast unto the end." While lingering on the river's brink her only difficulty seemed to be to restrain an over-anxiety to reach the other shore, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ." She

died October 30, 1855, in her eighty-third year, leaving a fragrant memory in the Church on earth.

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

BY NELLIE E. M'INTYRE.

FROM out the window of my room
I watched him at his plays,
Half bitterly with sullen gloom,
Noted his free, bold ways.
Half bitterly disease had lain
Its galling chains on me;
Had filled my days and nights with pain,
And longings to be free.

How sweet was life to that dear boy,
For me how hard to bear!
I envied him his childish joy,
Freedom from pain and care.
Upon his broad, white brow I read
A prophecy of fame;
While I went downward to the dead,
He'd gain an honored name.

With bounding step and lighter heart
I've joined the busy throng,
Am striving to act well my part
As do the brave and strong.
The bud on whose rich promised bloom
My envious glance was cast,
Has hid its sweetness in the tomb,
Nipped by a wintry blast.

The little hands so busy then
In mischief's sweet employ,
Will never grasp the sword or pen
With patriotic joy.
But he has won without a cross
A crown unfading, bright,
And earthly honors seem but dross.
When viewed 'neath heavenly light.

UNDER A CLOUD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WHEN thy smile first shone upon me,
O, Thou that from death hast won me,
All was bright;
Then I thought that my woes were over,
Then, O thou redeeming Lover,
Thou wert my whole delight.

For the joy that was set before me,
For the love that was bending o'er me,
I was glad;
And the ills of the world around me,
And the pains of the chains that bound me,
All failed to make me sad.

But now I am heavy-hearted,
Ah! why has Thy smile departed?
All is drear.

I call on Thee, groaning, crying;
Make haste with thy kind replying,
And be thou ever near.

FAITH IN GOD.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Till we crowd it thence."

THE deep and profound necessity of the human soul is faith in God. This necessity is grounded in its very nature and moral elements. All its conditions demand faith in God as the essential element of its repose. The soul's felt dependence upon a power consciously higher than itself—a dependence ever arising out of its spiritual wants and necessities—proves this. Every-where in the material and intellectual realm is dependence answered by its correspondent opposite. To the law of want there is opposed the law of supply. Can it be possible, then, that the soul, the noblest part of man's nature, is dependent, and yet with nothing to depend upon? Can there be such an anomaly as this in the soul-realm? Impossible. All analogy contradicts the very idea. Life is without intelligent significance, ay, the soul a burden to itself, if, with all the pressure upon man's being from without and within, there is no divine resting-place to his spirit. With conditions and dependencies of being adjusted only to a life of faith as his true life, man must rise by faith to the unseen and find the repose his soul yearns for in the divine and the eternal. Bound to the Infinite One by the subtle, golden chain of faith he must be; or else, away from God, his soul's great center and resting-place, be miserable.

"If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God!
And God is lost if faith be overthrown."

Faith in God is the only possible solution to the problem of moral intelligence—the only possible mode of response to the demands of immaterial and spiritual existence. It brings to the soul, what it so consciously needs, a divine presence, and thus secures its repose and blessedness, by filling all its conditions and responding to all its necessities. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," exclaims the prophet, "whose mind is staid upon thee, because he trusteth in thee." Faith stays the soul on the divine and eternal, and thus puts all the resources of the spiritual and heavenly world under contribution to its happiness. No wonder the apostle exclaimed over the triumphs of this mysterious principle in the human soul, "Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and

full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul."

Faith in God is not only the soul's deep and unalterable spiritual necessity, but it is the ground-work of all nobleness of character. What a man believes greatly determines his character. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." His character can not be better than his belief, any more than the fruit can be better than the tree producing it. In fine, the quality of a man's character, its greatness or nobleness, or the contrary, is determined by that of his belief. The good man's character is the product of a noble faith, because God's Word is the ground-work and educator of that faith. Recognition of God and his moral government, and of the necessity of virtue and goodness in order to his favor, lies at the foundation of all true greatness in character. Point, reader, to the man whose belief ignores the Divine existence or government, or who denies man's responsibility to his Creator, who, in his negation of God and human accountability, ever built up either a great or good character? There is not material enough in such a man's self-driving philosophy to produce any thing noble in the way of either mind or morals.

"For want of faith
Down the steep precipice of wrong man slides;
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In embryo, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth."

Faith in God is an element of the soul's highest power in the moral universe. On any subject faith is an indispensable condition of power. A man's effort in any enterprise is graduated in its intensity by his conviction or faith in its feasibility. Columbus had never discovered this continent but for the strength of his faith in its existence—a faith animating him under embarrassments which would have overborne any other spirit but his. Napoleon had never effected the passage of the Alps with his veteran army, but for the sublime energy of his faith in the practicability of the undertaking. The world is full of instances of the triumphs of this species of faith over almost insuperable difficulties. Faith in God invests the soul with a sublime moral potency in its conflicts with the oppositions and trials of life. Success is assured and reassured by the divine energy it imparts to its possessor in the work and on the battle-fields of human life. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," exclaimed the victorious Paul. In recounting faith's splendid moral triumphs in the history of the Old Testament worthies—triumphs such as never

an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon could boast—the apostle exclaims, “Who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to fight the armies of the aliens.” These mighty heroes of God thus triumphed through the power of faith—strong, persistent, all-conquering faith.

The man of faith wields a power not of earth. The secret of his moral might is divine influence—“power from on high.” Allied to God by the mysterious principle of faith, and with the motives of eternity upon all his activities in time, he is gifted with almost miraculous power to work for Christ and his cause. Upon what other principle can we account for the sublime toils and sacrifices, and the yet sublimer results of the ministry of such men as Luther, Wesley, Asbury, and thousands of others in the Church of God? What but faith in God made such men as Carvosso and Samuel Hicks the power for good they were in the world! In vain do we seek to account for the lives they lived and the mighty influence they exerted among men, but on the principle that faith invested them with a power not of earth! A vigorous writer observes upon this subject, “The power of God is visibly revealed in a true God-fearing man. It is not an idea; it is not a dream. Ideas are passive, dreams are ineffectual. Faith is a living power. It is seen in the beauty of goodness which is shed over even the most illiterate and ungifted, and those whose natural powers are larger, in the lofty obedience, in the dignity, the calmness, the serenity, the high and noble energy which faith in him makes possible, and which are impossible without him. Where there is faith there is strength. Where faith dies, strength follows. In Athens, in Rome, in Jerusalem, it is the same story—the glorious period is the believing period. When God became a name, and the temple worship a form, they rotted and died.”

“Have faith in God!” These words of the Divine Teacher sum up the whole philosophy of human life. They embody a principle which applies to all time, all circumstances, all men. The lesson of Jesus to his disciples, eighteen hundred years ago, is his lesson to humanity to-day, and will be to the end of time. Faith in God is the soul’s same deep, unalterable necessity—the same mighty element of blessedness and power. Amid the toils, temptations, trials, and bereavements of life, take hold, reader, upon the eternal One; “have faith in God,” and then be assured, on the authority of the everlasting

Word, that “the trial of your faith, being made more precious than of gold that perisheth, shall be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

“Believe, and show the reason of a man:
Believe, and taste the pleasures of a God:
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb!”

MEMORIES.

BY ELIZABETH E. E. PERRY.

Come gladden my heart, sweet memory,
Gild thy paths with vanished light,
And let me, awhile forgetting
Why tears have dimmed my sight,
Wander back in happy fancy
To where the fairest of flowers
Brightened a peaceful realm
In those dear ambrosial hours.

For anon, there comes to me softly
An echo of something once said,
And I trace through the shadowy vista
The voice of the buried dead;
And with vague, unspeakable yearnings,
I grope with a trembling fear,
Lest I fail to touch the garments
Of an angel walking near.

I pause in the painful silence,
I peer through the misty shade,
And call the name of some dear one
With a love that is not afraid.
Again we walk in the sunshine,
In the old familiar light,
Forgetting that tears and sorrows
Have saddened and dimmed the sight.

We have plans for the coming future
Reaching far into blissful years,
Radiant with pleasant seemings,
Unclouded by sorrows or fears.
And we live in believing rapture,
Counting the slow-footed hours,
Watching our budding treasures
Eager to cull the flowers.

Thus day after day, unheeding
How soon our paths would part,
Did the silence come between us;
And a grave so cold and dark
Hath hid thy beautiful smiling,
And left in my heart a pain:
For life without thee, darling,
Can never more be the same.

Lead me, O, angel ministrant,
To some altitude sublime,
And whisper the heavenly visions
That forever and ever are thine.
Show me the way appointed,
And though long and rough it be,
I will walk with a trusting patience
And a hope that shall gladden me.

TIME.

BY EVE DICKINSON.

TIME, the measure of days, and years, and life, do we comprehend it? From the beginning, when He who created all things divided the light from the darkness, and in the language of Moses, the evening and morning were the first day, till the present moment, time was and is. Like all things which still remain unmarred by man's meddling, it is perfect in its regulations, perfect in its duties, perfect in its work.

Powerful as man thinks he is, cunning as he knows he is, great as he imagines his knowledge to be, he has never been able to stay the flight of Time, or speed him in his course. The little which man has done in destruction has been too local to affect the action of that power represented by the most imaginative of nations as a grave old man, armed with a scythe and winged as an angel. In the composed face and flowing beard we recognize the dignity of mature manhood; in the agricultural instrument the duty of the faithful agent of Divinity to cut down all that is ready for his harvest, while his wings bear him onward where duty calls. Though we fret at the action of Time, can we imagine a world without his agency? If we can, would that absence alone be heaven?

His face is gentle and kind, his actions are equally so; without our help, without our wish, he makes a place for those to come; he quietly works at our stupendous erections, and they crumble at his touch to make a necessity for our successors to think, and plan, and do. Had it not been for his action by this era the world would have been built, finished as regards man's doings; and succeeding generations not having the necessity for action would dwindle into littleness and vegetate into imbecility, in our present view of things. That which we call greatness, which is but another term for a large share of the forbidden fruit, would be a myth of the past. And we, gazing in wonder at the result of our forefathers' activity and knowledge, would lie down to slumber and waken occasionally in a fit of admiration, and turn over in our sublime inactivity, and thankfully slumber again with the consoling reflection, that we had nothing so hugely great to perform. Can you gainsay it, necessity is the motive to action? Suppose all the cities that ever were built, all the fortifications that had ever loomed up with threatening fronts, all the improvements that had ever been made for man's comfort and security had remained untouched of Time, think you there would have been much room or ne-

cessity for more? Even in this new world—this, to the people of the fifteenth century, uncultivated continent, just fresh, as they imagined, from the hands of the great Creator—even here were immense cities and cultivated nations, and the remains of races gone so long before, no one four hundred years ago could trace their architects. But as the necessity for more scope, more room to develop man's faculties and elevate his nature arrived, Time, the great agent of the Creator for man's especial benefit, had made the place, provided the room. Yes, though tears may have bedewed many a fallen palace, blood may have crimsoned the fall of many a citadel once thought impregnable, though hearts may have agonized at the loss of all its brilliant hopes and its cherished prospects, still, in the mercy of Him who knew all things from the beginning, and doeth all things well, the race has been gathered into the garner as well as the heart's pride of the nation, and the mourner has followed his loved and lost, and left his place for another who had come and must also work out his destiny.

"We take no note of time but from its loss."

To-day is like yesterday, all the great provisions for man's comfort, made for him without his aid or contrivance, go on so regularly—all the necessities of his being are so fully supplied to his hand—that he forgets, and in the frivolity of the hour wastes his energy and degrades his nature, till he is scarce able to comprehend the kindness and wonderful love which pours these blessings upon him day by day. Instead of constant peans filling the blue vault of heaven with melody and rivaling the motions of the birds of the air, he murmurs at events because they do not come to his level of understanding, and at the seasons, because of his disappointment at his unfilled barns, which, for some wise purpose, his Maker has not some one year filled to overflowing. Did he always think of the poor brother or sister whose trustee he has been constituted by Him who gave him of the riches of the earth, while his store was well filled and the harvest plenteous? Or even if he did, may be he needed this to teach him a lesson. "For the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth."

Time was and is, the past is gone with its record of good and evil, borne beyond our grasp, but borne by that agent of gentle presence into the hands of One all love and who can not err. With individuals as with nations, time is the regulator. What would have suited yesterday or to-day may not do to-morrow, as with the

need of the present so with its requirements; changed with circumstances which are beyond our control, we can only use the present. But if that present be well spent to the best of our ability, its record need not be regretted. The present is ours for our benefit if we choose to use it, whether, with the spirit of Mary, we sit at the feet of Jesus, or whether, like Martha, we are cumbered with many things. If those cares are turned to benefit others it may be well, for Martha was reproved not condemned. But if, instead of this, a terrible selfishness, which weighs some to the earth and keeps them there, like a load around the neck, develops all the resources of man's nature, and turns all the powers of his mind and body to enrich himself, it may not be well; we are placed here as stewards of a higher power, to help and comfort those in need, and to employ the time for good, not selfish aggrandizement.

The moral benefit which one good deed or one good word effects, is said by some philosopher to be not alone confined to the recipient, but goes on from one to another, bearing fruit like good seed sown and reproducing itself, till it is impossible, in the lapse of time, to calculate the good arising from it. But good being an attribute of the soul, not of the body, is indestructible by Time. He merely bears it on to eternity and gives it into the hand from whom it emanated. They who confine their efforts to self lose one of the rarest sources of enjoyment given to man. The mere idea of capacity to help another is pleasure; and when enhanced by practice it fills the heart with gratitude for the power showing us that every attribute still left us of the Spirit which breathed into man the breath of life, and has survived the fall, bears in itself the stamp of the source from whence it sprang.

That desire of action which is inherent in some natures, at least of the present day—one knows not whether this was in the beginning—seems to require a field of some kind to keep them from evil. Some being so constituted that no rust can accumulate, there is a kind of perpetual motion in their nature which will find employment in either good or evil. These always employ the present, but this faculty is not necessarily accompanied by activity of body. These, however, appear to note time no more interestedly than others, except by a dun or a dinner or some such necessity of circumstance. Alas that man can not stop and think and still enjoy! Why can not he thank God for all his mercies every day by word or action, and not deem the performance of this imperative duty a thing to separate him from happiness

and his fellows, or that the sanctity enjoined is inconsistent with beauty and nature?

"Moments seize—

Heaven's on the wing; a moment we may wish
When worlds want wealth to buy."

The ruins of nations in the tomb, crumbling day by day, their very strength the indorsement of the builders' power, relics of people so long passed away as to be nameless, meet the eye of the present race in every land. Buildings of strange peculiarity and articles of singular use; erections of great magnitude, whose construction puzzles the knowledge and capability of the races who now gaze in mute admiration of their grandeur, dot the old and new world. But whether the ruins be the stately palaces of Baalbec or Palmyra, which echo but to the tramp of camels, or the low-voiced wandering Arab, and the hoot of unclean birds, and lair the beasts of prey; or the splendid ruins of Phylae, which look down upon their crumbling beauty in the flowing mirror which bathes their foundations; or the stiff and towering pyramid which ensepulchers a forgotten king; or the figurative and unsightly sphynx guarding treasures no longer there—whether the far-off tumuli which relieve the plains of Eastern Asia, which are reflected and duplicated in the western hemisphere, where Aztec remains vie with the foliage-veiled cities of forgotten time in structure and ornament—all these, whether East or West, are passing slowly but surely under Time's gentle influence into that vaguely-indefinite state, the things that were. And however beautiful they are in ruins, and still more beautiful may have been in their glorious prime, they teach strong and powerful lessons of occupying the present with acts and thoughts of purity and goodness.

Who can look at even the smallest of these and not feel, how foolish are the general pursuits of man's craving life, how futile his efforts for self-aggrandizement, how trifling his vexations, and how strange he should consume his time with endeavors to amuse his eye or tickle his palate and gratify his passions, which latter only leads to trouble and satiety, when a glorious future may be gained, and a comfortable life may be attained even in this world by a different and more elevated course of life! What is man, whose breath is in his nostrils? A vapor that passeth away, a flower of the field which to-day is, but to-morrow is cast away. But whatever man does or leaves undone, time presses on. Gliding so gently on the stream of life man is hurried forward, stopping not, nor tarrying ever. Motion, and not rest, seems

to be his natural condition, and though he may look back, he must still go on.

"The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going."

Occupied with projects for the future greatness of this beautiful world, and enchanted with the discoveries constantly being made in science, which has changed in a degree the character of the necessities and luxuries of the present race of mankind, some of the best men linger and almost forget that the frame which they carry with them as a garment will wear out before the perfection of all things is attained even on earth. So, closing their eyes like a weary child, they lie down on the bosom of the common mother and waken to the splendor of the perfect city, the new Jerusalem.

"Time was and is, but shall be no longer." When the reaper shall have thrust in his sickle and reaped the earth at the bidding of the Master, and the grain is separated from the chaff and gathered into the heavenly garner, his duty well-nigh done, the service for which Time was created well-nigh finished, the angel resteth. At that grand moment, when Time reaches eternity, when the earth and heaven meet, so long symbolized on earth literally and mentally, will the humanity of man be changed to the immortal; like a worn and faded garment will his nature be changed and fall from his shoulders, and he be clothed in the garment of righteousness prepared by his Redeemer.

With the end of time must end all things earthly; with the downfall of nations must be the ruin of nations' works. Even amid the wreck of earth the sun must darken and the moon give no light. Can mortal imagine the agony and consternation of the moment? All nature ceases, the mighty machinery, so long obeying the power which bid it go forth and continue in its course till the end, stops at the fiat of God. St. John says, "I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places," etc. Troubles and horrors unimaginable must follow the close of time in a natural point of view. Governed by time as the agent of creative power, when that agency ceases, every thing ruled and regulated by this controlling hand must also cease. Almost impossible as it is to conceive of such a state, inspiration says it must and will be. All the greatness of earth, all the pompous grandeur of man's imagination must pale and shrink into utter insignificance at the approach of such a moment.

All these would he give for the assurance of a place of safety in that hour of horror. And this assurance the Gospel offers to all who will embrace it. This refuge from evil is in the power of all who live.

What an almost incomprehensible but grand picture the evangelist has drawn of the scene! After describing the opening of the seventh seal, "a mighty angel comes down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, a rainbow upon his head, his face as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. He had a little book in his hand; he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth." Imagine this mighty angel, whose face shone as the sun, standing with one foot on the sea and one on the earth, clothed with a cloud, grand unspeakably in his power, awful in his might, lifting his hand to heaven, and swearing in that voice terrible as when a lion roareth, "by Him who liveth forever and ever, who created heaven and the things that are therein, the earth and the things therein, the sea and the things that are therein, that there should be time no longer," "and that the mystery of God should be finished!"

The vail which time and sin had drawn between man and his Maker and Redeemer will be raised. The mission of Time is ended, he lays his authority at the feet of Him who gave it, and becomes a part of eternity.

"On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God;
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In this full beam and ripen for the just!
When momentary ages are no more!
When Time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!"

FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

WHENCE is this delicate scent in the rose and the violet? It is not from the root—that smells of nothing; not from the stalk—that is as scentless as the root; not from the earth whence it grows, which contributes no more to these flowers than to the grass that grows by them; not from the leaf, not from the bud, before it be disclosed, which yields no more fragrance than the leaf, or stalk, or root; yet here I now find it: neither is there any miraculous way but in an ordinary course of nature, for all violets and roses of this kind yield the same redolence; it can not be but that it was potentially in that root and stem from which the flowers proceed; and there placed and thence drawn by that Almighty Power which hath given these admirable virtues to several plants, and induces them, in his due season, to these excellent perfections.

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER VII.

USEFUL thoughts occur to me every day when I am busy. I think, "Well, I will write them down to-night and enlarge upon them." Often they evaporate before I get time to put them down; even the very kernel of the thought escapes me; so I carry a little memorandum-book and pencil in my pocket, and when any such thought occurs to me, or I learn something from reading, or I hear something useful from others, I make a note of it."

Sometimes a suggestion is awakened in my mind by something I have heard or read, or it arises spontaneously. I put down a hint that will enable me to take up again the train of thought suggested. Sometimes I hear or read a useful fact. I put down a hint that will enable me to return to it. Sometimes a single word is sufficient for this. I put down what I want to remember in a kind of short-hand of my own, with just as few letters as will suffice for me to make out the words when I want to copy them. I think I shall garner up a good deal of useful information in this way. It will want winnowing of course, and I must set about making a selection from them at my first leisure.

Something more learned about making coffee, or, at least, with regard to improving it—rendering it more palatable when some of the belongings for this purpose chance to be a little short, as frequently occurs in common households, detracting from the pleasure of a meal. So, if wholesome substitutes can be found for these lacks, knowledge with regard to them should be treasured up and circulated, and I am glad that wisdom and knowledge differ from gold in this respect.

"Nothing is a trifle that has power to increase human happiness," and a well-ordered table is a great item in our sum of daily comfort. One who can find out any thing in this department analogous to "making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," does a benevolent act. But this is n't the cream of the matter that I sat down to write about—it was respecting cream for "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy" *coffee*, as Norton has it.

I was in at Mrs. Elliston's to-day, and she was taking lunch, accompanied by a cup of coffee. She handed me a cup, which I took, expecting to find it delicious, as usual. It had the same rich, golden brown that her coffee

usually has; but when I was raising it to my lips she said, "I do n't know as you will find my coffee so good to-day as it generally is; I had no cream to put in it."

"No cream!" I exclaimed in surprise, "I'm sure I thought it had rich, delicious cream. How did you manage to make it so good without?"—peeping into the pitcher—"but I am sure," I said, "this looks like nice cream."

"It was a pint of rather blue-looking milk an hour ago," she said.

She had changed it to cream in this way. She scalded the milk and then stirred into it when partly cold the yolk of an egg beaten, so in color, consistence, and taste the compound resembled cream. When she had no egg, she told me the boiling improved the milk a good deal—made it taste much more creamy.

"Truly," said I, "a housewife can seek out many inventions, if her heart is in the work."

"O," she answered, "the merit of the invention, if there be any, does not belong altogether to me. I had heard of boiling the milk to improve it, dissipate the watery portion, and of using an egg in coffee in default of cream. I merely thought of combining them, and found it to answer excellently well."

How many women there are—housekeepers—who make life a drudgery, not only to themselves, but to all over whom they have power! No time for rest, no time for recreation, no time for thought, no time for themselves to stop and think, "Is this the right way that I am in?" no time to listen to the suggestions of others upon this subject and ponder them, or to seek instruction from books where the thoughts of the wise, the experienced, are recorded.

What a way to live! No enjoyment, no profit comparatively—living only to eat, and drink, and dress, and keep the house in order! These things should not be neglected; the manner of doing them is not a trifle, but I would have a woman live for something more—something beyond these. Does she feel no craving nor hunger for higher food for her mental and moral activities? Does it never occur to her that without neglecting these things she can attend to nobler? that by having her mind enlarged—strengthened, she can perform the common things of life with greater ease and skill?

It has been said that a man of culture, other things being equal, can sweep a crossing better than an ignorant one, and it is no doubt true. So a woman of genius and culture, if she brings heart and soul to the work, can keep a house better than an ignorant one.

Mrs. Ewing affords an instance of the overworking and the overworked sort. Her children, as soon as they can toddle alone, must *work*. Work is the watchword of life to her; labor for the honest wants of our nature. It is cook and scrub and stitch, and stitch and scrub and cook, not only from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same, but from long before its rising, and long after its going down. Sleep is curtailed to every member of the household that these processes may be carried on. And so much more is done of each of these than is needed—needed for any one's comfort or happiness. The extreme to which they are carried takes away from both—from health too.

Children and all look hollow-eyed and wan. Nervousness is a family trait. The mother is nervous, and she vents her irritability in fretting because every thing does not go right. The children are nervous, and they show it by snarling at and being disagreeable to each other. The hired help are cross, because they are overworked. They can not do little kindnesses for other members of the family—devise little comforts, as sometimes those who live in a well-regulated family do, because their necessary labor, or what is thought to be so, taxes all their strength, and they do not feel the disposition to do these things that they would if they were in a more comfortable frame of body and mind.

The head of the house looks uneasy and apprehensive whenever he comes in to his meals, or to sit awhile in the evening. He rarely does the latter, but takes his newspaper to his place of business. The children are glad of any excuse to get away from home. They seem to breathe more freely out of its atmosphere. They seldom look joyous or gay in it. There seems in it something oppressive that weighs upon all.

It is an unhappy, discordant family, and all for the want of a little oil upon the wheels of the domestic machinery, a little rest from its unceasing motion.

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“Well,” said uncle Tim this morning at the breakfast-table, “if you want to learn how to cook, I advise you to go to cousin Morris’s. His wife has learned how ‘not to do it,’ and by taking an opposite course from hers, you will be pretty sure to be right. During the week I staid there there was only one meal that could be called a well-cooked one, and then we had company from Upton, Mr. Glacia and his wife, who are accustomed to having every thing nice at home, and Anna knew it; so I

suppose she thought it worth while to put forth some extra pains. Me, I suppose, she regarded as one of the family, that could take things as it happened, not worth putting herself out for. It seems to me it must require some peculiar skill always to have things wrong. I should think she would get things right by mistake once in a while.”

“But does she always have every thing ill-cooked? You said it was nice when she had company.”

“No, she do n’t always have every thing ill-cooked; that is saying a little too much perhaps, though I think it is the general rule when there is no one there but the family; but I have never eaten a meal there when there was not something ill-cooked, and more often there was not a thing on the table cooked in the best manner it could be. The potatoes would be ‘soggy,’ and half-cold if boiled; if fried, burnt and greasy; if baked, shriveled up and tasteless. The coffee would be muddy, and boiled till the aroma was diffused through the house; one good result effected by it, for a deodorizer was needed, but the coffee was left flat and tasteless. Beefsteak would be done as hard as a brick; pork or sausages, that require much more cooking, would come to the table half-raw. So of every thing. The true process of cooking it was always reversed. And there was no uniformity about cooking any thing, every thing seemed to be done at random, the effect of which was to make it appear that she must have designed to have every thing wrong.

“One morning the eggs would be hard as bullets, the next watery and raw. She never seemed by any chance to get any thing just right. According to arithmetical progression, that combination of circumstances that will bring things right will come after a while. ‘May I be there to see!’ There is difference in taste, to be sure, with regard to how any thing ought to be cooked; but the ill-cooking I refer to would be ill-cooking to any taste, to any perception—any human one I mean; it might not offend swine. One morning we had hash. It was so salt it was with difficulty one could swallow a mouthful. She had dashed in a handful of salt at random I suppose, for she got the breakfast that morning.

“In a day or two we had hash again. This time it did not appear to have been seasoned at all. The bread was uniformly sour—a quality that would not improve it to the taste of any one I suppose.”

“No,” I said; “there may be difference of taste with regard to bread; that is, with regard to the kind of bread, and the kind of yeast it is

made with, but there is no difference of taste about sour bread or heavy bread. No one likes bread better for these qualities, though some can eat bad bread, or bad cooking of any kind better than others, because they have less delicacy of taste, I suppose."

"Yes," said uncle Tim, "and less delicacy of stomach too. Some people seem to possess the digestive powers of an ostrich, and could bolt an iron wedge, I really believe, with perfect safety."

"One might about as well as to eat heavy bread," I said. "But speaking about the different kinds of bread, it depends a good deal upon habit, I suppose, which we like best. Some like bread best made plain, with just water and yeast. Others like it best made with milk and potatoes, and perhaps a lump of butter—some even add a spoonful of sugar, and think bread is tasteless without these additions."

"It is not bread at all made in that way," said uncle Tim. "It is a misnomer to call such a compound bread. Bread ought to be bread, and not biscuit nor cake. It's a clear case of fraud when they foist such stuff upon you and call it bread. The plainer the bread the more wholesome too; there's no doubt of that in my mind."

I spoke of a young man I had known once who had consumption, and died with it. He attributed his disease to eating bad bread for several years at a place where he boarded. It was the widow Evans's oldest son, Jonas.

Uncle Tim said he had no doubt such result as this often happened; that there were more people died by poisoning from bad food—from ill-cooked food, than in any other way. "We have had Mrs. Frys to reform our prison-houses," he said; "we need Mrs. Frys to reform our kitchens."

Norton had come in while we were talking, and at this he said, "We have too many Mrs. Frys in our kitchens now, and Miss Frys too. There is too much frying for health and the palate. I second the motion made by some one that frying-pans should be abolished by an act of legislature," and then we had some amusing talk about this, which I have not time to put down to-night.

THOU mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

FROM THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

IN more than one treatise on the education of women, we have seen it laid down that its end and object should be to fit them for the duties of maternity. They are to be taught and trained to the end that they may be able to teach and train their children. If this theory is to be admitted, at least there should be no offense to the theorists in a faint smile at the inadequacy of the means to the end, under modern systems. Shallow, superficial, rapid as modern female education too often is, it is not quite fair to assume that the rising generation stands to it in the exact relation of fruit to tree. And, notwithstanding familiar instances of great men, whose character, ability, and genius have been directly traceable to maternal character and influence—notwithstanding Napoleon's dictum "that the fate of the child is always the work of his mother," and the corroboration of it in the case of John Wesley, the Napier family, and many others—much remains to be said for the other side of the question, and examples, such as the second Pitt and the second Peel, may be urged to show that not seldom it is from the male parent that ability, energy, and intellect descend to his offspring.

Without at all undervaluing that benignant influence, to have lost or never to have known which is one of the sorest earthly privations, the softening, winning, humanizing influence of a mother, we think that it is an incomplete and narrow view of the scope of education to limit it to training women for a destiny that may never be hers. Rather should that system recommend itself which purports to educate for the wider object of producing "the perfect woman, nobly planned," who shall be equal to the occasion, whether it be to bring up children, to be companion to a husband, whose home it is denied her to bless with offspring, or, perchance, to illustrate in single blessedness the sunny "afternoon of unmarried life."

The primary and divine idea of woman is "a help meet for man." And if so, in educating her for her vocation, respect must be had, not less to such provisions as may fit her to exercise her proper influence as a wife over her husband, or as an unmarried woman over society, than to such as may make her a model mother to her boys and girls. In each sphere, if she realizes her mission, she has it in her power to be "vainqueur des vainqueurs de la terre," the more cultivated her mind and heart, the more complete her spell in whatsoever state

of life she finds herself occupying under the allotments of Providence. The childless wife, if highly educated, has the greater power to solace her husband's regret at lack of offspring by being all in all to him herself; the maiden lady, whose youthful training has ministered to her the essentials for becoming, if need be, agreeable company to herself, is the more likely to be welcome in society, because she brings to it the grace of contentment with her lot, and the power and will to contribute to it additional ornament and brightness. It is the lack of sound early education and intelligent preparation for life which makes the dissatisfied old maid, no less than the silly wife, and the weak, incompetent mother. The whole subject, then, has a wide interest for the other sex. Considerations affecting woman's development claim our ready sympathies.

On the first point for consideration, the time over which female education should extend, we have little fear of being at issue with those most capable of dispassionate judgment, although we may perchance do despite to the views of modern young ladies, and contravene the principles of worldly-wise mammas. About early training all are more or less agreed. A good mother begins teaching her child from the moment it can crawl, and the education of the first years is ever the most indelible. Happiest that childhood where the mother's teaching goes on longest; next to it that where the direction, if not the details, are under the mother's eye. But as to rudimentary teaching, no one doubts the wisdom of beginning to impart it early, and in gradual, moderate draughts.

It is when the rudiments are mastered, and the girl in her teens, that difference of opinion arises touching the hours and years of female instruction. Here, if one may judge by common practice, the verdict of mothers and daughters is as much at variance with that of disinterested lookers-on, as universal suffrage differs from the decision of a select committee. While lookers-on are wont to deem that the meet preparation for cultivated womanhood is gradual unforced acquisition of such knowledge, graces, and endowments, as will sit easily, cling lastingly, and minister the most unfailing resources to the future life, it seems as those most nearly concerned had come to the conclusion that the main object is to crowd so much of music, languages, sciences, graces, and accomplishments, into the years between twelve and seventeen, that at the latter limit a girl may be pronounced to be "out," may look to take her part in the grown-up world, and be at leisure to contemplate an eligible investment in the matrimonial

market, before her younger sisters arrive at the margin of this immature Rubicon.

Yet it can scarcely be doubted that this kind of forcing is physically as well as morally hurtful. The ablest authorities are unanimous in saying that a young girl's intellect is in far greater risk of being overstrained than that of her hardier brother. He has his safety-valves in cricket, football, boating, riding, running; and his rougher system is less susceptible of peril from too much mental food, which it rejects, than the carefully-tended, delicately-nurtured, sooner-developed organization of the girl, which will retain, it may be, the instruction crowded into a space too small for it, but retain it, too frequently, at the risk of health, and generally to the hurt of mental digestion. A boy at seventeen is entering the most telling years of his mental culture. At the very same age the hot-house plant, his sister, is transferred from the school-room, where every appliance has been used to facilitate precocious ripeness of mind and manners; and henceforth the round of gayety, the engagements of society, the "no-leisure" of a restless age, preclude, for the most part, the further cultivation of previous studies. We say for the most part, because we must except the light literature and the music, which still divide the hours with croquet, because most attractive to the male sex, most fitted for reproduction in small talk, and most favorable to an indolence resulting from undue previous taxing of the intellect.

Doubtless it may be a human weakness to be evermore singing "*Ætas parentum preior avis*" as we grow older, and, as such, especially to be distrusted is the inclination to exaggerate the excellencies of our grandmothers and great aunts; yet surely it is noteworthy that, while their training lasted longer, it extended over far less ground, and that of them we may say, without controversy, that they were neither weaker mothers, worse wives, nor less pleasant and agreeable spinsters than are produced under the Procrustean system of the present day. To justify such a system, we must first concede the axiom that girls ought to be taught every thing, and taught it moreover by the age of seventeen. And this axiom is one which the more sober-minded of either sex will, we suspect, be loth to grant. It strikes them, on the contrary, that very much ought to be left for after-study; that a great deal of what is non-essential may be passed over, where there is no manifest talent for acquiring it, and that, above all things, the cultivation of bodily health and vigor should go concurrently with the ripening of the mind.

For boys and men the stimulus of emulation is wholesome and desirable; but as it is quite out of place among girls, whose sphere is the home circle and whose grace a sweet retiringness, it is surely enough if their school-days be spent in acquiring such modicums of knowledge as can be easily digested; for these will prove more in the end than the crude notions which a modern school-girl carries off from her multifarious lectures. Sound education and instruction effect this chiefly, that they open the door to knowledge, so as to enable the pupil to avail himself of access to it.

Let female education recognize this, and extend itself over the eighteenth year, with the understanding that even then it is but intrusted to a girl's own hands, instead of her teacher's, and the fruits will be visible in higher aims, less frivolous tastes, more definiteness of purpose, and greater strength of character. Such common-sense training is the course by which to earn the high and discriminating praise which De Quincey awards to Miss Wordsworth: "She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her fervid heart."

Enough has been said to indicate strong dissent from the foolish system of making school-girls slaves to the acquisition of accomplishments for which they have no taste; and there is a natural transition to the questions *what* and *how* to teach, in negative as well as positive aspects. And here a division meets us which it is less than ever possible to ignore in the present day, that is to say, education of accomplishments, and education of intellect and moral powers. Most people rank these in the order in which we have placed them, though sounder wisdom would reckon that which we have set first, the education which aims at achievements in society, as very secondary to that which cultivates mental and moral power. The one has an eye to externals; the other is introspective. And while the former secures at too great a sacrifice of time and pains, considering what must be foregone to make room for it the mere transient power of attracting and captivating, the latter furnishes the far more precious life-endowment, the independence and self-containedness, which enables her who has it to be as happy, good, and useful out of society as in it. Let the education, then, of accomplishments be relegated to the second rank, and disposed of briefly, before we treat of essentials.

No one would lay down a law that should bann the cultivation of vocal and instrumental

music, seeing that it exercises, when successfully developed, so just a spell over so many hearers, and such soothing, awakening, spiritualizing influences upon even those who are wholly ignorant of its principles. But it may admit of grave question what is gained by two hours and a half of practice *per diem* in the case of the ninety and nine girls who will never become first-rate performers, and who will unquestionably play and sing no more, after they become wives and mothers. It is quite time that in female education a wider recognition should take place of the wisdom of electing what accomplishments to pursue, and what to decline. At Oxford and Cambridge a man may choose his *second* school or tripos, while the ancient studies of the University are a *sine qua non* to all alike. Might it not be well to take a little more trouble in ascertaining the various bents of girlish capacity likewise, so that, where it was to end only in mediocrity, music might not be followed up, but more time allotted to drawing, if, as is often the case in the absence of musical talent, the taste for drawing appeared to be a compensating gift? It may be doubted whether, except in a few brilliant instances, the years of girlhood can furnish space for thorough attainment of both; and the struggle to master too many accomplishments is apt to end in a superficiality, spreading over the more solid studies, and acting prejudicially on the whole mind.

In like manner we venture to think it a mistake, unless in cases of rare linguistic talent, to encourage the acquirement in mere school-days of more than one modern language. "*Non multa sed multum*" may hold good in this case, if interpreted for the nonce of getting a thorough knowledge of one or two languages, instead of a smattering of many. Perhaps, even where there is talent for languages, the complete mastery of one is a greater power than divided acquaintance with half a dozen; and, as French is the passport to Europe, and serves as a medium of intercommunication to the civilized world, it deserves to be more really and effectually taught to every English school-girl, than it is likely to be, so long as, beyond a few verbs and a few exercises, it is left to teach itself through the broken gabble wherewith girls cheat the hours during which a veto is put upon their mother tongue. A wise selection of French books would enhance the value of this branch of study. Better and more attractive vehicles may be found for conveying the knowledge of the French language to English youth than the "*Gil Blas*," and "*Recueils Choisis*," the "*Télémaque*," and "*Gonslave*," of our early

days. This done, and care being taken to teach it thoroughly and grammatically, the study of French may serve to the female mind as a substitute for that mental drill which the dead languages supply to the English school-boy. It will furnish the mastery over grammar and syntax, and a key to self-instruction in other languages, if such should chance to be the taste. Not indeed the master-key; for that unquestionably is Latin, though at various times objections have been urged to its introduction into the female curriculum.

Weighty, indeed, ought such objections to be, if they avail to exclude a girl from a discipline so promotive of accuracy, so improving to English style, so helpful to familiarity with the grammar and syntax of most European tongues. Yet to what do they amount? To no more, we are constrained to own, than may, with equal or greater force, be urged against the unwatched study of French or English authors. Nothing in the Latin language is more dangerous than the ordinary type of French novels, teeming, as these do, with a subtiler, because less manifest, poison. And, to quote the most recent editor of Homer, "As regards matters of delicacy we apologize to modern ears for Shakspeare, on the score of the fault of his age, on a moderate computation five hundred times at least for once that such an apology is needed for Homer." And what, we may ask, would be the ratio if for Shakspeare we were to read Beaumont and Fletcher? Yet it may be doubted whether the worst blemishes of the Elizabethan dramatists are half as much calculated to sap the foundation of simplicity and purity, as the equivocal situations and maudlin sentimentalities of the modern sensational novel. Much truth lies in Mr. Ruskin's remark that "the chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book never does any harm to a noble girl;" nor can we exclude Latin from the studies of girlhood without ignoring another sound position of the same eloquent writer; namely, "that a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly; while a woman should know the same language or science so far as to enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends."

But the true answer to objectors is, to concede the peril of unguarded and unrestricted reading of the classics—as indeed of *all* unrestricted reading in the case of the young—while we uphold the importance, toward strengthening the female mind, and completing its education, of such a discriminating study of Latin and Greek as is imparted by conscientious in-

structors, best of all, perhaps, if it may be, under parental surveillance or tuition. The movement to admit abstruser sciences, such as mathematics, into the school-girl's course we regard with less favor, although in the very rare cases where she has a taste and capacity for such knowledge, the study of it need not be discouraged.

Women in general are probably best as they are—in possession of that intuitive right judgment which is safe at first thought, though with the stronger half of the intelligent creation "second thoughts are best." No teaching imparts this inborn leaping to sound conclusions, or matures the tact which is a woman's chief advantage over her more methodical partner in life. What she does want, perhaps, is the means of amassing data for induction, of storing up lessons corrective of her natural enthusiasm, of arranging examples available in any conceivable situation or question.

It may be that history, and, even more, biography—in naming which we pass from education of the accomplishments into the range of practical education of the intellect—deserves a very chief place among the studies of girlhood. "What have been the books," asked Archdeacon Allen in a lecture on the every-day work of ladies, from which many valuable suggestions might be gathered, "that have best helped man to live? They are all biographical." And Longfellow's reiteration of the same idea in his "Psalm of Life" is too well known to need quotation. Now, if this is true for men, much more for women. Their school days should be so parceled out that a liberal allowance of time may be given to history and biography—kindred studies, interlacing each other—to be learned not out of colorless compendiums, but from accepted "works for all time" of which there are enough for ample choice.

There can be no healthier discipline conceivable for the female mind than instruction by examples in a well-chosen course of biography. And, not so much indeed for its disciplinary effects as for its essential claim to form a part in the training of educated English women, and its legitimate stimulus to patriotic feeling, the kindred study of English literature is entitled to far more attention. Why should not English girlhood be taught, first and foremost, its own mother tongue—so as to love it, to read it, to write it; to be conversant with its poetry; to appreciate its prose; to know something of its structure, and history, and development? One knows not whether to smile or blush, in this age of books and literary luxury, to see how ignorant of our standard literature are three-

fourths of the young ladies one meets. Without expecting them to pass an examination in "Shakespeare" or "Paradise Lost," or to be thoroughly at home in the "British Essayists," one ought to find it a harder task than it is, to fathom the depths of their knowledge of English literature, especially if their skill in making talk out of small data is taken into account. To say nothing of the more frivolous, whose best reading is the serial of Dickens or Trollope, the better average of young ladies contents itself too generally with semi-religious novels, and the lighter articles of the various monthlies. The fault must lie with the misdirection of taste in school days; and lack of knowledge so valuable and so accessible is surely an inexcusable fault. Boys indeed must pick it up at by-times, as their school hours are mainly devoted to classics. But classics to them are partly in the place of English literature, and partly the stepping-stones to a knowledge of it, seeing that it is chiefly modeled after the classical patterns. Girls, on the other hand, have only English literature from which to gain ideas of style or composition, except the mother-wit which it must be admitted serves them in good stead.

A decided improvement in all girl school-rooms would be the introduction of such text-books as the "Student's Manual of English Literature," by Dr. Smith, or the similar Manual of Mr. Thomas Arnold. These might be supplemented by copious readings from the particular authors most deserving of study, and it would be a further advantage if lessons upon such subjects could be required to be reproduced in abstract. The gain of this process would be twofold. The memory would be strengthened, and this is no unimportant aim in education. And, besides this, a style would be formed, which would have its foundation in accredited models and accurate principles, and yet retain a certain character of its own peculiar to female composition. We might again look for the lively, easy, graceful letters, which women penned in time past; but which the hurry of modern life, the preference for showy accomplishments, the skimming of many light books in place of the digestion of a few sound ones, has done so much to banish.

What is there even now to equal the natural, unsystematic, but delightfully-versatile correspondence of some few women, whose education has been modeled after the elder fashion, and whose letters achieve a more enduring popularity at the breakfast-table, than the most skillful and elaborate performance in the music room? Or what more barren than the hasty

scrawls, the ungainly sentences and—save the mark!—*phonetic* spelling of many young ladies, on whose education there has been no stint of expense?

A word or two may be said in favor of more cultivation of the art of reading aloud, an accomplishment so popular and so needful that its value can not be exaggerated. What simpler repayment than this of the price of nurture to an aged father? What sweeter solace to the sick, whom it is woman's mission to tend? What surer mode of kindling love of books in young children? And, in quitting the topic of "what to teach," it were wrong to omit a word for the science of Botany, a science especially fitted for the gentler sex, to whose country rambles it gives endless variety, while it inspires them with ever-increasing reverence for the Author of Creation. No kindred study comes near it in attractiveness, in freshness of charm, in facilities for cultivation, or in enduringness of resource. It were wrong, too, to let Mr. Ruskin's "veto" upon theology as a science for ladies lack our hearty indorsement. There is no need to teach them wider charities, or more trustful and unaffected piety. Those, in the true woman, are innate. And if one thing rather than another is calculated to mar and outroot these, it is surely the incompetent intrusion of themselves into the region of religious controversy, "into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred."

AT NIGHT.

BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

Now my hands may rest from labor,
Day with all its care is past;
With my God, myself, my neighbor,
Let my soul's accounts be cast.

Have I prized each inspiration
God hath sent to light my way;
Done the duties of my station,
To his glory, through the day?

Let me now my action measure
By the grace bestowed within;
Have I kept mine eyes from pleasure,
That would lead my heart to sin?

Have I sought my neighbor's blessing,
Prized his welfare as my own;
And when ills were on him pressing,
Aid and comfort to him shown?

Ah, alas! my soul's petition
Still must be each day I live,
For omission and commission,
In thy mercy, Lord, forgive.

The Children's Repository.

AN HOUR A DAY.

BY MRS. H. M'CONAUGHTY.

MANY a lad, toiling to-day on the farm, or at the mechanic's bench, or perhaps at the fore-castle, longs for a higher intellectual culture, and spends hours in dreaming over what he might be and do if he only had an education. The most part only dream because they do not make an effort to advance themselves. It is not because the majority have not talent enough to secure an education, but because they have not energy enough to develop their resources.

Now, there is hardly a boy or a girl who has not some leisure hour in the day which might be given to reading. If he will faithfully improve that, he will surely make great progress in intelligence. The word improve implies that you read the right kind of books; you had better keep to your hoe or work-bench than to read bad ones; you might as well try to feed your body on chaff as to enrich your mind by reading novels.

A shoemaker's lad in Vermont formed the resolution, when he was fourteen years old, of reading one hour a day, and he has followed it faithfully for over thirty years. During that time he has mastered, without a teacher, the whole science of mathematics, has made himself familiar with the natural sciences, collecting and arranging a beautiful zoological cabinet, besides various herbariums which take rank among the first collections of the kind in the United States, particularly his collection of ferns. He is an excellent astronomer, a good Latin scholar, and is perfectly at home in the department of general literature. He has collected a large library by being frugal in his other expenditures, and in it he ever finds new sources of delight. No fear of his ever getting ashore for want of useful things to study. The range of science and literature is wide enough to occupy all of man's short life-time. And no doubt, with all his acquirements, he feels that he has but just entered on the sea of knowledge.

Now, you know we used to write in our first copy-books, "What man has done, man can do again," and it is worth remembering. You can hardly limit your own ability if you only have perseverance and energy of purpose. Half a resolution never accomplished any thing. No

matter how great your difficulties, you can master them if you only have the spirit necessary.

A poor lad used to take his book in the street and read before the brightly-lighted shop windows; and when the shops were closed, rather than give up the enjoyment, he would climb up the street lamp-post and hold on with one arm, while he held his book with the other. Now, there is not a boy or girl who reads this who is too poor to have a lamp or a candle-light for an hour in the evening at his own home.

William Cobbet, who afterward became so distinguished, had to labor under even greater disadvantages. He was a poor soldier, living on sixpence a day, and the most of his studying, he tells us, was done with the edge of his guard bed for a seat, his knapsack for a book-case, and a board lying across his lap for a desk. He could buy no oil or candles, and must take his turn at reading by the camp-fire. To buy a pen and a sheet of paper, he was obliged to go without a portion of food, though almost starving, and all his studying was done in the midst of a company of thoughtless soldiers, forever talking, singing, or whistling, and that, too, at any odd minutes he could manage to pick up. Will you ever think again that you have no advantages for improving yourselves? If you wait for every thing to be smooth and easy before you, life will all slip away and you will never have accomplished half your Creator designed you should. He places difficulties before you for the very purpose of trying your mettle, of teaching you your own strength or weakness. He knows when you successfully battle with and overcome them, and he also notes when you allow sloth to bind his fetters about you.

Robert Bloomfield, who occupies such an honorable niche among the British poets, was a poor shoemaker's apprentice, and by improving all his spare minutes became well stored with intellectual riches, poor as he was in other respects. It did not seem very likely, as he used to bend over his lowly bench, pegging away at his humble occupation, that he would ever be the companion of the most learned and respected men of the land. But if we only faithfully make the most of our abilities, we do not know what the Lord may have in store for us.

Who would have thought when they looked on Hugh Miller, toiling for his daily bread in a stone quarry, dealing blow after blow upon the hard rock, as if he had no thought in the world beyond the present task, that the wisest and greatest men of the world would delight to sit at his feet as humble learners; that they would

regard no praise too high, no honor too great to bestow upon him. When he was a boy he knew no more of geology than you do. But he studied. You may do the same. You may become a great geologist, or botanist, or astronomer, if you only have the will-power and the industry. You never will if you are accustomed to waste time, unless you "right about face," and learn to be miserly of it. It is a great deal better than to be miserly of money.

It is of great importance what you read in these early years, and as your judgment may not be the safest to follow, it is well to ask the advice of some reliable literary person—as your teacher or parents. Still it is important to consult your own particular taste, if that has not been perverted by reading common works of fiction. If that is the case, and you are not willing to break away from the chains which they have thrown around you, you had better give up all hope of ever making any literary attainments. Your mind will all be frittered away on vanities lighter than air; your taste for any thing sound or useful utterly destroyed, a great bar thrown across your pathway toward heaven. Remember that these first books you read attentively will be remembered. You may forget a great deal afterward, but these will be stamped like adamant on your heart. They may decide what you will be and do in life. O, there is such a might in these first books!

You can not tell how useful they may be to you in after years. Dr. Arnold quoted accurately from a book he read when he was eight years old, forty years afterward. He had never seen the book in the mean time. He read it attentively, you may be sure. Remember, it is better to read one page carefully, so you will remember what it says, than to read fifty carelessly. So one good book thoroughly read is of more use to you than a dozen skimmed over. It was the saying of a deep scholar in human nature, "Beware of the man of one book." He who reads a little thoroughly would be so skilled that it would be difficult to controvert him.

Have a system about your reading. Begin a book and finish before you give it up. It is interesting to have on hand more than one book at a time, in which you can read in turn.

But whatever else you neglect, do not forget to have a "book of white paper," a note-book, in which you can take down useful points you wish to remember, and trains of thought which may have been awakened in your own mind. It will be a high source of improvement to you, and after a little practice will become a delightful employment. It will be difficult at the first, no doubt, but write just what strikes you most

impressively, and with the understanding that it is for nobody's eye but your own, and you will soon get over your reluctance. Now do not say, I have not money enough to buy a nice blank book, so there is no use for me to try. A prisoner once wished to write down the thoughts that were constantly crowding in his mind, on some favorite science, but he had no book, nor paper, nor pen. He was allowed a few printed books and an occasional newspaper, so he wrote out a valuable scientific work on the margins of his books and papers, with ink made of candle snuff and water, and with a pen made of a bit of stick. You will hardly be reduced to such straits as that. A sheet of foolscap folded into four leaves is a very good book to begin with. As you improve you will no doubt find a way to get a better one.

A writer who stands high in the first literary circles in our land, whose services are often sought for on literary, festive occasions, was accustomed, when a youth, to thus save his best thoughts, on subjects suggested by his readings or his observations among men. Sometimes he would have a quire of paper written over with them, and they were sure to come useful in his varied writings. A good writer is like a bee which culls its honey from flowers far and near. "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," may sometimes furnish a crystal drop of surpassing sweetness.

"But with all your gettings get understanding." A knowledge of Christian truth is the very best of all possessions. Without it the highest attainments will only increase your misery in the life to come. Unsanctified wisdom is not worth the getting. Let a part of your reading time be given to the best of books, if you would have the blessing of God upon the rest.

Who will form this resolution of reading an hour a day, and carry it out faithfully for the next year? I should love to hear from any boy or girl who has carried out such a plan for a year, and learn what progress they have made. Note down carefully the books you have read, and the dates of commencing and finishing. Remember that the more slowly and thoughtfully you read, the greater will be your improvement. You can not impress this too deeply upon your mind.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

"ANCH IO SON PITTORE."

BY SOPHIA VAN NAYRE.

"I ALSO am a painter." This is the meaning of these strange Italian words, dear children, once spoken by the great artist, Coreggio. His true name was Antonio Allegri, of the town of Coreggio, but he was often called simply Coreggio. Although very poor, he spared no labor or expense to render himself master of the art he had chosen, for he thought it was glorious to be a great painter. The materials he used were always the best that could be procured; and he thought no sacrifice too great, and no labor too severe which added to the beauty of his pictures. The faces he painted were as beautiful as those men sometimes see in their dreams; and when he pictured an angel it seemed lovely enough to have just descended from the sky. He worked thus patiently for years in humble poverty, every day creating some new image of beauty, and striving to place upon canvas the sweet visions that filled his thoughts. It is wonderful that he should have become so great an artist with no master to direct him, and having no great paintings with which to compare his own. He, himself, scarcely knew with how noble a gift God had intrusted him, till he stood, at last, before a painting done by the great master Raphael. Then, when he saw that his own works resembled this and were almost as beautiful, his heart swelled with a great joy, and he cried, "Anch io son Pittore."

Painting is indeed a noble art, and Coreggio did well to be joyful; but there is an art more sublime and far more beautiful. It is a kind of painting Time can never destroy, and which grows only more beautiful as ages advance. This art is the painting of the image of Christ on the soul. Those who paint are the pastors and teachers whom God has chosen, and their pictures are made upon the heart of a little child.

Would you not, my child, like some day to be a painter in this divine school? See what they paint. It is the Babe of Bethlehem in his mother's arms at the Christmas time, receiving from that humble throne the homage of both lowly shepherds and Magi of the East. Then it is the child Jesus subject to his parents, and showing that perfect obedience which is the example for us all. Then it is that innocent child grown into a perfect man, going about among the cruel Jews with blessing in his heart and on his lips. It is the Divine Master, the only Son of God, upon the cross, a sacrifice for

the sins of the world, and freely giving his precious life for our sake because he loved us.

So is the lovely image painted upon human hearts. And if the painter's work is not marred by evil passions, all the blessed traits of our Savior are copied one by one, till the child becomes like him in obedience, like him in love, like him in all things.

Is it not a noble thing to be a Christ painter? And you may be one, my dear child, if you will. Try to do good to some one, try to be kind and forgiving, set an example of a holy life, and you will influence some heart so that the image of Christ will begin to appear there. Then, when he comes to search for his painters, how will your heart beat with joy if he counts you among them! When, for the first time, you behold him and perceive traces of his loveliness in your own soul, and other souls which you have fashioned, you may say, "Lord, I have wrought alone, in humbleness and poverty. My soul was filled with visions of glory and beauty, but I knew not if my work were worthy of thee, my unseen Master. But now am I satisfied to awake in thy likeness. Am I not also thy painter? Dost thou not own even me?"

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THERE is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But they who boldly enter in
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travelers spread;

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble ways should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;
"The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold."

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

THE FORTUNATE SHORE.
FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

ON a dry and desert island of the great ocean lived a father and mother with their two children. The family had been cast there by a shipwreck. A cave in the rock was their dwelling, a few herbs and roots of shrubs was all they had to eat, and one little spring of water furnished them drink.

The children had no remembrance of the manner in which they came into the island. They could not tell what bread was, nor milk, nor fruits, and all the joys of the world were unknown to them. But one day there came a little boat to the island, rowed by four black men. This event caused great joy to the parents, for it gave them hopes of being delivered from their sufferings. The boat was too frail, however, to take all the family at once to the main land, so the father undertook the journey first. The mother and children wept when they saw him enter the boat, which seemed so light to hold him and the four black men, but he told them not to weep, for he would be better off on the other shore, and they should soon follow.

When the boat returned and took the mother the children wept again bitterly, but she, also, told them not to weep, for they should soon see each other in a better country. Finally the boat came back and took the two children. They were much afraid of the black men. They trembled when the little, frail bark was tossed upon the waves. But in the midst of their fears and tremblings they approached the looked-for land. What was their joy when they saw their parents running toward them on the shore, with their arms extended to embrace them! They led them under the shadow of some great palm-trees and placed them upon the flowery turf, and then gave them milk, and honey, and delicious fruits to eat. "O! how foolish was our fear," said the children. "Instead of being afraid we should have been rejoiced at the approach of these black men who were to bring us into this beautiful country."

"But, my dear children," said the father, "our passage from the desert island to this happy place ought to teach us a lesson of deep meaning. We all have, some day, another long journey to make, but it will be into a country full of delights. The whole earth is an island which we must soon leave. The beautiful country on which we have just landed is an image, although a very imperfect one, of the heaven to which we are going. The passage over the

great ocean is death. The bark which brought us here is an image of the coffin in which four men clothed in black shall carry us from the dark night of death to a glorious day.

"Therefore, when the hour of departure shall sound for you, for your mother, or for me, do not be frightened, for death, to virtuous souls, is only the passage from this valley of tears to the land of blessedness and beauty."

Soon we shall touch on that fortunate shore
Where winds nor storms can trouble us more.

THE CHILD THAT PRAYED.

A POOR widow, somewhere in Germany, named Theresa, said, one morning, to her five children, who were all very young, "My dear children, I can not give you any breakfast this morning; I have no bread, no flour, and not an egg in the house. I have earned no money for several days; pray that the good Lord will come to our aid, for he is rich, and has all power, and he has said, 'Call upon me in distress and I will help you.'" Little Christian, who was scarcely six years old, without any breakfast, sadly took his way to school. In passing before the church he saw the door open, so he entered and kneeled before the altar. As he saw no one he pronounced in a loud voice this prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven, we are five poor little children who have nothing to eat. Our mamma has no bread, no flour, and no eggs; give us something to eat that we may not die of hunger. O, God, come and help us, you who are so rich and so powerful! It is easy for you to do us good, and you have promised it; deign now to fulfill thy promise." It was thus that Christian prayed, in the simplicity of his young heart, then he went to school. When he returned home what was his surprise to see upon the table a great loaf of bread, a large dish of flour, and a basket full of eggs! "God be praised," cried he, "transported with joy; he has heard my prayer. Tell me, mamma, was it not an angel who brought all these things in by the window?"

"No my child," replied the mother; "however, God did hear your prayer. While you prayed before the altar, the wife of our mayor was kneeling in a little chapel close by; you did not see her, but she saw and heard you. This charitable lady hurried to relieve us, and she is that kind angel whom God sent to our aid. Now, my dear children, let us thank God, rejoice, and never forget this beautiful maxim:

'On the goodness of God let us ever repose,
Who, wonderful help, for our many needs knows.'

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development, so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character and dispositions of the brother, yet, if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily spell in its advocacy! Next to a mother's unquenchable love a sister's is preëminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seed of hatred, envy, or revenge in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness and a depth, which can not be properly appreciated by man. In these regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of affections, more sincere truth and true feeling may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love in this respect is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpouring; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

PLEASANT HOMES.—The homes of America will not become what they should be till a true idea of life shall be more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than any thing—than all things else. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meager, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after-life will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with higher significance; and the old shell of

home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's money and the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves, and for your children, a home that will never be parted with—a home which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting, precious spot on earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then I would see you young husbands, and young wives happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

BABY LILLY.—From a dainty little volume of still daintier poems by Lucy Hamilton Hooper, published by F. Leypoldt, Philadelphia, we print the following. Unpretentious, pure, neatly worded, and sorrowful, it will touch your hearts and dampen "your een."

She was a purer, fairer bud
Than Summer's sun unclothes;
Spring brought her with the violets;
She left us with the roses.

A little pillow, where the print
Of her small head yet lingers;
A silver coral, tarnished o'er
With clasp of tiny fingers:

A mound, the rose-bush at the head
Were all too long to measure;
And this is all that Heaven has left
Of her, our little treasure.

O human pearl, so pale and pure!
O little lily blossom!
The angels lent a little space
To grace a mortal bosom.

The azure heavens bend above,
Unpitying and cruel;
A casket all too cold and vast
To shrine our little jewel.

We can not picture her to mind,
An angel, crowned and holy;
A fair and helpless human thing,
Our hearts still keep her solely.

Sleep, baby, calmly in thy nest
Amid the fading flowers,
The while we strive to learn the words:
"God's will be done—not ours!"

THE RULING PASSION—WHAT IS IT?—A lady correspondent of the "Western Presbyterian" writes, under the above caption, the following sensible article upon one of the prevailing errors of the day. We commend it to our fair readers:

"If it be true, as has been said or written, that 'there is no age of the world, no phase of society, in which we do not find one peculiar form of evil over-riding every other—then, in this land, where Christianity has poured its fullest light, and God's hand so visibly controls the human will, what shape does this dominant power take? In an age when the arts are reaching a standard unattained heretofore, save by the world's old masters; in an age when learned and brilliant men and women are giving felicitous expression to the holiest as well as the grandest forms of human thought; in an age when education lies a free gift at every man's door; above all, in an age when the largest means of doing good lie within our grasp—when the fields are already white to the harvest and the laborers so few—shall we dare to pronounce what this "o'ermastering evil" is? Shall we dare to name *extravagance in dress and living* as its most palpable form? Yet if we go so far, does not the proof lie all around us? Are not the hands that should be busy in Christ's kingdom full of the world's glittering trifles? Are not the feet that should press forward to the mark, keeping time to pleasure's bewildering music? And the heart and brain—what are they doing? The one filling its aching void with the husks of fashion! The other lowering and cramping its splendid energies to meet the cravings of society's palate—while that mysterious essence, the soul, is bound down by these invisible cords that would paralyze a giant's strength!

"There is a story told of two travelers, who, passing through a Persian graveyard, stopped to read an inscription which ran thus: 'Here lies the soul of one whose name shall perish.'

"After pondering over this strange epitaph they went their way, one saying—how absurd, how can a man's soul be contained in a tomb? But the other—a man of sagacity—believed some hidden meaning lay in the inscription, and turning back lifted the stone to find under it a casket filled with gold, and engraved on the inner lid this sentence: 'To him who can interpret the meaning of the words on the tombstone, I bequeath this treasure. May he make a better use of it than I did!'

"In this story lies a terrible warning for us. We may go on in this delicious pursuit of vanity, and no note of warning startle us out of our Sybarite slumbers; no sun-stroke of God's wrath blast our gourd. Yet beware! Over the door-ways of our houses, filled with all that taste can suggest and wealth purchase; over the temples of pleasure, where so many of those who have covenanted to keep themselves unspotted from the world, are nightly found; on the lids of those Saratoga mausoleums, crammed with a wardrobe that would amply clothe God's naked poor, an invisible hand may be writing: 'Here lies the soul of one whose name shall perish.'"

CHEERFUL WOMEN.—O, if "gloomy" women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principles, has learned to take all things on the bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all perfect love, the best offering we can make to him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of evil; like a child who, when once it believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

Among the secondary influences which can be employed, either by or upon a naturally-anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as that so often referred to—constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong physical tendency to depression that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied.—*Miss Mulock.*

THE CHEERFUL VOICE.—The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will and must, of course, come, but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For as we advance in years our lives become more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices.

We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook, that used to prattle so gayly to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens! And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being whose harp of life so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our homes.

AFFLICTION.—It is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed on a better state. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher power those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we consider as the attainments of our policy or courage.

WITTY AND WISE.

TWO SIDES OF ONE TRANSACTION.—A few days since, writes a friend, as I was sitting with brother D., in his office in Court Square, a client came in and said: "Squire D., W., the stabler, shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," says D.

"I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Dedham. He said one dollar and a half. I took the team, and when I came back I paid him one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted another dollar and a half for coming back, and made me pay it."

D. gave him some legal advice, which he acted on as follows:

He went to the stabler and said:

"How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Salem?"

Stabler replied, "Five dollars."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to the stable and said:

"Here is your money," paying him five dollars.

"Where is my horse and wagon," says W.

"He is at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

A WITTY FERRYMAN.—Before a certain bridge was built in Lancashire, England, passengers were ferried over by an eccentric boatman living near the bank. A nobleman who used to cross frequently, was accustomed to give the boatman a shilling, although the regular fare was only a penny. One day when crossing he determined to surprise the boatman, and accordingly on reaching the opposite shore he stepped ashore and walked away without even putting his hand into his pocket. The ferryman, in great astonishment, looked after him a moment, and then called out, "My Lord, if ye have lost yer purse remember it was not in my boat." The nobleman immediately rewarded his wit with double the usual fee.

TOO MUCH BUSINESS.—Little "Mame" was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued:

Mamma.—"Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?"

Mamma.—"Yes, I hope so, child."

Mame.—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome."

Mamma.—"O, I hope your papa will go too."

Mame.—"O no, papa can't go, he can't leave the store."

Mamma thought she had a good one on papa, as he can't often "leave the store" to go to prayer meeting.

BEHIND HAND.—One of Gough's stories was a neat bit at those dilatory people who are behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you be long to the three-handed people." "Three handed; that's rather uncommon." "O no, common enough—two hands like other people—and a little behind hand!"

QUITE COOL.—A friend of ours has a little four-year-old urchin who has some "cute" ideas as well as funny

ways of "putting" things. A few days since his mother found him in mischief, and said to him, "Why, L., what are you doing?" "Why, ma, don't get so nervous," was the calm, complacent response.

FORGETTING THE CLERGYMAN.—A clergyman on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after in a social gathering, took up the baby and exclaimed: "I believe I have a mortgage on this child!" Baby's father, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a \$5 bill.

AN IMPERTINENT BOY.—"Mister, how do you sell beef this morning?"

"Why, twenty-five cents a pound; how much will you have?"

"Twenty-five cents a pound, eh? have you got a heart, sir?"

"No, just sold it."

"Well, I just knowed that you could not have a heart, and ax twenty-five cents a pound for beef. I'm sorry you sold it, because I'd like to have some meat."

THE FATTED CALF.—A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and fattened calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"

"A female," promptly replied the divine.

"How do you know that?"

"Because," looking the man steady in the face, "I see that the male is alive now."

QUICK AND SHARP.—Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through the street, he was accosted by a would-be wit: "I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Came the answer sharp and quick, "The same as happened to me—an ass spoke to him!"

LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity court?" "Very little in the end," replied his lordship; "they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum."

RELIGION AND TRADE.—At Springfield, Massachusetts, there is a pop-corn man, who is also a good Methodist; but he got business badly mingled with spiritual, at a late prayer meeting, when he attempted to join in the hearty response of "amen," he cried out instead, "Pop-corn!"

A DIFFERENT VIEW OF IT.—"Mary," said a wise and witty old lady, the other day to her granddaughter, "what do you call that ugly bunch that hangs down behind your head?" "Why, grandmother, every body knows it is a 'water-fall.'" "A water-fall, indeed!" replied the old lady, "it looks for all the world like a 'land-slide.'"

Scripture Sancti.

A WONDERFUL PRAYER.—The following beautiful passage from the pen of Rev. Dr. Conrad we extract from the *Evangelical Quarterly Review*. Of what else than the Lord's Prayer could such language be used?

"In its anthropology it fathoms all the wants of men, and in its theology it reveals all the supplies of God. In its profundity it stretches beyond the knowledge of the wise, and in its simplicity it does not overtax the capacity of the simple. It is appropriate whether offered by the reverend lips of age, or lisped by the prattling tongue of childhood. It is adapted to all classes and sexes, under all circumstances and in all conditions. It suits the convicted sinner, and the rejoicing convert, as well as the declining backslider and the advancing professor. It will express the feelings of those treading the vale of affliction, and the exultations of those standing on the mount of God. It furnishes all needed supplies to those bearing the weighty responsibilities of life, as well as to those experiencing the solemn realities of death. It may be used becomingly by the minister in the sanctuary, by the Christian in the prayer meeting, by the mother in the nursery, by the father at the family altar, and by the saint in his closet. The individual amid the daily changes of life, from morn to eve, from Spring to Winter, from birth to death, will find it adequate to meet his wants at all times and in all seasons. And the Church, whether engaged in laying the foundation, or in rearing the superstructure, or in completing the superincumbent dome of the temple of salvation; whether contending with adversity in the desert, or threatened with destruction in the furnace; whether grappling in deadly conflict with the powers of darkness, or exulting in the achievements of triumph; in all her sufferings and trials, in all her reverses and victories, in all her declensions and revivals, during the past, in the present, and for the future, has needed, does need, and will need nothing more than what she has offered and promised her in the Lord's Prayer. It begins with God as the Father of all beings, it descends to earth, and scatters his blessings upon it, and then returns to him again, freighted with glory. Well may Tertullian declare it to be an epitome of the Gospel, and Augustine affirm that it contains an ocean of matter in a drop of words.

"The scribe has been employed for centuries in multiplying copies of it. The printer has issued repeated editions of it. The poet has clothed it in the beauty of thought. The musician has sung and played it in the enchanting strain of melody. The orator has proclaimed it with the trumpet sound of eloquence. The sculptor has given it a tongue, and made even the lips of the cold marble move and speak it. The painter has touched the sleeping canvas till it awoke and prayed it. The engraver has inscribed it upon wood and stone, steel and brass, silver and gold, the nut and the gem. The catechist has explained it in his catechism; Churchman has incorporated it into his liturgy. The divine has given it a place in his system of theology. The expositor has expounded it in the com-

mentary. The author has elaborated it in his work. The pastor has preached it in his sermons.

"It has sealed the vow of betrothal at the hymeneal altar. It has administered the consolations of the Gospel to the bereaved around the open grave. It has ratified the covenant of consecration at the baptismal font, and it has consecrated the elements at the sacred feast of the communion. It has constituted an ornament in the nursery. It has graced the walls of the parlor. It has been welcomed as a monitor in the school-room; and inscribed upon the walls of the sanctuary, it has invited the worshipers to prayer."

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.—The preacher is the steward of God, the messenger of mercy, and the servant of the Church.

His commission is from heaven, his calling from on high, his qualifications divine.

The Scriptures, his armory; righteousness, his vesture; truth, his girdle; salvation, his helmet; and faith his shield.

His message, mercy; his theme, Jesus; his glorying, the Cross; his aim, human salvation.

With a heart of benevolence, bowels of compassion, and a conscience of fidelity.

With a clear perception, a discerning judgment, a magnanimous spirit, and an enduring perseverance.

Favored with the eagle's eye, the lion's courage, and the oxen's strength, humanity's tenderness, and a seraph's love.

Faithful to his soul, zealous for God, and compassionate to men.

Heavenly in his aspirations, disinterested in his motives, generous in his emotions, and devotional in his spirit.

A lover of good men, a hater of iniquity.

Not greedy of lucre, not thirsting for power, not eager for fame, not given to wine.

Self-denying in life, unwearied in toil, uncompromising in principle, and instant in season and out.

The guardian of youth, the counselor of the perplexed, the consoler of sorrow, the visitor of the afflicted, the advocate of the widow, the friend of all, the enemy of none.

Holding forth the word of light, breaking the bread of life, dispensing the healing virtues of the Cross, and proclaiming to the wretched the acceptable year of the Lord.

His subjects from heaven, in their source; of heaven, in their revelations; and to heaven, in their tendency.

His style clear, his thoughts well ordered, his enunciation distinct, his manner earnest, and his language plain.

Not inflated, pompous, pedantic; not a jester, a mimic, a buffoon.

Not exhibiting self, but Christ; Christ always, and Christ all in all.

Not the minister of mystery, but revelation; not a perplexer, but solver of doubts; not a herald of de-

spair, but of hope; not clad in the habiliments of sorrow, but of joy.

Enlightening the ignorant, cheering the penitential, comforting the distressed, reproofing the wayward, admonishing the thoughtless, warning the reckless, and threatening the obdurate.

Preaching repentance, faith, and salvation. Preaching mercy, truth, and holiness.

Preaching justice, benevolence, and pity.

Preaching death, resurrection, judgment, and eternity.

Preaching supreme homage and love to God, self-government, and self-denial, worldly non-conformity, and kindness and good-will to men.

Preaching the law and the Gospel, grace and truth, the prophets and the evangelists; but preaching Christ as the end of all, the sum of all, and the glory of all.

Preaching down sin, and preaching up purity.

Preaching down self, and preaching up grace.

Preaching down error, and preaching up truth.

Preaching hope to the self-condemned, abasement to the proud, spirituality to the formal, and a heaven of rest and blessedness to the renewed pilgrims and sojourners of earth.

Preacher of righteousness! how high thine office, how sublime thy calling, how arduous thy work, how enormous thy charge; but if faithful, how transcendently glorious thy reward! For as heaven's resplendent orbs, or the brightness of the milky way, shalt thou shine forever and ever.—*Jabez Burns, D. D.*

PREACHING CHRIST.—Bernard, preaching one day very scholastically, the learned thanked him, but not the godly; but when, another day, he preached plainly, the good people came blessing God for him, and gave him many thanks, which some scholars wondered at. "Ah," said he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day I preached Christ. It is not learning, but teaching; not the wisdom of words, but the evidence and demonstration of the Spirit, that is welcome to the saints." The glory of the Gospel was understood well by Bernard; it was to the poor our Lord said it was preached.

THE BANDS OF ORION.—"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" *Job.*

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or bands of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation, from year to year, and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom "passing away!" it is comforting to look up to this bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the restless surges of time's great ocean. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is constant change. In vast courses, with incon-

ceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centers, and ever shifting their position in space, and ever passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hill-side with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling all the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill frozen by the distance into silence and rest—a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

Mysterious triplet of stars, that are ever changing, and yet never seeming to change! How wonderful must be the Power which preserves such order amid all their complex arrangements, such sublime peace and everlasting permanence, amid the incalculable distances to which they wander, and the bewildering velocities with which they move! What answer can Job give to the question of the Almighty? Can man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and who is crushed before the moth, unclasp that brilliant starry bracelet which God's own hand has fastened on the dusky arm of night? Can man separate these stars from one another, or alter their relative positions in the smallest degree? What is it that controls all their movements, and keeps them united together in their peculiar forms? It is not mere mechanical agency, originated and uncontrolled, but the delegated power of the Almighty—the will of Him who has the keys of the universe, and "shutteth, and no man openeth; and openeth, and no man shutteth."

How sublime the thought that the same Power which binds the starry bands of Orion, keeps together the particles of the common stone by the wayside—that those mighty masses are controlled by the same Almighty influence which regulates the falling of the snow-flake and the gentle breath of Summer—that directs the motions of the minutest animalcule, and weaves the attenuated line of the gossamer.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"IS GOD INFLUENCED BY PRAYER?"—Yes. If any thing is certain, that is certain. Hear his own words: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." "Ask and ye shall receive." "Whatsoever he shall ask in my name, that will I do." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." These declarations are entirely explicit, and they admit of but one interpretation. They show not only a command for prayer, but also a promise for prayer. Our blessed Lord spake a parable to this end, that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." He spake another parable to the end that men should persist in prayer; and that persistency in prayer shall be rewarded. "But your trouble arises from God's immutability." No, it does not; it arises from your failing to distinguish between the immutability of God and the immutability of a mountain. You first assume what God has no where affirmed, and then gravely inquire how this impediment is to be surmounted. There is no impediment; none whatever. God is immutably determined to hear and to reward prayer. He is unalterably pledged to bestow blessings on those who fervently pray for them, which he will not give to those who do not ask. If you believe this, stick to your belief, and act upon it.—*Congregationalist.*

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

AN ITEM ON RINGS.—The ring is oftentimes used as an emblem of friendship or love; and that feeling is so entirely different from vanity, that we may consider the jewel an appropriate reminder. In earlier days this rule was more rigidly observed than at present. A subject's life, perchance, depended upon the circlet placed upon his finger by his queen, or a traveler might pass unmolested through robber bands with the same signal. Some of olden times were of such curious workmanship and devices, that we may look upon them as rare specimens of ancient feelings and ideas. One of French invention was composed of double hoops joined like the links of a chain, thus making two separate rings united, but the sides so shaped and grooved that, bringing the hoops together, they formed one separate ring—emblematic of two souls joined, two lives in union.

An English ring wrought of silver is yet preserved in the collection of ancient curiosities, although five hundred years have passed since it graced a fair finger. It opens horizontally, and upon each inner half is inscribed a Latin motto. One half is set with a diamond upon the outside, the other with a ruby, while upon the inside, directly opposite, are two minute figures.

The Roman marriage ring was fashioned of iron, copper, or brass. It consisted of a plain band with a key placed at right angles, to illustrate the fact that the wife had taken possession of her husband's keys. Bronze rings delighted the Romans, and their workmanship was very fine and intricate.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.—The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many millions tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one 75 per cent., the other 90 per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stones of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium

through which that mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the trees. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

IS THE EARTH'S CENTER A MASS OF FIRE?—Mr. John Calvin Moss, of England, contests the much-vexed theory that the center of the earth is a mass of fire and molten rock, over which a crust has formed, proportionally a mere shell, on which we live.

"The idea that the interior of our globe is a vast fiery ocean doubtless arose," says Mr. Moss, "from the idea that heat was a material substance, and would have to pass off into space before the earth could cool; whereas the more modern researches of science show that heat is no more a material substance than motion, gravitation, or magnetism, but that it is merely a condition of matter; and that, in the case in question, instead of passing off from the earth, it would only become, by a gradual chemical action, fixed or latent.

"But even supposing that cooling would or did take place, it is a well-known fact that all substances—water in the state of ice alone excepted—increase in density and weight as their heat is diminished, so that the cooler portions would be the first to sink from the surface toward the center. Is it not quite evident that those substances most difficult of fusion and possessing the greatest specific gravity would therefore be the first to find their way to the center? Now gold, platinum, and a few of the precious metals possess these qualities in a high degree above all other known substances, and though we know them to be scarce on the surface of the earth, we have no assurance that they are not abundant in nature. I believe that the interior of the earth is abundantly supplied with, if not composed of them.

"The specific gravity of the earth has been variously calculated at 4.95, 5.44, 5.48, and 6.56, while that of platinum is 31.5, and gold 19.3. The specific gravity of the rocks which mainly compose the crust which is under our observation does not exceed 2.5; and supposing that the average density of all the constituents of the earth, except the metals named, is no higher, about one-fifth of the earth may be composed of gold and platinum—a globe four or five thousand miles thick. The value of such a deposit may be dimly imagined, when it is remembered that five million dollars will go in a box two and a-half feet cube. Certainly no safer place for such a deposit could be found than the heart of the earth."

AN ATOM OF AIR.—A German professor has been trying to measure the "ultimate atoms." From certain theoretical data he finds the thickness of an atom of atmospheric air to be 3,937 hundred thousand millionths of an inch. In a cubic foot of air he calculates

there are 216,000,000,000,000,000 atoms. This confident arithmetician also says that an atom of air weighs just fifteen ten-thousandths of a grain. This is the last degree of science.

THE IRIDOSCOPE.—M. Moudin, of Paris, has added another of these ingenious instruments—the iridoscope—by the aid of which an individual is able to see all that is going on in his own eye. It is simply an opaque shell to cover the eye, pierced in the center with a very small hole. On looking through steadfastly at the sky, or at any diffused light, the observer may watch the tears streaming over the globe, and note the dilation and contraction of the iris, and even see the aqueous humor poured in when the eye is fatigued by a long observation. It is needless to say that with the aid of this instrument a man can easily find out for himself whether he has a cataract or not. If he has, he will only see a sort of veil covering the luminous disk which is seen by a healthy eye. The instrument is certainly simple and curious, and will no doubt excite attention in those who are anxious to know more of themselves. An "iridoscope" may be readily extemporized by making a hole in the bottom of a pill-box with a fine needle.

TO KEEP TIRES ON WHEELS.—I ironed a wagon one year ago for my own use, and before putting on the tires I filled the felloes with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use several years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the felloes with oil is as follows: I use a long cast iron heater, made for the purpose. The oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil each felloe, an hour for a common-sized felloe. The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil be no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible to water, and the timber is much more durable.

INTENSE HEAT FROM GAS.—M. Schloesing, a German chemist, has succeeded, it is said, in discovering an arrangement by which an intense heat, sufficient to melt iron, can be obtained from ordinary gas. The principle of his contrivance is the complete combustion of proportionate amounts of gas and air within a confined space. A copper tube, carefully pierced, is the chief instrument in securing these results. M. Schloesing was able to melt a piece of iron, weighing four hundred grammes, in twenty minutes.

METHODISM IN NEW ENGLAND.—From the statistical report made to the late Centenary convention held in the city of Boston we gather the following interesting items:

"The Methodist Church in New England contains 104,000 members and local preachers, 111,000 Sabbath school scholars, 370,000 volumes in the Sabbath school libraries.

There are 910 church edifices and 430 parsonages, valued at \$1,250,000, or \$40 to each member. The largest average is in Rhode Island, where the value of property to each member is \$81.

There are 13 educational institutions, with 113 instructors, 3,368 pupils, and property worth \$670,000.

Since 1860 there have been added 12,000 Sabbath school children, 30,000 volumes, 50 churches, 40 parsonages, and \$1,000,000 in church property.

In 1800 the Church numbered 5,800 members, and in no decade since had decreased. From 1820 to 1840 the increase was 9 per cent. annually; from 1840 to 1860 the average increase was 1½ per cent.

In 1800 the Methodists were 1 to 211 people in New England; in 1830, 1 to 44; in 1866, 1 to every 29. The proportion is largest in Vermont and Maine, or 1 to 21; and least in Rhode Island, 1 to 37.

The Congregational is the largest evangelical denomination in New England; the Methodist the second; the Baptist the third.

The average salaries of Methodist preachers in 1860 was \$468; in 1866 it was \$610. In the mean time the cost of living has more than doubled. The increase of salaries has been highest in the Providence Conference, equal to 36 per cent.

Not including home charities, \$23,000 was given for benevolent purposes in the year.

SICILIAN MODE OF EATING STRAWBERRIES.—It is the custom throughout Sicily to eat strawberries along with sugar and the juice of an orange or two. The strawberries, a small kind, come to the table without stalks, are crushed with white powdered sugar, and the juice of an orange is squeezed over them. The result is a most fragrant and agreeable compound, much superior, in my opinion, to strawberries and cream. Indeed, I think it is all but worth while to make a journey to Sicily to be initiated into this mode of eating strawberries.

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS REVEALED.—The Paris *Moniteur* lately made the following remarkable statement:

"The town of Edcemiadzin, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia, the residence of the Patriarch, contains a splendid library, composed of three thousand Armenian manuscripts of which the literary world was hitherto quite ignorant. A catalogue of the collection has now been printed, and presents a vast field for researchers into the religious and political history of Central Asia. It reveals the existence of unknown works by the fathers of the Church, and of fragments of Diodorus, Siculus, and of Aristotle. The Armenian Patriarch states, in an official preface, that those manuscripts which have been kept secret will be for the future not only open to examination, but that extracts may be taken for learned men in all parts of the world, if they pay the cost of copying."

ELECTRICITY OF THE OCEAN.—The Paris correspondent of the *Chemical News* states that an important experiment has been made by M. Duchemin during a holiday at the seaside. He made a small cork buoy, and fixed to it a disk of charcoal containing a small plate of zinc. He then threw the buoy into the sea, and connected it with copper wires to an electric alarm on the shore. The alarm instantly began to ring, and has gone on ringing ever since, and it is added that sparks may be drawn between the two ends of the wire. Thus the ocean seems to be a powerful and inexhaustible source of electricity, and the small experiment of M. Duchemin may lead to most important results.

Centenary Record.

HECK HALL.

BY REV. J. SMART.

As it is now certain that this memorial edifice will be erected, and as the Ladies' Repository was in some sense the occasion of its origin, I trust it will not be altogether uninteresting to your readers to learn how the idea of it was first suggested.

The necessity of erecting suitable and permanent buildings for the Garrett Biblical Institute had long been felt by the Faculty and Trustees. At last they resolved not only to appeal to the public for this purpose, but to come forward themselves and head the subscription, Rev. Dr. Kidder giving one thousand dollars, Rev. Dr. Raymond one hundred, and Rev. Dr. Bannister one hundred. On the part of the Trustees, O. Lunt, Esq., gave one thousand dollars, John V. Farwell, Esq., one thousand, Hon. Grant Goodrich five hundred, and Rev. Dr. T. M. Eddy two hundred.

The enterprise had also received the unmistakable sanction of the Bishops. Bishop Baker, from whom I received my original appointment as Financial Agent, and who gives a thousand dollars as a Centenary offering to the New England Institute, assured me that, in his opinion, the work was worthy of any man, and that nothing that I could do would more effectually advance the interests of Christ's kingdom.

Bishop Ames manifested his interest in it by subscribing five hundred dollars, Bishop Clark one hundred, Bishop Simpson one hundred, and Bishop Kingsley one hundred.

The design was to erect memorial buildings to mark the first Centenary of American Methodism. Accordingly this was one of the first objects placed before the General Centenary Committee at its session in Cleveland, Ohio, February 22, 1865. Bishop Ames introduced the subject, saying that he would not attempt to dictate the policy of the Committee, and that he arose even to make a suggestion with some diffidence at that early stage in its proceedings, but he desired to call attention to the propriety of providing for the upbuilding of our two Biblical Institutes, and for the establishment of a fund for the education of our rising ministry.

His proposition was very thoroughly discussed, and, with some slight modifications as to the fund, very unanimously adopted.

It was felt that nothing was of greater importance to the Church than that our theological schools should be placed, in every respect, upon a first-class basis. The example of our English Wesleyan brethren, who made the erection of buildings for their theological schools the first great object in their Centenary movement, was cited as full of wisdom and worthy of imitation. It was urged that the State makes very ample provision for general education, including all the secular professions, while the entire responsibility of a professional education for those called of God to preach the Gospel devolves upon the Church; that our Church

ought to afford as good facilities for the education of her ministry as any other; that students had sometimes gone to the theological seminaries of other denominations for the sake of superior advantages, but that this was absurd when we have both the men and the means to make our own theological schools equal to the best in the land, and far superior to any other for the education of Methodist ministers.

It was decided, as indeed it before had been by several General Conferences, that these schools, for the education of our common ministry, were properly connectional institutions, under the supervision of the Bishops and the General Conference, and, therefore, legitimately claimed attention from the General Centenary Committee.

In the mind of the Committee their claims took precedence of all others; hence the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, and the General Biblical Institute at Concord, were placed first on the list of objects for the Centenary offerings of the Church.* Our original design of erecting Centenary memorial buildings having thus received the sanction of the highest authorities of the Church, we deemed it expedient to publish circulars in the various Church papers calling the attention of the Methodist public to the importance of our work.

While sending off these circulars the thought suggested itself to my mind, "Why not send one to the Ladies' Repository?" And so I began to write:

"REV. I. W. WILEY, D. D.—*Dear Doctor*,—As this Institution was founded by a lady, perhaps this 'appeal' for it ought to appear in the Ladies' Repository. At any rate you might notice it, and make some extracts from it. Would it not be well for Methodist ladies to aid in erecting memorial buildings upon a foundation laid by one of their own sex?"

Here I paused and began to reflect upon the part borne by women in the history of Methodism. I instantly remembered that the mother of the Wesleys had been called by Isaac Taylor and Dr. Stevens the mother of Methodism. Immediately a confused idea of the part taken in the origin of American Methodism by Mrs. Heck flashed upon my mind. I turned to my library, took down Stevens's History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and found it there recorded that this holy woman had, as a Methodist, made the first earnest assault upon the powers of darkness, delivered the first exhortation, persuaded the first preacher to do his duty, convened the first congregation and class, and planned the first Church edifice of the denomination upon this continent.

* I am aware that this order was changed by the Committee at New York in November, 1865, and that the Centenary Educational Fund was placed first in position and importance. This was not because the claims of the Institutes were reckoned less, but the Fund more. Eight months' consideration had deepened the conviction of the importance of both in the mind of the Committee.

I felt as I never did before that the whole sex was honored by that record, and that if any name in our history deserved to be remembered at such a time as this, it was hers. It seemed to me that especially every Methodist woman would delight to have this record made prominent in this Centenary jubilee.

The great historian of the Church had acknowledged her claims to attention, and had awarded her the honor of being the foundress of American Methodism. In commemorating the origin of Methodism in this country we therefore celebrate her good deeds.

This thought may humble us, but it honors God. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," was Methodism planted in America—this great Church of two millions planted by a poor, humble, but holy woman!

If this be so, her record ought to be written in letters of gold. Her name ought to be engraved on every Methodist heart, and a monument should be erected to her memory which will lift up her holy example in the eyes of all the world forever.

No specific work had hitherto been assigned to the women of the Church in this Centennial celebration. This seemed to me an oversight. What was there so fitting and appropriate for them to do as to erect a monument in honor of Barbara Heck? And where could that monument so appropriately stand as upon the only great foundation in the country laid by one of her own sex? And what could be so significant and expressive a memorial of her who called out the first Methodist minister in this New World as to build up an institution whose very existence is a perpetual reminder of the duty to preach the Gospel, and whose sole business is to prepare men for this holy work?

We had already determined to make our educational building a memorial edifice in a double sense; that is, it is to mark our first Centennial, and at the same time preserve the names of great historical characters in the Church, by having its various departments dedicated to their memory. Thus the chapel is to be called "Dempster Hall," the library perhaps "Elliott Hall," one lecture-room "Asbury Hall." Detroit Conference, by contributing five thousand dollars, is to be permitted to name one apartment "Collins Hall," in honor of Rev. W. H. Collins. Central Illinois Conference, upon the same conditions, is to give the name of Hon. John W. Spencer, of Rock Island, Illinois, to one of these halls.

Indeed, any one upon payment of five thousand dollars is allowed to name one of these apartments. Names for all the rooms are thus to be substituted for numbers. My first idea was that one of the apartments in this building might be erected in honor of Mrs. Heck, and be called "Heck Hall." But this, it was suggested, was not a work of sufficient magnitude as a Centenary monument to be erected in honor of the foundress of a Church whose membership in all its branches must number at least two millions. Besides, it would lack distinctness and individuality of character. It was desirable that her monument should be *sui generis*, and not included in a class, such as I have named.

The ladies suggested that nothing is so appropriate for women to present in the name of a woman as a *home*; and it was decided by the Faculty and Trustees that

the necessity for a comfortable home for the students is more pressing by far than for the educational building, though the latter is greatly needed. The ladies, therefore, determined to build a separate edifice, costing fifty thousand dollars, as a home for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute while prosecuting their studies preparatory to the work of the ministry.

This would be *all their own*, and might be pointed to a hundred years hence, not only as the monument of Mrs. Heck, but as their monument. And it ought to be noted that this is the only monument proposed to be built by the *ladies alone* in connection with this Centennial. This plan was submitted, not only to the ladies, but to many of our most prominent brethren in various parts of the country, and met with very general approbation. A convention of ladies was called, and met in Clark-Street Church, in Chicago, September 4, 1865. An organization was formed for the purpose of prosecuting this work under the title of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association. Mrs. Bishop Hamline was elected President; Mrs. Gov. Evans, First Vice-President; Mrs. Rev. C. H. Fowler, Secretary; Miss Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary; and Mrs. E. Haskin, Treasurer. This is the origin of "Heck Hall," and also of Ladies' Centenary Association.

Had it not been for the Repository, I know not that any thing of the kind would ever have been suggested.

In a subsequent article I propose to show how this Association was heartily approved by the General Centenary Committee, its basis of operations enlarged so as to embrace the New England Institute, the Fund and the Mission-House, and how gloriously it is now prosecuting its work.

THE CENTENNIAL EDUCATIONAL FUND.—From a recent circular issued by the Central Committee we extract the following considerations on the above-named great Centenary interest:

"While all the other general enterprises of the Church are working harmoniously under well-regulated systems, our educational interests are irregular, discordant, and isolated in their action. It is believed that a board of education having the dispensing of the interest of a large fund to such institutions as might be subject to their oversight, would so far regulate our educational system as that the Church would no longer be called upon to mourn over ruined institutions, or behold with pain surviving ones struggling for existence. It is well known that in the history of academies and colleges a few thousand dollars, at particular junctures, would save an institution from going down, but hitherto there has been no fund to which appeals could be made.

"There are hundreds of young men who would gladly prepare for the regular ministry, or for missionary labors, who must remain in their ordinary avocations for the want of means to prosecute their studies. Hence the demand for ministerial and missionary labor can never be met till the Church educates her talented but indigent sons. The proposed fund is designed to accomplish this object, and thus take the place of those numerous but feeble educational societies that have arisen with the necessity, but have failed to meet it.

"It is becoming clear that Methodism is to perform a controlling part in the intellectual, as well as the religious education of this great nation. Springing from comparative obscurity and poverty, our Church has risen in numbers and power till her sons are found seated in the high places of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, and wielding a proportionate influence in the councils of the nation. It is not, therefore, our high mission to so concentrate the power of the Church that we shall act as vigorously and efficiently in the interests of education as we do in the interests of missions and Sunday schools, and so ultimately largely control the education of the whole people?

"As our members increase in wealth, they will naturally seek objects for their benevolent gifts. It may happen that educational institutions in the localities where they reside will be amply supported; hence for want of a general fund the gifts and bequests of our wealthy members will flow in other channels, and the cause of education correspondingly suffer. But with such a fund as is now contemplated all the gifts for the promotion of education will be secured. And what shall prevent such a fund from accumulating till every section of our broad Methodism, every color and race, shall be amply provided with institutions of all grades to meet the wants of the whole people.

"There is danger to our unity as a Church when we become accustomed to regard sectional interests, of whatever kind, so strongly as to lose sight of the general good. Indeed, there is danger that local attachments will be unduly stimulated this Centenary year, unless our people are well guarded, and are led to look broadly at the connectional interests of the Church. Will not a general fund do much toward cementing us as one people, and to a large extent arrest the tendency to localization? In contributing to this fund an opening is made for each member to lay a gift on a common altar, and thus present tokens of a Methodist brotherhood. Will not every Methodist in our connection yield to the fund a portion of his offering?"

THE CHILDREN'S FUND.—The same circular from the Central Committee also calls fresh attention to this fund, and well considers its claim on the regard of pastors and superintendents. It speaks as follows:

"The more this part of the plan is discussed, the more acceptable does it become to the whole Church. First viewed with suspicion, or at least with timidity, it is making its way to almost universal favor.

"1. We feel it our duty to press this measure upon the consideration of the adult membership as well as the children, for there are multitudes who have received their all of spiritual and temporal good through the Sabbath school, and should, therefore, welcome the opportunity which is hereby afforded to make an offering of gratitude.

"2. The children have been busy workers in the missionary cause, till they have become a principal source of reliance for its funds; indeed, they have cheerfully promoted every financial interest of the Church. The time has now come when they have an opportunity to accomplish a grand work for their own benefit. Shall they be allowed to do it, or shall their efforts be devoted to local interests, and so be denied the privilege of par-

ticipation in the monumental work of the Centenary year?

"3. What nobler enterprise than to make this year historic in bringing together the educational interests of the Church, both intellectual and moral? Hitherto no link has bound together in a common interest our Sunday schools and academies. Shall not this be the occasion to unite them in indissoluble bonds?

"4. Has not the time come when the Church shall assume her entire responsibility, and provide ample educational advantages for her sons and daughters, the indigent as well as the prosperous? Many of the older scholars in our schools, who would become burning and shining lights if permitted to enter our higher institutions of learning, are now forced, through poverty, to ordinary occupations, and thus multitudes of laborers are spending in obscurity the strength which is so much needed in the broad fields of the Church.

"5. This fund for the education of children will only be inaugurated this Centenary year, whether it reaches one quarter, one half, or a round million. Its operations will be so widely extensive, its benefits so marked, that gifts and bequests will flow into it in a perpetual stream; and when those now living shall see our population increased to one hundred millions, and our Sunday school scholars to ten millions, they may also behold a children's fund of at least as many millions of dollars as there may be millions of scholars.

"6. The same consideration prevails in relation to the Children's Fund as prevails in relation to the Connectional Educational Fund; it will prove a source of strength to the whole Church. By a common interest we bind all our children together, and then bind them to the Church. What a glorious consummation, if with bands of love, and bands of gold, "Methodism shall at last secure to herself her own precious fruit!"

CENTENARY DOCUMENTS.—The following excellent suggestion is from Dr. Mattison:

"With what interest will the Methodists of 1866 look upon every thing that may then exist which relates to our present Centenary celebration—books, pamphlets, sermons, proceedings of conventions, etc.! Now, as we are to have a fire-proof Centenary Mission Building—and we hope also a Centenary Book Room, all in one—we respectfully suggest that three copies of every book, circular, printed sermon, programme, report of proceedings, etc., that in any way relates to Centenary celebrations, general or local, be sent free of postage to Rev. William C. Hoyt, as the general depository of Centenary documents.

"By this simple process a collection of documents can be secured which will be of great use in the future, and which no money could buy a hundred years to come. Will not all our brethren in the ministry bear this in mind, and see that their local celebrations, however humble, are represented in this collection? By writing the words 'Centenary Documents' on the outside of the wrappers, they can be selected from the exchange papers, and put by themselves with little trouble. Will our brethren of Boston, Philadelphia, Trenton, and elsewhere, whose Centenary meetings have been held, please see to it that all documents relating thereto, even to the programmes and tickets of admission, be forwarded immediately as above?"

Library Notices.

AN EIRENICON, IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR." By E. B. Pusey, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 395. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The author of "The Christian Year" is Archbishop Manning, one of the former leaders of the High-Church movement in the Establishment, and who naturally enough passed over to the Church of Rome, in which he has taken a high position, and has become a zealous defender of all the pretensions and exclusivism of the Papal Church. A thorough devotee of Rome, he still has kindly feelings toward his old confreres in the controversies of the past, and is still most ingeniously laboring to draw them on toward the same goal which he has himself reached. Yet he is uncompromising in his attachment to the claims of Rome, and while waiting to welcome the clergy and laity of the Church of England to the bosom of the infallible mother, he is utterly opposed to any other method of reaching that maternal embrace, than by an absolute abnegation of Anglicanism, and an equally absolute acceptance of the high and exclusive claims of Romanism. The Church of England, in his view, like all other sects and denominations, is nothing more than a schism from the one only true Church of God, with which the "Catholic Church" can have no fellowship, and with which union or consolidation would be utterly impossible. In "The Christian Year" Dr. Manning vigorously attacks the position of Dr. Pusey, "that the Church of England is in God's hands the great bulwark against infidelity in this (England) land." On the contrary, the Archbishop maintains that "the seventeen or eighteen thousand men (the English clergy) educated with all the advantages of the English schools and universities, and distributed all over England, who maintain a perpetual protest, not only against the (Roman) Catholic Church, but against the belief that there is any divine voice immutably and infallibly guiding the Church at this hour, are the necessary promoters of infidelity, as the defenders of a great schism, the promoters of free thought and discussion, and the antagonists of the only antidote against infidelity—the infallibility of the Church. In another letter recently addressed by the Archbishop to the Papal clergy of England, on the organization formed among some members of the Anglican, Greek, and Roman Churches, to labor and pray for the reunion and consolidation of these three branches of the Church, he, in obedience to orders from Rome, strongly denounces the "Union," and in the name of the "Holy See" forbids the faithful to have any fellowship or participation with this movement, even to pray with "the heretics" of the Greek and Anglican Churches. Of course he stands upon the high ground of Romanism—union there can be none—there may be unity, but only by the Greek and Anglican Churches returning obediently and submissively into the bosom of the one "Holy Catholic Church." The "Eirenicon" is an able review of all these positions of Dr. Manning, a vindication of the claims of the Church of England as a branch of the

apostolic Church, an attempted exhibition of the close approximation of the Anglican and Roman Churches in the many points in which they agree, and the few in which they disagree; the whole being a running argument in favor of the reunion of the three branches of the "one Holy Catholic Church." The controversy is an interesting one, exhibiting on both sides a constant tendency to embrace each other, but manifesting on the side of Dr. Manning the ancient pride and haughtiness of Rome, and on the side of Dr. Pusey containing some home-thrusts into these lofty pretensions.

THE TEMPORAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST; or, Reason and Revelation. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. 12mo. Pp. 274. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Another work from the pen of Archbishop Manning. Of course it is a work of great learning, and equally, of course, it is intensely in the interest of Romanism. It is a discussion of the great problem of the relation of reason and revelation. The doctrines of the book, as a whole, are precisely the same as those of the famous Encyclical of the Roman Pontiff of 1864, defining the relations of the Church and the faith to the political and social changes of this age, and the limits of time and false liberty of the intellect and the will in individuals and in societies of men. The introduction, consisting of some fifty pages, contains some admirable propositions well stated, defining the relations of reason and faith, with some excellent strictures on rationalism. It also contains the author's retraction of his former views, and his transition from the freedom of Protestantism to subjection to "the infallible teachings of the Church." All the rest of the book is only a new form of presenting the old argument for the immutability of the Romish Church.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer, Author of "The Principles of Psychology," etc. Vol. I. 12mo. Pp. 475. \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—In our brief space we can do nothing more than announce this great work from the pen of one of the greatest thinkers and essayists of our day. The class of minds for whom it is intended will need nothing more. The way for it was prepared by the author's "First Principles," which was republished in this country a year or two since. The subject of Biology, or the Science of Life, which comes next in order in his system of Philosophy, is to be treated in two volumes, of which this is the first. Mr. Spencer is a positivist, not technically of the school of Compté, but of that school which sets aside all sources of human knowledge but those which lie within ourselves, and which discards all facts but those which are discoverable by human investigation. Disdaining as a philosopher the help of revelation, he enters into an independent investigation of natural and social problems as they are. He is an admirer of the "new philosophy," an apostle of the "dynamic theory" of the

universe. He is an Evolutionist in contradistinction from the believer in special creations. He believes in an original and inscrutable Cause of all things; the point at issue is, how this inscrutable Cause has worked in the production of living forms. This point he claims "is to be decided only by examination of evidence through actions such as we see habitually going on." The present work is an examination of these evidences, which of course in the author's judgment demonstrate the evolution theory of life.

THIRTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER; *Comprising descriptions of the Indian Nomads of the Plains; Explanation of New Territory; A Trip Across the Rocky Mountains in the Winter; Descriptions of the Habits of Different Animals found in the West, and the Methods of Hunting them, etc.* By Col. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 442. \$3. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Col. Marcy, son of the late ex-Governor Marcy, of New York, and father-in-law of General McClellan, and well-known as his chief-of-staff during the late war, spent a large portion of a service of more than thirty years in the United States Army on the frontiers, on the prairies, and among the far Western mountains. The present volume is the result of his observation and experience in this frontier service. The ample title gives an excellent idea of the contents of the book, which are given in a readable and excellent style.

STONEWALL JACKSON; A Military Biography, with a Portrait and Maps. By John Esten Cooke, formerly of General Stuart's staff. 8vo. Pp. 470. \$3.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—In despite of the wretched cause in which he was engaged, there was a heroism in Stonewall Jackson, a devotedness to the cause he had espoused, a dash and ubiquity in his action, that made him a foe to be feared and respected, often a terror to be shunned, and, now that he is gone, and the great contest ended, a subject whose life we are pleased to read both for the intense interest which his dashing movements inspire, and for the full history of military actions which before we could only see obscurely.

INDIAN CORN; Its Value, Culture, and Uses. By Edward Enfield. 12mo. Pp. 308. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—An exhaustive treatise on the cultivation of our great staple, Indian corn, which should be in the hands of all our farmers. "The author of Ten Acres Enough," says Mr. Enfield, "remarked with pardonable complacency, that he had manured his soil with brains." The author proposes to furnish through this volume a quantity of the same remarkable fertilizer.

THE IDLE WORD: Short Religious Essays upon the Gift of Speech, and its Employment in Conversation. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 208. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Dr. Goulburn is the author of several valuable little treatises which have been republished in this country by the Appletons, and they are all characterized by an excellent style, careful and easy treatment of their subjects, and a rich devotional and practical element. The one before is a most useful

treatise on an important subject. The sins of the tongue, and the doings of the "unruly member," are a fruitful source of dissension in the world, and the admonitions of the author are worthy of special heed, and will be found valuable to all who would cultivate a more consistent and Christian use of speech.

SHAKESPEARE'S DELINEATIONS OF INSANITY, IMBECILITY, AND SUICIDE. By A. O. Kellogg, M. D. Assistant Physician State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, New York. 12mo. Pp. 204. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—These essays, the most of which, the author tells us, were published in the "American Journal of Insanity," at various intervals between 1859 and 1864, are intensely interesting to all who love to study the finer shades of thought in the immortal dramatist, and suggestive to those who are interested in the study of those remarkable traits of mind which characterize the insane, the imbeciles, and the suicides which he has drawn with his powerful hand. Dr. Kellogg's own experience and observation of the delicate shades of mental disease as seen in the wards of a large hospital, qualify him admirably for the work he has done, and enable him to appreciate the fidelity of Shakspeare's delineations.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By Alice Cary, Author of "Cloverbrook," etc. 12mo. Pp. 359. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A book containing thirteen stories of country and domestic life, written in the excellent style and with the characteristic purity and good taste of Alice Cary. Many a beautiful home-scene is here described, many mistakes in domestic life and their consequences are here well drawn, and many suggestions given to make home more beautiful and more happy.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY: Compiled and Arranged by the Rev. Charles Hole, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge; with Additions and Corrections by William A. Wheeler, M. A., Assistant Editor of Webster's Dictionaries, and Author of the "Noted Names of Fiction." 12mo. Pp. 453. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This will prove a most serviceable little Dictionary to the multitudes who so often wish to know at once just the facts with reference to eminent persons given in this book. "It hopes," says the compiler, "to lie upon the desk, an unobtrusive companion of other books of many sorts, to give a reader its rapid answer whenever he is tempted to pause at a name, and ask no more than, 'When did he live?'" It contains more than twenty thousand names of deceased persons more or less noteworthy, of all countries and periods. The American editor has done good service by adding to the list a great number of American names. We are glad to see it stated, that it is in contemplation to follow this work with a companion volume, on the same general plan, devoted to distinguished living characters.

SUMMER REST. By Gail Hamilton, Author of "A New Atmosphere," "Gala-Days," etc. 12mo. Pp. 356. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—There is no lady writer in our country at the present day whose productions contain so much that is objectionable and commendable as those of "Gail Hamilton." Her style is her own, and she uses

it most admirably. We have seen some attempts to imitate it, that have been utter failures. We advise all young writers to let the style alone. The public can not stand more than one such pen at a time. We may say her thoughts, too, are her own, for one of her characteristics is fearless independence, constituting at once her strength and her dangerousness. We like the independence, the raciness, sometimes the caricatures, and the razor-like sharpness; but the fault is with all such writers, that the same dash and raciness intrude themselves into places too solemn and sacred for them, and the incongruity is repulsive, while the example is contagious. There is as usual much that is objectionable in the present work, while it contains many things interesting and instructive. The style of course is captivating. "Orchard Talk," "A Prose Henriade," "Larva Lessons," and "Fancy Farming," are rich in all the author's best characteristics. "Gilfillan's Sabbath," and "The Kingdom Coming," have too much spice and too little salt.

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." *Blue and Gold Series.* \$1.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Miss Mulock is a much better writer of fiction than of poetry. Her poetry, indeed, is characterized by the same elements as her fiction, and fails to rise above it in elevation of language or vividness of imagery. She lacks the power of poetic expression. Her thoughts are pure and tender, her conceptions are natural and chaste, but both are too commonplace, and her words too feebly ornate for poetry. Yet the neat little book that lies before us is vastly superior to much of the poetry that is issued in our day, and is of that natural, home-like, and pure character that we can take it into our families, confident that those who read it will be made better by it. It abounds in elevated Christian sentiment, and is wholesome, mentally and morally.

LECTURES ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY, DELIVERED IN OXFORD, 1859-61. By Goldwin Smith, M. A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 12mo. Pp. 269. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Professor Smith is well known to the American people through his manly and powerful advocacy of the cause of our Government during the struggle against the rebellion, as well as personally known to many through his extensive tour through our country a year or two ago. The admirable lectures contained in this volume were delivered in course in the University of Oxford,

to which is added a lecture on the University itself, delivered before the New York Historical Society, in December, 1864. These lectures, coming as they do from the life scholarship of one in the position of the author, and imbued with the liberal and comprehensive political views which he entertains, can not but be interesting and valuable to the student and general reader. The author seems to comprehend the circumstances and problems which involve our own nation, and has treated them well in the lecture "On the Foundation of the American Colonies."

BLIND JESSIE. By Nellie Grahame. 16mo. Pp. 205. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Nellie Grahame has written some excellent little books for the young folks, such as "Clementina's Mirror," "Diamonds Reset," etc., and this volume is another interesting and sweet little story added to them; indeed, it contains two stories, a short one entitled "Hester Crosby," being added to the longer one.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, May, 1866. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Cedar Creek: A Poem Read Before the Convention of the "Beta Theta Pi." By James B. Black.

Chambers's Encyclopedia, A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 104, 105, 106. 25 cts. per part. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A Centennial Discourse Delivered before the Providence Annual Conference. By David Patten, D. D. Boston: J. P. Magee.

Centenary Sermon Delivered before the New Jersey Annual Conference. By Rev. Alexander Gilmore.

Minutes of the Ohio State Sunday School Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dayton, O.

CATALOGUES.—*Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.* President, Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D. Students, 139. *Iowa Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.* Rev. C. Elliott, D. D., LL. D., President. Students, 310. *Brookville College, Brookville, Indiana.* Rev. W. B. Goodwin, A. M., President. Students, 224. *Moore's Hill Male and Female Collegiate Institute, Moore's Hill, Ind.* Rev. T. Harrison, A. M., President. Students, 376. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, O.* Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D., President. Students, 310. *Indiana Female College, Indianapolis, Ind.* W. H. De Motte, A. M., President. Students, 268. *Pittsburg Female College, Pittsburg, Penn.* Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D., President. Students, 428.

Bishop's Talk.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP FOR AFRICA.—On the evening of Wednesday, June 20th, Rev. J. W. Roberts, of the Liberia Annual Conference, was ordained to the office and work of missionary bishop for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa. The ordination took place in St. Paul's Church, New York, and the services were most interesting and impressive. The episcopal address was delivered by Bishop Scott; the candidate was pre-

sented by Drs. Carlton and Harris; the ordination prayer and examination by Bishop Janes, and the ordination was conducted by Bishops Janes and Scott, assisted by Dr. Holdich and other elders. Soon after the newly-consecrated bishop sailed for his field of labor, bearing with him, we doubt not, the prayers and benedictions of the Church. The Roberts family were among the first to embark for Africa under the

colonization scheme. Thirty-seven years ago, "Aunt Roberts," a widow, who had been very careful in the education of her children, sending them to school and training them up in the fear of the Lord, left Petersburg, Va., and embarked at City Point for the colony in Africa, bearing with her her three sons, and accompanied by a number of the very best colored population, most of them being members of the Methodist Church.

Reaching Liberia, the eldest Roberts soon became a leading merchant, and established a first-rate credit in New York and England. At first white governors of the colony went from the United States, its founders always intending that the colonists should choose their own governor when the proper time came. After some years that period arrived, and this Mr. Roberts was elected by the Liberians the first governor, and re-elected. After a while the Liberians resolved to become a *republic*, and their Constitution, written in the United States, was a miniature of our own, and adopted in Africa. Governor Roberts was elected the first president of the infant republic of Liberia.

The next brother became an early traveling preacher in the Liberia Conference, where he has faithfully labored for many years. The youngest, a few years ago, came to New York for admittance to the Medical College, but not being of the right color, although very light, could not matriculate in that city. He graduated in Maine, and with his parchment of M. D. returned to practice in Liberia. A very excellent and educated physician, he finished a useful life there in the faithful discharge of his professional duties.

The Bishop, "Aunt's" second son, is now about fifty years of age, and has already given many years of earnest and faithful toil to Africa. We pray that his life may long be spared, and that he shall be permitted to see still greater things done for Africa than even the marvelous work that has been accomplished within the past thirty years. For the above items we are chiefly indebted to the pen of our friend G. P. Disosway.

MIDDLETON'S PORTRAIT OF WESLEY.—In noticing this beautiful work of art a month ago we fell into a mistake with regard to the price, and our blunder has occasioned some annoyance to Mr. Middleton, and also to persons desiring the picture. The price is fifteen dollars instead of ten, as we stated a month ago. This of course includes a handsome oval gilt frame, appropriate for the picture. We also should say that this picture is only furnished through Middleton & Co., of Cincinnati, or their authorized agents. The more we study this portrait of Mr. Wesley the better we like it. We do not hesitate to say that as a portrait and work of art we like it better than any picture of Mr. Wesley we have ever seen.

THE REPOSITORY AMONG ITS FRIENDS.—We quote the following from one of our secular exchanges: "If it is true that 'persons are judged by the company they keep,' why could they not also be judged by what they read? If we visit our neighbors and find upon their center tables collections of light literature, novels, and yellow-backs generally, may we not conclude that it is their taste, and that their brains are as shallow as their reading? but if in their stead we should find high-toned,

moral and religious magazines, such as the *Ladies' Repository*, we would of course believe them to be refined, religious, and church-going people, with whom it would be interesting and instructive to pass an hour in social conversation. It is, in fact, the 'Queen of Monthlies,' and stands at the head of the list as a Christian family magazine. We have been a subscriber from its commencement, and have watched its progress with the deepest interest. The artistic work of this periodical, we venture to say, has never been excelled. The reading matter is of the most elevated and Christian character. Its several departments are conducted with the greatest ability; in short, it is the most fitting magazine for a Christian young lady we know of."

To accompany the above we strain our modesty far enough to present the following from the leading paper of a sister denomination: "The *Ladies' Repository* is at hand, richly laden with choice food for the mind. Nothing objectionable to the devout Christian ever appears in its pages, but, on the contrary, it contains an abundance of religious matter, and hence nourishment for the soul as well. In fact, it is devoted to Literature and Religion, the pens of eminent writers being brought into requisition to make it one of the most desirable magazines in the land. When we say Religion, we mean the purely orthodox faith, taught and illustrated in a variety of pleasing and entertaining ways, and not simply by dry and profound dissertations. And when we say Literature, we wish to be understood to mean that which is pure and elevating, and which will instruct as well as entertain; for we do not recognize as literature, in the true sense of the word, silly love tales and scheming, murder stories. These, we are pleased to state, never tarnish the pages of the *Repository*. When it contains fiction, it is always with a view to illustrate and instruct with all the more impressiveness, and to simplify. We can recommend it to all—even the unconverted will find much to admire and praise, while every family will be greatly benefited by its perusal."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Many a mother's heart, and, no doubt, father's too, will be pleased with our beautiful picture of the "Student," young humanity in its first efforts in literature. Beautiful, simple, innocent childhood! How the world seems changed from what it appeared in our eyes in the sunny days of boyhood! God bless the children! Let them be innocent, gay, happy, unconscious as they are of the stern future that is before them, and which will soon enough awake them from their beautiful dreams. We accompany "The Student" with "The Falls of the Rhine and the Chateau de Laufen," a spot celebrated among the magnificent views on the Rhine.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The Pledge and its Fulfillment; David Gray; Mountains of Transfiguration; Perfect through Suffering; The Toils and Trials of Women; The Last Supper of the Girondists; Stray Thoughts; Katie's Creek.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Brevity the Soul of Eloquence—too far transgresses its own principles; Centenary Thoughts—hardly up to what we think a Centenary poem ought to be; and Futurity. Some other articles on hand we have not yet had time to examine.





FIGURE 1

WILLIAM WILSON

1800-1801



THE RIVER OF THE VALLEY
 IN THE MOUNTAINS







FROM THE ORIGINAL

QUEEN VICTORIA

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

ists, and inventors, is true of preachers. Many of the ablest divines of history have eked out an existence on scanty support, preached their sermons to small and only half-appreciative congregations, when half a century or more afterward those sermons were on every bookseller's shelf and read by thousands of people. But to my subject.

Whoever goes to Rhode Island, or, rather, its chief city, Providence, to tarry but a day, will be reminded of Roger Williams. Not by some granite shaft or marble statue, such as are generally raised to tell the world of the great dead; for strange to say Rhode Island, with all her pride of history and of character, has never yet paused long enough from the clatter of her jewelry shops and the hum of her spindles to lift a shaft in honor of her founder, though she has been promising to do so for a hundred years. It is a conclusion that every one must form, she does not fully appreciate that great name.

At the breaking out of the rebellion in the Spring of 1861 three young men of less than mediocrity, in point of talent, left their looms in the cotton mills of Lowell and Lawrence, marched with the famous "Massachusetts Sixth," to which they belonged, to defend the Nation's Capital from the firebrand of the traitor. In passing through Baltimore they fell the victims of a secession mob. They were associated with an event which will be ever memorable in American history. The names of Needham, Whitney, and Ladd will never more pass from the memory of Americans. Lowell and Lawrence have raised solid granite monuments to perpetuate their memories far down the ages—noble deed! But Roger Williams, the founder of the first free State in modern times, the man from whom even Jefferson is said to have derived his best ideas of free government, has no monument. But there is something redeeming even in this. Cato, I think it was, said he would rather men should ask why there was no monument erected to his memory than why there was. So of Roger Williams. Such a question is rather a tribute to his worth—implying at least that he ought to have one.

The name of Roger Williams is a conspicuous one in Providence. As you go along the streets you will read, "Roger Williams Bank," "Roger Williams Flouring Mill"—and, by the way, one of the largest in America—"Roger Williams Cooking-Stove"—an article which, in his day, housewives knew nothing about; and on Sabbath you can worship in "Roger Williams Church." Thus mills, banks, churches, and cooking-stoves are named after the founder

of Rhode Island. He is, then, not without a monument—he has many of them.

I have often visited the rock on which tradition says Mr. Williams landed, when he fled for refuge from his persecutors across the Seekonk. If any footprints were made in the rock or in the adjacent sand, they have long since been obliterated; but the footprints of Roger Williams will not soon be obliterated from the sands of time. The spirit of Williams, like that of the great Charlemagne, still hovers over his native State, while the principles he advocated and adhered to with so much tenacity, are those of which every true American is proud.

Rhode Island is almost universally regarded as a Baptist State, though it must not be understood that no other denominations exist there. Congregationalists, Methodists, Catholics, Quakers, and several minor sects share the population with the Baptists; though the latter have generally been considered the more numerous.

The first Baptist Church in America was formed at Providence, and is still in existence, having been rebuilt and enlarged several times, till now it is one of the most commanding in the city. Mr. Williams, though a Baptist in sentiment while at Salem and Plymouth, had never been immersed. One of the charges against him was that of "embracing principles which tended to *anabaptism*," as they were then called. In March, 1639, having been joined by his family and a number of sympathizers; he was immersed by one of his brethren, Ezekiel Holliman, and then Mr. Williams turned about and immersed "about ten more." Thus was formed in 1639 the first Baptist Church in America, at Providence, R. I.

The Baptists claim a remote origin, a "regular succession" from the days of the apostles. I do not propose here to dispute that claim. But this is true, they have no very distinctly-marked history till in the reign of Henry VIII, of England, when they first appear under the name of *Lollards*—called after one Walter Lollard, a Dutchman, who, Mosheim says, "was remarkable for his eloquence and writings." It was during this reign that they became known by the name of *Anabaptists*, or re-baptizers. They now suffered the bitterest persecutions for their conscience. Their doctrines were condemned, and they were driven from their homes and their altars under the intolerant and ferocious spirit that ruled the times. Under Edward the oppressive laws were repealed, the prisons were thrown open, and the wanderers, many of them, returned. On the accession of

Queen Mary to the throne all laws in favor of the Protestant faith were repealed, and trying times followed. Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation hoping to stay the Anabaptists, but it was of no avail. She then commanded them to depart out of the kingdom in twenty-one days. King James, of Scotland, succeeded Elizabeth. In Scotland he had experienced interruptions in his councils from the national clergy; and in his new situation many of these refused subscription to his articles of religion. To these indomitable spirits he observed, "Your scruples have a strong tincture of Anabaptism." All their appeals, with the open and honest avowal of their sentiments, availed nothing; the spirit of the age could not relent. It was in these stormy times that Roger Williams was born. It is said that Sir Edward Coke discovered in church a lad taking notes in short-hand during the service, and, struck with the boy's character and modest worth, gained permission of his parents to educate him. He was accordingly sent first to the Charter-House School, and subsequently to Jesus College, Oxford, where he excelled in the study of logic and the classics, studies that are adopted as the standards in Oxford. There is a tradition that says Mr. Williams was in some way related to Oliver Cromwell; but it rests on no satisfactory evidence. He is also said to have studied law with Coke; but of this there is much doubt, for Mr. Williams became an ordained minister in the Church of England soon after quitting college. He was by nature the very antagonist of all ecclesiastical tyranny. He was earnest, quick, conscientious, too much so for peace of either body or mind while under the laws of his mother country, which he considered at once unjust in all matters of religion. He was a Puritan rather than a Churchman. He could not hold relations to the Establishment and keep a "conscience void of offense." So he boldly ventured forth to seek a home and sphere of action in the New World. Accordingly he sailed with his wife for America, December 1, 1630, and arrived at Nantasket February 5, following. Arriving in New England, he went to Boston. He came to the New World a Puritan of the "extreme wing," and that wing which had ever stood up the most strongly for freedom of conscience. Mr. Williams was on terms of intimate friendship with Milton, and as one has said, "The causes which kept Milton from entering the sacred office soon compelled Williams to abandon it." At Boston, Williams took strong ground against what he deemed wrong. One of the first things was to attack the magistrates, who he openly declared had no

right to punish for any but civil offenses. In a short time he was called to be the assistant of Rev. Mr. Skelton, at Salem, Massachusetts. A remonstrance was sent at once from the General Court to Salem, in which he was charged with having refused to join with the Church in Boston on account of what he regarded as inconsistent; namely, "that they could not make a public declaration of their repentance for having had communion with the Churches of England while they remained there."

He objected to the Church of England, first, "that it was composed of pious and worldly men indiscriminately, and, second, that it assumed authority over the conscience, and was persecuting." Mr. Williams remained at Salem but a short time. From Salem he went to Plymouth, where he officiated as pastor in connection with Mr. Ralph Smith. It is generally supposed that it was while here that he became acquainted with the chiefs of some of the Indian tribes, and gained an insight into their language. Mr. Williams was subsequently called to succeed Mr. Skelton at Salem, in the pastoral office. His opinions soon filled the parish, and so different were they from those of the Puritans, that the decree of banishment was issued from the General Court—which provided that he should leave the colony within six weeks; failing in this, he should be arrested and sent out to return no more without license. The precise points on which Mr. Williams was condemned to banishment were these. They are thus briefly stated in one of his works entitled, "Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered:" "First, that we have not our land by patent from the king, but that the natives are the true owners of it, and that we ought to repent of such a receiving of it by patent; second, that it is not lawful to call a wicked person to swear (or) to pray as being actions of God's worship; thirdly, that it is not lawful to hear any of the ministers of the parish assemblies of England; fourthly, that the civil magistrate's power extends only to the bodies, goods, and outward state of men." These, says he, "I maintained with rocky strength, to my own and other consciences' satisfaction," and asserts his willingness "not only to be bound and banished, but to die also in New England, as for most holy truths of God in Jesus Christ." The plan first was to arrest him and send him back to England. Mr. Williams had left England for liberty of conscience, just as his persecutors had done. Hearing of the intentions of the authorities, he fled to the wilderness and committed himself to the "Lord and the savages," driven from his friends and

from his family, he was "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." He found a lodging-place on the banks of the Seekonk River, which empties its waters into the Narragansett Bay, near where Providence now stands. But he was still within the jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony, and the Governor learning of the fact, and being a personal friend of Williams, kindly notified him of the danger of his position. He then changed his location to the opposite side of the river. Embarking in a canoe, with five of his followers, they bore down the stream, passed the extremity of the peninsula, and then ascended the Providence River, and landed at a point where the fresh water gurgled from the hill, and he said, "With a sense of God's merciful providence unto me, I called the place Providence." This took place in 1636. In these wanderings Mr. Williams suffered all that mortal could suffer short of death. The experience of Mr. Williams then was not unlike that of the great apostle to the Gentiles: "In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." 2 Corinthians xi, 26. Paul, in his journeyings, and persecutions, and perils, founded the Church of the Gentiles; Roger Williams in his, founded the first free State in modern times. Professor Gervinus, an eminent European scholar and politician, says, in his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century:" "Roger Williams founded, in 1636, a small new society in Rhode Island upon the principles of entire liberty of conscience, and the uncontrolled majority in secular concerns. The theories of freedom in Church and State, taught in the schools of philosophy in Europe, were here brought into practice in the government of a small community. It was prophesied that the democratic attempts to obtain universal suffrage, a general elective franchise, annual parliaments, entire religious freedom, and the Miltonian right of schism would be of short duration. But these institutions have not only maintained themselves here, but they have spread over the whole Union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencements of Carolina and of New York, the High-Church party of Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts, and the monarchy throughout America; they have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe."

Mr. Williams fled from the Puritans. They

had set him the example in that they had left their native land that they might have liberty of conscience. They had gained their point and were content. Cut off from all the rest of mankind, they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. But just here their virtue became a vice. An extreme truth becomes an error. They were not willing that others should have the same liberty they possessed. They fled from persecution only to persecute in turn. The Puritan theocracy was one of the most intolerant of all Church history. It was a spiritual despotism. In New England no form of religion, or mode of worship, or religious belief was countenanced that did not meet the sanction of the General Court, while the Catholics, always deemed intolerant, offered an asylum to all, in Maryland, with a degree of toleration that put New England to the blush. Obedience to the Court in spiritual and in temporal matters or banishment was the creed of the early Puritans, and the alternative of every man.

Mr. Williams here appears in a degree of moral grandeur that makes one love his race with a new love. He sought liberty—he would be satisfied with nothing else—it might be alone with his family and a few friends in the wilderness, far from civilization, and exposed to all the discomforts of life—it might be with death; yet nothing but *liberty* could still the pantings of his soul. If he could not find a way of liberty, like the old Roman, he would make one.

The fundamental principle in the new colony of Rhode Island was *pure democracy*. In the language of Roger Williams, it was to be a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience." The following is a copy of the article which all were required to sign who sought residence therein, and was drawn up by Mr. Williams: "We whose names are here under, desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body, in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together in a town fellowship, and others whom they shall admit unto the same, only in civil things." The thread of Mr. Williams's personal history is now lost in that of Rhode Island and Providence. For many years it remained a pure democracy, transacting all its public business in the town meetings, till, by the growth of surrounding communities, it became necessary to establish a government that would be more adapted to the growth of the

country and the welfare of its people. Mr. Williams sailed for England in 1642, and returned the following year, having been successful in obtaining the charter of the Rhode Island Colony. This, in itself, was not the greatest point gained. He persuaded King Charles I to favor religious toleration in the New World and charter entire freedom.

In my next paper I shall place before the reader some account of Roger Williams as a writer and author, in which we get a clearer insight into the character of the man than from any other source.

LAST SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY MERIBA A. BARCOCK.

"A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription and was concealed in Paris, agreed to send them a sumptuous banquet the night after their trial, which banquet was to prove to them a funeral repast or a triumphant feast, according to the verdict of acquittal or condemnation."—*Life of Madame Roland*.

BRIGHT o'er the dungeon walls,
Bright as in festal halls,
Not as when moonlight falls,
Radiantly tender;
But with a dazzling glare
Blazed the red flambeaux there,
Flooding the prison bare
With noonday splendor.

Rusty the gratings old,
Heaps of straw damp with mold,
Prison-walls stern and cold,
Beaten and battered;
On this abode of hell
Weirdly the torch-lights fell,
While through each vault and cell
Chains clanked and clattered.

There, where Death's hollow tread
Sent back an echo dread,
There the rich board was spread,
Lavishly splendid;
And as each fated guest
Round the rare banquet pressed,
Mocked they with jeers and jest,
Till it was ended.

Rich were the viands spread,
Sparkling the wines and red,
As they, the living dead,
Drained the rare essence.
Ah, 'twas a strange burlesque,
Figures and forms grotesque
Scoffing with reckless jest
Death's awful presence.

Men with rough beards unshorn,
Haggard, and wild, and worn,
Quaffed till the rays of morn
Softly had risen;

Then with the early dawn,
Pressed by an eager throng,
Robespierre, with saber drawn,
Entered the prison.

Red-beeled the monster strode,
Scanning the drear abode,
While his grim visage glowed
Fiendishly hateful;
And as he turned to go
Calmly spoke Vergniaud:
"Ye shall reap as ye sow—
This makes me grateful."

Thundered the raging fiend,
Then in his wrathful spleen,
"Lo, on the guillotine
This very morning,
Wretch, for thy taunting tone
Justice shall bare the bone;
Reap ye what I have sown,
Heed well my warning."

Many an earnest prayer
Rose on the morning air;
Many a heart laid bare
All its foul error.
Clear beamed the Christian's light,
Dark gloomed the skeptic's night,
As at the fearful sight
Quailed he with terror.

Thus closed Death's pantomime,
Played on the shores of time,
Solemn and most sublime,
Fearfully tragic.
Thus did each spirit's fall
Down o'er the foot-lights fall,
Vailing in darkness all,
As if by magic.

LITTLE LAURINE.

BY MRS. L. D. ALEXANDER.

WE laid her down by the willows to sleep,
Where the boughs o'er the silent waters sweep;
Where the breath of the morn on the dew-born flowers,
Shall wake in sweetness the peaceful hours:
And at eve, when the daylight lingers long,
The vesper winds bear the village song,
Or the music notes of some evening bell,
O'er the village green to the bowery dell.
And the midnight stars in beauty serene
Look down as the angels where sleeps our Laurine.
We laid her there—her form so light—
'Mid the waving grass and the daisies white,
When the first perfumes of early Spring,
And the tropical birds, on a light, gay wing,
Were coming to sweeten and cheer our home.
Then we pillowed her head in the darksome tomb,
Our hearts were crushed, and the sweetness of earth
And the song-bird's note told only the dearth,
The joyless hours and the waitings long,
For the echo notes were a saddened song.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY EFFIE WEBSTER.

A LITTLE face was thrust into the half-open door of Mrs. Wingate's parlor, and then a tiny figure crept softly to that lady's side and laid its wan hand upon the lace puffing of her undersleeve.

"Flora, child! what on earth are you here for?" asked Flora's mother, brushing those little fingers from the costly lace.

"Because, mamma, I am so tired, and Lizette is so cross," and the curly head nestled against the soft blue jacket.

"There, there! you will crush my clothes till I am not fit to be seen. Go back to Lizette and be a good child."

"But I don't want to be a good child and go back to Lizette. I hate Lizette!" and she stamped her feet impetuously, while a scowl darkened her fair face.

"For shame! wicked little girl to annoy her mother. Go, or I shall ring and have you taken away."

With a rebellious cry the child threw herself upon the floor and screamed lustily. Mrs. Wingate touched the bell and was promptly answered. "Take Flora to the nursery, and tell Lizette that I command her to keep Flora out of the parlors."

The child was taken away in a paroxysm of rage. Its mother smoothed her ruffled brow and laces, and settled back complacently to finish her reading.

Mrs. Wingate was a fashionable woman. She feared an out-of-the season bonnet much more than she did neglect of duty. Her time was occupied with the *role* of dressing three times each day, and but few moments did she find to devote to the bud that Heaven had given her. She loved her child in her way, but that way was to shut her up in the nursery with Lizette, only allowing her the pleasure of entering the parlor occasionally, when she was dressed to be displayed before visitors. Lizette was impatient, and it is not strange that Flora's temper was violent and ungovernable at times, subjected to all manner of teasing as she was.

When she was taken screaming to her nurse the first words that fell upon her ear were, "There, you little upstart! I knew you'd catch it if you ran away. Poor little thing, did it get mad?"

A cry of anger was the only reply.

"Bless its little heart! It's lost its tongue. Shall Lizette throw sugar at it?"

"Lizette, I shall hate you to death some-

time," Flora replied, "and mamma, too, and all her jackets and laces."

"Bad girl! Hate your mother! Shame!"

A very excited altercation passed between nurse and child, which ended by Lizette dealing such a stinging blow upon Flora's cheek that she crouched upon her bed sobbing with pain.

And thus this child grew up—totally alone as far as friends were concerned—till she was ten years of age. Lizette was then discharged, and Flora was placed in boarding-school. There she was surrounded by a crowd of gay, thoughtless young ladies, and her mind was molded by them instead of the woman whose sacred trust it was to open the beauties of truth before her eyes, to point out a path of rectitude. Alas! Better for Flora Wingate's soul had she died in her baby innocence, than to have grown into the cold, hard-hearted, hard-feeling woman that she did at Madame De Toe's. At eighteen she was "finished," and Mrs. Wingate sent for her daughter. How her heart exalted when she thought of the girl's ripe beauty, and the pleasure she should take in the society of so charming a daughter!

"All the trials I have endured with her will be more than repaid with her now," she remarked to a friend. "Flora was such a bad-tempered child. She had the disposition of the Wingates, hard to bend or break. Now I hear of her as an accomplished young lady. We expect her to-day."

Flora enjoyed her journey. Purple haze rested upon the hills in the distance, a glory of sunlight flooded over the green slope and murmuring brooks that danced in the glorious sunlight. Azure sky spanned smiling earth, with here and there a mountain cloud tinged with splendor from the "father of light." Flora admired this beauty; that was all she admired particularly in the world. Nature had never repelled her, she had not grown hard toward the loveliness of earth; and, resting her chin upon her hand, she allowed her mind to drink in the scenery the livelong day, till evening with its somber shades mantled the objects from her view. Then, bowing her head lower, she mused. She was going home—well, that was no joyous thought. She had been sent away when other people kept their children at home. She had been allowed to spend the vacation weeks as best she might, since she was such a trouble at home. Only occasionally had she seen her mother, and now she was indifferent. Other girls had gone home with light hearts; gone home to low-roofed houses and humble abodes so happy. Education obtained, honor attained, they had gone to their parents with happy

exultant hearts. Flora Wingate was returning to luxuriance and ease, but her heart was dead—dead to the interests of her life and soul. Mothers, do you ever consider this inner-life responsibility?

She was at the door; she was assisted from the carriage and ushered into the parlor. To her mother she bent haughtily, and merely gave the tips of her fingers to her father.

"At home again, Flora. You are such a stranger, my child. Have you not been homesick?" said her mother.

"O! no, ma'am. Madame always found us amusement."

"Very kind of madame, most assuredly. Tea is quite ready."

Cut glass and china, viands, palatable and delicious, were before her. She appeared well. She had been schooled in perfect grace, and did full justice to her teachers. Being wearied she retired to her room with a gentle good-night.

"There, Edward, what do you say about Flora now? Has she not improved? Talk to me about her being neglected. Indeed, she shows in every look the culture she has received. You must perceive that she has grown up much better than if I had kept her constantly under my eye—a mother spoiling her child by allowing her the privileges that Flora has always enjoyed. I hope, most sincerely, that you will cease your preaching in regard to the subject, now that you have proof of my better judgment. What an ideal! A mother kept in bondage by her baby, and then no relaxation when it arrives at maturer years! Why, Edward Wingate, the most poverty-stricken woman in the universe would not tie herself up to her child as you always desired me to do. You see your useless folly," and Mrs. Wingate patted the bright carpet with her slippered foot, looking triumphant.

"Never mind this polish. Look at her heart unfold. Find if she gives you that deep love a child should give its mother. Do you think to find sympathy, confidence, and pure motive? Depend upon it, Sarah, the hireling is not the mother. A mother molds a child's life; she either places the baby feet in the path of goodness, or allows them to ramble 'mid the weeds of sin. The result is always sure, this giving your trust to hired parents," and Mr. Wingate shook his head incredulously.

"You are so inconsistent, Edward Wingate," replied his wife.

The great shutters of the enormous establishment of Wingate & Co. remained fast closed the entire day. Men looked at them, and turn-

ing about, said, "Great failure this of Wingate! Such an unheard-of case! Nobody was supposed to be more stable."

Upon Mrs. Wingate this blow fell heavily. Instinctively she turned to her daughter for support in this affliction. Did she reap the blessed reward she might have obtained had she but kept her child's first love? We shall see.

They moved to a small house upon a back street, where they realized constantly "that riches take unto themselves wings." After the first spasm of pride Mrs. Wingate became cheerful, and determined to make home pleasant. She arranged their scanty furniture in such a manner that her husband almost forgot his lost brown-stone front. But Flora was miserable with no companionship of belles and beauties. She was careless, nay, worse than careless, cuttingly sarcastic to all her mother's remarks in regard to their circumstances. Flora Wingate in silk was not Flora Wingate in calico.

Mrs. Wingate was busily sewing, one mellow October afternoon, the while meditating upon her life. It had been a bitter trial this coming humbly to the world's "common level." She had bowed at the foot of the Cross, and received that grace that surpasseth all understanding. Only one black cloud dimmed her sky—her daughter. She realized that she had grown up with a heart devoid of parental love and respect. That tender life plant had wound its tendrils about the most prominent human emotions that were held out to catch the young shoots. They were the most hardy, the most natural propensities of life. The human mind is prone to imbibe selfishness and a mere life gratification. Divine truth must be instilled by a teacher of purity. Heaven never forgets, it will not hold guiltless a forfeiture of this trust.

"Mother," said a well-modulated voice behind the muser, "I wish to speak with you."

"Certainly, my daughter. What is it?" she asked, pleased with the idea of obtaining her confidence.

"Enfred Gaboll proposed last night. I shall marry him," she replied decidedly.

"Flora, daughter! do not sell yourself. He is an infidel, a scoffer. He has no principle higher than worldly pleasure. I have learned how valueless that is. O! my daughter, adapt yourself to our circumstances and live happily."

There was a proud erection of Flora's queenly figure, a haughty flash from her eyes.

"Adapt myself to circumstances! I have never learned the art of adaptation. I have never been taught that happiness was made. I suppose our surroundings make it. I shall never see one moment's peace in this out-of-the-

way place. Nothing to take up my mind, nothing to interest me, nothing for companionship."

"Flora!" expostulated her mother, "your father and mother are here! Since your mind needs occupation, busy yourself about the house. There are a dozen corners that need fancy what-nots and stands. We need some ottomans; and our small parlor might be enlivened by a hundred little ornaments, neither expensive nor intricate to fashion. Your father and I are used to this life. It was the way we first commenced, and I am glad we have returned to it since my world-blinded eyes are opened. Stay with us, Flora, and learn that we make our lives ourselves. Let us live to the glory of Him who made us."

"A change has come o'er the spirit of your dreams seemingly," she sarcastically rejoined. "I do not remember hearing like sentiments before. It is useless to parley with words. I shall marry Enfred Gaboll."

And she did. She promised to love, honor, and obey a man with no principle of truth in his soul.

Months passed by and giddy Mrs. Enfred Gaboll forgot her parents on the back street. It was not necessary she should weary her patience threading her way to unfrequented by-ways, and in a ceaseless whirl of intoxication she forgot the ties of parent and child, since she never had a realizing sense of them. Never did it pass her lips that she was the daughter of Edward Wingate.

And thus the mother who had failed to impart to her offspring the principles of filial respect and love, reaped in bitterness her reward—her scathing reward. A soul lost, a life ruined! Influence lost in early years is never regained. Thus Sarah Wingate failed in her later attempts to plant goodness in the heart of her child. Too late! Life's spring-time molds the heart and mind. Childhood marks out the path of life. Mothers, look ye well to it.

HABIT is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserable weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way—it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning in this world.—*Carlyle.*

THE TOILS AND TRIALS OF WOMAN.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

THE all-absorbing question of self-support for woman, which has occupied so much attention in our own country of late years, is now claiming the thought and effort of many of the best and most philanthropic hearts of European lands.

But every-where on the continent, and, indeed, to a certain extent in England, there exists a cruel line of demarkation between women who labor at coarse occupations requiring physical strength, and those whose toil brings them into contact at least with the ordinary refinements of life. To one accustomed to see woman respected and kindly treated, regardless of her honest occupation, nothing is more repulsive in a continental tour than the frequent degradation of the female sex that is forced upon the observation of the traveler.

One is at times led to believe that women, whose employment is that of horses, must necessarily become unsexed, and in regarding the brawny arms and stalwart frames of these female laborers, it seems indeed to be so. Women who carry coal from the mines on their backs, who are harnessed with horses to a canal boat or stone-wagon, who are hod-carriers supplying the mason with brick and mortar, or farm-drudges bearing manure to the field, can not retain much of the peculiar attraction of the sex. The result is that they are scarcely regarded as women by either sex of those above them in the social scale, and are treated and addressed in manners and language that would only be tolerated by their class.

These poor toilers are receiving but little attention, and with the present construction of society in Europe they can hope for little for a long time to come. The principal cause of this inhumanity of man to woman are the immense standing armies in every realm; these keep men in idleness in peace, or send them to be maimed or slaughtered in war, and the places that they should fill in the field of labor are occupied by their wives and daughters, because the latter must have a support, and the toil must be performed by some one.

But there is another class whose sufferings are as keen, though not so patent to the world because covered with the cloak of refinement, or withdrawn from the broader gaze. These are the daughters of the middling classes, or in many cases even of the higher classes, reduced by misfortune to the necessity of providing for their own support. To the toils and

trials of these very special attention is just now being paid throughout Europe, and we approach the question with greater satisfaction, from the fact that the impetus to this new movement finds its origin, in some degree, in the activity developed in this field of discussion of late years in our own country. The great question is to multiply and extend the occupations that are or may be adapted to woman, and this is to be effected by systematically training them to industrial pursuits now chiefly exercised by men.

But a special effort is now being made in France to ameliorate the condition of female teachers and governesses—these occupations absorbing an unusually large proportion of young French women, partly from their social system of governesses where a family is at all able to bear the expense, and partly from the fact that there is a very large demand all over Europe for French women to take charge of the younger children, and instill the principles and practice of the language while young, that it may more nearly become as a vernacular.

A French lady whose name deserves to be cherished and remembered by American women—Madame Victoire Daubié—has become the noble champion of her sex on this battle-field, and is now wielding her favorite weapons, the tongue and pen, with marked success. She has lately published a number of articles on the subject of female education under the "Second Empire," as the French love to call their present dynasty, and gives a picture of its condition not at all flattering to the reign.

In France female education is still largely carried on in the convents, and these are formidable rivals to the secular institutions that devote themselves to the higher branches of education. The French Revolution abolished these convents, and the First Empire monopolized education, but paid little attention to that for woman. The Restoration reinstated the convents, and fettered secular instruction for the female sex, and thus it virtually remains now.

The secular schools of Paris for the instruction of young ladies are known as "*Pensionnats*," many of them are large and excellent, but too many, we fear, partake of the nature of the French boarding-schools transplanted into the larger cities of this country, upon whose merits we need not enlarge. The rivalry of the convents forces them to assume a mercantile character, and resort to every means to reduce expenses. Now, the main sufferers in the case—and this brings us to the thread of our story—are the young ladies who occupy the place of teachers. They receive salaries sometimes as low as fifty dollars per annum, and feel happy

if they can, by hard labor or extra merit, approach the hundreds. They are thus obliged, in the few hours that they may have free, to earn a little with the needle or other means, a course that saps the foundation of health, or lowers them in the eyes of their pupils.

Madame Daubié recites a number of cases of unkind treatment that came under her own observation. The daughter of a general who fell on the battle-field for his country, is rudely chided by a mother in presence of her pupils for administering proper reproof to a child. Another is ordered to mend the torn dresses of a pupil during recess; and the instances are numerous where young ladies of good families who find it necessary to teach for a support, are therefore considered fair subjects for the insults of young men whose sole claim is their family or their means.

Still worse is the condition of those who act as private teachers, passing from house to house imparting instruction. There is a prejudice against this class in Paris, and yet no less than three thousand live alone from piano instruction. Their labor is most exhausting—from morning till evening they walk from house to house, laboring from twelve to fifteen hours per day, without relief and adequate nourishment. Their pay is contemptible, sometimes not exceeding ten cents a lesson. Many good teachers would gladly give twenty-five lessons in French, geography, music, etc., for three dollars.

The lot of many young French women who seek their support as governesses all over Europe is pitiable indeed. One young lady suffering with weak lungs came to Madame Daubié, rejoiced at having found a place where she could instruct and care for a child during the day, and read to the lady of the house in the evening. "Do you not fear to increase your disease, and have you made no provision with regard to your health?"

"By no means. I feared to speak of my weakness lest I might receive a negative answer, and thus be deprived of a support."

In many wealthy houses of France and England, governesses are obliged to sit at table with the servants, who are often better paid. Young French women of education and intelligence frequently leave their homes, hoping for favorable engagements as teachers in foreign lands, and too often sink in despair, into hopeless ruin and infamy. Some are forced to abjure their faith to insure a livelihood, others in sickness are sent to public institutions to die among strangers, or sink by the wayside in endeavoring to reach home and friends.

The question now is, Shall the social relations thus continue to condemn these women to the martyr's life and the martyr's death? Is there no Victor Hugo to raise his voice and speak with a tongue of fire in behalf of these sufferers? If the French Emperor would devote a small part of his energy to the educational institutions, and the improvement of the lot of these poor girls, and less to the "*balance of power*" and the "*oppressed nationalities*," it would redound greatly to his honor and their welfare.

If we compare the lot of young ladies of refinement, struggling for existence in France, England, or Germany, it is doubtful where we find the greater amount of misery and woe. But it is gratifying to know that in each of these countries unusual attention is now being paid to their deplorable situation.

In London, Mrs. Emily Faithful is the owner of a printing office, in which she employs only female compositors and printers. She is also the publisher of the *Victoria Magazine*, a monthly periodical of about three years' existence, written mainly by women, and holding the position of organ of the association for the advancement of the means of support among women. A recent number contains an article devoted to the instruction and education of women, with the special view of elevating their rank in the world of labors, and giving them a more independent position in society.

Indeed, England, with Victoria on the throne of to-day, and pointing to Elizabeth of the past, has great reason to be proud of her women, and owes them a debt which she should be anxious to repay. She can point with pride to the many that now wield the pen to her honor, and ask with justice the question, Why can not women insure to themselves an independent existence as well as men, without exhausting toils and heart-breaking trials? The answer evidently is, the faulty education of the sex.

A boy, from his earliest age, is educated with a view to his future calling; and when he is old enough to comprehend the question he is sure to hear it: What do you intend to become? His first idea is usually to tread in the footsteps of his father; as he advances in years he is inclined to turn to the bent of his own peculiar genius.

But who thinks of addressing this question to the girl, and where is she to acquire in her elementary training a tendency to an honorable and fitting occupation that may render her independent in life?

Now, this London lady and her colleagues

would secure for women a practical education that might serve her as a support in after-life. She may have enjoyed the advantages of excellent instruction in school, but she has had no center around which to group her efforts. At the close of her school-days she is at a loss to know what to do. If her parents have means she devotes her time to the toilet, visits, and pleasures; or, perchance, she may be intellectually or artistically inclined, and sober, as an *amateur*, into a course of study or art; but this is generally of little practical value unless she have a natural talent for these pursuits. But make the later training of girls the perfection of some special study or calling, and you prepare them for all the emergencies of life. If they show a decided talent for music or painting, give them such systematic instruction in these branches as shall fit them for teachers, and then, if the family meet with a reverse of fortune, or the father die and leave them in embarrassment, they are prepared to meet the change with courage and independence, and provide for their own wants and the protection of the younger members of the household.

So much for those whose present good fortune enables them to look on life smilingly, but would prepare for the contingencies of the future.

But for young women who are certainly to depend upon themselves, and who have not the means and time to devote to the more refined or artistic studies, these ladies suggest a practical training in occupations that would more quickly give them self-support. They suggest book-keeping, commercial correspondence, telegraphing, and employment in the civil office. Now this latter, especially, is a great stride for England, but they bring the testimony of government officers who have employed young women in the bureaus, and express themselves highly pleased with the result. They are declared to be quite as reliable as men, and often more teachable, and more ready in the comprehension of their official duties. These ladies, therefore, press upon young women the necessity of choosing such occupations as may be adapted to their sex and strength, and applying themselves with zeal to a daily study and practice of them; this will insure skill, and skill and modest worth will force acknowledgment and support from society.

So much for progress among English women. As we study their platform and observe their tendencies, we can not help claiming that they have caught their inspiration from this side of the Atlantic, which, with all its faults, we are still ready to declare the paradise of woman.

If we now turn to the Father-land we find an unusual activity there in the matter of woman's toils and trials. German women are perhaps more devoted to domestic duties than those of any other nation, but there are not homes enough to give all occupation and support. European wars and standing armies make fearful inroads into the male ranks, and so produce a marked disproportion between the sexes. Thus vast numbers of women must be thrown on their own resources. To give these aid and employment, the ladies of Berlin, especially, have been lately very active.

A few months ago there was opened in that capital a "Commercial and Industrial Institute for the adult daughters of Berlin." Its aim is to take young ladies who have the ordinary educational training, and by systematic instruction and practical exercise, to prepare them for commercial and industrial pursuits. The Institute has two main divisions; the first takes young women of at least fifteen years of age, and gives them a thorough and comprehensive course of two years; the second provides a one-year course for those at least sixteen years old, in the most necessary instruction required to prepare them for some practical calling.

The present plan comprehends the following subjects: General commercial and industrial knowledge; book-keeping for commerce and manufactures; commercial correspondence; commercial penmanship; arithmetic applied to commerce and the arts; elements of natural history, philosophy, and chemistry; commercial history and geography; language and style, with English and French correspondence; drawing, both free hand and from designs.

The Institute is provided with a library, collections of patterns and wares, philosophical and chemical apparatus; and the pupils make frequent excursions for the inspection of warehouses and manufactories. The fee is about forty dollars per year. The Institute is under the supervision of a society of ladies, known as the association for the advancement of self-support of the female sex. The Crown-Princess of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, is the Lady-Protectress, and has already founded two free scholarships, an example followed by the Queen Augusta.

We have been thus careful to specify with a view of showing how thoroughly these German ladies have begun this great work, and how earnest and sincere they are in their zeal.

It is needless to say that these efforts are not without their opponents, some with honest convictions, and others with conservative prejudices. As is often the case, some of these pre-

tended friends are their worst enemies. The so-called question of woman's rights is by some injudiciously connected with this movement to give to women respectable and remunerative occupation, and has thus drawn upon it the acrimony of those who see a Pandora's box in the emancipation of woman.

In Bohemia a certain gentleman, who seems to have sat at the feet of some of the strong-minded women of New York during a residence there, has now become the oracle of certain Bohemian ladies who wish to throw off allegiance to the male sex. He has organized said ladies into what he calls very naively an "*American Club*." This body dons the bloomers, gets up lectures, visits factories, mines, railroads, machine shops, etc., in true masculine style, and has created such an excitement generally as to draw a large amount of odium on the cause, and no little discredit on the American name. Innocent German ladies begin to fear that it is the custom of the country here for the women to form the clubs, and the men to stay at home and attend to domestic pursuits.

In short, the strife between the sexes has fairly commenced in the Father-land, and woman is ceasing to be the abject servant that she so proverbially is, especially among the laboring classes. An amusing contest is just now entertaining the polite world on account of a famous reply of Madame Marié Gayette to sixteen thousand young bachelors, who exchange vows not to marry till the present extravagance of women shall be reduced to moderate bounds. Madame insists upon it that women have the worst of the bargain in all social arrangements. Sisters are obliged to knit and sew, wash and iron, cook, clean gloves, starch wristbands and collars, tie cravats; in short, do a thousand things for brothers, as a matter of course, for which they receive no thanks. The brothers go away to school, and return at holidays, only to play the lord at home; sisters must bring them their slippers and pipes, prepare delicacies for them and look on while they eat, and bring them their dressing-gowns when they would take a snooze on the parlor sofa.

When boys are born it is a great event in the house—the family has an heir and worker—but the poor girls are received with a quiet shrug of the shoulders, and the question, "Where shall we procure a dowry by which to marry them off?" Brothers become officers, politicians, doctors, or lawyers, and the poor sisters have a scanty allowance on account of the expense attendant on the brothers' entering a profession.

As men they no longer seek wives, but matches; they have a sliding scale of worth according to

the thousands. Fifty thousand is quite amiable and lovely; a hundred thousand is adorable, and so on. If a new female acquaintance is to be made the first question is, Has she money? With this catechism he enters into the bonds of matrimony, swears to whatever the preacher tells him, and never thinks of his oath afterward. With the prize he has secured the future, and this is all he desired. Madame then recommends to these sixteen thousand youths to keep their vow, and not to marry. The less of their kind in the world, the better; posterity will not suffer. The coming generation will simply see fewer pomatumed dandies on the promenade, and fewer caricatures in the comic sheets.

May we not safely leave the case of these German ladies in their own hands?

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

A PICTURE OF MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

PART I.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

IT was in the forenoon of a beautiful Summer day, A. D. 1600, when the gardens of fair Italy were in their highest bloom, that two maidens, apparently of high birth, were seen seated on a grassy bank, beside a fountain, which, in its classic style and perfect proportions, harmonized well with its beautiful surroundings, which every-where bore evidence of the refined taste of the Medicis, those merchant princes, who were no less renowned for intellectual superiority than unbounded wealth. That they were not sisters was evident, not only from the entire dissimilarity of face and form, but also from the strong contrast afforded by the haughty demeanor of one, to the eager earnestness of the other.

Both were handsome; but their style of beauty differed quite as much as did their social position. One was tall, with a face and figure fit for an empress; the other was small, with sparkling, dark eyes, and a true Italian complexion. The stately maiden was fairer than her companion, and, with a more than ordinary mind, refined tastes, and a kind and generous heart, might be supposed to possess the power of winning the hearts of all who approached her; but the compressed lip and imperious brow told that obstinacy mingled largely with the better elements of her character, and only waited a proper period for their development.

The two friends were conversing together, but not with equal interest; for one chatted gayly, as, with busy fingers, she formed a garland from the various flowers she held in her lap, while the other, seemingly abstracted, and with clouded brow, replied only in monosyllables, and pettishly pulled to pieces the roses within her reach, and flung their dis severed petals into the basin.

"How have those poor flowers offended?" asked the maiden of the garland playfully; "and why look so gloomy when you ought to be so happy? Of what can you be thinking, that thus clouds the brilliant prospect now opening before you?"

"I am thinking of the imperial wives of France, Leonora," was the answer; "of those who have worn the crown-matrimonial, which, I have heard, has never failed to inflict deep wounds on all upon whose brow it has rested; and it has been remarked, too, that the dark shadow of its fatality has spread into other lands, when their sovereigns have allied themselves with French royalty."

"Then why accept it, if you fear its dreadful pressure, Marie?" inquired the other. "The Duke of Parma offers you an alternative; and brave, handsome, and accomplished, beloved at home and honored abroad, is a fitting match for any princess in Europe. What more would you have?"

"A throne, Leonora, nothing but a throne! The Duke of Parma has only a coronet to offer, and my ambition will not be satisfied with less than a crown—even though that crown should be lined with thorns. You seem to forget that the children of royal houses are to have no feelings or preferences; we are taught from infancy that we are only born to play the part of puppets in affairs of state policy. I tell you that I smothered whatever of heart I possessed long ago, and have given myself up to ambition; so that I can not be satisfied with any thing less than a crown. And what greater honor could be desired than to wear the crown of France, bestowed by the hand of the renowned Henry the Great?"

The Princess curled her lip contemptuously. "Yes," she said, "the renowned Henry of Navarre—lately the husband of the divorced Margaret of Valois. She managed him badly; but, no matter; I shall be a queen, and wear a crown. Yes; I will rule the great Henry and France, too."

The speakers, whose conversation is here recorded, were Marie de Medicis and her friend, Leonora Galigai, who had even then acquired an influence over the haughty Princess, to

which, although she boasted that she never gave way to any one, she always yielded, and which afterward produced such fatal consequences.

Marie was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, and Jane, of Austria, and was in her twenty-sixth year, when Sully and Ossat, the ministers of Henry IV, appeared at the Florentine court to negotiate a marriage so necessary to the interests of the State. It was a match every way suitable; one that ought to have rendered the parties supremely happy themselves, and might have proved a blessing to France; but the violent and obstinate temper of the Princess counteracted the influence of the many virtues which even her enemies allowed that she possessed. Educated in the luxurious, but comparatively-obscure, court of which her father was the ruler, she was in no wise calculated, by nature or training, to battle with the intrigue and duplicity she could not fail to meet with in the corrupt and sensual court of France. Although possessing, in a high degree, the intellectual, refined, and elevating tastes by which her family, the Medici, were distinguished, they were all sacrificed on the shrine of vanity and ambition. She was elated beyond measure at the brilliant prospect of sharing the throne of France, but to the honor of being the wife of Henry IV—a name, to this day, never mentioned without great respect—she was altogether insensible.

Our space will not allow us to follow, in close detail, the occurrences of Marie de Medici's eventful and dramatic life, nor to trace the workings of an ambition too great for the strength of her mind, nor to enumerate her many imprudent and violent actions; but must be content to confine ourselves to the most prominent incidents of her life, embodied in the three periods of her history, which we have designated as Morning, Noon, and Night. But as History holds her mirror to our view, and we cast a hasty, but comprehensive, glance over the memory of one to whom royalty was a temptation and power a snare, let us not withhold our pity from her who, although she was worthy to be greatly blamed, was also greatly wronged; and who, reared in splendor, died suffering the deprivations of the most abject poverty. The decrees of an all-wise Providence sometimes appear hard to short-sighted mortals; and yet, if our sympathy with the present sufferings of the unfortunate did not lead us to cast a veil of oblivion over the errors of the past, we should but too often confess that the sufferers from adverse fortune are in reality but the victims of their own imprudence and misconduct.

The proposal of the French alliance was received with great joy by the Florentine court. To Marie was at once paid all the honors due to a Queen of France. Her dower was magnificent, and the most brilliant entertainments were given by the Duke of Tuscany to celebrate this glorious event. The marriage was performed by proxy; and the fair bride embarked in a superb galley, and, escorted by a flotilla of seventeen vessels—and accompanied by a suite selected from the highest families of Tuscany—sailed for Marseilles. The vessel which conveyed Marie to her new home was fitted out with the utmost splendor, and with a prodigality which could not easily be rivaled. It was decorated with tapestry of silk and gold embroidery, ornamented within and without with pearls and jewels, and, the crowning glory of the whole, the escutcheon of the House of Medicis was traced in diamonds.

At first the weather was bright and beautiful, but, after a few days, contrary and violent winds arose, and made the voyage, even to its close, perilous in the extreme. The attendants of the Princess—superstitious and timid—together with the strong-minded Leonora, became alarmed, and regarded the tempestuous voyage as ominous of the future life of their mistress. Marie, however, displayed no alarm, but spoke cheerfully to the rest, and showed herself, in this respect, worthy of the hero who had chosen her to share his throne.

The King was to have met her at Marseilles, but he was detained at the besieging of a fortress. Marie, offended by this seeming neglect, was scarcely to be soothed into good humor even by the splendid preparations made for her reception. On landing, she was welcomed by the highest nobility of the French court, and regal honors were bestowed on her all along the road to Lyons, where she was to wait the arrival of the King. Yet eight days passed before he made his appearance, thus evincing an indifference, by which her pride was sorely wounded.

He came at last; and, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone—for he had just left his army—he, without changing his dress, at once sought her presence, and by his courtly and affectionate greeting at once banished her displeasure. On the same day the marriage ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Lyons, and, three months after, she made her *entree* into Paris, amid the joyful acclamations of the populace and welcome of the nobles. She was now happy. Her ambition was fully gratified in being hailed Queen of France, and her affection strongly awakened for Henry, who,

regarded as the greatest sovereign of Europe, had raised her to this elevated position.

The first few months of Marie's new life sped rapidly and brilliantly away. Lulled by the calm and sunshine of all around her, she forgot that storms sweep more fiercely and devastatingly over the mountain tops than in the lowly valleys. But the brightness soon passed away, and dark clouds began to appear in its stead. She was wearing the crown-matrimonial of France—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected; for among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there is scarcely one that it has left without a blight or a stain; and, perhaps, by no one was the “sharp and cruel thorns with which it is lined” more painfully felt than by Marie de Medicis.

Almost sovereign in her father's comparatively-obscure court, she had had but little temptation to exhibit the evil peculiarities of her nature; but now, feeling herself Queen of France, she kept no guard over herself, but gave way to her domineering temper, careless of the enmity she provoked. No one doubted her affection for her husband-king; but she too often forgot that he was King, and, haughty and jealous as she was violent, provoked painful dissensions, which imbibited the lives of both. Her dream of ambition had been fulfilled; but she found out—as many others have done before and since—that splendor and high places do not bring happiness. Even while exulting in her high position, and envied by rival queens, she was far from being happy. The “unseen and unsuspected thorn,” concealed in the crown-matrimonial of France, was working its way. And yet, obliged to acknowledge that her present elevation had not brought the happiness she expected, she had no regret when she thought of her quiet life in Tuscany. The steady turmoil in which she now lived was more congenial to her nature. The blame, however, did not wholly belong to Marie. The domestic conduct of Henry IV—the object of veneration to all Europe, and the restorer of peace to France—was not in accordance with other parts of his character; and if he did not find in the bosom of his own family the quiet his judicious rule had bestowed on others, truth obliges the impartial historian to confess that Marie had often only too much reason for complaint, and excuse for those violent outbreaks of temper to which she gave way.

Leonora Galigai—Marie's favorite friend—soon after her arrival in France had married Concini, also a favorite with the Queen. This pair were blamed by Henry as exerting a pernicious influence over Marie, the Queen. He

therefore regarded them with intolerable dislike, and often threatened that he would not only banish them to Florence, but the Queen also.

We can not detail in this place the many causes which imbibited the life of Marie de Medicis; but on none did the shadow belonging to the crown-matrimonial of France rest more darkly than on her. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's favorite, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner, and when she complained of those indignities to the King, he only either laughed at her, or, refusing to listen to or believe her, made them the occasion of a violent quarrel. Such repeated provocations and threats of divorce soured her temper completely, and rendered her mind almost insanely irritable by constant vexation and apprehension.

Her coronation, which was to have taken place at once, on her arrival in France, was, from time to time, delayed, on various pretenses, for ten years, notwithstanding her great anxiety for its performance, and earnest entreaties to the King that her right to be acknowledged Queen should be no longer withheld. “It is but a semblance of royalty which I possess,” she would exclaim in a passion of anger to her friend, Leonora; “the King, alarmed by the predictions of a silly astrologer, who declared he would die in a coach, on an occasion of some great festivity, seeks to defraud me of my right—but I will not be conquered.” Every refusal of the King provoked a new quarrel; so that Henry at last lost all patience, and, forgetful of his duty as Marie had been of hers, descended to such recriminations that a separation was the result; but, after a short time, a reconciliation was effected by the efforts of the good and faithful Sully.

Fifty-eight years had passed since the birth of a Dauphin had occurred in France, and great was the rejoicing throughout the realm when the advent of an heir to the throne was announced. But not even did this welcome event, nor the birth of several other most promising children, bring an increase of happiness to the disappointed Queen. Most women would have found a solace amid her domestic discomforts in the discharge of maternal duties, and in the endearments of her innocent children; but ambition had closed up all the avenues of her heart against the tenderer emotions. Mortified at the position she held in her husband's court, where it was her right to reign supreme, and brooding over her real and fancied wrongs, she became suspicious of all around her, and grew daily more severe and exacting.

Learning that a conspiracy was on foot to have her divorced from Henry, and her son—afterward Louis XIII—disinherited, her anger knew no bounds. The powerful family of the Antraignes, to whom Henry allowed too much license at court, were her greatest enemies, and, hating as they were hated, declared themselves possessed of documents which would render her marriage with the King invalid. The conspiracy was discovered. Henry became seriously uneasy; Marie was the daughter of royalty, and it would have been a dark blot on his escutcheon should it be proved that he had thus, as it was pretended, wronged her. But the terror and grief of the Queen is not to be described. The flood of her affliction was overwhelming. A queen threatened with dethronement; a wife menaced with having no right to the name; a mother, with the prospect of her son's succession to his father's throne set aside, and the scepter wrested from his hands, because, from the King's previous marriage, he had no legal claim! This, then, was to be the end of all her ambitious hopes! And often, as she and Leonora sat together in her luxurious palace-chamber, they would recall the scene in the garden, when she declared "that nothing less than a throne would satisfy her," and her boast that "she would rule Henry the Great and all France;" and then her haughty spirit, not yet subdued by what she had suffered, or rendered fearful by the greater troubles with which she was menaced, would again flash out, and she would exclaim: "Yes, Leonora, I am not to be conquered; I will do so still!"

It might be supposed that, surrounded by enemies of whose designs she was not ignorant, and the intrigues of a most corrupt court, she would keep watch over herself, at least so far as to be more guarded in her speech than was her wont, but this was not the case. Her violent and imprudent course of conduct made her situation every day more precarious, and, except for the counsels of one to whom she had uniformly been kind, and who owed his elevation to her, she might have hastened the threatened storm which was now lowering on her life's horizon. This counselor was the wise and crafty Richelieu, Bishop of Lucor, just now, through her favor, rising into notice. He had, on her arrival in France, been appointed her confessor, and grateful for the helping hand which she had unsparingly used in her benevolent efforts to promote his interests, he now, when she stood upon the verge of ruin, showed himself her friend. He entreated her to moderate her violence; he did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions; he kneeled and

supplanted even to tears, and showed her that her present course was only serving more and more to alienate the King and precipitate her own downfall. For a long time she remained inflexible, but at length yielded so far as to moderate her violent behavior and conciliate her husband. The generous-hearted Henry freely accepted the overtures of peace, and feeling that he had not done her justice, and desirous of making amends for the improper treatment he had allowed her to receive, gave orders that preparations for her long-delayed coronation should now be made. Nevertheless, he still manifested a great reluctance to name the day, but at length it was fixed for the 13th of May, 1610.

As Marie had long before declared to Leonora, he had a presentiment that the ceremony would prove fatal to him, and he often exclaimed, "O that detestable coronation, it will cause my death!" and even then endeavored to obtain the Queen's consent to its being postponed. But Marie, though a full believer in the science of astrology, and as superstitious as could be, was absolute in her refusal. Her right had already been delayed for ten years. No Queen of France had ever yet been so badly treated; and she angrily declared that the ceremony should no longer be postponed on account of such a childish apprehension as that created by the silly prediction of an astrologer. The important day at length arrived; the ceremony of placing the crown of France on the head of Marie took place at the church of St. Denis; Marie's dress was gorgeous, literally blazing with jewels, heirlooms of the rich Medici. The King forgot the ominous prediction that had for so long disturbed his quiet, and gratified in beholding her magnificent appearance, heightened her triumph and her vanity by declaring in his enthusiasm, that "he had never seen so handsome a woman as his Queen." The festivities were to continue for several days, and the most costly arrangements were being made to celebrate the occasion. Marie now, triumphant over the enemies who had so nearly effected her ruin, declared to Leonora that "for the first time since she left Florence she was perfectly happy."

This, however, was but a transient lull amid the storm in which the whole of her life was passed; the sinister prediction of the astrologer which had awakened the solicitude of the King's friends and caused uneasiness to himself, was too truly prophetic. The festal ceremonies were scarcely commenced when the general joy was turned into mourning, and the voice of all France exclaimed in tones of lamentation,

"*Nous avons perdu notre pere*"—we have lost our father.

On the 14th of May the King set out on a visit to Sully, who was sick, and wishing to see the preparations which were being made for the Queen's public entry into the city, which was to take place on the 16th, the curtains of the royal coach were drawn up. Turning out of one street into another, into which the entree, at all times very narrow, was blocked up with two hay-carts, the coachman was obliged to stop while the attendants cleared the way. At this moment a wild-faced, red-haired man approached the carriage where the King sat reading a letter, and struck the blow which deprived Henry of his life and France of her wise and benevolent sovereign.

The great modern hero was not lamented under the palace-roof of his wife as he was bewailed beneath the thatch of the cottages throughout the realm, for Marie de Medicis was ignorant of the extent of her loss. The same ambition that had led her to desire a throne and crown as the greatest of all treasures, and sealed up her heart against the hallowing influence of maternal and conjugal affection, also rendered her callous to emotions which the tragedy just enacted might be supposed naturally to bring forth. No such softening, however, took place. Two hours after the king was murdered she had taken every precautionary measure necessary for assuring herself of the regency. The power of governing the realm of France as regent was, however, by no means granted willingly to her. The Duke de Epernon, Colonel-General of the French guard, surrounded the parliament house with troops, and, after a long harangue before the members, prevailed on them to declare the Queen regent of France; and it was remarked, as if inseparable from her stormy nature, that from the moment she assumed the reins of government discord began to manifest itself, and that which was at first whispers of dissatisfaction, soon became loud murmurs of wrong, and at length increased to demands of rights, and threats of vengeance. Henry's faithful friend, the wise and virtuous Sully, was at once dismissed from the council; to him followed all the other ministers of Henry's choice; and this first act of her unskillful government, so plainly indicative of the policy she intended to pursue, at once precipitated, not only her own ruin, but nearly effected that of France. The King, foreseeing the evil which would arise when he no more should guide the State, had advised her to retain those ministers whom he had placed in council in her service; to suffer no foreigners to interfere in

the affairs of the administration, and to prevent the increase of Jesuits in the kingdom. Marie, however, instead of regarding these instructions as worthy of the least attention, replaced the discarded ministers by emissaries of the Pope; men who were suspected as accomplices in the King's assassination, but who were, nevertheless, loaded with favors. The Jesuits, who triumphed in the increase of their power, endeavored to create new wars on account of their religion, and the State was agitated by the troubles thus renewed with the discontented Huguenots, to whom Marie de Medicis was obliged, in 1614, to accord the treaty of St. Menesould.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE roses down the garden walks
Are flushed with royal bloom,
And stately lilies fill the air
With breath of rare perfume.

The orchards on the sunny slopes
Stand deep in wavy grass,
And lightly o'er the clover-fields
The southern breezes pass.

O Summer days! O Summer bloom!
O sunshine, come at last!
The land is full of joyful song
To know that wars are past;

To see the banners borne again
Along the homeward track,
And know that after weary years
Our boys are coming back.

Joy for the happy hearts that thrill,
The well-beloved to greet;
But woe for those that sadly wait
For unreturning feet!

For lips must take with wailing back
That sent with blessing forth;
And say at once, "Ah, happy land!
Ah, lonely, silent hearth!"

O mother country! dearly loved,
We count our treasures lost,
And deem thy glory cheaply won
In spite of cruel cost.

White wings of peace above our homes
Are brooding, still and calm;
And dews of comfort on our hearts
Drop down their healing balm.

And through our grief, divinely sweet,
We hear the voice that cries,
"The night of weeping soon shall pass,
And joy's glad morning rise."

Thy will be done, O blessed Lord!
Through paths of keenest pain,
Teach thou our souls to walk with thee,
And count our losses gain.

OUR MOUNTAINS OF TRANSFIGURATION.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

AS in religious reverie we look earnestly into the hazy past, there comes before our vision the Galilean Teacher, walking through the cities and the plains of Palestine among his disciples, upon his sad, strange, earthly mission. These chosen twelve have been for some time following him, led by his holy fascination. And yet mixed with their loving confidence in him, as their Redeemer, were painful wonderings, almost doubts. For what a strange mien for a victorious Shiloh! And how, by this life of mild mercy, will the power of Judah be restored? Now their last hope of a conquering Savior, who should lift their nation from foreign thralldom, is broken, for Jesus has just informed them that at Jerusalem he "must suffer many things of the elders and chief priests, and scribes, and be *killed*." He only who has known what it is to have a great hope die in his own heart can feel the agony of those questionings with which even they began to doubt if this be indeed the very Christ. But three of them follow with trembling faith as Jesus now leads them into a mountain apart to pray. They had seen before the human part of that strange, incomprehensible mingling of humanity and divinity which was to them, as still to us, a dark mystery. To-day their doubts shall flee away, and they shall see his divinity clearly. They had felt his human nature in the dear sympathy which he daily gave them in all their weariness and petty vexations, and in that rich, human love which bade him weep with the mourning sisters. They recognized it as they saw his feet blistered by his chafing sandals—as he walked wearily, though cheerfully, over the hills and plains of Palestine. They saw it in those hours of darkness, when his divinity seemed eclipsed by his humanity, and when, weakly human, and not as God talking with God, he prayed long nights to his Father. They saw it, too, in that dreadful temptation when there seemed taken from him for our sakes the full consciousness of his sonship—that he might be "in all points tempted like as we are." But to-day upon that lonely mountain where he had gone to pray, the human was lost in the divine, and the disciples saw in the Jesus they followed no longer a brother's face. Transfigured, he stood before them the very Son of God. In the glistening raiment, in the radiant presence of the dead talking with them, in the voice which fell from the cloud into which they entered, earth was forgotten by the wondering

disciples. Heaven seemed come down to them. No wonder they felt it was good to be there and begged that tabernacles might win their, heavenly guests to a constant abode with them.

Can not there be in *our* lives some such mountains of transfiguration, not like it, indeed, but similar? When we go out from the crowded, noisy world into the silent sanctuary of the Mountains of Solitude apart to pray, may not sometimes the spiritual conquer and throw off the influence of the coarse, physical cloak which shuts us in so closely and so darkly? May we not, then, almost see and talk with the glorious dead? May not the transitory conditions of earthly life be then forgotten in the truer realities, the more permanent relations of another existence? And from out that merciful cloud, which then screens us from the full glory of our Father's presence, shall not a loving voice fall; "This is my beloved son?" Every Christian believes so. And in these moments of inspiration and of revelation, do we not always pray like ardent Peter, that in so good a place permanent tabernacles may win the constant presence of this holy visitation?

But such hours do not come often, for we do not often go out from the deep, dark valleys of earth, with their ceaseless business sounds, their market-places, their dry, dusty paths, and their mercenary wrangling, up on to the lonely, sacred mountains of life where God meets us most gloriously. We do not try to throw off the dust of a worldly life in those places *apart*, amid whose pure fragrance, and dewy, untainted beauty, the spirit of Liberty makes her holy home; where, too, God's presence is most sensible.

It is the stupid grossness which fails to perceive the presence of God in our very midst, which, more than any thing else, prevents us from coming often upon the delectable mountains of life. For why should we come when we do not trust that God will meet us there? We regard his "still small voice" as the fancies of our own hearts. Through whatever symbols he may make known his presence we insist upon referring them to some immutable and general laws of nature of indefinite application, and fail to understand their precious, hidden meaning for our own hearts. How often, hour after hour, has an unheeded, overshadowing Presence been by us, with its strange, gladdening influence, and we have called it physical exhilaration! The various conditions of circumstance by which God leads us we call accident, or destiny. We will not see even the plainest manifestations of his presence. We would have explained into some natural phe-

nomena even the light before the mercy-seat, and the cloud and pillar of fire that led Israel.

Even when our wavering, unsettled faith in the possibility of appreciable communion with God becomes strong enough to break the chains of worldly fascination and lead us at all apart to pray upon the mountains, we timidly go upon the hill-side simply, keeping ever the world in sight. We dare not entirely forget it upon the summit in such earnest communion that it becomes to us indeed a mountain of transfiguration, where we are changed by the near presence of Divinity into a more spiritual existence, all there is divine within us rising in majesty to meet the divinity of heaven.

Another reason why we do not oftener go where the spiritual within us may hold complete mastery, is that our hearts are not in an attentive attitude to be drawn by sacred influences, because they are so full of the din and confusion of the world that the "still, small voice" can not be heard, leading us upon the holy mountains.

But now our spiritual vision—our faith—clear enough to recognize the presence of God plainly, and thus to draw us apart into a sacred isolation, were we not so carelessly indifferent whether there be a God or not, that we do not earnestly seek him—then we might be able to look back upon our life-journey and find many places which we might dignify as "our mountains of transfiguration." In such places for the time, the "spark of divinity" within has burned up the dross of coarser nature, and left us such a spiritual sight that life was no more a crazy dream, or a dark, overclouded journey, but distinctly intelligible with its beautiful and sublime meanings. In these places eternity and God are no fictions, but fearful, while blessed realities. Here the loving presence of our Heavenly Father gives us a distinct recognition of our glorious paternity as he talks with us. And looking from the clear radiance of those bright mountains of visions, the little winding-path our feet must tread grows distinct to us. Here God often breathes into our hearts a prophecy of the future, and when we obey these heavenly visions, our path leads through splendid victories and glorious achievements.

But these mountains are always *apart* from the world. And though we need their holy refreshing we can not build tabernacles and remain there. This transfigured character must come down again from its splendid heights into the dark, dusty places it has left, to be to the infidel world a proof of the glorious possibility of spiritual excellence—of the soul's triumphing over the mean selfishness of our na-

ture—a proof of the reality of divine communion and its glorious power of transformation. For not only was the transfiguration given to Jesus as a reassurance of his sonship, just before the darkness of Gethsemane, but also to the trembling, doubting disciples, who only timidly, half-trustingly believed that God could indeed dwell among men.

And if, just after the illuminated mountains comes the wilderness of temptation, or even the Mount of Calvary, we must, with clinging confidence, trust, though in the darkness, in the glorious revelations of our previous moments of inspiration, and though beneath the clouds rely upon the unseen Father who, we have been taught before, is a universal presence. And thus while we are working among the dust and cinders of the world, we may carry in our hearts a confident trust in the reality of those visions and revelations given us upon the Mt. Tabor of our existence.

A STORY OF A ROBIN.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

A ROBIN moans in wild distress,
For lo, the cruel flames
From house to tree have mounted high—
O, robin, vainly do you cry!

In vain your wild desire!
The darling nestlings that you prize
Are still unfledged and can not rise
From out the cruel fire.

O, mother-bird, what tenderness!
What moanings of despair!
As to and fro you wildly go,
Cleaving the Summer air.

Backward and forward—back at last—
You seek the fated nest,

As if a more than human love
Inspired your little breast,
While lovingly you settle down
To perish with the rest.

A calmness—'t is the calm of death—
Has hushed those eager cries;

'T is more than flame that upward mounts—
'T is incense to the skies!

The Eye that notes the sparrow's fall
Sees how the robin dies!

And men who've wandered to and fro,
Jostled in life's commotion,
May something from the robin learn
Of holy, high devotion.

And as God's humbler instruments
Are those men often need,
Who knows but that some truant heart
A little bird may lead,
And rouse it from its selfishness
To nobler thought and deed!

THE PLEDGE AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

BY HELEN F. MOORE.

TWILIGHT was falling on the old town of Dantzic, and lights were gleaming out in window after window amid the gathering darkness, as an old sailor and a slender, bright-eyed boy walked quickly hand in hand along the street. As they passed a gray old church through the open doors a flood of melody gushed out upon the air, and the boy stood as if transfixed, heedless of the hand which impatiently strove to draw him onward. Listening to the solemn, pathetic chant, "O, Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace!" a torrent of thoughts rushed into his mind—thoughts of the hard, dreary life he was leaving, of cravings denied, of longings unsatisfied, of ceaseless, irksome toil beneath which the body wearied and the mind chafed—thoughts of the life of freedom to which, with a boy's eagerness, he had looked forward, seeing only its poetry. Peace, was it not that for which he longed? But if this peace be indeed the gift of that Lamb of God who bowed so meekly before the decrees of his Father, was this the way to find it—in forsaking the path in which God had placed him, and taking his fate in his own hands? And as his mind became clearer, and the thoughts of his duties settled themselves more firmly, he withdrew his hand from that of the old sailor, and announced his resolve of returning to that life of duty which that morning had appeared so intolerable, and from which, even now, his flesh shrank, though his spirit bowed to the will of God. So he went back to the old wearisome routine, and in his father's shop still curled perukes and powdered wigs, till God's own hand opened the way to that higher life for which he had vainly panted.

The boy was John Falk, and his father was a shrewd, prosperous, money-getting man, with no sympathy for the dreams and aspirations of his son, no comprehension of his longings and struggles. When the boy rebelled, or when he neglected his duty, he must be reduced to obedience, and Solomon's maxim was not yet forgotten. The boy was provoking, that is certain, dreamy and forgetful, neglecting his work to wander off to the seashore and stand for hours watching the heaving waters, dotted with white sails and whiter sea-gulls. No wonder the father was provoked, and the gentle mother, while longing to satisfy her boy's craving for books and study, found her wishes vain. Once, indeed, he tasted an interval of rest. He broke

his leg, and during the weeks of his confinement he was plentifully supplied with books, which he devoured during his enforced leisure. But this interval only made his life seem more dreary from the contrast.

But a change came for him at last. When he was sixteen his father yielded a reluctant consent to his going to an English teacher twice a week, provided the time thus wasted should be made up by work at extra hours. John gladly consented to the terms, and in spite of the difficulties thrown in his way in restricted opportunities, the lack of books, and the contempt and ridicule of his fellow-pupils for the barber's son, he carried off the prize. The pastor heard of the boy's success, and pleaded with his father till he obtained his promise to send John to the high-school. Here he was not long before he reached the highest place, and soon it was seen that he had learned all that there was to be learned at the school. The burghers, whose pride and interest in this lad of their town had been excited, resolved to unite and send him to the University. The announcement of this intention was made to him, and the old burgher, who was the spokesman, added:

"One thing only, if a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old gray-haired burghers and councilors of Dantzic, and do not turn him away."

Falk promised with tearful eyes. How that promise was kept after years will show.

He entered at the University of Halle, and while gaining renown there he found time to enter into all the theories and speculations, religious and political, of the day. While there he also published several satirical poems, which attracted the notice of Wieland, by whom he was introduced to the leading men of the day.

After finishing the course at Halle he was attracted to Weimar by the brilliant constellation of genius clustered there, and in this town he made his home. But, while acknowledging the influence of such men as Schiller, Herder, and, more especially, Goethe, he still felt that something more was wanted. Vague theories, transcendentalism, mysticism, rationalism, were not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of this noble mind. A little band of evangelical men lifted up their voices against the evils of the times, and while listening to them he found that peace for which he had longed before the church door in quaint old Dantzic, the "peace which passeth understanding."

Now came the time of trial and desolation for poor Germany—the French Invasion, from the effects of which she suffered for so long,

and which is still remembered with such horror by the inhabitants. Nine hundred thousand of the enemy's soldiers and five hundred thousand horses were quartered on the little duchy of Weimar for nine months. Distress and horror inconceivable followed in their wake—fire, famine, and pestilence. During this dark time Falk's courage never failed, and the poor barber's boy was raised to the rank of councilor. Day after day he spent in ministering to the wants of the people, and charging himself with the care of what little valuables they had been able to save from the universal wreck. Petitioning the French General in their behalf, he obtained a grant of a company, and placing himself at their head, scoured the country, redressing wrongs and punishing the oppressors.

Peace came at last, but it came to a desolated country and an almost despairing people. Four of Falk's six children had fallen by the pestilence, and the remembrance of his own lost ones made him look more tenderly on those little beings who had been deprived of friends and support by the cruel war. Now the remembrance of the charge given him by the burgomaster in the town-hall at Dantzic recurred to his mind, and he felt that the time to redeem his pledge had come.

His own resources soon failed under the drain upon them, and he was obliged to appeal to the public for aid. He gathered in the children from the way-sides and hedges. "God," he said, "has taken my four angels and left me to be a father to you."

Not only were the orphans his care—his loving interest extended to the lowest, and his Reformatory was established for those who, while yet young in years, were old in vice. "Love overcometh," was the motto which was continually on his lips, and most perfectly exemplified in his life. We can well imagine how the refined rationalist of that day looked upon his plans for elevating this class—not so much by a liberal education as by Christian instruction and example.

"What in all the world," he said once in a speech before the Estates, "does it profit the State to have thieves who can write and thieves who can cipher? They are only so much the more dangerous. Ay, and what profit is it though thieves can speak Latin, and Greek, and French?"

So, while education was by no means neglected, still more attention was paid to the religious culture of the children. Their minds and consciences were educated at once, and their hearts opened to the knowledge and reception of the love of Christ. The result of his labors

silenced those who had sneered at his theories. Boys who entered in the lowest depths of degradation, stained already with crime, with "horrible cannibal-like faces and the image of the desert imprinted on their forehead," left it redeemed from their evil ways, freed from the bondage of sin, with blessings on their lips and the love of Christ in their hearts.

No bolts nor bars were allowed in this institution—no fetters and no punishment. Love was the dominant principle, the sole mode of government. "We forge all our chains on the heart, and scorn those that are laid on the body; for it is written, 'If Christ make you free you shall be free indeed.'" The love by which he governed was not merely human love, but the love of the Highest, of the God who preserves, the Savior who redeems.

His heart and life were wholly devoted to his work. "God has deigned to make me his instrument. He has molded me in the fire of affliction, and prepared me in the valley of tears." When public supplies failed he laid his needs before God, and he who "heareth the young ravens when they cry" never failed his servant who trusted in him. Those who have read Müller's *Life of Trust* will remember many instances of wonderful supplies of pressing wants, and many of these could be paralleled in the case of Falk. One must suffice.

In a time of great public distress and scarcity, a poor crippled boy came to Falk, entreating with tears to be taken in.

"Dear children," said the loving master, "the times are hard, but I will send none of you away; and I will take the stranger from far off in. And I tell you, and now think of it, blessing will flow richly in upon our house; and God who has led Ludwig Minner over the Thuringian Forest in snow and rain, has not led him in vain to us, and he will provide not only for him, but for us all."

When the good man spoke these brave words he knew not where to find bread for the children already under his care; but before the week was past Minner was apprenticed to a tailor, and a donation of five hundred crowns from the Prince of Rudolstadt had put them out of fear of want.

At the very time that his daughter Angelica—his last child—died, he was informed that his Reformatory had been sold, and that he must leave. The only house to be found which would suit his purpose at all was an old ruined palace in Luther's Lane. This he bought, trusting in God for the means of paying for it, and his trust was not disappointed. He determined that it should be repaired by the boys them-

selves, that "every tile on the roof, every nail in the wall, every lock on the door, every chair and table in the room should be a witness to the industry of Falk's children," and this was literally accomplished. The blessing which he pronounced upon the house was characteristic.

"So long as this house will receive poor children within its walls, so long will the blessing of God abide on it and them that dwell therein; but if, forgetting mercy, it shall close its door against poor children, the blessing of God will depart from it."

One anecdote may be familiar to many readers, but for its simple beauty we will record it, hoping that it may fall freshly on some ear.

One evening at supper it was the turn of one of the boys to pronounce a blessing upon the food.

"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless that which thou hast provided."

"Do tell me," said another boy, "why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day, but he does not come."

"Dear little one," said the father, "only believe and you may be sure he will come, for he does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set a chair for him," said the boy, and at the same instant a knock was heard at the door. It was opened, and without there stood a ragged, half-starved apprentice.

"I suppose," said the boy who had asked the question, "that Jesus could not come himself, and so he sent this poor man."

"Yes, dear child, that is it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

The Reformatory, though it is the work by which Falk is best known, was not the only one which he accomplished. One of the plans which he carried out was the formation of a society called Friends in Need, the object of which was the relief of the peasants who had been deprived of their little property by the war. From this resulted the work of the Inner Mission, so well known in our day.

Another of his plans was one for the cessation of beggary by providing for the begging children. Another was an institution for training teachers for the young.

But his work was nearly ended. John Falk, the barber's boy, student, satirist, poet, councilor, philanthropist, was still to experience his last promotion, and pass into the ranks of "the just made perfect." He was seized with illness, and for six weeks he lay in agony, through

which his soul shone forth bright and triumphant, and with the broken words, "God—popular—faith—short—Christ—end," his soul went home to that Master whom, while on earth, he had so faithfully served. He died in 1826, at the age of fifty-eight. His tomb bears the following lines of his own composition:

"Underneath this linden-tree
Lies John Falk—a sinner he—
Saved by Christ's blood and mercy.

Born upon the East Sea strand,
Yet he left home, friends, and land,
Led to Weimar by God's hand.

When the little children around,
Stand beside this grassy mound,
Asking, 'who lies underground?'

Heavenly Father, let them say,
Thou hast taken him away:
In this grave is only clay."

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER VII.

GETTING RICH.

A FRESHET of anxieties had inundated Lakeside. Domestic troubles go in troops, I believe. Let Tommie *almost* sever an artery, in an awkward dash at his great toe, while hacking about with his new ax, and straightway it will be found, in the panic, that Ned, in an adventurous attempt at bestriding the ridgepole of the hen-house, has tumbled off, and all but broken his head. Forthwith, baby toddles away through sundry gates left open in the excitement, and is cooing and crowing about the feet of colts and cows, not supposed to understand precisely the frailty and preciousness of the strange, fumbling, little animal. Then, let the feminine atlas upon whose shoulder rocks this tumultuous world of care, glance toward the front gate, and behold! O, misery! a carriage and company!

The mail boy had brought Mrs. Morland two letters that sultry morning. One from Mrs. Susan Spencer, the stylish city sister; "tired to death of Newport and Saratoga—would start for Lakeside on the morning train—expect them to meet her at the depot," etc.

"Why could n't she write how many children, and nurses, and city friends she intends to bring with her?" exclaims Miss Fannie, with a touch of the inhospitable in her voice.

The other letter was from Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Morland's sister, a wealthy widow, Aunt Sue's opposite in every thing.

"Ralph insists that I shall go with him to Italy," she wrote. "I suppose you have heard of his appointment. We shall sail in a month or so, and I must see all first, else I would postpone my visit awhile, for I know what busy times harvest makes."

Mrs. Morland paused a moment to study "the situation," the little wrinkles of care creeping up over her face, to brush away its radiance. "If we could only have kept Rachel till this was over," musingly.

"Just precisely the way with boys," scolded Fannie. "Now that little bother of a Dick must get hurt with the reaper, just when, of all times, we could least spare Rachel to go home and take care of him."

"Poor Dickie!" mused Mary, the thought of the unfortunate urchin shut up with his mangled limb quite eclipsing the trouble of a house full of company in harvest, and no help. "I must take him some of our old story books. You can spare him some of those lemons, can't you, mother? This hot weather"—

"Yes, Mary, I'll warrant!" interrupted Fannie. "The question before the house is n't Dick Dean's comfort, but how'll we dispose of this duet of aunties? Now, nothing's ever nice enough for Aunt Sue, and if Arabella comes with her, she'll vote herself an injured individual if we do n't keep up a regular rush of boat excursions and picnics for her special delectation."

"Pshaw! Fannie, Bell is n't quite so unreasonable as you make out. No matter if she were, though, we'd do what we could for her pleasure, and not worry ourselves farther. Don't you think, mother, Aunt Grace ought to have the north-east chamber? She'll enjoy those pretty lake views so much, and then it's always so cool out on that little upper veranda."

"Mary's speaking one word for Aunt Grace, and two for herself, don't you see, mother? You know they'll have to be closeted from morning till night, with their perpetual benevolence schemes, or ransacking the country to find some poor body to buy a sewing-machine for, or some other quixotic freak. When their two heads are together there's no help at the dish-washing or dusting. Too ideal for these times, altogether so."

"And yet," broke in Harry, who had made his appearance during this oration, "they'll beat a certain ferocious little damsel that I wot of, ten to one, at good solid work."

By way of emphasizing this teasing speech, a dextrous twitch of net and comb sent her light hair, with its merry waves, whisking about her face. While she was attempting a revenge

in her wee, sputtering wrath, Mrs. Morland turned her attention again to the letter.

"Ralph has just been in," it read, "and has declared his intention of going with me to Lakeside. You must not let our coming make too much trouble. We intend to shut up the house. I proposed to Ralph to take Martha, our best girl, with us, but he insists if we make such a raid upon you in harvest time, we shall take them both. I can easily send Kate back if she is in the way. In haste,

"Yours, etc., GRACE WAYNE."

"Well, well," cried Fannie, pausing in her ineffectual dashes at Harry's whiskers, "it will be a raid, sure enough. Ralph Wayne has n't been here since—I can't tell the time when. Isn't it queer how much he thinks of Aunt Grace, only his step-mother, and he such a great, energetic, thorough-going fellow?"

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Harry. "He'd be a born Patagonian if he did n't think the world of her."

"Being rich has n't spoiled her," said Mary, thinking of her essay.

"She does n't look upon herself as rich," remarked the mother, "only a stewardess; and she has brought Ralph up to think just as she does about these things."

"Now, if Aunt Sue only brings Arabella, with her mincing city airs," laughed Fannie, "what a splendid flirtation they might get up! She'd attack the redoubtable Squire Wayne the first hour, and with success, I'll warrant."

"Fannie!"

"There, mother, don't scold me, please. Indeed, I'll not say another hateful thing to-day."

The days bustled by, jostling themselves into their usual quiet orderliness. Aunt Sue and Miss Arabella bored themselves and every body else with their incessant fidgeting after something to interest them. Aunt Grace brought a world of cheeriness with her. As Fannie prophesied, the "north-east chamber," with its coolness, and quiet, and fresh flowers, was the scene of numberless little confidences. Plans were wrought out here for the good of others—schemes enough to keep Mary busy the rest of the Summer. She and her aunt were near akin in soul. Then, manuscripts must be read and discussed, and somehow Mr. Ralph—in spite of Miss Arabella's splendid toilets, operatic halloos at the harp, and thunderous attacks upon the piano—found himself ensconced in this outer court of the confidences; and before the parties concerned were really aware, he was bringing his rare culture and clear, incisive thinking, to the help of the timid young writer. As we may be a trifle interested, we will seat

ourselves within earshot, this quiet evening, while the great round harvest moon is peeping over the Eastern hills for a good-night look at the setting sun, and listen, with Mrs. Wayne and Ralph, to what we have not already heard of Mary's Essay on

GETTING RICH.

"Want is universal. Men mistake their own needs, and turn this mighty soul-impulse toward money-getting. Most of our harvests of ill are from early sowing. Children's minds are empty fields, open to the scattering of wheat or tears.

"The child feels the want within. His eager clutch grasps after this and that. Parents, too thoughtless, too indolent, or too intent on gain, to be intrusted with the shaping of a ceaseless life, dam up his impetuous desire with a legal barrier. 'Can't have it.' 'Tis n't yours.' 'Is n't mine?' Ah, the property law has crossed his path! 'Mine.' Do n't you see that little pronoun becomes an embodiment of gratification? Not mine—a barrier to pleasure: hence to possess is to be happy. An error in the formula, away back in the beginning. I hope you see it. Then the tin 'savings-box,' to hoard pennies in. To buy comforts for the sick child back in the alley? Bread for the poor? Bibles for the heathen? O! no. To learn to be saving. 'To see how much he can get.' You want to teach your child to get money. Perhaps he needs the lesson, though I think the world will wear it into him soon enough. Quite possibly, as a birth-gift, he has received too strong a tendency in that direction. Ninety-nine people of a hundred do, I know. Mother, would you look upon the ripened fruit of your reckless sowing? See yourself, thirty years hence, infirm, alone, old. Your son will not starve you in a garret. He is too proud for that—too humane, possibly—but not too humane to starve you in a corner of his mansion. He is rich now. The soil of his heart is tramped down, trodden hard by the ceaseless round of bargains, sales, moneyed schemes. They have absorbed and narrowed his real heart-life, till he has never a word of cheer or tenderness for you. He buys you rich clothing, costly comforts, but he fails to bring the cup of cold water your outworn life so sorely needs. He has grown self-centered and sordid through greed of gain. God help mothers understand this! Let children be taught that to be happy does not mean to gratify every appetite, like a young beast, or to strut about in showy plumage like a peacock, but to do good, to conquer self, to make others happy. Children can learn these

lessons. I have seen the experiment successfully wrought.

"'O! yes,' sighs an overtasked mother, 'it is easy enough to toss off fine theories from a pen's point, but just step into my place once,' with a nod more expressive than words. I know 'mother' is a synonym for 'sacrifice.' I know there are mothers who, from overwork, ill health, and brutish neglect, find life

'A weary load,
A long, a rough, a dreary road.'

"But my exhortation is leveled upon the mass of mothers who might do better if they would—those who make eating, drinking, and appearing well, 'the chief end of man.' Better, a thousand times, leave the 'braiding' off the dress, and put the love into the heart. When your boy is grown he'll not be one whit less a man for having worn 'panties' made with a plain hem, minus ruffles, tatting, and embroidery. He will be infinitely nobler if you spend the time carefully culturing the germs of thought, and the tender growth of unselfish love.

"Another harmful cultivator of this general determination to be rich is the light literature of the day. I now think of but one fictionist who ignores the universal fashion of topping off with a fortune as the climax of all good—the authoress of the Schönberg-Cotta Family Chronicles. The old trick of the chrysalis page, or artist, suddenly bursting into a grand duke or prince, is worn out, but the principle holds good. Hero and heroine must marry and be rich. Moral: success is wealth; wealth is happiness. Practical lesson: young man, get rich; honorably, if you can, but at all events, get rich. Young lady, fit yourself for a first-class niche in the matrimonial market, and, if possible, marry a fortune.

"The say of society goes to strengthen this false order of things. Two friends meet. One asks the other about a mutual acquaintance. 'How is he getting along?' These are sensible men. The question must refer to that growth and culture of mind, avowedly of prime importance. No, not so. They are Christians. The question must look in the direction of the man's spiritual interests. No, no, nothing of the kind. Every body understands it to mean, 'How much money does he earn? How good style does he live in?' 'O, he is doing splendidly!' How? Working out a plan to elevate the race? 'Turning many to righteousness?' Growing in God's good will? No, indeed. Little cares he for such things. He has succeeded, by hook and by crook, in getting a good fat office, or has made a fine army speculation. 'Doing splendidly,' in

every-day Saxon, means *getting rich*. The notions of society are miasmatic. Unless you carry constantly a powerful disinfectant, you will inhale them, and be hurt by them. Few people take the trouble to do this. So everybody tries to get rich. This little adjective has as many meanings as there are souls in the collective 'everybody.' It may bear the idea of a red flannel shirt and a string of glass beads, or that of a diamond set worth a small kingdom. It may mean a big potato patch and an immeasurable supply of whisky, or it may stand for an additional empire or two. Everybody thinks, plans, works, struggles to get rich. Some fling society's ban in her face, and take to the high seas, though the anathema of God and men shall follow them, and the prospect of being launched into perdition at a rope's end, stands ever before them as a finis. Others glide behind counters, putting beans into coffee, and water into molasses, more cowardly, no more honest, determined at all hazards to get rich. Some wait for gold to drop from dead hands, others plod on, year by year, to get rich by patient work.

"Perhaps, my friend, you flatter yourself that you are not included in this 'everybody.' You do n't care to be rich. Possibly not, according to the aspirations of miserly A., Epicurean B., or dashing young C. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, your face is set as a flint toward a point on your chart, marked something that may safely be rendered 'rich.' Probably you are saying to yourself, 'Now, this sacrifice, this strain of nerve, and will, and muscle, and then, such a luxury, such style, and by and by'—here is a chaos of the odds and ends of desirable things that may easily be catalogued 'rich.'

"But of all the racers how few reach the goal! By a record of the business men upon the Long Wharf of Boston, every one of whom probably expected to become a merchant prince in forty years, ninety-five out of every hundred failed or died insolvent. Look into the faces of old men who have wrestled stoutly to wrench from the world a fortune. See the ridges of care, the furrows of pain, the tense, sharp lines, etched by disappointment! Of all the calen-tures that lure to an ocean grave, of all the *ignes fatui* that dance over death mires, this desire for gain is the most fatal. Not alone the body perishes in the ruin it works. Too often the wreck goes down into the maelstrom freighted with an immortality!

"What a wretched mistake it is that to be rich is to be happy! If they that trudge on Toil's treadmill, that slip ever on Fortune's icy

stairs are to be pitied, I think those who succeed in climbing so as to be written 'rich,' are not to be envied. Passing the class represented by the miserable millionaire, who spends his time studying statutes, his mind ever in a foment because his tenants and employes will cheat him, let us look at the 'loss and gain' of more sensible rich people. What a host of harpies hover around them! Cares and cheats, flatterers with their threadbare fawnings, fashion with its despicable tyrannies! And, after all, palatial surroundings, when one gets used to them, are no better than the simple appointments of a cottage. True, these people are exempt from physical labor, but this, perhaps, is the heaviest link in the galling chain.

'God says, Sweat

For foreheads; men say, Crowns. . . .
God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction.'

"If you could see the skeletons at rich men's feasts, if you could uncap their secret rooms and look in upon the inconstancies, the envies, the jealousies, I think you would amen Agur's prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' The god of this world blinds men with his money glamor, and they do not see these things. Now and then a suicide or poisoning flings a terrible chapter upon canvas. Men stare aghast a moment, sigh out a moral reflection, and rush on, determined, if possible, to run the risk of riches. Paul wrote, 'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.' But you say there are as many good Christians among the rich as among the poor—a statement hard to refute by statistics, on account of the difficulty of finding a measuring rod for piety. But look at the matter. If you are rich you have it in your power to bestow favors upon those below you in the monetary scale. Now, a man naturally makes his best bow, and puts on his blandest smile in the presence of one who can help him. It is n't you he respects, it is the power your money gives you. Let a tilt of Dame Fortune's wheel empty your coffers, and away goes your importance. But you, being subjected to this sycophancy year by year, lose sight of this fact, fancy yourself possessed of some inherent greatness, entitling you to all this attention. Of course, that coarsely-dressed mechanic is 'just as good as you are'—your theories keep their tone—but then you accept it as the most natural thing in the world, that he shall make his way into a crowd, met only by an indifferent stare, while your *entrée* shall create a general rustle—every body most ob-

sequiously anxious that you shall have the best possible opportunity of seeing and hearing. Thus your egoism becomes chronic. Egoism and Christianity are antagonisms. Christ's vision cut down through these tangled relations of things, and he said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'

"A universal human impulse is a hint of God's purpose. We are made to acquire. Thus all things grow. When God makes a tree, he sets its life pumps at work; it reaches out its roots to draw in the strength of the soil; it stretches forth its arms to clasp the sunshine; it spreads its palms to catch the rain—its leaves to breathe the vitalizing air; it cries ever, 'Give, give!' So of the animal world. So of men. If they cease to reach after, to draw in, to take from the outer, they die. God means we shall get rich. But how? The whole thing hinges upon his definition of the term. Let us look into his vocabulary. Does he mean us to give prime attention to physical needs? To care only for the development of brawn and bone?—the culture of the animal? People who do this are savages. To be sure, we must care somewhat for our bodies. Unhoused spirits are of but little account in this world, people who tip tables to the contrary notwithstanding. But it can not be God's plan for us to live only to develop and enrich that which will be dust again so soon.

"Races who have raised their thought to the lower mental faculties, feeding the voluptuous, the sensuous, the æsthetic, have their record in broken marbles and ruined tombs. I think God's ideal of a man is one with a healthful body, well-adjusted appetites and tastes, and rich in mind and soul.

"We come into the world in utter mental poverty, but with capacity for limitless acquirement.

'My mind to me a kingdom is,'

but, at first, I have only as much of it as I can stand upon. My territory is to be won by conquest. Every new mental victory adds to my royalty. It is the man of wide, far-reaching thought that is rich, not he of the broad acres.

"Mind is the reception-room, the vestibule of the spirit sanctuary. He who has this entrance-hall of Divine thought in repair and in order, though he live in a hut, is richer than the empty-skulled voluptuary of the palace.

"The grand thought of a right life is to enrich the soul. This is the meaning of the great want. God's voice has gone forth, 'Enrich the soul!' Reach after his truth; take in his thoughts; feed upon them; they are the spirit's

true aliment. Those who do this are rich, whether they lie at the gate in rags, or endure the poor pomp of a throne.

"When dawns the day of God, how society's maudlin distinctions, so potent, even while acknowledged false, will be rent and flung to the winds! Then, many of the rich in this world's reckoning will find themselves, as they do now upon death-beds, poor, O, so miserably poor! while others, despised, poverty-stricken, will be found to be kings and priests, 'heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.' 'For God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith.'

"I sat, not long since, in a plain little room, where one of Christ's saints was waiting for the chariot to take her home—a destitute, lone, old woman. Her dress was coarse and quaint. No strong hands now to provide nice material; no deft fingers to lay the folds tastefully; wrinkled, bent, dim-eyed, trembling; a wreck, one might say, stranded on the beach, forgotten, useless. No, no. I thought, as I sat at her feet and listened to her beautiful, broken sentences, how rich! how rich! I could almost hear the rustle of the wings of angels encamped about her. I breathed a little prayer that I might grow rich like her, rich in holy memories, rich in ripe experiences, rich in treasure laid up in heaven, rich in Christ forever."

MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM.

BY MRS. SARAH F. HERBERT.

A DAY of anguish, grief, and fear—

My husband far away!

They ask, "What shall we telegraph?

Tell us what word to say."

"*I need thee*," whispered my pale lips;

"Say but these words alone;

On swiftest wings of loving haste,

My need will bring him home."

A day of anguish, grief, and fear—

My Savior far away!

"What prayer, what message for the throne?"

The guardian angels say.

"Dare not to pray," the tempter cried,

"God knows thy heart of sin,

And sees, nor love, nor hope, nor faith,

Nor penitence within."

I cried—my heart with anguish rent—

My cold, hard heart of stone—

"*I need thee, Lord!*" The angels bore

My message to the throne.

On swiftest wings of joyful haste,

My God, my Savior came,

Infolding me with deathless love;

My need my only claim!

MELPOMENE.

BY ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

THAT a theme is hackneyed and time-worn constitutes no argument against its respectability—all themes are so in fact—but on the contrary its very antiquity entitles the subject to a certain degree of veneration and patient thought.

We are not about to enter the arena of moral discussion and turn Nemesis in our denunciations against, nor an easy tyro in sustaining any species of pleasure, considered merely as such; but desire simply to glance at the two bitterly-contested branches of the drama, as found in modern theaters and the opera—these being the duo in amusements that stand perhaps more prominently before the public in our own country at the present time than any others.

As it regards the first, over which Melpomene stands as presiding deity, we have little—nothing, indeed, to bring forward that is favorable; nor are we called upon to decide whether or no the theater be entirely detrimental to the morals of a community, or if under certain modifying improvements it might not prove a beneficent institution. The subject has been well analyzed in an elaborate article published some time since in this magazine, and brought still more conspicuously before the public very recently as one result of a faithful pastorate, united to the impressive charm of pulpit eloquence.

The past and present history of the world lies before our eyes, and on its pages are written the early attempts and signal failure of Sophocles and Æschylus to purify the taste of an age, fast and vitiated as our own—the philosophic reign of Plato and Xenophon is there portrayed also, and we hear them pronouncing this anathema, “The theater is a corrupter of any nation.” Step by step we are carried through the passing ages, till we have reached the priesthood of Dr. Milner; and in all that long journey we find few dissenting voices among the great and good as to the lewdness of ordinary theatricals.

Milner says, “A Christian renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and yet frequenting play-houses, was, with the Christians of the three first centuries, a solecism.” The leader of our own sect, John Wesley, declares “an English theater to be the sink of all profaneness and debauchery,” which opinion, even were it not sustained by other high authority, should be to Methodists at least all powerfull

That its influence is generally evil can not be denied, and as it exists in our day is rather a disgrace than benefit.

The very fact of so great advance having been made in every other department of literature among educated nations, yet leaving the drama far below the standard to which it had attained a hundred years ago, is positive proof of its downward tendency. Indeed, it has at present no positive literature, and whatever genius Bourcicault and other modern playwrights may possess, they devote themselves solely to amuse a low order of brain.

The writer can speak with small personal experience of the effect produced upon a devotee of Thalia, having rarely entered the precincts of her domain; yet as dwelling under the very shadow of these temples of art, and in most intimate association with persons whose proclivities for such recreation are open and avowed, she can not be ignorant of their limited or general influence. As exhibited in various statistics of physicians, who profess no aversion to other jubilant pleasures of the world, as also in reports of clergymen, who have been called to the sick and dying of this profession, we can cull no good omen.

Even eulogies pronounced by its advocates on the drama appear to us but painted sophisms—a false gilding that covers up repulsive deformity.

We consider the late attempts of Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie to detail with pathetic diction the virtues in private life of many connected with the stage, as among the most scorching strictures upon its average morality. The suffering to which a pure, sensitive, tender imagination is subjected by such an ordeal—the insult, the coarse jest, the tawdry artificiality, the cruel exposures that end in early death, not only of the gross and licentious, but of the pure and undefiled, whom circumstances have placed in such positions, are indeed a startling exposure of the true state of this profligate mass.

The published experience of William B. Wood, actor, agent, and manager of the Philadelphia theaters for a term of forty years, gives us an insight “behind the scenes.” Thus reads his journal: “How different is a theater from our preconceived notions of one! I like it; its profession is mine from deliberate choice, and yet how much there is of the violence of envy, jealousy, and the pangs of disappointed hope and ambition! Am I, then, doomed to pass my life, short as it promises to be, in this strange, mimic world? No one do I see of either sex even *moderately* contented, much less happy.

The greater proportion, particularly the comic department, are positively miserable. I am sick at heart, but will still hope to find a calmer sphere of action."

It is impossible to read the works of Charles Dickens, himself an amateur performer in private theatricals, without our eyes filling with tears, and our hearts aching in sorrow over the lost ones who belong to the stage. We must be permitted to quote an incident from one story alone—and that his most humorous volume—which is, indeed, replete with fearful pathos and unmistakable warning to those enamored of the stage:

"About this time I had a short engagement at one of the theaters on the sunny side of the water, and here I saw this man of whom I had lost sight for some time. I was dressed to leave the house, and was crossing the stage on my way out, when he tapped me on the shoulder. Never shall I forget the repulsive sight that met my eye when I turned round. He was dressed for the pantomime in all the absurdity of a clown's costume. The spectral figures in the Dance of Death, the most frightful shapes that the ablest painter ever portrayed on canvases, never presented an appearance half so ghastly.

"His bloated body and shrunken legs, their deformity enhanced a hundred-fold by the fantastic dress—the glassy eyes contrasting fearfully with the thick, white paint with which his face was besmeared; the grotesquely-ornamented head, trembling with paralysis, and the long, skinny hands rubbed with white chalk, gave him a hideous and unnatural appearance that defied description.

"His voice was hollow and tremulous, as he took me aside and in broken words recounted a long catalogue of sickness and privation, terminating with an urgent request for a little money.

"A few nights afterward a boy thrust a dirty scrap of paper in my hand, on which was scrawled a few words in pencil, stating that the man was dangerously ill, and begging me to see him at his lodgings after the evening's performance.

"It was late, a dark, cold night, with a chill wind, that drove the rain heavily against the windows and house-fronts when I began my search, and after no little difficulty reached the spot indicated in the note—a coal shed, with one story above it, in the back room of which lay the object of my search.

"Mr. Hutley, John," said his wife; "Mr. Hutley, that you sent for to-night, you know."

"Ah!" said the invalid, "Hutley, Hutley—

let me see," and, then "grasping me tightly by the wrist said, 'Do n't leave me—do n't leave me, old fellow. She'll murder me; I know she will!'

"Has he been long so?" said I, addressing the wretched-looking, weeping woman.

"Since yesterday night," she replied. "John, John, do n't you know me?"

"Do n't let her come near," said the man with a shudder. "Drive her away; I can't bear her near me." Staring wildly he whispered in my ear, 'I beat her, Jem; I struck her yesterday; I have starved her and the boy, too. O, now that I am weak and helpless she'll murder me; keep her off!'

"Again we strove to soothe the delirium, but to no purpose.

"I'll tell you what, Jem," said the man again in a low voice, 'she does hurt me. There's something in her eyes that wakes a dreadful fear in my heart and drives me mad. All last night her large, staring eyes and pale face were close to mine. She must be an evil spirit. If she had been a woman she would have died long ago. No woman could have borne what she has.'

"From what I had heard of the medical attendant's opinion I knew there was no hope for the man: I was sitting by the side of his death-bed. I saw the wasted limbs which a few hours before had been distorted for the amusement of a boisterous gallery, writhing under the tortures of a burning fever. I heard the clown's shrill laugh blending with the low murmurings of the dying man.

"It is a touching thing to hear the mind reverting to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of health, when the body lies before you weak and helpless; but *when those occupations are of a character most strongly opposed to any thing we associate with grave and solemn ideas, the impression is infinitely more powerful!*

"The theater and public house were the chief themes of the wretched man's wandering. A short pause and he shouted out a few doggerel rhymes—the last he had learned—then he strove to draw up his withered limbs and roll about in uncouth positions. A minute's silence and he murmured the burden of some roaring song. At the close of these paroxysms he sank into what appeared to be a slumber. I too dozed, when I felt a violent clutch on my shoulder. The man had raised himself up so as to sit on the bed—a dreadful change had come over his face, but consciousness had returned, for he evidently knew me. He grasped me again convulsively, struck his breast violently with the other hand, made a desperate effort to

articulate, then fell back with a stifled groan, dead—dead!"

Thus much for the collateral testimony of its enthusiastic friends.

The opponents, then, of this species of amusement are justified in boldly asserting that no habitual theater-goer can be otherwise than a loose, lax teacher of moral ethics; that he is likely to be far worse, for do not his steps take hold on death; and are there not hosts of unwary ones who follow in the paths thereof?

Leaving its tendencies, however, whether for good or ill, to more disciplined metaphysicians, we would make reference to its developments in the intellectual scale, venturing an opinion, which is adverse to the generally-adopted sentiment, that the profession requires much native talent.

We do not consider theatrical representation, even in its highest degree of perfection, a truly-elevated order of art. Indeed, it is difficult to decide in what balance of talent a purely-dramatic action ought to be weighed. It appears simply imitative; requires no original, creative power at all, and but a small amount of natural genius. A simple appreciation of what is read, a well-modulated voice, a native ease and grace of manner united to retentive memory, and good degree of self-assurance, seem to be the ingredients that constitute a fine actor; made more or less effective as the performers are true to their theme.

Rachel was more terrific than grand in her Medea, yet her highest power was simply an imitative ideal.

Charlotte Brontë says "her [Rachel] acting transfixed me with interest and thrilled me with horror. The tremendous force with which she expresses the very worst passions in their strongest essence forms an exhibition as exciting as the bull-fights of Spain and the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, and—it seemed to me—not one whit more moral than these poisoned stimulants to popular ferocity. It is scarcely human nature that she shows you—in her some fiend has certainly taken up an incarnate home. She made me shudder to the marrow of my bones, and the sight of her was terrible, as if the earth had cracked deep at your feet and revealed a glimpse of hell."

In Mrs. Siddons there was more of the woman, and although her Lady Macbeth was too highly wrought and overdrawn, she never quite lost sight of her feminine nature. The symmetry of her person was captivating. Her face was peculiarly happy, having strength of features, but so well harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that

most people thought her more beautiful than she was. So great, indeed, was the flexibility of her countenance, that it caught the instantaneous transitions of passion with such variety and effect as never to fatigue the eye. So entirely was she mistress of herself, so collected and so determined in her gestures, tone, and manner, that she seldom erred like other actors, from self-depreciation. She studied her author attentively, and her acting was the result of the most refined and assiduous attention.

A gentleman, who was extremely critical in histrionic matters, remarked to the writer, some months since, "I respect Charlotte Cushman as a woman, but I oftener abhor than admire her as an actress. In the personation of her favorite characters, 'Meg Merrilies' and 'Nancy,' from *Oliver Twist*, she is too repulsively lifelike to be endurable."

From each of these antecedents the inference appears clear that celebrated actors are mere copyists—and copyists according to their own standard of what the original might have been.

Not one has more perfectly fulfilled our estimate of true dramatic action in sustaining character than did Fanny Kemble Butler in her "*Juliet*" and "*Portia*;" yet she pronounces "the stage a puppet-show, with monkeys as actors, hired to chatter the thoughts of Shakespeare and Molière to a donkeyish audience!"

As we can not weigh theatrical talent in order to decide its merits, neither can a balance be struck perhaps in the moral status of those who have written plays, and others who have composed librettos.

We have, nevertheless, observed a difference in the experience of the twain when conscientious scruples have been suddenly aroused, and when disease, death, or a new religious sentiment were the agents in producing mental change.

The excellent Hannah More, on a careful retrospect of her experience in dramatic representation, looked back with sincere regret to the tragedies she had written, although brought forward by Garrick, patronized by Johnson, and having for the most part sacred subjects as their theme.

Sheridan Knowles, and others similarly circumstanced, have expressed the same remorse, while there remain but few instances on record analogous to these in the multitude of composers, from whom has emanated our most abstruse and elevated music.

Mozart and Handel, Beethoven and Weber, seemed wafted to heaven on the essence of their glorious inspirations. Their very breath was attuned to musical harmony, and who is

willing to assert that Mozart's "Magic Flute," or Handel's "Creation," or the purity and grace, sweetness and power of Metastasio's arias and canzonets are talents misapplied?

As "The Creation" was first performed by a full chorus, and on rendering the passage, "Let there be light!" Handel was so overpowered by the harmony he himself had produced, that tears ran down his cheeks, and with upraised arms, eyes turned toward heaven, and trembling voice, he cried, "Not from me, but *thence* does all this come!"

There is a boldness and strength of style, a combination of vigor, spirit, and sublimity in "The Messiah" of Handel, but there is also the same developed genius exhibited on a far different theme, "Didone Abbandonati," of Metastasio.

In purely-dramatic literature and execution, the most elegant scholars, with their terse, nervous, and yet benign purity of thought and diction, as was Sheridan Knowles and a few after his type, have been and are too often compelled to give place to authors whose unchanging pictures of low vice, without a single redeeming quality of humanity or virtue, are sufficient to shock every refined law of our nature.

Mr. Wood, the actor and writer before mentioned, whose quick nature seems to have felt keenly any chilling rebuke of the stage, says, apologetically of this peculiar phase in theatricals, "that in reprobating low comedy its critical opponents forget one philosophic truth in logic which expresses the principle of stage ethics—that in order to guard yourself against gamblers, boxing and other sporting characters, beggars, house swindlers, and the endless variety of cheats and ruffians, it is absolutely necessary to become their associates!"

Heaven forefend that such should be the moral law proclaimed to and practiced by our children!

We have thus endeavored to sustain a position adverse to theatrical matters, not by showy rhetoric or more cogent logic, neither with especial reference to their antagonism to spiritual advancement. But we have laid down as one chief premise in these brief suggestions the incidental testimony of those who are its supporters and friends—its students and professors.

A DAILY conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven.—*Arrow-smith.*

THE PATRIOT'S DUST.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

GATHER the soldier's dust!
Raise it so tenderly!
And bear it home with a holy trust
That God is good and his ways are just,
Though so hard for us to see!

Coffin the bones around,
And bear them to his home;
Then lay them softly beneath the ground,
Where Love will cherish the sacred mound,
And Friendship hither roam.

Out from the blackened land
Which murderous Treason mars,
And bear him away to his native strand,
Where he started out with a noble band,
Beneath the Stripes and Stars.

And here where he often played,
And heard the wild birds sing,
Let him calmly lie within the shade
Of the church where his sainted mother prayed,
And the Sabbath bells still ring.

Then leave the moldering form,
And let it sweetly rest.
It will rouse no more at war's alarm,
But will quietly sleep 'mid home's dear charm,
Like a babe on its mother's breast.

And when the trump of God
Shall open our eyes so dim,
We will know that the Father's chastening rod,
And the bloody path our dear one trod,
Was the best for us and for him.

Gather the soldier's dust!
Raise it so tenderly!
And bear it home with a holy trust
That God is good and his ways are just,
Though so hard for us to see!

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WHEN thy smile first shone upon me,
O, Thou that from death hast won me,
All was bright;
Then I thought that my woes were over;
Then, O then, redeeming Lover,
Thou wert my whole delight.
For the joy that was set before me,
For the love that was bending o'er me,
I was glad;
And the ills of the earth around me,
And the pains of the chains that bound me,
All failed to make me sad.

But now I am heavy-hearted—
Ah, why has thy smile departed?
All is drear.
I call on thee groaning, crying,
O, haste with thy kind replying,
And be thou ever near.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

WHILE there are emotions more powerful and more extensive in their influence and bearing upon the mind and heart, there are perhaps none that are more generally and fully appreciated by the masses of mankind than mirth.

Dr. Holmes writes of a man who, in view of the excessive and dangerous effects of his mirthfulness, never dared to be as "funny" as he could. This, however, is an exceptional case, the effect of mirth not being considered generally in the least degree deleterious. On the contrary, we are taught in learned essays that the excitation of the risible faculties is necessary to the proper development of the physique, which in plain Saxon means "to laugh and grow fat!"

Laughter is the natural expression of the emotion of mirth. This, the result of a mental operation upon the body, is a phenomenon peculiar to man, and is often an index of the heart and of individual character as unerring as truth.

There are some who are always laughing when awake—such are generally wanting in intellect. There is the boisterous laugh, the shrill laugh, the chuckling laugh, the good-humored laugh, and the gentle laugh that falls on the ear like the music of the rippling waters at Springtime. What is the antecedent cause that excites the emotion that finds expression in laughter? A thousand different individual things will excite the emotion, but is there not a common principle underlying every single example of the risible? Upon examination of the state of mind resulting from any individual example of the risible, I think it will be found that *incongruity* is the common principle or quality to which we have referred, and the sudden discovery of this disagreement is the antecedent intellection which excites the emotion. This sense of congruity is also peculiar to man, and doubtless exists in his nature through wise and benevolent design. Where this congruity is expected and at first sight supposed to be, but immediately is found not to be, the emotion whose expression is laughter is excited. As has been illustrated in a former paper, commonplace, or low figures or expressions, seriously introduced in immediate connection with objects truly sublime have a deplorable effect, but these are often intentionally and most successfully thrown in for the very purpose of producing mirth by an appeal to our innate

sense of congruity. Take the following specimen as an example:

"Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
I knew so many cakes would make him sick!"

Words are not necessary to excite the risible. Expression, look, gesture, emphasis, each may produce the same effect. Coleridge relates a story of a certain preacher who read the following text of Scripture, not observing the proper emphasis, and, consequently, produced a different effect from what he intended: "And he said unto his sons, Saddle *me*, the ass—and they saddled him!"

Laughter is said to be promotive of health, but we must look beyond this for the final cause of mirth. It is capable of doing, and was doubtless designed to do great service in the cause of truth.

Benevolence and its opposite, contempt, each use mirth as a medium of expression. When employed in the service of the latter it is called ridicule; in the service of the former, humor. There is a very harmless form of ridicule called parody, which is a ridiculous imitation of some beautiful work; the excellence of the original in connection with the absurdities of the imitation produce an incongruity which excites laughter. The success of the parody depends greatly upon the excellence of the original. No mean production can be successfully parodied. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," perhaps on account of its peculiar style, as well as in view of its completeness as a work of genius and art, was for a while parodied to an extent that would have been the death of any other than a production of genius. Alfred Tennyson's famous poem descriptive of the famous charge of the six hundred light horsemen at the battle of Balaklava, is familiar to my readers. Shortly after the appearance of this artistic production the authorities of London gave a free dinner to the outcast poor belonging to the city. It was of course in true English style, and attracted much attention. The next day Punch appeared with a parody upon Tennyson's poem, in the shape of a description of the dinner and its incidents. A portion of it ran thus:

"Half starved—half starved!
Half starved, onward—
Into the valley of soup
Rushed full six hundred!
For out came a voice
Which each one had pondered,

'Forward the starved brigade!'
 'Take a pail!' Murphy said—
 Into the valley of soup
 Rushed full six hundred," etc.

The sensibilities which come under the general head of passion form a very important and very essential part of man's nature. Words have the power of exciting passion, but make not so deep an impression as when assisted by the external natural signs or expressions. But it is only by the means of *ideal presence* that either history or romance, truth or fiction, has any command over the passions. The imagination must come in play to give the representation life and reality. Without it, in vain would be the most ingenious and powerful combination of words. But by the aid of this faculty, Genius can create most wonderful and magnificent works—"can rouse the passions or their rage control." There is a remarkable relation between passions, social or dissocial. In many instances one passion is productive of another. Pity, for example, when excited in the heart for any person in distress, will produce resentment against the persons who did the wrong to the object of our sympathy. Shakspeare, one of the greatest of uninspired writers, the genius who left no depth nor recess of the human heart unsounded and unsearched, and none of its infinite strings untouched, evinces his knowledge of the relations to which we have referred in the familiar oration of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar.

Brutus was in the ascendancy. He had won the hearts of the people to approve his deed. The star of the dead Cæsar was extinguished. Brutus is so confident that he demands of the people that they shall listen with respect and attention to the funeral oration of Cæsar's friend. Antony begins, not by boldly hurling anathemas against the conspirators, and thus endeavoring to excite his audience to vengeance. This would, indeed, have insured death to Antony and defeat to his cause. But with the most consummate art he hides his final purpose by an ingenious and successful effort to excite the passion of grief in the hearts of his hearers for the sufferings and sad fate of Cæsar, knowing that this passion would serve as a mirror to reveal the treachery and cruelty of his murderers, and naturally produce hatred and resentment in the minds of the people against them. (See Julius Cæsar, Act iii, Scene 2d.)

This example is an instance of the representation of a passion communicated from one object to another. But one passion may also be produced by another, *without any change of object*. Byron said that "friendship is love full

fledged, and waiting for a clear day to fly!" Moore has said in one of his sonnets, "friendship turns to love, though love to friendship never!"

The tendency of pity, combined with admiration, to excite love is beautifully illustrated in Othello's apology and defense before the senate.

"My story being done, she said,
 In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful.
 She wished that heaven had made her such a man;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake.
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed:
 And I loved her, that she did pity them."

But that we may have a more thorough knowledge of the human passions, it is necessary that we should examine them not only singly, but also in combination. They become doubly interesting and instructive as we trace their operation upon the mind as apparently coexistent passions. We say *apparently* coexistent, for there is really no union, and they are never experienced except in succession—often moving like the electric flame, yet each in its turn making a complete impression. A most humorous yet striking illustration of two dissimilar and opposite passions operating in rapid succession upon our envious and miserly heart, is given in Act iii, Scene 1st, of the "Merchant of Venice," where Tubal, with marked circumspection and method, deals out a mixture of good and bad news to his friend Shylock. But two opposite passions may also proceed from the same cause, considered in different aspects. When two such passions coexist in the same breast, there is still no sort of union, but, as in the case of dissimilar emotions proceeding from different causes, are only felt in succession. Love and jealousy, excited by a common object, occupy the mind successively.

This gives to the dramatist a fine scope for the fluctuation of passion, as one or the other alternately prevails. The workings of these conflicting passions have been painted to the life by several masterly hands. Hannah More, in her tragedy of "Percy," introduces Lord Douglas in soliloquy affected by these two contending passions, thus:

"O, jealousy, thou aggregate of woes,
 Were there no hell, thy torments would create one!
 Yet she may be guiltless. May? She must!
 How beautiful she looked! Pernicious beauty!
 Yet innocent as bright
 Seemed the sweet blush that mantled on her cheek.
 But not for me, but not for me,
 Those blooming roses blow!

And then she wept; what! can I bear her tears?
Well, let her weep, her tears are for another.
O, did they fall for me, to dry those tears
I'd drain the choicest blood that feeds my heart,
Nor think the drops I shed were half so precious!"

Shakspeare handles the same passions in his own inimitable style. In Othello's soliloquy before putting his wife to death, love and jealousy each stand side by side, like Gabriel and Satan, stirring the innermost depth of his crushed heart, yet without any warfare.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause, yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die! . . .
Put out the light, and then put out the light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of exelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love."

And after completing his inflexible purpose in spite of the prayers of his wife for reprieve, love still breathes in the words,

"I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain."

LUCY ARLYN.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIN.

WHIPPLE, in his lecture upon "Novels and Novelists," says that fiction writing and reading having become universal, "controversialists wishing to inculcate some system, good or bad, relating to other departments of literature, choose romance as an appropriate field of arms, and straightway publish their opinions in a novel." Works of fiction, written from some such motives, are too common for us to dispute the assertion, and we have now another illustration of its truth.

The doctrines of spiritualism have been so often disproved, the fallacy of its arguments and absurdity of many of its manifestations so clearly shown, that it seems strange that the contest should be again taken up; and in a novel. It is true that Mr. Trowbridge, in the book whose title heads this article, does not attempt argument. On the contrary, it is stated—with how much truth we can not say—that he merely relates facts that have come to his knowledge, without attempting to explain

them; without, perhaps, understanding them himself. And the absurdity of their so-called "manifestations," is in some places so shown as to give credence to this assertion. But though the sword of contest is but partially unheathed, it is still visible; and the inference of intelligent minds must be, that he does not explain because he himself believes.

As Holmes and Bayard Taylor put their theories into other people's mouths and send them forth into the world in a book, so Mr. Trowbridge provides a stage, creates characters, and shows through them his belief. Having by his former works gained a hearing with the American people, he now comes forth as the advocate of this doctrine. If the theory of spiritualism be true; if our dead are indeed not at rest, but bound to tipping tables and dancing chairs, obeying the call of mediums, and obligingly giving evidence in favor of the belief, then this book, with its powerful delineations of character, its crowd of strange incidents, its vivid interest, is a good one. But all true believers rejecting the theory, will reject the book with it.

And having thus briefly told the theory upon which the novel is built, let us turn to the book itself. Lucy Arlyn, the heroine, is a gentle, graceful character, whose temptations and trials can not but interest the reader; but her experience is only the warp with which to interweave others more objectionable. Opposed to the beautiful, girlish, and yet thoroughly womanly Lucy, is another character, the real heroine, it seems to us, of the book—a spiritualist, a medium, and seeress, called Christina Frege. Outwardly she is a "pale, nervous young lady," whose chief attraction is an air of peculiar refinement and fascination, but, subject to trances, she becomes in them a creature of wonderful passion and powers. Other characters there are, other spiritualists; but Biddiken the treasure seeker, Murk the philanthropist, Archy Brandle and little Job, are but minor actors. The most perfect, and yet most distasteful character of the book, is Christina. As a woman, peculiar, almost revolting; as a medium, the power she had over others is not surprising.

In chapter nine we are introduced into a "spiritual circle," composed of Murk, the would-be leader of the world; Doctor Biddiken, a "seedy, shriveled old man," who has spent his life in searching for hidden wealth; Col. Bannington, a skeptic, his housekeeper, and two mediums; one a half-witted "village genius," the other an ignorant girl of thirteen. By the lettering of the alphabet, answered by the knocks of the

spirits, Dr. Biddiken is informed that his long-lost son is present. To the questions put by the anxious father in reference to the place and manner of his death, satisfactory answers are given; and at last Murk, more spiritually-minded than the Doctor, announces that he can see the dead boy. Just as—in spirit—he is embracing his father, and the Doctor is exclaiming, "I feel his kiss!" the real son, alive and well, appears. The circle being convinced that it was a "lying spirit," with which they had been communicating—an easy way of settling the matter, it seems to us—breaks up.

Of a far more serious character is the experience of Guy Bannington, the hero of the book. A half infidel, a doubter of the immortality of the soul, he is led into spiritualism by the argument that its truth proves the truth of immortality. Accidentally going to Dr. Biddiken's house, one afternoon, he there finds a circle assembled, and among them the "seeress," Christina Frege. The room is dark and close. He can barely see that his companions are, with one exception, of any thing but a spiritual character; but, "almost from the moment of his entrance, Guy had felt, stealing over him, an indescribable magnetic influence—it seemed to surround him like a fine, invisible, soothing, almost stupefying mist." The medium, in a trance state, places her hands on his head, and announces him as their promised king, and the leader of all their enterprises. Then "something descended upon Guy, like a cloud as of the breath of angels. Pure, passionless, delicious, dewy thoughts distilled from it, suffusing his whole being." A little later, at some words of the medium referring more directly to himself, he "yearned, then and there, to sink upon his knees and pray, as he had not often prayed in his undevout career." In this case the inference is, that the spirits were good, and not "lying."

When the excitement of the hour passed away, and Guy had time to think, he found himself, as might have been expected, "with a desire to be fed with fresh experiences." This craving for more of animal excitement is supplied by Christina Frege. A revelation is made to her of a secret grave in the woods; she requests Guy to accompany her in her search, and her trance-vision is verified by the finding of the grave.

A spiritualist, Christina Frege is also a believer in affinities and free love, and these are destined to work trouble for poor Lucy Arlyn. By her arts, both of personal fascination and spiritual gifts, she obtains no little influence over Guy Bannington. There is supposed to

be among the mountains a secret treasure, to discover which Dr. Biddiken has spent the wealth and strength of his life. He is unable, however, to find the place of the treasure till Christina, by her supernatural powers, discovers it. The spiritualists then, joining themselves into an organization for the benefit of humanity, determined to obtain the gold, and with it reform the world. In a chapter of remarkable power, but of questionable good, the forming of the society and consecration of Guy Bannington as its leader is described. The scene at the close of the chapter, as well as the one at the cascade, seems almost a mockery of divine things, which not even the spiritual influences under which it is supposed to be done can excuse.

After this consecration Guy becomes in heart and soul a spiritualist; devoting all his energies to the task of securing the wealth the mountain is supposed to contain; neglecting wife and friends for his spiritual companions. Having, however, converted his hero, the author troubles us with no more manifestations. Indeed, as the work proceeds, as slowly but surely, all Guy's hopes and aspirations seem to center in the discovery of the gold, the influences become fainter, doubts assail the various members of the association, and, one by one, they withdraw, taking their money with them. At last Christina herself confesses that she has lost her mediumship, can no longer speak with certainty of the place of the treasure, and Guy is left alone.

The story darkens toward the end into a tragedy. The murder in the woods, the examination and arrest of Guy, the awful fate of Murk and Dr. Biddiken, and, softening the horror a little, the death and burial of little Agnes, and Lucy's sorrow, follow one another in quick succession, and hold the reader to the book by their terrible interest. Mr. Trowbridge is no ordinary writer, and in the description of these scenes vivid power is shown. Grim humor, too, is mingled with the horrors crowding the last chapters. The light, amusing episodes of the first part of the book are discarded now, and the few touches of mirth are so arranged as to heighten the contrast between them and the awful reality.

It would seem that the trouble which Guy encounters from his first meeting with the spiritualists to his trial for murder, above all, Christina's own confession, that she had not, as she had before affirmed, seen the treasure in the rocks, but had, from personal and selfish motives, allowed herself to be acted upon by the magnetic influences of Dr. Biddiken's house,

would convince Guy of the falsity of their theories. But amid all these difficulties, in the very culmination of them all, when even those who had first led him into spiritualism began to doubt its truth, he still believes and clings to it. In the prison, the night before his trial, to the question of Christina, "after all you have suffered, notwithstanding you have been so wronged and deceived, and in spite of all that is dangerous, ridiculous, and impure in their manifestations, do you still believe in spiritual gifts, and in the holy communion of spirits?" Guy answers, "I do, as firmly and truly as ever." Then he sums up that belief in one statement: "The dangers and crudities to which you allude arise from our own selfishness and ignorance, from defective mediumship, and perhaps from the imprudence of lying and fanatical spirits. These are but clouds in the heaven that shines pure and blue over all. We have only to elevate ourselves in order to rise above them, and breathe the ether of inspiration free from taint. We may reach a region where only lofty and holy intelligences can exist, where no impure influence can come." The reader may possibly have heard this before; we have read something very much like it in the columns of spiritualist journals. Again, in referring to the Bible, here is his statement: "So long as we regard it as the record of an age of miracles long since closed, it is lost time turning its pages; but when we learn that it treats of the *possibilities of man in all ages*, with what vital interest we read!"

Guy Bannington still holds to his faith in spiritual influences, because, through them, he has gained, during his year of trial, a rich experience in "love, and faith, and patience." There is no hint of a changed heart, no word of Christ; the conversion, if such it is intended to be, has been wrought by the spirits, and its fruits are a very great charity for others; and the belief that the true regeneration of the world will come, when we "draw our daily life from those high springs"—vaguely indicated in the preceding sentence as "the sources of inspiration and power"—"and lead others to them by our good works." A simpler and truer statement would be, when being taught of Christ and believing on him, we carry our religion into our daily life, and draw others to the One from whom alone our powers can come by the beauty and purity of all our actions. Guy's belief seems imperfect, more especially as the "love, and faith, and patience," do not appear till his trials are over, he is restored to Lucy, and, following the usual course of novelists, his father has died and left him his property.

And now our brief review of this book is finished. We have not tried to argue against its doctrines—to intelligent minds little argument is necessary to refute them. Our object has been by the statement of its plan, and by quotations from the book itself, to show what it is. An interesting story, written with great dramatic power, with fatal energy of purpose, there is in it much to please and excite, and much also to harm. Though the author has not scrupled, when, in the turns of the story, it suited his purpose, to expose the absurdity of many spiritual manifestations, though his spiritual characters are, with one exception, calculated merely to excite amusement among his readers, and their doctrines laughter, there is yet, under all this, as strong current in another direction. In the character of Christina Frege he has concentrated all that is powerful and worthy in spiritualism; he has mingled good with the evil in her disposition and actions; has gathered around her the most startling manifestations, and uttered through her the theories of human development and good to mankind. The other mediums appear in scenes calculated only to amuse; wherever Christina comes all is earnest and strong. And the reader remembering Murk and Sister Lingham only to laugh at, and Snow to despise, will give to Christina Frege his attention and interest.

All true men and women, believers in Christ and followers of his cause, will condemn the influence of "Lucy Arlyn," and keep its pernicious doctrines from the young. No man can read books without being influenced by them, and the influence of evil books upon the lives and characters of others, has enough illustrations to make us weary of such books. When the day comes that fiction, already recognized as a power in the world, shall be adopted by the right as well as the wrong side, used to prove and illustrate true doctrines and true religion, then the influence of infidel and spiritual books will be counteracted. Till that day comes let us, clinging only to that which is pure and good, condemn books whose descriptions of religion and theories of humanity are as wrong as those of Lucy Arlyn.

FICTION may be more instructive than real history; but the vast rout of romances and novels, *as they are*, do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect all together, and make one vast fire of them. I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend, like that of Sodom and Gomorrah: the judgment would be as just.—*J. Foster.*

JAMIE'S BOUNTY LAND.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

AUNT DEBORAH PARSONS has been to make us a visit. Being an old maid, and so belonging to no one in particular, she has come to be a kind of parish property, and is claimed of right by every one to whom trouble in any shape chances to come. She has one of those strong, calm, self-reliant natures that are so comforting sometimes to lean upon; and, without being in the least degree rough or unfeeling, has a way of quietly ignoring all the little annoyances of domestic life and marching straight over them in a triumphant way of her own. Aunt Deborah is homely beyond all question, but her homeliness has a character in it. It is a homeliness of too much mouth and nose, too heavy a chin and too cragged a forehead for a woman; but it is a face of strong, kindly, earnest expression, and would be positively beautiful beside one of the tame, flat, *snubby* faces one sees so often in a crowd.

"Nobody ever calls you homely, aunt Debby," said a merry young girl, "for you are just as good as you can be."

"Dear me, child," said aunt Debby, "I an't half as good as I might be; but I am just as handsome as I can possibly be, for I'm just as the Lord made me; I'd be as glad to be good looking as any body, for I do admire pretty things."

Aunt Debby lived forty years and never thought of having a mission, and probably would have died contented without one but for the war. When we all sent our brothers and sons away to fight for the dear old flag, aunt Debby worked till her eyes were dim over flannels, and socks, and needle-cases, and all sorts of comforts and conveniences for them, and then she waited at home, as we all did, and prayed, and hoped, and feared. And when to one home after another came sorrowful tidings of death, aunt Debby was at hand; not with words of comfort, she used to say she had no gifts of consolation, but to make sure that every thing human hands could do was done for the outward comfort of the bereaved. At last came a letter from Benny Ford—little Benny, whom aunt Debby had nursed through measles, mumps, and a score of petty ailments. Benny was sick in the hospital at City Point, and in his boyish way wrote to his mother all his homesick heart. He longed so for mother's face and mother's hand, and he would give a whole regiment of major-generals for aunt Debby to make him some tea and toast. Aunt Debby listened to

the letter, wiped her eyes with her gingham apron, and went home without saying much. But next day she packed up some plain, substantial clothing in an old-fashioned hair trunk, filled the great round top with bundles of catnip, peppermint, sage, and other famous herbs, drew fifty dollars from her deposit at the village store, and then very gently bade her friends good-by.

"I'm going to the hospital if they'll take me for a nurse," she said; "not because I think I can do it better than others, but I'm well and strong, and if any thing happens, why, there's nobody special to miss me."

Every one wanted to do something to help her in her outfit, but she refused decidedly.

"I've got every earthly thing I know how to use in my trunk," she said, "and if some of you'll remember to look after the widow Jones, and see that old Mrs. Barnes has her Winter wood, that's about all I have n't provided for."

And so aunt Debby became a hospital nurse, and never once left her labor till the close of the war sent her home with the other veterans, and the neighbors looked out in the morning to see her little house thrown open, and her feather-beds out airing in the back-yard. She slipped quietly into her old place and her old duties, and seldom talked of her hospital experiences. She was more silent than before, as I have always noticed that women from whom life has taken, or to whom it has brought great and precious things, learn more and more to "commune with their own hearts and be still."

Aunt Deborah Parsons came to make us a visit. The papers had brought to us day after day nothing but records of weakness and treachery, where strength and honor seemed most needed, and I lay upon the sofa, with my aching head bound up, and quivered with physical and mental pain. After all we had sacrificed and suffered, to stand so shamed and stamped with cowardice before angels and men! It seemed too hard to bear—harder because, being a woman, I might not give indignant voice to my most indignant heart. And yet I felt that, in this hour of decision, I had a most sacred right to be heard—a right purchased with blood, with anguish, with bereavement never to be healed. Had I not given of my best beloved to die for this mother country, and deemed her glory cheaply won in spite of the cruel cost? And now was I to be silent and see this honor sullied! So I wearied myself with most fruitless anxieties, while aunt Debby sat with her knitting, and only now and then sent me a keen glance of her gray eyes.

"Go to sleep," said she at last; "the Lord has taken us in hand, and he is n't going to leave us till he has seen this thing through—clear through—to the end. That's where I rest; and whenever I get anxious and troubled, and feel as if every thing was going wrong, have to go clear back, after all, and say to myself, 'He knows; he never makes mistakes.'"

"Yes," said I faintly, "but it is so hard to wait; so hard, when we were just in sight of the land of promise, to be turned back into the wilderness for another forty years of wandering."

"Child," said aunt Debby, "when I used to read in my Bible that 'a thousand years are in his sight but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night,' I used to feel discouraged about it, as though we never could hope to see enough of any thing even to guess what the Lord meant by it. But I know better now. It is n't my days that are a thousand years, and he does n't want me to carry the burdens and do the work of a thousand years in them. I mean to do what he sends me as well as I can while I'm here, and when I'm gone I make no doubt he'll manage very well without me."

Then aunt Debby went to the table and opened the little Bible and read slowly and distinctly: "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

"Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

She shut the book without a word of comment, and went back to her rocking-chair.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh," said my soul in confident assurance, and left it all in His hands "who moves to his great ends, unthwarted by the ill."

When I awoke aunt Debby was reading a little slip of newspaper, with tears running down her cheeks.

"It's such a simple little thing," she said, handing it to me. "I never could get much sense out of poetry, but this goes right to my heart. I could n't help thinking it might have been Jamie."

The poem was said to have been found under the pillow of a soldier who lay dead in a hospital near Port Royal. It seemed to me so touching, so full of weariness, I can not help giving it here:

"I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I'm ready not to do,
At last, at last!

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give my patient God
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after him!"

"Poor boy," said aunt Debby wiping her eyes, as I unconsciously read the lines aloud, "that's just the way many a one has died; homesick and worn out: just waiting, waiting day after day, till he got tired of trying to live, and they found him in the morning dead. That was the way with Jamie; nobody knew just when he went."

"Tell me about him," said I; "you never spoke of him before."

"No," said aunt Debby; "I do n't often feel as if I wanted to think over those things, but my mind keeps running on Jamie, so I may as well tell you:

"It was just after the battle of the Wilderness, and we were so crowded with wounded men at City Point that we had to put all who could be moved out in tents to make more room in the wards. There was such a constant strain upon the nurses that the only way we could do was to take turns at sleeping: a couple of hours at a time; and it may seem strange to you, but I could dress those awful wounds, and work over those poor mangled fellows till I was ready to drop, and then lie down on a hard bed, in hearing of it all, and sleep as sound as a baby. One night they woke me up and said that Mrs. W.—she was one of the head nurses—had fainted away at her work—clear worn out—and I must come and see to a new lot of men that were just coming in. That was the worst lot they ever sent us. Some of them had been lying in an old mill days before they found them, and they were half starved and stiff with blood. They took them out of the ambulances and laid them in rows on the floor, and as fast as we could we washed them and put them in beds. There were not places enough for all of them. 'Leave the worst ones where they are,' said the surgeon, 'half a dozen of them will die before morning.' It seemed hard, but we made them as comfortable as we

could, fed them with warm gruel, and waited for morning. Four died that night, three more the next day, and then there was but one to find a bed for; a slender little fellow, with a smooth, round face, and great blue eyes as clear as a baby's. He had two bad wounds, and it seemed a wonder how he lived, for he had almost bled to death before he was brought in. I never could tell how it was, but the very first time that boy looked into my face with those great innocent eyes of his, I felt as if something had taken right hold of my heart. And when the doctor said he did believe the little fellow was going to live in spite of every thing, I just choked up and cried; I could n't help it. Well, for a couple of weeks he kept along and did n't seem to gain much. Then they sent away several hundred of our men to Portsmouth Grove hospital, in Newport Bay. That gave us easier times, and I used to get a chance once in a while to sit down and talk with Jamie for half an hour. He used to watch for me—I liked to know that—I could see him following me with his eyes from bed to bed as I came down the ward, and he always had such a quiet, contented smile when I came to him; it rested me if I was ever so tired.

"He told me about his mother, a widow in a little country town in Maine, and I wrote a letter to her to let her know her Jamie was alive, and he thought may be, in some way, she would contrive to come and nurse him, though she was poor and it was such a long journey. Day after day the poor boy would lie there and contrive ways to pay his mother's expenses, and almost every time I came to his bed I found him eager to tell me of some new plan. But as the weather grew warmer Jamie got weaker, and his round face got sharp and thin. He slept a great deal, and whenever he was awakened he would begin to talk eagerly about getting well and getting his *bounty lands*.

"Do n't you think they 'll give us bounty lands?" he asked of the doctor. 'It 'll be so nice when we have a little farm of our own, mother and me; she always wanted one.'

"I 'm glad I did n't die in that old mill,' he said one day. 'I used to think when I lay there and heard the water tumbling over the stones, that if I could only get down to it I'd like to take one good drink and die. But then I should n't have got my bounty lands and had a home for mother.'

"I wrote again to his mother and told her that Jamie was evidently sinking, and I sent her all the money I had to help toward her expenses. She never got it, but it was spent for Jamie all the same, and I never grudged it.

"Jamie had a little red Testament that was his constant companion, and many a time I have found him lying asleep with his cheek resting against it. It was his mother's parting gift, and he had kept it through all his troubles.

"'It talks just like my mother,' he said, 'and when I read it and go to sleep I always dream about her, and how we used to walk to church on Sunday morning with the bells all ringing and the big waves rolling up along the beach. I can hear 'em just as plain, splash, splash, and the gulls flying low over the water.'

"'He can't last much longer,' the doctor said one morning as he passed my little pantry at the end of the ward.

"'Then why do n't you tell him so,' I said. 'I never can do it; I love him as if he was my baby.'

"'What's the use in telling him?' said the doctor. 'He's as ready to go as ever any one was, and the least excitement will bring on internal hemorrhage. With care we may keep him till his mother comes.'

"'She 'll never come,' I said to myself, for the doctor was out of sight; 'it's my belief his mother is dead.'

"That evening, when the night nurses came in, I took the steward's little lamp and went to see Jamie a moment before I left. He was lying wide awake, and smiled as I came to him.

"'Are you very, very tired,' he asked; 'because I wanted to hear you read a few verses. It's the chapter that begins, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." That 's the text our minister preached about the Sunday before we all marched away to the war. I only remember just one thing he told us, that when we thought of the strong, and just, and dreadful God, we should also think of the tender and compassionate Jesus, and because we believed in God, we should believe also in him.'

"I read about half the chapter to him, and then he seemed to fall asleep. But just as I was leaving him he opened his eyes and said, 'You'd better write to mother again, and tell her not to mind coming down here; it's so far for her to come alone, and I feel a great deal better to-night. Tell her to keep up good heart and wait till I get my bounty land; it won't be long.'

"I smoothed away his hair and straightened his pillow, but I could n't speak a word.

"Next morning early as I was going through one of the wards I met the doctor.

"'Have you been in number seven?' he asked.

"'Not yet,' I said, and waited.

"'Jamie's got his bounty land,' said the doctor, and he shut his mouth hard together and went on.

"I went straight to number seven—past the long rows of beds to the further end. There he lay, my Jamie, just as I had left him in the evening, asleep, it seemed, only there was no breath.

"No one knew when he died. Only once in the night the man in the next bed heard him say, 'The bells, the bells!' and that was all.

"We kept one of his thick curls for his mother: I put it in the little Testament against the chapter, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and then they buried him. Six feet of earth—just enough to lie in—that was all the bounty land the dear boy got here, but I'm sure the Lord had a place ready for him up in heaven."

Aunt Debby was silent for a few moments, her knitting lying idly in her lap, and her eyes looking straight out at the window. There was a little glimpse of green wheat-field beyond the garden, swaying into shining billows as the wind swept it. The bees droned in the honey-suckles, the swallows twittered past the window; the earth was full of happy, thoughtless life, that went joyously through its circle of existence, fulfilling perfectly the ends of its creation; and in the midst of it all we alone, with our vexed human hearts, were anxious and troubled. Better for us if our souls, like swallows, soared more in the sunshine, content with our daily blessings, and leaving the past and the future to the Father's care. How much of all this was in aunt Debby's mind I can not tell, but presently she took up her knitting with a faint smile, saying,

"After all, there's one thing we can be sure of—*He knows—he never makes mistakes*, and when we get puzzled and troubled, it's good to get back to that and rest."

"And what about Jamie's mother?" I asked; "did you ever hear any thing from her?"

"That was the worst of it," said aunt Debby. "If I could only have gone on thinking she was dead, and they were both together up there, it would have been a comfort. But about two weeks after Jamie died a woman came to the hospital inquiring for her boy, James Ashley. Well, so many were dying, and so many coming and going, they could n't tell her at first, but after a while they found it on the books—James Ashley, Co. D, 2d Reg. Maine Volunteers. Admitted May 30th. Died June 28th."

"I can't tell you about it," said aunt Debby hoarsely, "it was enough to break any one's heart to see how struck down and broken the

poor soul was. Dr. Wells, he came to me and said:

"'Jamie's mother has come; you must go and take care of her.'

"So I took her away to my little room, and I sat down and told her all about Jamie, and she looked me in the face and never heard a single word. Then I took the little Testament and put that in her hands; and, when she saw that and the lock of hair she seemed to understand better about it. But the poor thing was quite broken by all she'd gone through—the long journey and the dreadful disappointment, and I do n't think she was quite right in her wits afterward. When she went away she gave me back the little Testament and the hair, 'because you know I shall see Jamie pretty soon, and it do n't matter. He'll want me, I know; he'll be lonesome without me: we always meant to live together when he got his bounty lands.'

"She went away in a vessel bound for Portland. The captain's wife promised to look after her, and I hope she's safe home with Jamie before now.

"The country is full of just such sorrowful things, and when I think about them it makes me feel sure that the Lord is n't going to let traitors or cowards cheat us out of what we've been fighting for. Why, child, it's the Lord's little ones—his weak, tender, helpless ones, that have borne all the bitterest of these sorrows, and do you think he's going to let them suffer for nothing? So when the rulers and the strong ones take counsel against right and justice, I just say as David said, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.'"

PROPER SYSTEM OF READING.

A PROPER and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labors of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the reading public; a habit more injurious in its influence on mind and character can hardly be imagined. Others, again, read with the laudable anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.—*Blakey.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

EDITORIAL.

WE present to our readers for the present month an excellent portrait of Queen Victoria, the first, if we shall be able to carry out our design, of a series representing some of the principal crowned ladies of Europe. We place the Queen of England at the head of the list, as the first in our esteem, not only for the exalted position she occupies, and which she has filled with such eminent success in the presence of an admiring world, but still more for the exalted character which she has maintained in the midst of all the temptations and trials incident to the throne and the Court. As the sovereign of a powerful empire, as a Queen revered and beloved by her subjects, as a woman, wife, and mother, we regard her as a model of excellence.

Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819. Her father was Edward, Duke of Kent. Her mother was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Just twenty months after his marriage, and just eight months after the birth of Victoria, her father died. This event turned the eyes of all England to Victoria as their future Queen, though yet an infant child.

Her beautiful character, which has since adorned her exalted station, was apparent in its first buddings in her childhood and youth. An English gentleman who was familiar with her early life, says: "When I first saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a Summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the favoring breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently upon the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple; a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remembered to have seen from China to Kamtschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and doubtless gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none was more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce."

When she had attained her eighteenth year, the year of her legal majority, her birthday was celebrated with the utmost splendor. Four weeks had not passed away from these festivities, when her uncle, the reigning monarch, William IV, was seized with sudden illness and died, on the 20th. of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace at Kensington, to communicate to Victoria the tidings of her uncle's death, and that she was Queen of England. That day she assembled her first Privy Council. Upward of one hundred of the highest nobility of the realm were present. "In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the court, dignitaries of the Church, stood this youthful maiden, with her fragile and fairy form, pale and pensive, and yet graceful and queenly in her childlike loveliness. And when, the herald announced, 'We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,' the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. And when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, her father's younger brother, was about to kneel at her feet to kiss her royal hand, as he took the oath of allegiance, she gracefully placed an affectionate kiss upon his cheek, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed, 'Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece!'"

In a few days she made her first appearance as Queen before the Parliament. Statesmen, nobles, ambassadors from foreign courts, thronged the chamber. Victoria entered, not with tall, commanding figure, but as a loving, gentle-hearted child, to win at once all hearts to tenderness and love. She ascended the throne, and with a clear, though tremulous voice, read her first address to the statesmen around her so distinctly as to make herself heard to the farthest part of the House of Lords.

When Victoria was fifteen years of age, there was a lad of the same age, a relation of the family on the mother's side, who often associated with her in her studies and her sports. In those early years a strong attachment grew up between them, and it could not be concealed that Victoria looked upon Prince Albert with more than ordinary affection. Their attachment ripened into mutual love, and soon after her coronation they were married, on the 10th of February, 1840. The nation approved of the

match, and what does not often happen among royal personages, two youthful hearts, drawn together amidst the splendors of a palace by mutual affection, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. As a consequence the union was highly promotive of the happiness of both of the illustrious pair, and they have given to England, by no means the least of the beneficent influences of their happy reign, the illustrious example of a royal family universally respected and beloved, dwelling together in the spirit of harmony and affection, and illustrating the beauty, order, amiable dispositions, and domestic happiness of a well-ordered Christian household. This illustrious example of a pure, loving, happy family circle dwelling in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power, we esteem one of England's brightest treasures, and most useful and honorable traits among the nations.

Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born August 26, 1819, and was the second son of Duke Ernest I, who died in 1844, and younger brother to the present Duke-regnant of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Educated thoroughly at the University of Bohn, and possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, and endowed with a disposition singularly amiable and pacific, the Prince brought to his exalted position the qualities of heart and mind which eminently qualified him for the grave responsibilities which devolved upon him, for the delicate and peculiar relations which he sustained as Prince Consort, and for winning the hearts of the people among whom he came as a stranger and foreigner. A little less than twenty-one years of age when he became the husband of Victoria, his excellent good sense, and prudent and discreet bearing in all the relations he sustained, preserved him from those follies and mistakes that might have been feared, and shielded him from that jealousy and suspicion that might have been engendered by his foreign origin. Perhaps all history can not afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly-limited duties, with a dignity and singleness of intention comparable with that which enforced the approbation of all England, and made the whole nation feel they had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the consort of their Queen.

With the sagacity to recognize at once the temptation and dangers of his exalted position, he eschewed politics and devoted himself to his family and to the arts of peace. He kept the faith he had pledged to his young queen bride with simple and unwavering fidelity. He watched

over his children with an assiduity commensurate with the trust devolved upon him. The charitable, the commercial, and the social movements and interests of the nation found in him a wise and efficient patron. His exquisite tact and discretion in reference to the exciting political questions by which he was surrounded are remarkable. The bitterest partisanship found nothing to condemn in his course. All knew that in public affairs Her Majesty consulted her husband, but not a word or look of his ever compromised the independence and impartiality of the throne. His devotion as a husband was only equaled by that of his royal wife, whose inexpressible grief for his loss five years of mourning has scarcely in the least assuaged. It is this devotion of the husband and wife, this faithfulness of the father and mother, this beautiful example of happy home-life in high places that will constitute the grandest legacy the illustrious pair will leave to the world. We are confident that we are pronouncing the highest and best encomium upon them, when we say we know of no better model of the performance of the duties of wife and mother than the Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her consort.

Prince Albert died on the 14th of December, 1861, leaving the Queen overwhelmed with inconsolable grief. It was the first great blow that had fallen upon her. For twenty-one years they had been realizing with almost unshadowed felicity their ideal of earthly happiness. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection; her husband had been a wise and true counselor; for years he had hardly ever stirred from her side, unwearied in his attentions and services. Out of the clear sky suddenly came the bolt that left her desolate and alone. How calm, and happy, and domestic had been their life is now seen in the irrepressible grief of the Queen. The glory of Victoria is her genuine womanly character, and no where is it more tenderly and touchingly exhibited than in her fidelity, and the constancy and depth of her sorrow as the widow of the man she loved. Since the death of Prince Albert she has lived in great retirement, cherishing with matronly dignity her younger children who still cluster around her, and ameliorating her grief and loneliness by offices of social kindness and charity. She is still the "Queen Mother," and how attentive she is to her own children may be inferred from a late pleasing circumstance. The arch-deacon of London on one occasion was catechis-

ing the young princes, and being surprised at the accuracy of their answers, said to the youngest prince, "Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the Catechism." Upon which the royal boy responded, "O! but it is mamma who teaches us the Catechism." Many American mothers may take a profitable hint from this queenly practice.

We have said but little of Victoria as Queen, nor need we say much. But few of the cares of government rest upon her. The able counselors who surround her guide the affairs of state in her name. She has little to do, except to attend to the etiquette of the Court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on a gala day, and to give her signature to those acts of Parliament which are supported by those friends in whom she reposes confidence. And yet her power on the throne has been felt, and her firmness on several questions and occasions has controlled and directed the policy of the nation. During the lifetime of the Prince Consort she found in him a wise and true counselor; and superior to the petty jealousy which would have actuated a mind of less nobility, she availed herself of his invaluable services and leaned upon him. But her glory as a Queen will stand rather in not doing than in what she has done. The accidents of birth placed her where she is. Strong temptations have surrounded her. Every thing which this earth can furnish of wealth, pomp, and pageantry, have been arranged to dazzle her eye. Yet in the midst of such scenes she has maintained her integrity, she has wielded a powerful influence in behalf of peace, morality, and religion, has won the respectful affection of all her subjects, and has preserved a character untarnished and unsuspected. Her reign has been a period of progress and prosperity unequaled in the history of her country. The rancor of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality. The silent but powerful influence of a chaste and noble woman, exemplary in all the relations of life, enthroned as the head of the nation, has pervaded all ranks of society, and impressed itself on all phases of English life. The historian of her times will find few striking or brilliant events to illuminate his story, but the world's history will contain but few examples of queenly reigns that in moral grandeur will equal that of Queen Victoria. If he will be able to record no great wars, no brilliant triumphs, no intricate schemes of ambition, the common materials of royal history, he will at least have the satisfaction of bearing testimony to this truth, that her sub-

jects were contented and happy, that conspiracies or rebellions against her authority were things unknown, and that no enemy or party could find even the slightest shadow of a court scandal. She is every inch a Queen, in that she has ruled herself.

But in speaking of her we are constantly inclined to forget the Queen—the woman, the wife, and the mother eclipsing the mere accident of the Crown. Her title to the approbation of history will rest in these relations and in her irreproachable character. A Queen with a deep and enduring love for her husband, with an ardent attachment to home, a motherly love for her offspring, a dislike of ostentatious display, and a constant longing after domestic tranquillity in the midst of necessary receptions, grand levees, and dazzling pageants, give her a character of uniqueness among the royal ladies of the world that will secure to her a nobler immortality than has fallen to the lot of many of the crowned women of the world. Such a character may fail to captivate the senses or please the mere admirer of earthly vanities, but will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places, or place a becoming value upon a noble example. "To know the real character of such a sovereign," says a recent observer of her life, "one must look away from the glittering palace-life of Windsor and London, to the secluded dales and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—to that rigid exclusion of all but the members of her own family from the recent tribute of affection to the memory of a husband and father at Coburg. In short, to be good rather than to be great—as the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private."

THE ICEBERG.

An iceberg drifting in the polar seas
 Braces its cold, and bold, and glistening front
 Against the sharpness of the Arctic blasts;
 But when it idly floats by southern shores,
 Where mild sunshine wakes the praise of Spring,
 Warm airs embrace the rugged stranger round,
 And melt away its angles with their breath:
 The tepid waves caress it, and the light
 Nestles among its many crevices,
 Till it relents, and in a veil of mist
 Withdrawing, sinks, and weeps itself away
 Upon the bosom of the Summer sea.
 And so, when argument, reproach, and force
 Are spent in vain, the hard heart yields to love.

SILENCE.

BY C. M. STONE.

THERE is a power in silence more efficient than the clamor of words, as the low murmur of a little rill steals upon the senses with better and gentler effect than the impatient and hurrying waves of the ocean. We have stood under old forest trees after the storm had passed over them, carrying fear and dismay along its track, and had no words to describe the sensations we experienced as the footsteps of the tempest died away and left us alone with the silence wherein, if ever, then we could hear the "audible voice of God" in the violets that trembled at our feet and in the wild-wood leaves that leaned together and whispered above our head, and the last tear-drops of the rain now and then softly falling at intervals, as some faint breath of wind fluttered airily among the leaves. It seemed as if nothing could arouse the spirit to anger in such a spot as this—it seemed as if the spirit of Peace would almost arise in visible form and shame down the shadow of an evil thought or deed, while in the blue and misty underwood seemed moving back and forth a soft procession of ethereal beings, always pointing upward as if to lead the mind of mortals beyond the dwelling-places of the stars.

We read innumerable instances of how great and noble minds have conquered and repelled an infuriated rabble, among which the example of our blessed Lord stands out before us, the monument of enduring patience and humility, clothed with a nature too lofty to stoop to clamor with the weaknesses of coarser minds.

There is a host of words cast forth and wasted upon the air, in the daily lives of those who have the charge of families. We step over the threshold of a household, and can easily distinguish which are the voices that prevail. If the children are graceful, respectful, and unobtrusive, we know that the mother is soft-voiced, and possesses a refined and graceful character, that is transmitted by the silent movement, the subdued and elegant bearing. She silently puts to shame their childish altercations, and they are more sensitive to the reproachful glance of her eye than the children of a stormy, scolding parent are to the infliction of the rod.

There is nothing grander than to see a being beset by the annoyances and perplexities of life bearing provocation, defeat, and disaster with a serene and silent bearing, perhaps assailed by vile insinuations and false charges, moving on with that lofty spirit that at last compels the

admiration of his foes, and they come to dread the quiet glance of his eye more than any threatening word he could have uttered. Down the long and wearily-trodden aisles of time, stand out upon pinnacles more enduring and admirable than those of fame, a goodly company of those who have made their lives sublime by the nobility of soul that spoke not, only when the time came to speak—then were their voices listened to as if the blast of a thunder-cloud had broken upon the stillness of a Summer noon. Their memorable words are registered in the hearts of nations, their names are reverently breathed by the side of a thousand loving hearth-stones, and generations of little ones are taught of the noble ones whose whole lives through proclaimed the sublimity of a silent yet ardent nature.

The deepest and most unutterable joy can find no words, therefore is *silent*; but we behold it giving luster to the eye and vermilion to the cheek, and it sits in tremulous tenderness upon the lips. Also the agony of sorrow is known to be greatest at the hour when it becomes speechless and motionless. This strange element is converted to use because of its strength and power and beauty of expression—useful in the pauses of a song—rendering the effect that no harmony of sound could then or there produce. The notes glide down from the roar of battle-fields, through avenues of Summer aisles, and we are transported from stormy shores to the land of perpetual peace by the angel of rest—the floating, dying angel of silence.

TEARS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean—
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the outer world
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly glows a glimmering square
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LOOSE LEAVES.

BY ROSE MATTHEWS.

LEAF FIRST.

"In the beginning."

HERE I sit under the shadow of the Summer leaves, with the sun slanting through like great golden arrows.

Save a murmur ever and anon sweeping through the trees there is no sound. If I were weary, I'm quite sure rest and peace would come to me here. I wonder if there is any home in all the world so flooded with sweet human love and sympathy as this old gabled-roof home of ours.

The minister thinks it's God's love that makes the place so cheery and bright, but I do n't.

I write it here without any reserve, that God does n't seem to me to be love, but harshness and justice.

It's human sympathy that makes the world so glad. Once I remember stealing away into the garret on a Summer's day—how the sun came darting through a thousand tiny peep-holes, making the very spider-webs seem like cloth of gold! I wonder if when our lives are full of good words and gentle charities they do n't seem to God as the poor little black webs seemed to me, cloth of gold? I'm not going to talk or write any thing about God, however, because I do n't like people that are always filling their conversation up with something they know nothing of.

From where I sit I can see my mother as she flits from trunk to trunk. Tom's going away to school in the morning. There, mother is just putting in his Sunday suit of beautiful home-made brown. He says it makes him feel just like a prince to wear such beautiful-fitting clothes, and I'm sure I feel as happy as a princess, and we all wonder if every body won't think of them just as we do!

What visions we have of the coming days! Tom's going to be an artist and paint a Madonna for his master-piece. Not like the bread and butter Madonnas that I've seen staring at you with great, meaningless eyes; but one with sad, prophetic vision looking far into the future, and seeing the darkened day and uplifted cross for the little child. I think it will look very much as mother does.

I'm going to be an authoress. Not that I have the trick of stringing ideas together like pearls on silver threads, but I must say something. How indignant I was to-day when the

minister said, after talking with Tom about his profession, "Which will you be, a school-teacher or a milliner?" Suppose he had said, "Thomas, my son, will you be a tailor or a copyist?" Would n't every body see the absurdity of the thing? Yet I do n't like to hear people, particularly ladies, talk about their God-given powers, as if all power was n't God-given. Such people only retard progress.

I like to see a life in such perfect harmony that it is strong indeed as the cedars of Lebanon, lofty as the mountains of the Lord, and carries with it an influence as irresistible as the force of mighty floods. I know of such a life, and so does the great world—the life of a woman who sings above now in divine numbers.

How delighted Tom is with his letter of recommendation! I never did like any thing of that sort, though; it seemed just like a beggar's ticket, and I always feel like a beggar when I present one.

Poor children, the minister said to-day, the world is full of unrest, and you have nothing but dreams with which to encounter its dread unbelief and doubt! What makes the minister and a great many other good people constantly talk about such dreary themes? I never think of such things; but it must be because I do n't like to think of God. If ever I'm religious I'm going to have little windows where my Christianity is kept, so that I sha' n't get morbid.

That will be away in the future. How the great hereafter stretches out for me and Tom, and how I fill it up! The present is a little jutting plain on which we stand, and leaning far over I see the bright uplands of the coming days. The sky is spanned with the bow of promise, the lands are full of blossoms which, expanding and forever expanding, wax into goodly trees, blessing with their shade noon travelers! How full the days shall be of noble deeds! Mother says of such stuff dreams are made. May be. I can't think but that God respects us all the more for these same dreams. Some people are so painfully resigned as to the hereafter, it really makes me feel quite uncomfortable to be with them, they trust every thing so implicitly in the hands of Providence!

Tom says he thinks that God even admires Satan for his bold spirit. We enjoy reading Milton's "Paradise Lost" because the writer makes him seem to possess such a bold and lofty character. I wonder what such men as Milton and St. Paul do in heaven! Why, of course the *women* do not keep silent *there*, and that must trouble poor St. Paul very much!

I suppose God has a dwelling-place for him!

in some remote corner, where he can not hear the pure soprano when the great choir sings. That's my mother's voice. I must stop writing.

—
LEAF SECOND.

"And darkness covered the face of the whole earth."

How well I remember my thoughts to-night, when Tom left home four years ago! What a future was to be ours! but the coming days are ever being woven into the past, and nothing of all our hopes are realized! Drifting, drifting! Yes, that's the word! Life is a turbid stream on which no quickening breezes ever blow. We are cast on it and sail whither we will.

I know what doubt means now, and unrest too. Sometimes it almost seems to me as if God were cruel. O, so cruel to make us live! O, this living, this thinking! If one could only stop the busy wheels just for a moment, and rest; but to be compelled to live, to think, from day to day, with leaden skies above, and for sweet human sympathy nothing but ashes! And God is so far removed I never can make him seem like a friend.

Then He is only interested in one in a general way, and to think that all the ages have been, and will be full of just such weary souls! Does God give us all our thoughts, our sensibilities, only to mock us? Sometimes when I feel thus, I can tell what hell means, where with burning feet weary ones forever walk, crying, "Lord, have mercy! Christ, have mercy!" I do n't think it could be more dreadful to dwell forever in hell than to live oppressed with doubt and unrest. May be Tom can explain these things to me. Dear Tom! he came home last week. How proud we all are to think of him graduating! I was half afraid when I saw him on the platform that he would be so glad to see us all he'd forget himself, but no.

I do n't think he'd like to have me speak of the beautiful home-made brown coat he wore when he left home, but I thought of it frequently, and the shiny one he wears now is n't half so tasty to me as the one mother made years ago for him. Tom seems just a little bit shy of us all now because we're not fashionable. I think mother notices it too, for to-day I saw her darning socks, and there was a tear in her eye. Yes, I'm quite sure of it; but when I spoke about it, she said it was only the smoke, and yet the fire was out. Tom dresses so well now, and we're all so glad of it!

I did n't like what he said about mother to-day, though. He was afraid her influence in

the Sunday school was n't half what it would be if she were more stylish, and he did wish she would stay away. O Tom, you have an expressive way of saying dear Jesus, but you do n't feel it! Your life is only peppered and salted on the surface with religion; it is n't seasoned all the way through.

I sometimes feel quite dreary when I think of his growing away from us all, as I'm quite sure he is doing. I wonder if Providence designed that culture should lead people away from their home friends. I think I'll go on a mission; but girls always talk about missionary schemes when life does n't seem particularly inviting to them.

We never talk of the future now; and if Tom were to paint a Madonna, it would not be the sad-eyed mother of our early days, but a proud, revengeful woman, with eyes full of passion. Why do we lose the freshness of our lives so early? We can't all be made into smooth verse; there will be little defects here and feet wanting there to make the meter perfect.

The expression of some lives is so grand that I turn to them almost with reverence! I wonder, though, if such people were ever tempted as I am? No, God gives them all rest; but they must know something about such things, or how could they write as they do? Poets and artists, mother says, should be God's best men, because they give tone to the age in which they live.

I have often watched the waves as they beat up and up. What liquid gold floods them all when the sun slants to the west! Just so we common people make an age look brilliant with the light reflected from our great characters.

I wish Tom could be such a man; he's going into the army to-morrow—I shall stay at home and do scornful little services. A woman's work is made up of such little odds and ends that there is always something to be done before it's finished. I have n't any doubt but that when we get to heaven God will find it necessary to patch it up a little before it can be put along side of man's work.

After all life is such a mockery, and I write it here without any reserve, that living is very nothingness, utter wretchedness and doubt. I wish God were n't so far away, I'd like to tell him about these things; but that would n't make any difference. It is n't his love that satisfies us and makes the world seem so beautiful; and after all beauty does n't satisfy us. The ineffable light that shall beam on us hereafter will only make more clear this truth, that God is not the fullness of life.

All these things seem clear to Tom because

he's studied so much. It's so easy for him to account for every thing, but I can't understand them as he does.

• LEAF THIRD.

"God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

Have I solved the mystery? Is this life clear and solemn? I know what the expression means now, "God is love."

How strange that I should have been so long in finding it out! Why, the groves are whispering it! The trees are waving it from branch to branch; the great sea is echoing it from world to world, and the vast universe chants it as it circles forever around the eternal throne of God.

There is no mystery with Tom now. Remembering his early dreams, he said to me on that morning, "I shall never paint a Madonna, but I shall soon stand in the presence of mother and child." He knows now the expression of the sad mother-face. Tom is dead.

I shall never be an authoress, and make common things seem uncommon, but my life will be full of what I used to call scornful service, but it doesn't seem this now. Life is sweet, and I think if it were full to the brim of services ever so small, God would be pleased with it.

So would I live, so would I wish my friends to live, that when the conviction of what we have been, and what we are shall flash across us, this which was written here of a pure soul, shall be penciled in words of living light on heaven's arches.

"First a jasper, second a sapphire, third a chalcodony; the rest in order, and last an amethyst."

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

CHRIST, in his Divine nature, possessed the perfection of God; but as a man he was made perfect through suffering. It seems that such is the constitution of human nature, that perfection in the physical, mental, or moral deportment of man, can only be attained by a process of suffering. Christ suffered from hunger, endured poverty, was subject to temptation of the devil forty days and forty nights; he was rejected and persecuted by the very persons he came to save, till, having clamored for his blood, they nailed him to the cross, and thus he suffered, the just for the unjust; but such was the perfection of his patience and love, that with his dying breath he prayed for his murderers. And thus it was suitable or

became the nature of Him, "for whom are all things" as their ultimate end, and "by whom are all things" as their sole Creator, "in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation *perfect through suffering*." And now it is a great consolation to the suffering saint, that we have a High-Priest over the house of God who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for he was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

In the Scriptures it is plainly taught "that many are the afflictions of the righteous," and "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" and "if ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons." So that our suffering is a sign of our sonship. For "if ye be without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

But experience plainly teaches the same. By this process Noah became perfect in practical obedience in preparing an ark for the saving of his house. By this Abraham became the father of the faithful, and the mighty soul of Moses became an embodiment of meekness, by the provocations he endured of the children of Israel. The poverty and persecution of Elijah led him to such perfect communion with God, that he could shut or open heaven at his pleasure, till he was translated soul and body to his glorious home. The bitter pains of his fierce tormentors tended to perfect Daniel in his piety and fidelity. And in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews we have an inspired summing up of the perfections and sufferings of the Old Testament saints. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." In the new dispensation the saints, like their Master and model, are made perfect in the same manner. These are the means that Infinite Wisdom takes to fit his people for usefulness here, and for glory hereafter.

Luther's experience was of the same import. Who could suffer more than this mighty man, from either earth or hell? Kings, princes, popes, cardinals, and councils, were at war with him, still through the whole he suffered on, and attained a degree of perfection which few have realized.

St. Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed Homer of orators, was sent into exile by the sanction of Arcadius, and at the will of the Empress Eudoxia, but he returned with new arrows in

the quiver of his eloquence. Bossuet, one of the greatest pulpit orators of France, in the seventeenth century, excited by contradiction, communicated the agitation of his genius to his writings. He took the thunder from the hands of the Most High, and overturned at his feet monarchs and empires." Young, the author of the celebrated "Night Thoughts," "bending under the weight of his sorrows, formed the whole universe into a mountain of ruins, and eclipsed the august luminary of nature before the gloomy torch of death." But we shall find that secular history affirms this truth.

Homer penned his marvelous, if not unequaled, poetry amid a life of wretchedness; Lucretius, the Roman knight and poet, "published his thoughts amid a life of most terrible misfortunes;" Cicero, the most celebrated Roman orator, had his eloquence kindled by the torch of discord; Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, "launched his thunders because he heard them around him;" Tacitus, "the greatest painter of antiquity, and the first historian who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts," "felt his genius awake at the sound of the chains under which the universe groaned from the time that Rome acknowledged tyrants;" Tasso, the great lyrical poet, attained a higher perfection by the death of his father, and his numerous misfortunes; Milton, "amid the engagements of earthly factions, transports to the heights of heaven those combats which depopulated his country, and the faction of the citizen produced the sublime poet."

The same truth holds good as to the perfection of philosophers. Descartes, the reformer of philosophy, while in persecution, "broke the old machine of the universe and formed a new one;" for he set aside the empiric philosophy of England and the Aristotlian scholastics, and adopted the mathematical method of reasoning; Galileo, a Tuscan mathematician, "weighed the elements in the bottom of his dungeon, and astonished nature received his laws," for he brought forth the Copernican system.

It has well been said, "Genius alone is free in the midst of fetters. Peace corrupts people and precipitates them to sleep. Agitation renews the youth of empires, and conducts them toward their grandeur. The majesty of virtue appears then in the eyes of the people."

Let Christians remember that "heavy afflictions, when sanctified by the grace of God, are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in nature is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it."

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;

Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.

Ah, truly breathed we there

Intoxicating air—

Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;

The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.

Alas! too soon have fled

The irreclaimable dead:

We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—

The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling

To temples long clay cold: to the very core

They strike our weary hearts,

As some vexed memory starts

From that long-faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual Summer there. But here

Sadly we may remember rivers clear,

And harebells quivering on the meadow floor;

For brighter bells and bluer,

For tender hearts and truer,

People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,

We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;

What realm lies FORWARD with its happier store

Of forest green and deep,

Of valleys hushed in sleep,

And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land
Of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—

Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—

Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar;

Yet does the turbulent surge

Howl on its very verge.

One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago

Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—

Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carol-
ings soar;

Eternal peace have they:

God wipes their tears away;

They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim:

But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset? On that joyous shore

Our lighted hearts shall know

The life of long ago;

The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

.. .. . Dublin University Magazine.

The Children's Repository.

THE BROKEN DISH.

BY CAROLINE S. THORPE.

IT was a bright sunny morning. A gentle shower had fallen during the previous night, clothing all nature in garments pure and new. Each tiny flower, glistening with crystal drops and rustling in the breeze, seemed whispering, "our Father clothes the lilies of the field." Blithely the birds sent forth glad songs as if in thanks for tender care through the night that was passed. Surely they knew God careth for the birds, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge. Surely, the world so full of love and beauty, was no fit place for fretfulness and discontent just then. Yet little Mary Austin thought otherwise, judging by the ugly scowl which disfigured her face, and by the rough manner in which she cleared the breakfast table, rattling the cups and plates in a way which threatened destruction to some of them, twitching off the cloth so as to scatter crumbs upon the nice clean floor, and even giving puss a kick with her foot, when, unmindful of her young mistress' sulky mood, she rubbed against her dress, purring and coaxing for a pleasant word. Poor kitty was glad to escape from so cloudy an atmosphere, out into the bright sunshine. Could Mary have done so too, the cloud of sulks hanging over her would quickly have been scattered. But her mother requiring assistance in her morning's work, had desired her to remove the dishes from the table and wash them before going into the garden, as she had planned to do. We shall see what came of so reasonable a request. All that was unamiable in the little girl's nature seemed to spring up and rebel against it; nor did she try to check the evil spirit, but shutting out all the sunshine from her heart, went about her work muttering, "'T is too bad, I wanted so much to weed my pinks this morning, and now I must stay in the house and wash these hateful old dishes." Presently she carelessly let fall one of these same hateful dishes as she termed them, and it was broken in many pieces upon the floor. Instantly the sullen, angry look gave place to one of fear, for Mary greatly feared her mother's displeasure. What should she do? She gathered up the scattered fragments, and hearing some one approaching hastily thrust them into her pocket. Now, when the first step in

deceit has been taken, the second ever comes easy; so when her mother entered the room, although Mary was very unhappy at heart, she put on a most cheerful face; and moving very softly that the rattling of the fragments might not call her mother's attention to her pocket, soon finished her task, and received the desired permission to go into the garden.

But the pinks which so much needed her attention were entirely forgotten now. She gave not even a passing glance to the pretty bright flowers. All her thoughts were centered upon one thing, what she should do with the broken dish. She wished she had told her mother all about it in the first place. But now it was too late, for Mrs. Austin would surely ask why she had concealed it in her pocket, and what answer could she make? At last she resolved to say nothing about it, but hide it where it would never be found. So digging a hole in the corner of the garden she placed the fragments within, and carefully covered them with the sod. Well would it have been for the little girl's peace of mind if she could have buried the memory of it also. But when we allow ourselves to be led into sin, its haunting shadow ever hovers around us till we confess and seek forgiveness. Mary had buried the dish deep under ground, but all day long it seemed to follow her wherever she went. At school she could not forget it; in consequence her lessons were imperfect, and she was obliged to stop and study alone, while all the other children were having a nice game just in front of the windows. O, how she did long to be out there with them! But before the half hour was over they had left the common.

It was with a sad heart that Mary returned home at night, for the broken dish still hung over her like a dark cloud. Her mother had missed it, and when she asked her if she could tell her where it was, Mary answered, "no," but she trembled, and looked so pale, Mrs. Austin was alarmed, and asked, "Why, what is the matter, are you sick?"

"No," answered Mary, "only tired."

Alas! poor child, she was tired of bearing a sin-sick conscience; she had borne it all day, and now when night came made the burden heavier by adding falsehood to it. Darkness, which hid from her eyes God's beautiful world, could not hide her sin, it seemed to stand out clearer before her. As she lay upon her bed, conscience whispered, "Go and tell mother all about it, you will feel so much better." "I can not," sobbed Mary. "O, what shall I do! I wish I could go to sleep and forget all about it." But sleep, the friend of the innocent, ever shuns the guilty. An hour later, when her mother,

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

LITTLE Nellie, when going to bed one night, was saying the sweet prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep," and after getting through the second line, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," she closed her eyes and fell asleep, saying, "I guess the Lord knows the rest, I'll go to sleep."

Ah! how many *would* not and *could* not thus go to sleep, if they felt in their heart what the lips say in the third line of that prayer, "If I should die before I wake."

Ah! that "If." A young friend writing to me and thinking of this says: "I lay awake all Saturday night thinking about my sins. I thought if I should go to sleep I might die and be lost. 'Die before I wake.' What then, either to open the eyes in eternity and look in the face of a smiling Jesus, or, as the rich man of whom Christ says, 'And in hell he lifted up his eyes.'"

Little Willie's mother, being in a hurry, put him to bed one night without prayer.

"Are you asleep, brother," said he.

"No," was the reply.

"Let us get up and pray then."

"Why, it's all dark, Willie."

"Never mind, we will take hold of each other's hand, and then we won't mind the dark, and you know God can see as plainly as if it were light."

"But it's cold," said Frank.

"We'll soon get warm when we get back into bed. Will you come, brother?"

"Mother said it was no matter, she said she'd hear us in the morning."

"May be God will not take care of us till morning if we do not ask him, brother. Will you come?"

"Mother knows best," said Frank, "and she said never mind."

After awhile Frank asked, "Where are you, Willie?"

"By the bed, brother, I will pray for you too."

Coming to bed again, Willie said, "I wish you prayed too, but I asked God to take care of you to-night, and I think he will. Brother, if I should die to-night I would not be afraid, I don't think it's hard to die."

"I do, I never want to die. I do n't believe they have any kites or tops in heaven," said Frank.

"But nurse says the angels have crowns of gold, and harps, and they play such beautiful music."

"I would rather spin my top, than play tunes on a harp," said Frank.

"It is praising God. O, brother, if you would

only pray, you would love to praise him. I do not mean just to say your prayers after mother or nurse, but to ask God for what you want just as you do papa or mamma, and to beg him to make you good. O, how I wish papa and mamma, and you would learn to pray so!"

The next morning mother asked, "Where is Willie?"

"He is asleep yet, I spoke to him, but he did not wake," said Frank.

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, I do not think Willie is well."

After telling a strange dream, Frank said, "When I awoke his eyes were only half closed, that made me think at first that he was awake, and his lips were parted. I whispered 'Willie, Willie,' but it did not wake him. Then I laid my hand on him, but he was so cold. So when I found he did not get warm all night, I put the bed-clothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange story this. The mother's heart understood it. She ran to Willie's bedroom, and found him cold and pale in death.

He lay down to sleep—and woke in heaven.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

WALKING down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the Autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, war n't somebody real good to drop these ere posies jest where I could find 'em, and these so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find something bimeby—O, jolly' Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and tain't much dirty neither. Cause you hain't got no peach, you may bite first. *Bite bigger*, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him the very angels will feed him, and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his unselfishness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.—He who has no regard for the appearance of his own premises, not only sinks the value of his own property, but depreciates the value of the property of his neighbors. No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. On the other hand, he who makes his own home attractive, contributes to the rising value of all the region around him. He is thus a public benefactor, contributing not merely to the gratification of the taste of those who look upon his improvements, but adding to the real marketable value of the property in his vicinity.

Do not think that we are here urging expense upon those who are ill able to afford it. No man is so poor but that he can have a flowering shrub in his yard. No man is so poor but that he can plant a few trees before his dwelling. No man is so poor, that he must have his pig-sty at his front-door. We only contend that every man should exercise that taste which God has given to him. And though we may not be able to vie with the rich in the grandeur of our dwellings, the lowliest cottage may be embellished with loveliness, and the hand of industry and of neatness may make it a home full of attractions. Let there once be formed in the heart of man an appreciation of the beautiful, and the work is done. Year after year, with no additional expense, the scene around him will be assuming new aspects of beauty.

Say not, I am not the owner of house or lands, and, therefore, I have nothing to do. All are but tenants-at-will. We are all soon to leave, to return no more. Wherever you dwell, even if it be in your own hired house but one short year, be sure and leave your impress behind you—be sure and leave some memorial that you have been there. The benevolent man will love to plant a tree beneath whose shade the children of strangers are to play. It does the heart good to sow the seed, when it is known that other lips than yours shall eat the fruit.

Neither think that this is a question without its moral issues. The love of home is one of the surest safeguards of human virtue, and he who makes home so pleasant that his children love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent life they turn to it with delight, does very much to guide their steps away from all the haunts of dissipation, and to form in them a taste for those joys which are most ennobling.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.—Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend of what people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but he adds with characteristic

candor: "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones. I have now as much work to do as I can execute, unless I can find some more assistance in the marble, and I have a prospect of further commissions." The truth here expressed by the gifted sculptor is like a similar remark we heard not long since by a gentleman from Boston, who tried matrimony in the same way, and found afterward that the loose change in his pocket, which he had before squandered in "foolish notions"—young men's whims, as he called them—was enough to support a prudent wife, who, by well-regulated economy, has proved a fortune in herself, and had saved a snug sum of money for her once careless husband. "A wife to direct a man toward a proper ambition and to a general economy," he said, "was like timely succor at sea, to save him from destruction on a perilous voyage."

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.—First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger; but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the last day of your existence, throb with constant and sincere affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice as to you. Do you think it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not as difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are

selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she can not love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

RULES FOR LADIES.—1. Marry not a profane man, because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and imbitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes it a practice to attend horse-races, frolics, etc., because he who sees no harm in doing this, will soon see no harm in taking a dram, and he who sees no harm in taking a dram, will soon see no harm in doing things still worse.

4. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs, because you can never trust him.

5. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments, because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

6. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country, because the affections are continually wavering, and, therefore, can never be permanent.

7. Marry not a man who neglects his business, because if he does so when single, he will do worse when married.

OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light till their eyes are almost blinded, or till certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he ought to lie down till he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we can not cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

INFLUENCE OF DRESS.—Dress has more to do with morals than many people imagine. With female purity

it certainly has, and in this matter the sex can not be too rigid and particular. Men judge as much or more of a woman's character from the dress than from any thing else. A female can dress with neatness and yet with modesty, though sometimes they do neither. And here we may remark, that few men, even the greatest libertines, will dare attack female virtue, unless some impropriety of dress, or conduct, or conversation, shall have given the first encouragement. The remark may be humiliating, but still we are confident of its truth. A dress, low in the neck and bosom, has ruined many a female, who meant only to comply with the demands of fashion. There have been and still are several modes equally improper and indelicate, but we will not mention them. A mind sensibly alive to true delicacy will readily perceive and avoid them. But some women say it is the fashion, and we had as well be out of the world as out of fashion. To such we reply, which do you prefer, infamy or fashion? If you think the sacrifice of modesty to fashion recommends you to the virtuous of the other sex, suffer us to tell you that you err most egregiously. Nothing can be more false. On the contrary, such a sacrifice makes you the object of pursuit to the libertine, and of aversion to the sensible and the virtuous. If fashion be modest and becoming, adopt it—if not, avoid it.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or in their training, or in both. We would, therefore, respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There may be found beautiful women. There girls do not jump from infancy to womanhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be much admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, and good mental culture, during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after-life. American mothers should heed these facts, and, in the training of their girls, remember that the beauty so much desired can only be made enduring through obedience to Nature's unerring laws, with which they can easily become familiar.

GOOD ADVICE.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned. "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

WITTY AND WISE.

DRINKING BY THE ACRE.—"Come in and take a drink, eh?" said Tim M'Moran to John Nokes, as the latter was returning weary and worn from his day's labor.

"No," replied Nokes, "I've made up my mind that I can do better with *land* than to drink it."

"Who's asked you to drink *land*, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I find that every time I drink sixpence worth of liquor, I drink more than a good square yard of land, worth three hundred dollars an acre. Here it is fair and square on the back of my spade."

John quickly put down the figures with a bit of chalk on the back of his spade, thus:

"An't there four thousand, eight hundred and sixty square yards in an acre, and at the rate of six and a quarter cents per square yard, would n't an acre cost \$303.85? And so every sixpence you take in drink is equal to a square yard of land, worth three hundred dollars per acre. Is n't it so?"

SNAPPING AT A SCOLD.—A good woman had a neighbor who used to visit her for the purpose of getting up a quarrel. To get rid of her she resorted to a novel method. When the first hard word dropped from the scold's lips she looked hard at the fire, snapped the tongs, and made no reply. The scold poured out a volley of abuse. The good woman snapped the tongs again. Another volley. Another snap. "Won't you speak?" said the scold. Snap went the tongs. "Speak!" said the scold. Snap. "Do speak or I shall burst," said the scold, and away she went, cured by the silent snapping of the tongs.

Moral.—It takes two talkers to make a quarrel.

ONLY ME.—A lady had two children—both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. The elder was neglected, while "sweet"—the pet name of the younger—received every attention that love could bestow.

One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite.

"Is that you, sweet?" she inquired.

"No, mamma," was the sad and touching reply, "it is n't sweet, it's only me."

The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour, "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

FATHER AND SON.—The following letter was written by a father to his son in college:

My Dear Son,—I write to send you new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I kept back half, and only send you five. Your own mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents.

THE LATEST STYLE.—One of our contributors says: "The most exquisite burlesque on the little bonnets of the ladies was made in our milliner's shop the other day. A man from the country, and his fat, matronly wife were looking at them, when, as we all have done, the lady objected to the size. "Never mind," said the man, with irresistible drollery; "take it, mother, it will do for the baby another year."

EQUIVOCAL.—"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold Winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste, an't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

This reminds us of Sir Boyle Roche's invitation to an Irish nobleman: "I hope, my lord, if you ever are within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

PRESUME.—A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher. "Do n't say guess, Mary," said Miss Jones, "say presume." Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked, "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she's going to make me one like it." "My mamma has no pattern," was the reply; "she cut it by presume."

A REMARK AND A REPLY.—Some years ago Rev. S. S. Roszell, of Baltimore, was pastor of a canting, puritanical hypocrite, who was a man of wealth, a very fluent Methodist class-leader, and a skin-flint. One day he shut up his nose, and rolled up his eyes, and began to sniffle in this wise: "It is n't right to laugh. We read that Jesus wept, but we never read that Jesus laughed." "No," said Mr. Roszell, "and we never read that Jesus sold wood at four dollars a cord to poor, struggling Methodist seamstresses, while he sold it at three dollars to rich folks!" That was a rubbing of the raw place, was it not?

CAUGHT AT LAST.—An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings were demanded. He offered twenty shillings. "As I live," said the Quaker, "I can not afford to give it to thee at that price."

"As you live!" exclaimed the countryman; "then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick has never been found till now."

SMITHIANA.—An egotistical, foppish fellow, whom Sidney Smith had one day invited to dinner, was frequently boasting of the company of great men he had been keeping, to the infinite disgust of his companions. The conversation turned on aquatics; "Lord Byron was an excellent boatman. He and I once rowed across the Bay of Naples," said the fop.

"Yes," said his host, "but with a very different pair of *sculls*."

VIRTUE IN A BITE.—When George II was once expressing his admiration of General Wolf, some one observed that the General was mad. "O, he is mad, is he!" said the King with great quickness, "then I wish he would bite some other of my generals."

Scripture Sahire.

SECRET OF MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.—The biographies of those who have accomplished most for Christ in the work of the ministry show that the secret of their success has been in their deep and earnest love for souls. Their learning has often been deficient, their methods of study and their manner of preaching irregular and defective, but their fervent desire for the salvation of men counterbalanced all such difficulties and made them effective and useful ministers in an eminent degree. Dr. Asa D. Smith, now President of Dartmouth College, for thirty years a most successful preacher and pastor in New York, whose Church was the scene of many revivals, and whose ministry was blessed to multitudes of souls, writes as follows upon this topic. From the time he was a student at Andover, prominent in promoting, in the Seminary and the Academy there, a deeper piety among the students for the ministry, and an earnest attention to religion among the scholars in the Academy, to the present time, he has exemplified the truth of these words of wisdom, the result at once of deep conviction and long experience:

"There be those who fancy that the chief deficiency of the modern ministry is of an intellectual sort; that if only the memory were more richly stored, and the logical faculty more thoroughly disciplined, and the art of rhetoric more fully mastered, the cause of Christianity would receive a new impulse. But I have no sympathy with such views. God forbid that I should disparage learning—the more of it the better; and in this respect, I am confident, the ministry of the present day will bear comparison with any that has preceded it.

"The chief want of our clerical order—and I mean no aspersion when I say it—is not *lore* of any sort, but *love*—the love that prostrates itself, first of all, with streaming tears of gratefulness, at the foot of the cross, and then looks with unutterable yearnings upon the souls for whom Christ died—the love that measures not carefully its sacrifices, but delights to multiply them—that, in its deep devotion, forgets the thorns in its pillow, the burdens it has to bear, the roughness of its pathway. O, it is more *heart* we need in the pulpit, rather than more of the head. A greater boon to the Church, with the work she has to do, were one Peter the Hermit, with only the fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasmuses. Our greatest peril is dead orthodoxy, a perfunctory service, a ministry merely professional, or cold, sluggish, and timid. Having reached the point of respectable ability and acquisition, it is the loving life beyond the sermon, it is the tears that bedew it, it is the heart that flames out in every sentence, however simple and unadorned, that moves, more than all else, even the callous and skeptical."

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off

from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, till he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved!

HENCEFORTH.—O, that solemn Henceforth; solemn to each of us as we part to-day, thinking of no more than the chances and changes of this uncertain life; infinitely more solemn, as we each look forward to the hour which will certainly come to each, when the past will be done with, our whole life here gone by forever; and only Eternity before us. Henceforth glory, or henceforth woe! We shall never properly understand, till we each come to die, how thoroughly, then, the past is gone, and our only portion is in the future. You may feel it in some measure, looking on the face of one departed; thinking how utterly the many cares that drew those lines on it are past and gone—looking at the gray hair, and thinking that now your friend is no longer old. What a sharp, complete end of all the interests of this world has come! how free the heart is from all the little troubles and vexations that fevered it but a short while since! Yes; gone, where these things are not! Entered upon the great Henceforth; the life beyond the grave! The day will come to each of us when we can have nothing but what we can have there; when all the things we toil for and value here will avail us nothing; when the places and the people we knew, the books we used to read, the church where it was pleasant to worship, the room in which we sat, will all be things long since past away; things that ceased to be for us years and years ago; and nothing about us and before us but the great Eternity: Henceforth only that, and what we can have there! And, blessed be God, there is that we can gain here, and take with us there! No wonder that St. Paul declared that he counted all things but dross, that he might "win Christ." For the good part in our

Savior is not merely the best possession now; in a little while it will be the only one; the only possession that will not pass from our falling hand when we die; the only possession we can take with us into the other world.—*Grever Thoughts of a Country Parson.*

UNBELIEF AND FAITH.—See these electric wires that are shooting their mysterious threads throughout our land, communicating between city and city, between man and man, however distant; dead, yet instinct with life; silent, yet vocal with hidden sound; carrying, as with a lightning burst, the tidings of good or evil from shore to shore. Separate their terminating points by one hair's breadth from the index, or interpose some non-conducting substance; in a moment intercourse is broken. No tidings come and go. The stoppage is as entire as if you had cut every wire in pieces and cast these pieces to the winds. But refasten the several points, or link them to the index with some conducting material, and instantaneously the intercourse is renewed. Joy and sorrow flow again along the line. Men's thoughts, men's feelings, men's deeds, rumors of war or assurance of peace, news of victory, or defeat, the sounds of falling thrones, the shouts of frantic nations, all hurrying on after each other to convey to ten thousand throbbing hearts the evil or the good which they contain.

The non-conductor is unbelief. It interposes between the soul and all heavenly blessings, all divine intercourse. It may seem a thing too slight to effect so great a result, yet it does so inevitably. It shuts off the communication with the source of all glad tidings. It isolates the man, and forbids the reproach of blessing.

That conductor is faith. In itself it is nothing, but in its connection every thing. It restores in a moment the broken communication, and this is not from any virtue in itself, but simply as the conducting link between the soul and the fountain of all blessings above.—*H. Bonar.*

THE JOYS OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.—A life of sound religious principle has its joys. It is not that cold, dreary, inanimate tract of country which it is so often described to be. Let the picture be drawn with candor and impartiality, and, amidst a few fleeting clouds, there will be much sunshine to gild the scenery. The evening more particularly of a religious life must ever be painted in glowing colors. And if the life of a real Christian could be analyzed, it would be found to contain more particles of satisfaction than the life of any other man. But make, I entreat you, the experiment for yourselves, and you will find that the "ways of Religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if they be so in this world, what joys will they not lead you to in the world to come! There every cloud will be dispelled, every mist dispersed; the veil will be drawn aside; we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but shall see God face to face. We shall rest from our labors; all tears will be wiped from all faces, and nothing will be heard but thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Then we shall look back upon the many trials, temptations, and vicissitudes of this life, as the Israelites, when arrived in the earthly Canaan, looked back upon the bondage of Egypt, the terrors of the wilderness, and the passage of the Red Sea. We shall commune together of those things which

have happened. "Did not our hearts burn within us while our great Leader, the Captain of our salvation, talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" Did not we then anticipate that which we now actually enjoy? Blessed forever be God the Father who hath given us this glorious inheritance! Forever blessed be God the Son, who hath purchased it with his own blood! Blessed through all eternity be God the Holy Ghost, who hath sanctified us, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light!—*Rev. R. P. Beachcroft.*

NOTHING BEFORE CHRIST.—A Spanish artist was once employed to execute a painting of the Last Supper. It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Savior. But on the table, in the foreground of the picture, he painted some chased cups, so skillfully and with such exceeding beauty, that the attention of all who called to see the picture was at once attracted to the cups, and every one was loud in their praise. The painter, observing this, saw that he had failed in his main design; and exclaiming, "I have made a mistake, for these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master," he seized his brush and dashed the cups from the canvas. So in this world, the beautiful objects that are around us too often first attract our attention, and we love and admire them more than Him on whom our supreme regard should be centered. That the mistake we make may not prove fatal to us, God in infinite mercy and love often removes these fond objects from the outward view. He spoils the picture which we have been fashioning for ourselves in time to make it more beautiful in eternity.

"Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume the dark disguise.
We see but dimly through these mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but and funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.—Read your Bible slowly. Take time, even if you have but little time. A great mathematician once said, if his life depended upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time—and this ought to be a rare case—then spread the precious moments on a portion of a chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling thy cup. It is a true, solemn, and interesting thought, that we are to wait, to linger, to tarry for the blessing to come from the word before us.

To search the Scriptures with the clear unmoted eye of meditation, secures treasures of knowledge, known only to him who thus coolly, piously, and philosophically studies the Word of God.

Let any man give us a reason why, when the Scriptures are read so much, memory retains so little, that quotations are so blundering and incorrect, if the reason is not found in the fact of hasty reading of the Word of God. There, as elsewhere, man must reap as he sows.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Works.

GOD'S PLAN IN GEOGRAPHY.—The physical geography now claims that the particular arrangement of seas, continents, mountains, and rivers, which the earth has received, is the very best that could be given for the purpose to which the earth is destined. As the divine wisdom is manifested in the order and adaptation of the human body, of animals, and of plants, so there is an object in the peculiar shape the continents have been made to assume. Every thing works in harmony with a Divine plan, which we claim to be beginning to comprehend.

Change the position of Asia and Europe, and you would have ruin and death. Ireland, now always green, would have the climate of Labrador. Compare the British Isles, Norway and Sweden, with the corresponding latitudes upon our coasts, and we see dreadful consequences. Take away the Andes, which arrest the rain-clouds, and South America, that most wonderfully-watered continent, would be a desert. Take away the Rocky Mountains, or change their direction to east and west, and we have our own fertile country ruined. Elevate our Southern coast, so as to change the direction of the Mississippi, and what mischief would ensue!

There is literally a face to nature, as there is a face to man. As we have our circulation of the blood, so there is the circulation of the earth's great heart of fire, the circulation of the waters, and the ventilation of the air. We have yet to consider these varied shapes of nature in their relations to each other, and to man and animal life. But we are not to stop here. The physical geographer claims that the influences bearing upon the intellect of man can be explained by the peculiar arrangement of the earth's surface. We know that civilization has marched from East to West, from Asia to Europe, and even across the Atlantic to the New World—growing and expanding in its course. We can see what has been developed in Asia and Europe, and may predict something for America.—*Prof. Doremus.*

BOOK-MAKING.—The progress of book-making in this country has been very rapid and suggestive of the tendencies of our people. Thirty-five years ago the largest part of our publications consisted of reprints of English books. Now our original American books average nearly four times the number we copy from abroad. In 1834 the whole number of different books published in the United States was 449, of which 251 were original, and 198 were reprinted from foreign works; in 1855 the number was 2,162, of which 649 were reprints; in 1857 there were 2,443, including 746 reprints; in 1864—to this date—there have been 1,690 works, of which 400 were reprints. These figures are exclusive of pamphlets, of which the yield is enormous—almost comparable to the leaves of Autumn or the sands of the beach. One man in New York has collected 3,000 different pamphlets called out by the war, and he estimates there are at least two thousand more. And already there are some twenty different histories of our incomplete war in course of publication; and of two or three of them from

75,000 to 150,000 copies are actually in the hands of readers—yet these works are in two or three large and expensive volumes. One New York publishing house runs forty-three steam presses of the largest size, and uses an average of 34,375 reams of printing paper per annum, equivalent to 3,300,000 duodecimo volumes of 240 pages each, or 1,650,000 volumes of 480 pages each. Another house in Philadelphia sells books annually to the amount of \$1,500,000, and the number of packages which they send out of the city yearly is between 14,000 and 15,000. It is also interesting to know, as a proof that the war has not extinguished the book trade, that the house last referred to, which formerly supplied a large part of the Southern booksellers, sold books in 1863 to the amount of over \$200,000 more than in any former year when it had the Southern trade.

THE DEPTH OF SPACE.—In 1837, Prof. Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars: a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used, in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called a Heliometer, (sun-measure). After three years' hard labor he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so very minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials, and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni. But who can comprehend this immense distance? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us. Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; in one year, then—8,760 hours—this gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Prof. Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. And all the astronomers confirm the correctness of Prof. Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebula, five hundred times more remote. Now make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by five. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it; it is too vast even for human comprehension. David says, Psalm ciii 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom [or government] ruleth over all."

VELOCITY OF MECHANISM.—Fan blowers are frequently run with a velocity of 3,000 turns per minute, while the usual velocity of cotton spindles is between 6,000 and 7,000 turns per minute. These are the highest rotary velocities with which we are acquainted in ordinary mechanism, but M. Arago, in measuring

the difference in the velocity of light while passing through air and through water, wished to give a revolving mirror a velocity of 8,000 rotations per second. This he was unable to do. With the most delicate and perfect arrangement of cog wheels he was able to impart only 1,000 revolutions per second to his mirror. M. Foucault, by substituting for cog wheels a delicate turbine acted on by a steam jet, raised the velocity to 1,500 turns per second. M. Arago, by removing the mirror and turning the spindle alone, achieved a velocity even by cog wheels, of 8,000 turns per second—equal to 480,000 turns per minute.

That spindle, therefore, turned 80 times while an ordinary cotton spindle is turned once! This is the highest rotary velocity of which we have any account.—*Scientific American*.

A REMARKABLE DIAMOND.—M. Frenny, at one of the late sittings of the French Academy, exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose color, was kept in the cabinet of the Institute till the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now, the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about sixty thousand francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much! This peculiar change having been observed, it may be quite legitimate to ascertain if any other diamonds possess this chameleon-like accomplishment.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENTS.—Fill a wide-mouthed glass jar with water, and cover it over with a piece of "foundation"—the ladies will understand this—cover that over with a layer of peas, pressing it down so that the peas will lay in the water. They will then swell and sprout, the roots growing down into the water, their fibers presenting a beautiful appearance. Set this in a window, and vines will grow up, which can be conducted to the sill. The whole is very handsome.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak-tree, growing this way, on a mantle shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

LITERARY MORTALITY.—A late French writer, M. de Tapiès, gives the following table of literary mortality in his "Statistical Contrast between France and England." Out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books 650 are forgotten at the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only fifty survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than fifty have an established reputation, and are now republished.

Of the eighty thousand works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than was rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man. These views are apparently drawn from French materials, but contain much universal truth.

MENTAL DISEASES IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star writes: "Among other interesting papers which were read at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, one on mental diseases in France attracted considerable attention. From this paper it appears that in 1861 there were no less than 84,000 lunatics in this country; that is, about 1/429th of the whole population. Out of that number 358 cases only were traceable to intense mental application. This is, to my idea, a very significant fact, inasmuch as a good many physicians have a habit of attributing the greater mass of cases of lunacy to overstudy. The truth is that in France dissipation, absinthe, and speculation, are the predominant causes of the majority of mental aberration."

THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHED BY A WOMAN.—Miss Beckley, daughter of the mechanical assistant at the Kew Observatory in England, has taken some admirable photographs of the sun. A local paper says: "During the day she watches her opportunities for photographing the sun with that patience for which her sex is distinguished, and she never lets an opportunity escape her." Careful examinations of these photographs have led the astronomers to the following conclusions: 1. When Venus is to the left, there is most atmospheric effect to the right. 2. When she is in conjunction or opposition, there is a tendency to equality. 3. When she is considerably to the right, there is most atmospheric effect to the left.

ROMANISM IN MEXICO.—Romanism is strongly entrenched in Mexico. Its annual income is nearly equal to the average cost of managing the United States Government before the war, including its army and navy, and all other departments. An exchange gives the following summary:

"It has one archbishop, eight bishops, ten thousand infirm clergy of all orders. It is the richest Church in the world, and has an income of \$56,000,000 a year, and millions in cathedrals, churches, etc., some valued at \$5,000,000. The income of the archbishop is \$130,000, and that of the eight bishops united is \$400,000. The archbishop is the financial as well as the ecclesiastical head of the Church, and subordinate to him there is a single person in each diocese, by whom the vast property is controlled."

FOSSILS IN AUSTRALIA.—A petrified tree was recently found in the Golden Horn claim, near Geelong, in Australia, at a depth of two hundred and fifty-eight feet. Pieces of the tree when examined by the microscope glistened like diamonds. In the same claims, at a depth of two hundred feet, several frogs, imbedded in blue-stone, have been disinterred, of a green, yellow color, without any signs of mouth or respiratory organs.

Centenary Appeal.

AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION—ITS CONNECTIONAL CHARACTER.

BY REV. J. S. SMART.

THIS Association issued its "Appeal" in behalf of "Heck Hall" in September, 1865. It was published and warmly commended by most of our Church papers. As the General Centenary Committee had already indorsed the plan of erecting Centenary memorial buildings for the Garrett Biblical Institute, and had placed it at the head of the connectional programme for that purpose, the action of the ladies was entirely legitimate, as well as more distinctly and beautifully memorial than any thing else proposed. It was simply taking into their hearts and hands a work which, in general terms, had already been ordered by the highest authorities of the Church. They did not at first see how it was possible to make their Association more national in its designs.

Their hearts took in the whole continent, and they desired to join hands with the entire Methodist sisterhood in this noble work. I am sure they were not influenced by merely local or sectional interests. They were enthusiastic in the idea of honoring the memory of the foundress of American Methodism. In this they supposed every Methodist woman would sympathize with them. They did not expect, did not at first desire very great donations from any quarter. They preferred thousands of small donations, which would make up the aggregate without affecting any other interest. While they determined to build in honor of the mother of us all, they were in duty bound to appeal to all to aid in this delightful work.

As they appealed to all, they would gladly have erected a monument whose influence would be a blessing to all. But if this monument were to be material and visible, it must have a "local habitation" as well as "a name."

They might have desired a more central position, but as Bishop Ames once remarked to me, "In twenty-five years they would be obliged to go west of Chicago to find the center of this country." But though every thing seemed to conspire to make the place, the object, and the institution the most appropriate possible for a ladies' Centenary monument, yet as we had but two theological schools, and as the Centenary Committee had recommended that they should share equally in the proceeds of the Centenary collections, it was from the beginning felt desirable that the New England Institute might in some manner be associated with this in this movement. As might have been anticipated New England demanded this. More than willing to meet this demand, the Association memorialized the General Centenary Committee in the following terms:

EVANSTON, ILL., Nov. 1, 1865.

To the General Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

FATHERS AND BROTHERN,—An Association designed to have for its members all the Methodist ladies of this country has

recently been organized in Chicago, Illinois, the object of which is "to secure as the Centenary offering of the ladies to the Church the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be employed in erecting a building to serve as a home for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute, to which it is proposed to give the name Heck Hall."

This Appeal—a copy of which is inclosed—presents the reasons for distinctive action on the part of Methodist ladies at this time, also for the action specified, and for the choice of the name and memory to which the Association offers its homage.

We, as the committee appointed for that purpose, beg you to consider the designs herein referred to, and to bestow upon the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association the encouragement and authority of your approval. It is believed that with this the enterprise can be conducted to a successful issue—the Methodist ladies of the first American Centenary, thus showing that they were mindful of their sacred privilege and diligent to improve their golden opportunity. But the Association looks first to you for encouragement and sanction. To be taught by you, to rest upon your judgments is its earnest wish.

We are authorized to state that the Association will heartily concur in such modifications of its original plan as shall provide for the erection of a memorial edifice similar to the one it contemplates building for the Institute at Evanston, in connection with the Institute at Concord, and for the use of such funds as may then remain in its treasury to benefit female colleges and mixed schools under the patronage of the Church. But we are further to state that since, in any event, it is the purpose of the Association to place its surplus funds at your disposal, it will concur in such use of the same as you deem best. . . .

Hoping that our aims and spirit may meet with the approval we so much desire, we are, with the highest esteem, your sisters in Christ,

MELINDA HAMLINE,
MARGARET P. EVANS,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

On behalf of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association.

A memorial couched in terms so respectful and humble, and breathing a spirit so loyal and generous from such ladies as Mrs. Bishop Hamline, Mrs. Gov. Evans, and Miss Frances E. Willard, representing an Association numbering among its officers and members many of the most prominent Methodist women in the country, could not but command attention. The design and character of the Association were thoroughly discussed. It was universally conceded that its original conception was admirable, and that Heck Hall ought to be erected. The Committee passed a resolution assuring the ladies that it had "with great pleasure heard their letter and documents," and "cordially approved their general design."

The proposition in reference to the Concord Institute was unanimously indorsed. It was felt, however, that the ladies ought to do more; that they ought to command, as their thank-offering, at least six hundred thousand dollars. The documents were, therefore, referred to the Central Committee with instructions to enlarge the basis of the Association, and to extend the application of its funds to such other connectional objects as it might deem advisable.

Accordingly, the Central Committee assigned it the

work of raising \$50,000 for Heck Hall, \$50,000 for Concord Institute, the balance to go to the Centenary Educational Fund, except such sums as shall be designated for the Mission-House in New York.

The ladies urged with great earnestness their proposition to devote all sums above the first hundred thousand dollars to female education, and received the following from the Central Committee in reply: "You naturally feel an interest in providing for female education. As we understand the purposes of the Centenary Educational Fund, our female schools and colleges are included in its scope. Certainly as a committee we are as deeply interested in the education in our schools of representatives of the gentler sex as of our young men."

This was not entirely satisfactory to the Association, but in a spirit of humble submission to "the powers that be" the work assigned was cheerfully accepted, and is now being earnestly and vigorously prosecuted. The subjects involved in the effort are practically ministerial education and the cause of missions. The Institutes of course have reference to ministerial education, and the desire is to make them as good institutions as those of their kind in other denominations. The Mission-House appeals to every lover of the cause of missions, and the Fund provides first for the education of men for our foreign missionary work, and for ministerial education in general. It is designed to aid the young men who struggle for an education against the embarrassments of poverty in defraying their expenses, so that they may enter upon the work of the ministry as promptly and as well prepared as possible, and free from debt.

But it must not be understood that the ladies who act under the guidance of the General Centenary Committee for these connectional objects are thereby excluded from coöperating with any local movement for the benefit of female education. On the other hand, some of the most earnest supporters and liberal patrons of this Association are officers in local organizations, and doing as well as the best to promote the education of their sex.

This Association has the honor of proposing what must forever be considered the most beautifully-appropriate and significant Centenary memorial which has been or can be suggested. It has the honor of having moved the whole Church to give woman at least some recognition in this day of our rejoicing.

But for it woman would have had no prominence in this Centenary movement. Centenary lectures and sermons were delivered without the slightest recognition of her influence in the history of the Church. Plans for raising money for various noble objects were adopted; committees were appointed throughout the whole country, and the influence of woman was never invoked till this Association came forward and offered its service, appealing to the sisterhood of the Church to unite in erecting a monument to her who, under God, gave the first impulse to American Methodism.

The ladies of this Association called to their aid the greatest Methodist historian of the age to vindicate the claims of their sex to a position in the history of the Church. The generous mind of Stevens was instantly inspired by the thought. He felt that he had never found a richer or more congenial field for his rare lit-

erary powers. The remembrance of his own excellent lady, then but recently removed "to fairer worlds on high," gave an intensity of interest to his subject and a fervid eloquence to his style which no man could command, whose heart had not been thus touched and taught the value of woman by the loss of one of the purest and noblest of her kind. He promised his friends that this should be his best book. His promise has been admirably fulfilled.

The book is an honor to Stevens and to Methodism, and a just tribute to the influence of woman in the Church. But for this Association the "Women of Methodism" had never been published. It has the honor, therefore, of having brought out one of the greatest literary achievements of the Centenary year, as well as of having vindicated the right of the sex to recognition in this great jubilee.

In this record we learn that Methodism originated with a woman in both hemispheres; that many of the best friends and wisest counselors of both Wesley and Asbury were women; that the most liberal patron of early Methodism in the Old World was a woman, Lady Huntingdon, who founded the first Methodist theological school, and gave five hundred thousand dollars for charitable and religious purposes; that the most liberal patron of ministerial education in the American Methodist Church, during the past century, was also a woman, Mrs. Eliza Garrett.

We learn, also, a fact that every Methodist minister knows by experience, that none, in seasons of revival, have been more active or efficient than the sisterhood of the Church in winning souls to Christ. In times of trial and persecution none have been more patient, heroic, and persevering.

This Association issues the only certificate which marks the epoch; a certificate which in every sense honors the Association and the sex. It presents an interior view of an elegantly-furnished study or reading-room, such as Mrs. Garrett might be supposed to have occupied when she formed her great design of devoting her wealth to ministerial education. There are a library, chairs, and a table with books and papers, pen and ink, an astral lamp, and a vase of flowers upon it; over the library there is a bust of Washington, on the walls are portraits of John Wesley and his mother; over the mantle-piece is Raphael's picture of "Our Savior Bearing the Cross," on the mantle-piece a clock and a statuette representing Faith and another representing Hope.

These are all beautifully arranged, and typical of patriotism, piety, intelligence, and refinement. Mrs. Garrett stands beside the table with an open Bible before her, and a scroll in her hand, upon which is written the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and also the words of Mrs. Heck to Philip Embury, "God will require our blood at your hands." Just opposite stands a young minister with his eyes resting upon the scroll, receiving with becoming meekness and gratitude the encouragement which she, representing the ladies of the Church, holds out to him to go forward in the performance of his duty.

Every lady who sympathizes with this spirit is invited to give her name and influence to this Association. How many shall be reported down to 1966?

Library Notes.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS: *Intended for Popular Use.* By D. D. Whedon, D. D. Luke and John. 12mo. Pp. 422. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—We gratefully welcome the early appearance of Dr. Whedon's second volume on the Gospels, indicating progress in his great work, and we trust prophetic that his life and health will be spared to complete the New Testament Commentary with his own hand. The present volume embraces the Gospels according to Luke and John, subjects which we knew would call forth the best abilities of the author, for whose treatment of which we have been anxiously waiting. Commentaries are usually designed rather for reference than continuous reading, and it is seldom that we wish to do any thing more than consult them, but we confess that we have gone right through most of this volume, reading it with profound interest, and regretting that other duties called us away from a close reading of the whole. Dr. Whedon is producing our ideal of a popular Commentary; and yet we are afraid that the statement on the title-page—"Intended for popular use"—will convey an erroneous idea of the work, and many will think that it is a mere condensed compilation hastily gotten up for hasty use. It is any thing else but this. While it is admirably adapted as a book of reference for the general reader, and for the Sabbath school teacher, it is a work of marked originality, presenting in the briefest possible form the results of the most careful thought and study on the part of the author. Those who are accustomed to the writings of Dr. Whedon, know how much he can say in a short space, and those who know him personally, know his ripe scholarship, his diligent and laborious application as a student, and his thorough acquaintance with the most recent literature bearing upon the study of the Bible. These qualifications are all apparent in the volume before us. We feel constantly that we are following a master who is eminently qualified for his work, who is imbued with the spirit of the Gospels he is expounding, who is thoroughly up to the times in which we are now living, and whose power of language enables him to convey a vast amount in a small space. The author studies the Bible from a thoroughly-orthodox stand-point—and while he has evidently been over the ground of recent skeptical and rationalistic exegesis, he is himself unscathed, and has no sympathy for any system or theories that would reduce the Bible below its true character of a supernatural, divinely-inspired revelation from God. The preface informs us that the present expectation is to embrace the Commentary on the New Testament in four volumes, but of course this must depend on the possibilities of compression. The author also informs us there is a fair prospect that a Commentary on the Old Testament will be furnished before a very long period in uniform size and style with these volumes; so that the present work may be considered as the commencement of a Commentary on the whole Bible, to be issued from the Book Rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD: *Considered in the Light of History, Philosophy, and Divine Revelation.* By Hiram Mattison, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Matthew Simpson, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 405. \$1.75. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—This is a companion volume to the author's previous work—*The Immortality of the Soul*—and the two volumes together are designed to cover the whole question of a future life for man, both for soul and body. Having thus disposed of the questions of the certainty and reality of man's future existence in his entire nature, it is still the author's purpose to write a similar volume upon the heavenly world, and another upon the subject of future punishment, its certainty, nature, and duration. Dr. Mattison has given a large amount of study to the problems of the future life, and is the master of an easy, popular style, that makes his works most readable even where the subject is difficult and requiring close thought. With his qualifications, the author could not fail to produce a most interesting and valuable work on a subject itself so intensely interesting as that of the destiny of these our mortal bodies. It is an admirable treatment of the doctrine of the Resurrection, historically, philosophically, and in the light of revelation, clear, orthodox, "neither too intricate or scholastic on the one hand, nor too superficial on the other." In our "Editor's Study" we have considered the work more largely.

MAUDE GRENVILLE LIBRARY. *Five Volumes in a Box.* \$5.50. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is another box of beautiful and interesting books which Dr. Wise has been getting up for the "young folks." We have first a touching story entitled "Maude Grenville, or the Children in the Parsonage at Glenwood"—containing 235 pages and three illustrations. Next, "The Heroism of Boyhood, or What Boys have Done," by William Martin, containing 289 pages and six illustrations. Then, "The Children of the Great King, a Story of the Crimean War." By M. H.—224 pages and four illustrations. Next, "Enoch Roden's Training," illustrating the duty of trusting in God always, containing 233 pages and five illustrations. Lastly, "Victor and Hilaria," a tale of the great persecution of the Christian Church under Diocletian in the fourth century, written by Rev. G. G. Perry, M. A., of England, and containing 162 pages and three illustrations.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D. D., late one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Walter C. Palmer, M. D. With *Introductory Letters*, by Bishops Morris, Janae, and Thomson. Large 12mo. Pp. 544. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—"Our aim in this volume," says the author, "is to present, for the glory of the Head of the Church, a life-picture of one who, having cast anchor within the veil, dwelt in the inner sanctuary of the Divine presence. If the image of the

heavenly was stamped upon the outer man to a degree not often witnessed in fallen humanity, it was because he was to an unusual degree a subject of the blessed Holy Spirit's inworkings. Of the manner of these inworkings we have permitted him to speak for himself, in his familiar letters and diary, which were an ever-faithful transcript of his deeply-devoted, affectionate heart. Some may imagine that we have allowed too much minuteness of detail. Our apology is that we *knew* the man, and feel that, if we would have others dwell on the heaven-illuminated picture which his precious life presents, the minutiae, as given in his diary and letters, are needful to make up the *tout ensemble* of one whom our affectionate and religious preferences have ever regarded as a man of extraordinary piety and power." This volume will be welcomed and read, we think, by thousands. Dr. Palmer has written *con amore*, and no other hand could have done so much justice to the unique, and, in many respects, remarkable character of the late Bishop Hamline. The life of Bishop Hamline was by no means a common one, and is full of interest. The "affectionate tribute" to his memory prefacing this volume from Bishops Janes and Thomson, is a high eulogium on the deceased Bishop, but none too high. "He was a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, an extraordinary preacher, a popular and successful executive officer." But it is as an eminent illustration of the doctrine of perfect love as taught by our Church that the memory of Bishop Hamline will live, and as an affectionate and appreciative treatment of his character in this light this volume will prove most acceptable. As a *life* of Bishop Hamline we think it scarcely gives us all the facts that we would like to have.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF WESLEYAN PERFECTION, in *Twenty-Four Consecutive Arguments; in which the Doctrine of Sin in Believers is Discussed, and the Proof-Texts of Scripture advocating Entire Sanctification, as a Second and Distinct Blessing in the Soul after Regeneration, fairly debated.* By Rev. S. Franklin, A. M., of the Illinois Conference. Large 12mo. Pp. 614. \$3. Cincinnati: Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author.—The ample title of this work conveys a tolerably-adequate idea of its character. The author joins issue with all our standard authors on the doctrine of entire sanctification. Considered as a second and distinct blessing in the soul after regeneration, he denies any such sanctification. The doctrine of "sin in believers" he discards. Regeneration he looks upon as a complete and thorough work of grace in the soul by which it is justified and freed from all sin, and the only sanctification taught in the Scriptures is the continuance of the soul in its justified and regenerated state, and its growth and strengthening in the graces and fruits of that state. This is not a new theory, but perhaps receives in this book the most complete and thorough presentation it has had in our Church. Of course the whole theory is contrary to the standard statements of our doctrine of Christian perfection, and differs widely from the professed experience of multitudes of Christians. The author has expended upon his work a vast amount of labor, and crowds his pages with a very learned array of verbal criticisms on the original Scriptures, both Hebrew and Greek; but the more we study the less are we convinced, and

turn with a relish to our standard authors, and especially to such exemplifications of our doctrine as the *Life of Bishop Hamline* noticed above.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. Vol. II. *The Wars in Gaul.* 8vo. Pp. 659. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is the second volume of the Imperial History, and extends from the invasion of Gaul by Cæsar to the famous crossing of the Rubicon. Covering the period of history which Cæsar himself treats so remarkably, the Emperor's second volume might be characterized as Imperial notes and comments on Cæsar's Commentaries. "It is possible," said Lord Byron, "to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar." "The most complete character of all antiquity," thought Lord Bacon. So thinks also Napoleon III, to whom Cæsar is a perfect hero and "a man with a mission." We read with interest, and find in the Emperor an appreciative historian, quite sufficiently in love with his hero, and quite sufficiently disposed to forget that his mission and genius were both fatal. We are not so much dazzled with his glory or magnificence as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen—*Jure cæsus existimetur*—HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.

THE MORMON PROPHET AND HIS HAREM; or, an *Authentic History of Brigham Young, his Numerous Wives and Children.* By Mrs. C. V. Waite. 12mo. Pp. 280. \$2. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This volume is quite an exhaustive treatise on the whole question of Mormonism. A large share of the volume is taken up with a well-authenticated history of the Mormons, from the death of Joseph Smith and the accession of Brigham, to the present time. It is a horrible history of unprincipled ambition, of terrible injustice and wrongs, most unscrupulous impostures, unrighteous extortions on a trusting but deluded people, and a settled policy of treason, manifesting itself constantly in overt acts. It is a horrible book, not the fault of the authoress, but of the terrible system she has undertaken to expose. Her statements are made from personal observation, and her opportunities for studying her subject have been ample. If her record is true, and every fact bears the stamp of authenticity, Mormonism is the greatest abomination on the face of the earth, not excepting the lowest forms of heathenism. Every conceivable crime seems to be perpetrated among them. Blasphemy, murder, adultery, imposture, extortion seem to be integral elements in the system. Surely we have a free country when such abominations, uninterfered with by our Government, can grow and flourish on our soil!

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE CREATION AND THE HUMAN RACE; *the Origin, the Pilgrimage, the Ultimate Destiny of Man; the Beginning of our Globe, its Duration in the Present, and its Final Destruction by Fire.* By J. L. Stewart. 12mo. Pp. 356. \$2. Cincinnati: Published for the Author, by Applegate & Co.—This is a remarkable book. We can say but little more of it than that while reading the most of it we felt that much learning had made the author mad. The title indicates the scope of the author's

work, certainly a very large one. He has evidently read a great deal, thought and studied much, and that, too, on the profoundest and most interesting problems that agitate the human mind; but everywhere the thought is crude, though large, the ideas obscure, the language verbose, ungrammatical, and often misapplied. We know nothing of the author, but we are sure he is a man of large mind, but uneducated and undisciplined in methods of thought and expression. We have not much faith in his theories, but find many practical thoughts and lessons that are worth the reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GILBERT RUGGE. *By the author of "A First Friendship."* \$1. PHEMIE KELLER. *By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," etc.* 50 cts. LAND AT LAST. *By Edmund Yates, author of "Broken to Harness," etc.* 50 cts. These are numbers 270, 272,

and 273, of *Harper's Library of Select Novels.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. THE FRUITFUL BOUGH. *A Centenary Sermon Preached before the Newark Conference.* By Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D.

CATALOGUES.—Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. Rev. Frederick Merrick, M. A., President. Students, 551. Xenia Female College, Xenia, Ohio. William Smith, A. M., President. Students, 247. Hillsboro Female College, Hillsboro, O. Rev. David Copeland, A. M., President. Students, 203. Thorntown Academy, Thorntown, Ind. Rev. W. O. Wyant, A. B., Principal. Students, 433. Morgantown Female Collegiate Institute, Morgantown, W. Va. Rev. G. W. Arnold, Principal. Students, 111. Albion College, Albion, Mich. Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, President. Students, 292.

Editor's Study.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.*

In his Preface Dr. Mattison puts forth large claims for the value of his work on the Resurrection, to most of which claims we think he is justly entitled. "It fairly and specifically defines the true doctrine of the resurrection. It discusses the general subject and all collateral issues from an orthodox stand-point, and is emphatically evangelical in its expositions and reasonings. It is a complete history of the doctrine of the resurrection as held by the Jews and the early Christians, and by the various modern denominations. As an investigation of the teachings of Moses and the prophets, and of Christ and his apostles, it is exhaustive of the subject. The proofs of the resurrection of Christ are more fully stated and more logically arranged than in any other work of which we have knowledge. The various objections to the orthodox view are fully and fairly stated, and thoroughly answered." Such are some of the characteristics claimed for the work, and most of them we think are justified by the work itself. In addition to these we have three or four chapters on speculative questions—the nature, characteristics, and uses of the resurrection body—the first resurrection—the millennium, etc., about which we suppose the author knows about as much as any one else, and which will prove acceptable to those who are interested in such speculations. A beautiful chapter is that on "Natural Emblems of the Resurrection."

"The theme discussed in this volume," says Bishop Simpson in his brief, but beautiful Introduction, "is one of deep and intense interest to every rational mind. Life is short. The grave opens before us. Every avenue and every pathway, whatever its apparent direction, or by whomsoever trod, leads thither its

journeying millions. As we approach nearer and cast a glance toward its gathering shadows, how frequently and forcibly the question arises, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Never do we follow loved ones to the tomb without asking, 'Shall we see them again? Shall there be a resurrection of the dead?' " The Bible comes to us as a message from God pretending to reveal the true nature of man, and to solve the manifold mysteries which hang around our lives, and which, without this blessed book, would impenetrably enshroud our exit from this world. The Bible answers these questions, and that too in a manner most agreeable to the intense longings and the natural intuitions of our souls.

The hope of the resurrection of the body, fully brought to light in the Gospel, but plainly also intimated in the Old Testament, has cheered the hearts of God's people in all ages of the world. A doctrine of revelation alone, and one that perhaps would never be even conjectured by man apart from revelation, it is the peculiar heritage of those to whom God has sent his Word. The belief of a future state is a universal sentiment among men, so much so that it might almost be considered a human characteristic. But the phenomena of death, so suggestive of utter dissolution, and the constant tendency to attribute most of our evils and sufferings, both moral and physical, to our material bodies, have rather led pagan philosophers and nations to believe and hope that death would forever release them from the pressure of corporeal bodies. When St. Paul preached even in Athens the doctrine of the resurrection, he gained no higher reputation than that of a "babbler" and "setter forth of strange doctrines." And yet we find largely prevailing among pagan nations the thought that the immaterial spirit could only live an imperfect life without the assistance of some material medium to furnish for it a local habitation, and enable it to communicate with a material world. Still, unable to conceive the thought of a resurrection of our own bodies, they could only reach the

*The Resurrection of the Dead; Considered in the Light of History, Philosophy, and Divine Revelation. By Rev. Hiram Mattison, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop Simpson. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins.

Pythagorean sentiment of transmigration, or the passing of human souls into other animal bodies. This strange sentiment not only had its believers among rude and savage tribes of men, but it was adopted by pagan philosophers, had even mingled itself with the opinions of the scribes and Pharisees in our Savior's day, and still prevails largely throughout India, China, Japan, and most countries of the East. But in all this there is no intimation of the wonderful doctrine that is revealed to us in the Word of God, and which constitutes an essential part of his great purposes with reference to the human family.

That the Holy Scriptures teach the doctrine of a resurrection of the dead is admitted by all who read them, whether they believe in their divine inspiration or not. But all are not thus agreed as to the nature of the resurrection. Upon this point there is some diversity of opinion, even among those who receive the Bible as an infallible revelation, and bow in implicit reverence to all its teachings. One theory is, that the resurrection taught in the Scriptures is simply the quickening of the soul, or of the moral powers, by the Holy Spirit in regeneration; and that, therefore, every regenerate person is already in the resurrection state. This was a doctrine of the Gnostics of the first century, and has had but few advocates since their day. Another view is, that the resurrection is the emerging of the soul from the body at the hour of death—the Swedenborgian theory, still entertained by the followers of that great dreamer, and recently vigorously advocated by Professor George Bush. A third is, that it is the construction of a new body out of common elements, having no reference to the material of which the former body was composed, an idea first promulgated by Origen and held by Archbishop Whately, Dr. Hitchcock, and many others. A fourth theory is, that the new body will be evolved in some way from a small portion of the old one—a germ or nucleus around which shall be gathered the remaining elements necessary for a new body—a theory advocated by Samuel Drew, the distinguished metaphysician of St. Austel, England, and under various modifications as "the germ theory," and has many advocates at the present day.

Differing from all these theories is that which holds to the literal resurrection of the identical body laid in the grave, which is the popular and prevailing idea at the present time, and has been during all ages of God's Church. Dr. Mattison well states the orthodox sentiment when he says "that the same body which is laid in the grave at death, shall hereafter arise out of it, and live again forever; or to be still more explicit, that all that constitutes and properly belongs to the body at the hour of death, and is essential to its corporeal identity and integrity, will be raised again to life, and will go to constitute the resurrection body." In this form the doctrine existed among the ancient people of God, cheering the heart and ennobling the faith of poor, afflicted Job, entering into the hopes of the wandering Abraham and his sons, tuning the harp of David, furnishing illustrations for the prophets, and cherished as a hope by them as manifested in unequivocal intimations, well understood in the time of Esdras and the Maccabees, incorporated into the funeral service of the Jews, so that in the days of our Savior and his apostles it was the hope of the nation, the denial of it

on the part of the Sadducees placing them in antagonism with the sentiment of the people and bringing them into conflict with the blessed Savior himself. So well was the doctrine of the resurrection, as held in its literal and corporeal sense by Christians at the present day understood and believed by the Jews, that one of the very best statements of the doctrine that has come down to us from antiquity is that of Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who wrote only a few years after the crucifixion of Christ.

This same doctrine—the revival of the identical bodies laid in the tombs—our author makes very clear was the doctrine taught by our Lord and his apostles, and believed and cherished by the primitive Christians. For it, in some instances, these early Christians suffered the most violent persecutions, from which they might have escaped by simply denying their belief in this corporeal resurrection, which seemed so absurd to their persecutors, and which furnished to them the opportunity of inflicting upon the Christians the most ingenious and horrible sufferings under the idea of so completely destroying their bodies that a resurrection would be impossible. The catacombs of Rome, the burial-place of the Christian martyrs and others during the first three centuries of the Christian Church, some of the inscriptions in which date back to within forty years of the crucifixion, furnish conclusive evidence in these touching inscriptions and suggestive emblems that these first Christians expected their bodies also to share in the glory of the future life. This inspiring hope invested the remains of the dead in Christ with a peculiar sacredness in the eyes of these early confessors and martyrs. "They could not burn them upon the funeral pile, nor would they gather them into an unmeaning urn, for they felt that these lifeless relics had been consecrated to the Lord, and were now placed in charge of the Angel of the Resurrection till the end of all things."

It is very obvious to the student of this doctrine in the light of Christian history, that none of the modern theories devised to obviate the objections that seem to lie against a literal resurrection of the body are commensurate in significance with the strong statements of the doctrine among the Jews and primitive Christians, or with the sublime and cheerful hopes which they entertained with regard to their own bodies and those of their deceased friends. In several able chapters Dr. Mattison shows that these theories are no nearer meeting the requirements of the strong and clear statements of the Bible itself, while they are themselves quite as burdened with difficulties as the orthodox view, and some of them with objections even more insurmountable. It is true that the mode of the resurrection of our bodies is to us inconceivable, and it is highly probable that no writer of any school has given us even an approximate idea of the reality. It is equally true that the Scriptures themselves clearly reveal to us but little more than the fact itself, unequivocally, however, attaching that fact to our mortal bodies. With the minute details given by most writers and plentifully supplied by Dr. Mattison, consisting of conjectural inferences from the true doctrine, we have never had much sympathy, believing that the vague sublimity that hangs over this and other doctrines of the Bible is unspeakably more grand and effective than

any possible conclusion of our reason or pictures of our imagination. We strongly suspect that what God in his Word has been pleased to reveal to us is about all that it is needful or profitable for us to know, while it is mostly against these attempted details that the objections and difficulties seem to lie.

No believer in the Bible can doubt that God has there promised us a resurrection of the dead, and that this resurrection is the declared antagonism of death, is to undo what death has done, and is to constitute the Redeemer's final triumph over death and hell. All that is necessary to fill up the measure of this triumph is implied in the resurrection. Man, in his entirety, is to be recovered from the power of sin and death. We are to live again—we in all the fullness of our nature, and all that in us is taken from that completeness of nature by death, is by the power of the Son of God to be restored to us by a resurrection. The whole man is redeemed—death is to be swallowed up—the grave is to gain no victory. Less than this falls below the explicit teaching of the Word of God. And what is more, we can plainly see that all this is essential to the completeness of the great scheme of human redemption. Not only is the doctrine of the resurrection peculiar to the Bible, but we can easily see that the Bible as a revelation would be incomplete without it, and the scheme of redemption which it unfolds would betray a vital desideratum, giving to us "the first-fruits of the Spirit," but leaving us "to groan within ourselves," wondering what of "the redemption of our body." Without this Christ is not a full Redeemer; the Gospel may be the glad tidings of a recovered immortality, but it is not a full salvation, and

Satan and sin have invincibly triumphed over a part of our nature.

On these two great facts the doctrine of the resurrection of the body rests immovably—the Bible declares it, and the scheme of redemption essentially requires it. The dead shall live again. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive again." Death and the grave must deliver up the dead which are in them; the sea must give up the dead that are in it, and both death and hell must be cast into the lake of fire. The being that dies, is the being that shall live again; all that is essential to his identity and integrity as a being of soul and body, material and immaterial, will be raised again to life. "In my flesh," said Job, "shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

With the difficulties that seem to lie in the way of this divine triumph over death we have never been much troubled, being confident that they are difficulties in us and not in the doctrine, or in the way of God's accomplishing his own purposes. Our objections spring from exactly the same source as did those of the Sadducees, and our constant reply to them is simply that of the Divine Teacher, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." We are perfectly confident that all that God has promised in his Word, and all that is essential to a full redemption of both soul and body from the power of sin and death, he is able to accomplish, even to the "changing of our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

Editor's Table.

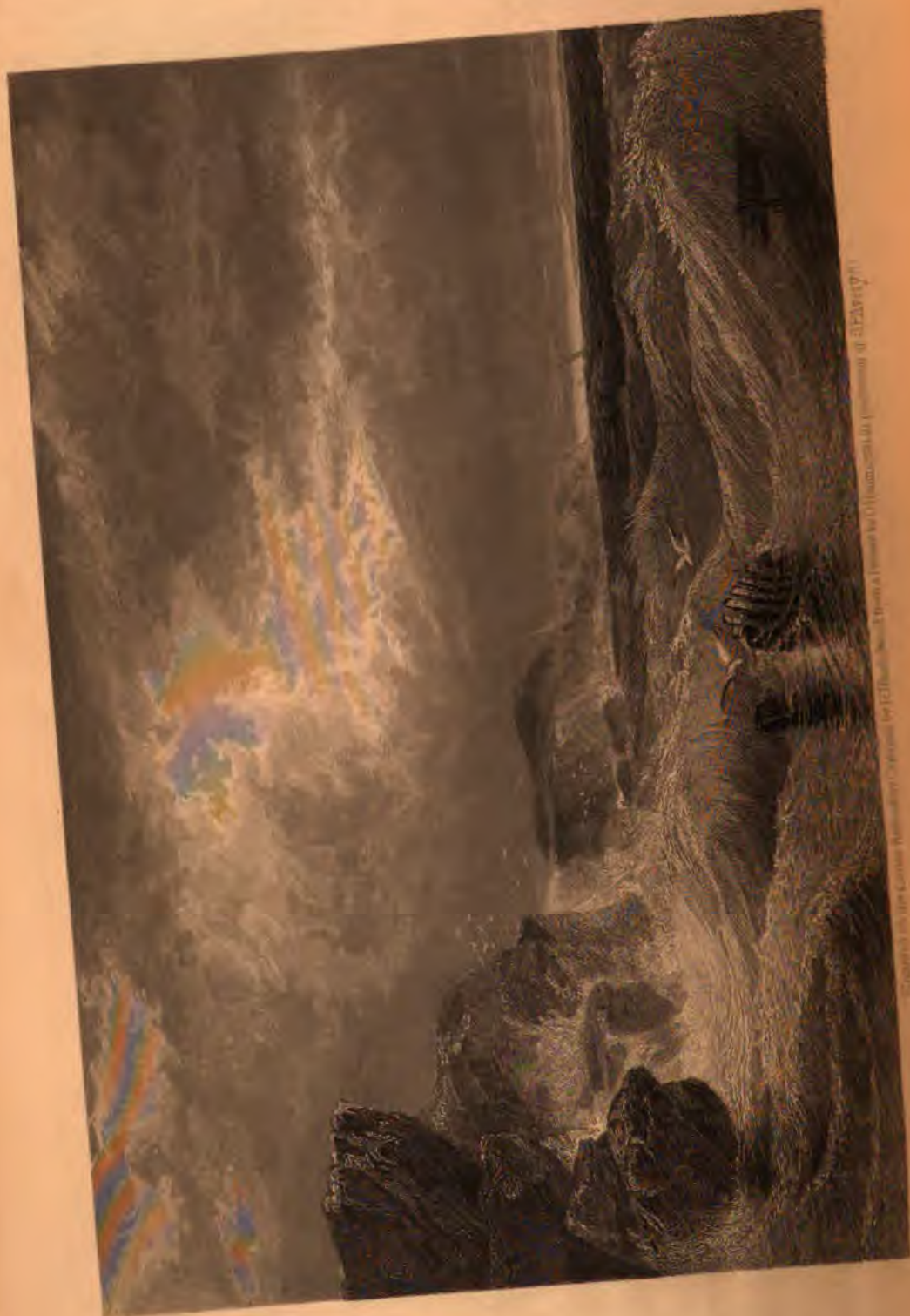
CENTENARY HYMNS.—On our table we find a little pamphlet containing six Centenary hymns, for the use of Centenary meetings and celebrations, composed by Rev. George Lansing Taylor, well known to our readers. The hymns are accompanied with appropriate and familiar tunes, and their publication is approved by the Central Centenary Committee, who also commend them to the Churches "as embodying the spirit of the Centenary festival in lyrical forms well adapted for congregational use." We generally circulated our Centenary praises in October might be sung in the same words and with the same melodies throughout the land.

"THE CENTENNIAL 1766-1866."—On our table we also find a Centennial pictorial, bearing the above title, issued by N. Tibbals, of New York. We notified our readers some time ago of the prospective appearance of this paper. It is about the size of Harper's Weekly, with eight four-columned pages of very interesting reading matter, and eight pages of pictorial illustrations, all designed to present Methodism as it was a hundred years ago, or as it is now. On the first page we have a likeness of John Wesley, with four other scenes, representing an itinerant on horseback, a class meeting, outdoor preaching, and a death-bed scene.

Further on we have the likenesses of several noble women—one of them tenderly connected with ourself and sacredly cherished in the memories of the past and the hopes of the future—also of the Bishops, and many other Methodists, living and dead—some of them tolerably good likenesses, others not what they should be, and as a whole not well grouped. The reading matter is varied and excellent, with a hundred historical facts and anecdotes, and all for the sum of twenty-five cents. It is worthy of extensive circulation, especially for its literary merits, and from the fact that a liberal proportion of its profits are to be devoted to the Centenary cause.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—A Day on a Plantation; Sister Alice; Fallen; The Silent Village; The Beautiful Land; The Neglected Vine; The Golden Rule; Water Lilies; Mistaken; Scotland's Second Burns; and Every Heart has its Own Sorrow.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—A Story of the People Called Methodists; Askings Answered; Life's Treasure; A Sweet Apology; Wasted Time; The Snow Hut; Bright June is Gone; Futurity; Let there be Light; The Decline of Summer; The Widow of Zehra; and Spiritual Landmarks.



Sturmsee mit Regenbogen. (Landschaft nach dem Meeressturm). (Landschaft nach dem Meeressturm). (Landschaft nach dem Meeressturm).







REV. GEORGE C. M. ROBERTS, M.D.D.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1866.

GEORGE C. M. ROBERTS, M. D., D. D.

BY HON. G. F. DISOWAY.

DR. JOHNSON somewhere has expressed the sentiment that the best kind of biography is *autobiography*, and that every man's life may be written by himself better than any body else could write it for him. We are very much of this notion, but happen to live in a day when it is the custom with friends to call upon each other to record their personal sketches. And, after all, there seems to be a very binding obligation, whenever circumstances may afford the means and the opportunity, to bring out and present for imitation examples of living private virtues, piety, and public usefulness. This obligation becomes still more imperative if we can present instances of unsparing self Christian devotion, stern self-denial, of child-like trust in God, implicit faith in the Gospel of Christ, united with zeal and knowledge to advance the kingdom of the world's Redeemer. No sincere Christian friend can more easily subject himself to a just reproach, than shrinking from the discharge of such a duty and debt.

The Rev. Dr. Wiley, of the Ladies' Repository, requested the local preachers of Baltimore to select a representative man of their useful body to be engraved for his excellent monthly, when Dr. Roberts was unanimously chosen. Of course this was their best choice. At the same time the editor very kindly invited the writer to prepare the necessary sketch, in which request the Rev. I. P. Cook, President of the Local Preachers' Association, united; and this is the history of this engraving and article in a nutshell. In the contribution itself, I have received the most valuable aid from Mr. Cook—if my wishes had been successful, he himself would have written it.

The relation of local preachers to the intro-

duction of Methodism into the United States of America, forms a prominent and interesting part of the history of our Church.

Philip Embury, Robert Strawbridge, John King, Robert Williams, and others were immigrants to our country. Converted to God in their native lands, they were prepared to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in what soon became their newly-adopted home.

The opening mission of Philip Embury was in the city of New York, in the year 1766. The results of his work are known and read of all men. Robert Strawbridge settled in Frederick county, Md., probably as early as 1760, and soon began to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to his neighbors, and extended his labors to Baltimore county, Baltimore town, and Frederick county, Md.

These two men of God were local preachers, and through their instrumentality New York and Maryland soon felt the power of an earnest Christianity; and "wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that they have done shall be spoken of for a memorial of them."

It is claimed that Philip Embury organized in New York city what became the first Methodist Church in the United States. There is no desire to detract from the honorable distinction awarded to Embury as the founder of Methodism in this country. The authorities of the Church concede the honor to him, and his successors in the local ministry will heartily join in this memorial to his good name and deeds.

It is, however, due to faithful history, to state that the first ripe fruit of the harvest was gathered by Robert Strawbridge in Maryland. Among the early seals to his ministry was Richard Owen, who became the first native local preacher in the United States. William Waters became the first native traveling preacher in America. These were remarkable coinci-

dences. Owen lived to preach the funeral sermon of Strawbridge, his spiritual father, in Baltimore county, to a large and weeping congregation. Waters visited Owen, his spiritual father, in his old age, and probably his last sickness, and bore testimony to the purity and usefulness of his life.

God multiplied the number of native local preachers in Maryland, and in 1772 the list included not less than twelve persons, who were duly authorized to preach the Gospel of the grace of God.

Captain Webb, a military and a Christian hero, preached in different sections of the United States with great power and effect, aiding materially in the planting of Methodism. He, however, subsequently returned to England, and departed this life full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

Meanwhile God was raising up itinerant and local preachers, wherever Methodism was faithfully preached, who went forth calling sinners to repentance.

The number of local preachers connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church is 8,205. Many of these have grown up among their neighbors and fellow Church members, and have been "put into the ministry" because of their moral and mental worth, and have given evidence that they were called of God to preach the Gospel to their fellow-men. Others were formerly itinerant preachers, but owing to providential circumstances have changed their relation to the Church and become local preachers.

Diversity of talents and gifts for usefulness prevail among local preachers; it is, however, true of them as a class, that many of them have sustained for years purity of character, general usefulness to the Church of Christ, and ability in expounding God's Word, which have proved to be an element of great power in Methodism.

In addition to the services rendered by local preachers in conducting public worship, many of them are trustees, stewards, class-leaders, Sunday school teachers, and officers, and render cheerful and efficient aid to the Missionary, Tract, and Bible Societies, and are friends and supporters of the literary institutions of our Church. As citizens, many of our local preachers hold important relations to the civil government, and occupy positions of pecuniary and other valuable trusts. These facts are honorable to the Church of Christ, and praiseworthy of the men who are serving God and his Church in the spirit, and providing for their own necessities.

In the year 1858 the "National Association

of Local Preachers" was formed in the city of New York, and has held annual sessions since that period in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J., Troy, N. Y., Wilmington, Del. The next session will be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing September 29th, next.

The following local preachers have been honored by their election as President of the Association: Samuel Brady, East Baltimore Conference; Thomas T. Tasker, of Philadelphia; C. C. Leigh, of New York; John H. Brakeley, of New Jersey; W. H. Dikeman, of New York; Dr. G. C. M. Roberts, of Baltimore; James Riddle, of Wilmington, Del.; Isaac P. Cook, of Baltimore, is the President in this Centenary year of American Methodism. The objects of the Association are to promote brotherly intercourse, and advance the usefulness of the local ministry. All the meetings of the body have been harmonious, and seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and have received marked attention from the pastors and members of the Church wherever they have been held.

Our engraved portrait of Dr. Roberts is excellent, as all will notice who have seen him, and those of our readers who have not, can here study his very pleasant countenance. He was born in Baltimore, June 29, 1806, so that he is now in his sixtieth year, corpulent, but with a remarkably young-looking face. His father was the well-known and devoted Rev. George Roberts, M. D., of English descent, and emigrated to Maryland. His mother, Susannah M. Le Page, descended from the noble and pious Huguenot race; her parents settling in New York from the Isle of Guernsey.

Dr. Roberts entered Asbury College, then under the Presidency of the celebrated Dr. L. K. Jennings, and subsequently studying medicine, he graduated in the medical department of the Maryland University. On that occasion he obtained the gold medal for the best Latin thesis. In his sixteenth year, after a discourse delivered by that man of God, the Rev. William Hamilton, on the Syrophenician woman, in Wesley Chapel, one Sabbath night, he obtained "precious faith," and the next day united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Not long after, while engaged in fervent, private prayer, the highest perfect blessing of a Christian believer was received. During the same year he obtained his degree of M. D., he entered the field of the itinerant ministry, mounting his horse, with the old-fashioned saddle-bags, at his father's door. His first text was, "Godliness is profitable unto all things," etc., the congregation large, his first Sabbath one of much labor, but great peace. In about a year he was un-

expectedly called home to attend his father, who, by a distressing illness, could neither preach nor attend his medical practice, and the son now had both of these responsibilities to discharge. In August, 1827, his father's end was most glorious and triumphant.

Dr. Roberts has ever been a most devoted Sunday school advocate, not in word only, but in deed. Immediately after his conversion he entered the old remarkable Asbury school as a teacher and officer, and under his own personal observation had the satisfaction of seeing thirty-five of its teachers and scholars become watchmen upon the walls of Zion. God's blessings have continued to rest upon that favored school.

During the year 1844, when a few of us in New York originated the National Sunday School Convention of our Church, Dr. Roberts, a delegate from Baltimore, was chosen presiding officer. This became an important meeting. The General Conference assembling at the same time and place, adopted the plans we proposed, a Sunday School Union was organized, and Dr. Kidder appointed its Secretary. This institution, now numbering a million of scholars, is one of the corner-stones in the vast fabric of American Methodism.

With the progress of medical science in Maryland the Doctor has been most intimately connected, as editor and professor at different times, and all these important duties have been discharged with fidelity, popularity, and ability. As a practitioner he has been distinguished and very successful, and when his patients have been relieved, his custom is to bow down by their bedside, and offer thanksgiving to the Author and Preserver of life for his mercy and loving kindness to the afflicted!

Dr. Roberts was one of the founders of the Maryland State Inebriate Asylum, a chartered noble institution, of which he still holds the presidency. Nor can we pass by without notice the well-known "prayer or experience meeting," on Saturday, in Wesley Chapel, for the promotion of entire consecration to God. It is impossible to describe the blessed results of these holy gatherings.

Fond of historical researches, he has the best collection of Methodist works, portraits, engravings, etc., probably in our land; and the Methodist Historical Society, of the Baltimore Conference, hold their sessions in his rooms. These are very attractive from the numerous Methodist curiosities of the olden time here deposited, and they draw many intelligent visitors from home and abroad.

In the month of May, 1846, Dr. Roberts was selected to represent the Methodist Episcopal

Church, of Baltimore, at the World's Christian Alliance, the same year, at London. Leaving Boston in the steamer *Britannia*, on his way the ship, during a fog, ran upon a rock before reaching Halifax. This accident compelled the passengers to return, when he made another attempt to embark in a packet from New York, but failing to reach the city in time, he did not accomplish this desired object, much to the regret of himself and his numerous friends. During the same year he received from the Newton University, of Baltimore, the degree of *Doctor Divinitatis*.

Through much personal efforts and liberality the Doctor erected, in 1850, a very neat chapel and lecture-room at Fort M'Henry, providing also a large library for the officers and soldiers. Here he preached for years, the mission proving a great blessing, but has been superseded by another chaplain from political reasons altogether, although he, himself, is no partisan. He has always faithfully preached Christ among the soldiers as he does every-where else, and not fed the people with mere worldly saw-dust; and multitudes believe that he should be restored to his former and old post of religious military usefulness. Exemplary, zealous, and praying chaplains are great public blessings at Fort M'Henry. Dr. Roberts formed the first temperance society ever established in the United States army; and the first memorial to Congress, to allow chaplains in the United States army, proceeded from his soldier congregation at this military post. It was successful in Gen. Harrison's administration.

Whoever has seen him will not soon forget the *personnel* of Dr. Roberts—of medium height and inclined to corpulency. In his face are united the expression of blended intelligence, amiability, and piety, his voice clear and melodious. The ease and affability which characterize his deportment seem to arise from a native kindness of heart, his early proper training, and the large knowledge of the world; and his calling has also naturally led to this. His mind is well balanced, solid and practical, and very genial; a vein of deep reflection, ever ready for the entertainment and instruction of others, makes his society very delightful. He has a well-regulated character, and his experience in divine things has been genuine and deep. With him Christianity is no mere theory—the result of scientific or critical research, or mental speculation—nor is it a Church formalism, arising from mere ritual observances. Sad to record, such are to be found in the priest's office, honest, mistaken men. But George C. M. Roberts does not belong to this class of

ministers. On the contrary, his ministry is spiritual and edifying, and far removed from formality, or solemn dullness, his communion is with God, through the mediation of Christ. In his simple, plain preaching, he lays down this as if a test of religious character and attainments, his own life strictly conforming to the same standard. To my mind a prevailing tenderness, humility, and spirituality imbue his ministry, and which is truly delightful and "refreshing." The well-understood word unction describes the prevailing trait of his pulpit labors. What a mercy is this vital warmth from heaven, anointing men of God with a tenderness which yearns over the souls of men in gushing sympathy of eye and tone, for the salvation of those for whom Christ died!

Thus blessed, Dr. Roberts is a blessing to others, and always a welcome herald of salvation; and few have had more invitations to camp meetings and the dedications of God's temples. No local preacher has been more often solicited to occupy the pulpits of other sister denominations. He has been presiding officer of the National Convention of Local Preachers, and delivered one of the annual sermons before that body, which has been printed and widely circulated; and at their next Convention he is, by appointment, to deliver their Centenary discourse, a still more important duty.

Such we portray Dr. Roberts, whose likeness adorns the present number of the Repository. It is imperfect, but not overdrawn, as the writer has enjoyed years of intimate personal acquaintance and friendship with him. My aim was to delineate the portrait of my Christian friend, just as the observations of years presented it to my mind, aiming at simple exactness and truth in the picture. The lessons taught by the life of this useful and beloved minister of Christ become of great value to the local ministers and the Church; and, reader, his example should not be lost or forgotten by any of us.

THE future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail; the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste: in the center, a stagnant and Lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

THE warping and controlling influence of passion and interest upon the opinions of men is powerful, and sometimes irresistible. Predilection, and avarice, and malice, and many other passions often lie as an incubus upon the judgment. They domineer over the mind like a tyrant, and what they pronounce falsehood the mind will often receive as such, though it be God's most blessed truth from heaven.

The deceptive power of excessive passion in blinding reason and judgment is forcibly illustrated in Hamlet's soliloquy upon the second marriage of his mother.

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she—
O, heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married."

The old story of the romantic lady and her sober pastor viewing the moon through a telescope is a humorous illustration of this principle.

"I perceive," said the young lady, "two shadows inclining to each other; they are certainly two happy lovers!"

"Not at all," replied the preacher, "they are two church steeples."

If we observe the operations of our mind we perceive that intellections ordinarily come and go in a certain order or train, and this train of ideas generally depends very little upon our will. It may be modified, however, by various causes, such as peculiarity of mental constitution, or some extraordinary state of mind. Often the mind is engrossed by some master-passion having a certain direction, and which will not brook interruption, and can not easily be turned aside from its headlong course. Anger, for example, sometimes so inflames the mind as to leave not a nook or crevice for any other thought or sentiment, except that which gives indulgence to the passion and utterance to its promptings. Whatever may be the interruptions, the mind returns to the exciting cause and clings to it with a tenacity which is ludicrous in its very excess.

In King Henry IV, a colloquy between Worcester and the fiery Hotspur affords a most striking illustration of this principle. The rep-

resentation of this scene is remarkably lifelike and natural:

Worcester. Peace, cousin, and hear me;
I have matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril as to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Holspur. If he fall in, good-night, or sink, or swim,
Send danger from the east into the west,
So honor cross it, from the north to south;
And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

Worcester. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners—

Holspur. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No; if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them by this hand.

Worcester. You start away and lend no ear unto
my purpose.

Those pris'ners you shall keep—

Holspur. I will, that's flat;
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, 'Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Worcester. Farewell, cousin, I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend."

The passion in Shakspeare often awes and overwhelms the spirit of the reader, and he sensibly feels the presence and power of god-like genius.

There is no objective description of passion, such as marks the efforts of many of our modern dramatists. There is rather an impersonation of the passions in the very characters themselves. In the murder of King Duncan, for example, with what strained and painful interest do we follow Macbeth, as, urged on by ambition, he fights against conscience, overcomes, and finally completes his fell purpose! Then we behold remorse gnawing like a blind worm at his heart, and the eternal law of retribution asserting its righteous claim in spite of the countenance and support of his heartless wife and the strongest effort of his own will. The passion, the sublimity, the knowledge of the human heart, and of the complex workings of the wondrous moral nature of man revealed here seem like inspiration.

Macbeth. I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream—Did not you speak? . . .

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!' . . .

One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,' the other.

I could not say Amen, when they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought after these ways;

It will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'

'Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more,' to all the house,

'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'"

I will now conclude this paper with one more example illustrating in masterly manner a remarkable peculiarity of the mind, when under the influence of strong passions, operating in irregular succession. The mind necessarily partakes of the nature of the fluctuation, and vibrates from one subject to another, and with an intensity painful, and sometimes overpowering, finds utterance in broken and abrupt sentences, yet revealing clearly the nature of the agitation within.

A perfect representation of this state of mind is presented in the closing scene of Othello, the Moor of Venice. In admirable manner the play is opened, and the honest and pure character of Othello is revealed in striking contrast to that of the fiendish Iago. Our admiration and love are first challenged, and, as the devilish designs of Iago are developed, our sympathy and pity, and as it becomes evident that Othello has become the dupe of the fertile villainy of the traitor, our deepest anxiety is awakened. The plot deepens. The poison is gradually infused into every fiber of the victim. Under its crazing influence we behold the once mild and trusting husband enter the room of his innocent wife, crowned with his imagined wrongs, agonized and desperate under the conviction that she in whom his hopes and life were centered, had fallen from the heaven of her innocence and truth. The scene changes, the innocence of the unsuspecting, uncomplaining, and devoted Desdemona shines forth to his vision like the sun from the breaking cloud; the villainy of Iago is revealed in all its hideous deformity, but *too late*; and Othello stands before us, the sea of his heart lashed by angry storms, while in the

still pauses of the cruel blasts we distinguish
his helpless, hopeless cry of despair and death.

"*Montano.* Take you this weapon
Which I have here recovered from the Moor;
Come guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain.

(*Exit Mon.*)

Othello. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword—
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all. . . .

I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;
O, here it is! Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano. (*Within.*) If thou attempt it it will cost
these dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

(*Reenter Gratiano.*)

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh; I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now. . . .
Be not afraid though you do see me weaponed,
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea mark of my utmost soil.
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires; *Where should Othello go?*
Now, how didst thou look now? Pale as thy smock!
When we shall meet at compt, this look of thine
Will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fends will snatch at it.

(*Enter Lodovico.*)

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. You must forsake this room and go with us,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. . . .

You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault is known
To the Venetian state: Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it:
No more of that: I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus! (*stabs himself.*)"

I will now close this discussion, though no one, perhaps, feels more sensibly than myself its incompleteness and inadequacy. The subject, indeed, widens before the inquiring mind till it is lost in the labyrinth of its varied and extensive fields.

It is evident, however, that our passions are not something foreign to ourselves, the abnormal creation of some evil agent, but the result of the constitution which our Creator in his wisdom and goodness has given us. It is philosophical and reasonable, therefore, to conclude that they form a very essential and a very important part of our nature, and that they may conduce to the happiness and wellbeing of man, when subjected to the government of reason and enlightened conscience. O, how powerful an agent for weal and woe is that man who can strike the keys of these movements and sensibilities of our species with a master hand! The orator, the divine may find here an infinite field for study and research, and of usefulness too. And when the power is sanctified by religion, when the words and thoughts that speak and burn, when the genius that has sounded every depth of the human heart, and has learned to strike melody from every chord of emotion and passion, brings all and lays it upon the altar of God, he becomes a more powerful instrument for good than the archangel!

"First-born of liberty divine!

Put on religion's bright array:
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine,
The portal of eternal day.
Rise kindling with the orient beam,
Let *Calvary's hill* inspire the theme,
Unfold thy garments rolled in blood,
O, touch the soul, touch all her chords,
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven, to God!"

How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study, or of the fine arts! I have passed my youth amidst amusements and in the most brilliant society; but I can assert with perfect truth, that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious: we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

A PICTURE OF MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

PART II.

MARIE DE MEDICIS, invested with regal power, and relieved from all restraint, ruled France with the sway of a sovereign monarch. Never was one more unfitted for the place she now filled than the widow of Henry the Great. A liberal patroness of literature and the fine arts, and possessed of the most refined tastes, of which many monuments yet remain in Paris, she might have rendered herself worthy to be beloved, but her bad temper and insatiable ambition forced most of those who would have been her friends to become foes. Weak, violent, and inconstant, at once opinionated and obstinate, her unbounded ambition was unaided by her judgment; guided by the heart rather than the head, she became the dupe of favorites, and while she wished to exercise the most despotic power over France, suffered them to rule over herself and influence her political affairs.

Although entirely submissive to the Concini, who well understood their own interest and how to manage one of her stormy nature, from others she would not receive either remonstrance or obstacle; anger rendered her capable of any act of extravagance, and when from interested motives she was obliged to restrain herself, the violence of her nature expressed itself in the alteration of her countenance and in her health. Her passions were carried to extremes; friendship, with her, was blind devotion, and hatred, execration. The displeasure of the nobles on account of the friendship shown to the Concini was extreme. Leonora was still the friend and confidant of the Queen. Concini himself, who had never used a sword, was elevated to the rank of a marshal, and his wife appointed "*dame d'atours*"—lady of the bed-chamber—in place of Madame de Richelieu, who had been chosen by the late King.

Unfortunately this excess of favor was bestowed on persons who abused it; for instead of moderating the extent of the Queen's bounties, or sharing it with families who were capable of protecting them in case of a reverse and thus avoiding the hatred and diminishing the envy which preference ever occasions, these spoiled children of fortune, in aspiring to obtain too much, eventually ruined themselves and dragged their mistress into the same abyss.

Leonora was one day asked how she had ob-

tained such entire influence over the imperious Queen. "Have you not employed philters, magic, and supernatural means?" said her inquirer. "None of them," replied Leonora; "nothing but that ascendancy which strong minds possess over weak." Marie's natural obstinacy may have been one cause for this attachment, as it was remarked that any advice offered her on the subject only seemed to render her more determined.

"I well know," she one day remarked in public, "that all the court are opposed to Concini; but having supported him in defiance of the King, I shall certainly not fail to uphold him against others."

The course pursued by the Concini was indeed well calculated to inflame the public mind, not only against themselves, but the Queen also. While the husband regulated the affairs of State to his own satisfaction, Leonora occupied herself with all concerns of a lucrative nature. She sold favors and privileges; she supported and forwarded petitions, whether just or unjust she cared not, provided she was remunerated. She also obtained large sums from the treasury, and filled her house with riches.

In 1615 the Parliament remonstrated on the augmentation of pensions and the immense expenses of the royal household, but Marie, with her usual obstinacy, gave no heed to the warning. Henry had left a flourishing kingdom; he had paid twenty-five millions of debts out of a revenue of thirty-five millions, and left thirty millions, the fruits of his economy, in the treasury; and the Queen, after having dissipated these treasures by her foolish prodigality, burdened the nation with taxes, placed France under the yoke of Spain, and by her culpable conduct confirmed the general opinion that she was not a stranger to the conspiracy connected with the King's death.

It had long been a favorite project with her to conclude an alliance with Spain by the double marriages of her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of France, with the Prince Royal of Spain, and the Infanta Anne with Louis XIII. The proposal was agreeable to the Spanish King, but not to the majority of the French people. Anne of Austria was the daughter of Philip III of Spain, and of Margaret of Austria, and by no means calculated for the place she was destined to fill. The contract was concluded; the Duke of Guise, at the head of a detachment, conducted the Princess Elizabeth to the frontiers, and escorted the young Queen elect of France to Bordeaux, where the King met her, and they received the nuptial benediction. It was while on his journey to receive his young

wife, that Albert de Luynes, his favorite companion who possessed his confidence, made use of his intimacy to point out to the King the errors of his mother's government and the odious power of Concini and his wife. Louis is said to have replied to him on this occasion, "This marshal will certainly be the ruin of my kingdom, but no one dares say so to my mother, because it will put her in a passion."

The entertainments on this nuptial occasion were of the most luxurious order, and gave the French and Spaniards an opportunity of displaying their splendor, in which they endeavored to outvie each other, and the period of this double hymeneal festival was long remembered by the title of "*l'annee des magnificences.*"

Anne of Austria, lively, accomplished, and brilliant, was one who, it might be supposed, being of congenial tastes, would become a favorite with her mother-in-law. This, however, was not the case, for Marie, dreading the power that a young and beautiful wife might have over Louis, used every effort to disgust him with her, and unhappily was but too successful. Beautiful and accomplished as was the young Queen, she was but a cipher in her husband's court, then the most magnificent and elegant in Europe. In the midst of regal pomp and splendor she was not happy; and those who may happen to glance over the memoirs of Anne of Austria, will find that she had no exemption from the preponderance of cares and sorrows over peace and felicity, which has characterized the lives of all the queens of France.

In the mean time, while discord was reigning in the royal household, Marie continued her arbitrary measures; her favorites grew every day more obnoxious; disaffection was everywhere at work, and even in the pulpit such bitter and offensive allusions were made, which, being repeated at court, at length aroused the King to a full sense of the threatened danger. The withdrawal from court of the Concinis was formally demanded, but, careless of the peril which her course involved, the haughty Queen refused to listen. Any one less blindly obstinate than Marie de Medicis would have stopped to consider at such a crisis. Louis entreated and remonstrated, as was his duty to do, but with her usual violence she bade him be silent; she was still determined, she declared, to be absolute ruler. Richelieu, too, did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions; he supplicated, he kneeled, he entreated; he even shed tears; but the inflexible Queen was not to be moved, and she blindly persisted in her reckless course. But dark clouds which she would not

discern were now gathering fast on her life's horizon—clouds, surcharged with storm and tempest, which, bursting, brought death and desolation in their path, and left Marie de Medicis discredited and an exile.

Louis looked forward impatiently to the day when he should attain his majority; hoping that when his imperious mother should be obliged to yield the scepter to himself as king, the evil so loudly complained of would be removed. But at length the evil became too pressing to admit of further delay, and wearied with the intolerable despotism of the queen-mother and undiminishing arrogance of her favorites, and annoyed and alarmed at the increasing danger which threatened to disturb the peace of France, in 1617, Louis gave the order for the fall of Concini as the only means of pacifying the nation.

All was so quietly arranged that no suspicion was excited in the mind of the Queen or her friends. The marshal having one day entered the Louvre to proceed to council, was surprised to find himself detained by Vitri, the captain of the guards, who demanded his sword. Concini made a movement, either to surrender or defend himself, and at the same moment received three pistol shots, from which he instantly expired. The King, who appeared on the balcony as if to authorize this action by his presence, was immediately surrounded and congratulated, as on the occasion of a public rejoicing. During this species of triumph the Queen's guards had been disarmed, and the doors of her apartments which communicated with those of the King, were so carefully blocked up that no sound caused by the tragical proceedings reached Marie's ear. Seated in her dressing-room with Leonora only, their conversation was of sunny Italy and the gay time which preceded her setting out as a royal bride. "You have filled the throne, my mistress, and worn the crown as you declared you would," said Leonora; "have you found all the happiness you expected in its possession?"

Marie had no time to answer, for a heavy tread was heard in the outer room. Two servants stepped hastily forward to confront the intruder, let him be who he might, but instantly fell back again through the doorway, in evident alarm and with their eyes riveted on one who followed them. The fierce spirit of Marie was immediately roused. "What means this intrusion into our private apartment?" she asked with flashing eyes and heightened color. "The King, madame, the King has ordered the arrest of Madame de Concini, and I am obliged to obey," replied the officer, bowing respectfully

as he handed the King's order to the Queen. "The King!" she exclaimed, "who is he? I am ruler here—begone from our presence or abide the charge of treason. Do you seek my life?" "My orders, madame," replied the officer, "relate only to Madame Concini, and I do but obey the commands of my master." A stormy scene ensued, during which a noise was heard without; the door was rudely flung open, and half a dozen armed men crowded round it and partly entered the dressing-room. Further resistance was useless; Leonora was led away from the presence of her mistress—the Queen remained a prisoner in her own chamber.

During the remainder of this disastrous day the courtiers employed themselves in recounting the catalogue of crimes and vices of those to whom but a short time before they had bent the knee and offered adulation. The populace, encouraged by, but far exceeding the example of their leaders, gave proof of their ferocious and turbulent character by the performance of acts worthy only of the lowest class of savages. The body of Concini, which had been privately buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, was discovered, disinterred, and dragged through the street, hanged on a gibbet, and then dismembered, and the authors of the catastrophe stood by and encouraged the blind rage of the mob, because their excesses proved to the King that he had done right in sacrificing a man who was so much detested.

Nothing could exceed the grief and astonishment of Marie de Medicis on hearing of the extent of her misfortune. She was mortified to think that she had been so easily deceived and overcome by the young King, and she was loud in her invectives against Anne of Austria, whom, believing her to have known of the plot, she blamed for not disclosing it to her. She had no doubt that she should recover her ascendancy over her son if only an opportunity was had of conversing with him, and earnestly desired that favor; but she was refused and informed that if she ever hoped their intercourse to recommence and recover his good opinion it would be by her withdrawal from the court. Marie was one never given to tears, but at this news they flowed without restraint. She had shown no emotion on the death of her husband, but the entire overthrow of her power and loss of her authority caused her to shed those bitter tears which were much more due to the memory of the King.

Her situation was now truly deplorable. The same ungovernable temper and violence which had deprived her of her husband's affection now alienated from her a son naturally affec-

tionate and devoted; and her indomitable ambition forced Richelieu, who owed his elevation entirely to her favor, ultimately to become her enemy. Nevertheless, on this occasion he so far befriended her as to prevail on the King to grant the interview she so much desired. Louis, alarmed and annoyed, having previously resolved on the course he intended to pursue, neither acted as a son or sovereign; he would not listen to any thing she could say, but wishing to soften the rigor of the sentence which banished her from the court, gave her the choice of places to which she might retire as well as of the persons who were to accompany her. She selected the castle of Blois.

The day of departure came; Louis went to her apartment to bid her farewell, but only remained a short time. Nevertheless, short as was the interview, she did not fail to beg mercy for her favorite Leonora.

Louis, embarrassed and angry, made no reply whatever to his mother, but when she advanced to detain Luynes, he left the room abruptly and sternly bade him to follow.

Anne of Austria was the only one who spoke a word of kindness to the fallen Queen. She lamented her disgrace and tried to comfort her by representing that the sentence of her withdrawal was not banishment, and bade her hope for brighter days, and after bidding a most affectionate farewell accompanied her to her carriage bathed in tears. Louis, however, cold-hearted as Marie herself, watched his mother's departure with that air of perfect satisfaction which a youth assumes when, freed from scholastic discipline, he feels himself his own master.

The last scene, however, in this tragedy was a darker one than that just described. Leonora Galigai was to be made an example of for suffering herself to be carried away by the torrent of fortune. Her attachment to Marie commenced at an early day, and there were few who would not have seized upon the advantages which opened on her path by the friendship of a powerful Queen. Her intrepid nature, disdaining all fear of the quicksands, if indeed she discerned them, by which she was surrounded in that envious court, caused her to walk in confidence upon her dangerous path, which, in the end, led to ignominy and death.

Many crimes were laid to her charge, not one of which could be proved; and the accusations brought against her displayed more of the rancor of her enemies than that she had done any thing worthy of death. Her great fault was thirst for gold; her greatest crime, that she had been the prime favorite of the unpopular Queen.

Her case was prejudged. Finding that no proofs of treason could be brought against her, she was accused of sorcery; of having corresponded with Jewish magicians and demons; of having refused to eat pork, to have neglected attending mass on Saturdays, and of having shut herself up in the church with Milanese and Florentine sorcerers for the purpose of practicing incantations. Such superstitious beliefs were held by many in those early days, but so puerile did those charges appear to the strong-minded Leonora, that when questioned respecting them she could not forbear smiling. She soon perceived, however, that her judges were inexorable, and finding that they persisted in the accusation she wept bitterly, and said that she need not reply to any questions since she knew they were determined to condemn her. Indignity after indignity was heaped upon her; she was spared nothing that could add to her affliction; her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, and she was made to drink it to the dregs. At the time her sentence was to be read to her, the chapel was filled with persons of all classes. On entering she exclaimed, "Am I to be made a spectacle to the public?" and endeavored to envelop her head with her veil, but it was rudely removed, and with her face uncovered was forced to listen to her condemnation.

She was declared guilty of treason, both human and divine, and condemned to be beheaded at the Place de Greve; her head and body to be burned and her ashes scattered to the winds; her house was to be razed to the ground, her lands confiscated, and her son, a most worthy and intellectual youth, was pronounced ignoble and incapable of ever holding an office in the kingdom. Five of the council refused to agree to this iniquitous sentence, and history tells us that Suvir, the advocate-general, would not assent to it but for the solemn promise which Louis gave him, that he would pardon the accused.

Leonora, the once gay, the fearless, and the happy, now disgraced in her honor and that of her husband and son, was completely prostrated and gave way to the most violent grief. But it was only for a short time. The worst she expected was banishment, but now she was overwhelmed with a torrent of grief at the future lot of her friendless son. Orphaned, destitute, almost outlawed, was it wonderful that the spirit of this intrepid woman quailed at the dreary prospect that lay before her only child? But such a weakness, although springing from a source so sacred as that of maternal affection, could not long be indulged in by a woman of

Leonora's mold. After paying this tribute to nature she dried her tears and resumed her usual firm demeanor. No more murmurs or regrets escaped her. She knew that her doom was certain, and she resigned herself with fortitude to meet it, and listened with devotion to the consolations which religion offered.

Notwithstanding the King had given his promise that Leonora should be pardoned, he basely broke it; she was dragged to execution through a crowd of people who looked on in silence, and whose countenances expressed that their late rancor had subsided into pity; but entirely occupied by the solemn ordeal through which she was passing, she noticed neither populace nor stake; "intrepid but modest," she died without boast and without fear.

At the time of Concini's murder, all the ministers appointed by him precipitately retired except Richelieu, Bishop of Lucon, who was the Queen's chaplain, and who declared his determination to remain with her in her misfortunes. Marie, always unsuspecting, expressed her gratitude for this seeming devotion; but history tells us that he was suspected of having in this act of fidelity sought his own advantage rather than that of the Queen, and that he was a spy on her actions rather than a counselor. Be that, however, as it may, after the execution of Leonora, all the partisans of the Queen's cause were disgraced; and Richelieu, who had accompanied Marie to Blois, received an order to quit her, and accordingly retired to his bishopric of Lucon, but was soon after exiled to Avignon.

Luynes and his associates took every precaution to prevent a meeting between Louis and his mother, a circumstance which might have interfered with their own ambitious projects. Marie did not submit un murmuringly to her hard destiny. She complained to all France of the severe captivity in which she was retained without the consolation of seeing her son, to whom she declared she had some important State secrets to communicate. But those who had pronounced her sentence of exile were not to be moved. From day to day she was cheated with promises that the King, when released from the pressure of State business, would visit her, but still he never came.

The popular feeling against Marie having in time subsided, a reaction, as is mostly the case after such tumults, had taken place, and it was remembered that the Queen, notwithstanding her many faults, was yet a woman of no common stamp and possessed many good qualities. A true daughter of the Medici, she possessed the refined taste and intellect as well as the

liberality which characterized the family from whom she sprung. She gave great encouragement to the fine arts, and her short reign had not altogether been without use. She had called Rubens from his home in Antwerp to paint for her palace in Paris the principal epochs of her life, which task he completed in twenty-one large pictures, which were afterward destroyed by a mob. She thus in laying the foundation of his fame, laid the foundation of a friendship which was not afraid to manifest itself when the storms of adversity had left her without the shelter of a home.

Many beautiful buildings, among which is the Luxemburg palace, still remain in Paris to recall her taste in architecture, and many monuments of high artistic excellence are yet pointed out as relics of her reign. Louis did not elevate himself in the public opinion by the manner in which he acted toward his mother. If motives of State policy demanded her removal from court, he might still have accorded her the respect which was her due from a son. He had neither the intellectual superiority of his father nor the taste for embellishing that belonged to the Medici; the character of his court was by no means such as it had been in Marie's reign, and his cold treatment of his Queen was not without comment. Marie's violence and obstinacy were lost sight of; contrasts were constantly being made as regarded the purity of her court and the present, and numerous and various plans were discussed as to the possibility of releasing the banished Queen from her captivity.

The honor of delivering Marie from her prison was, however, reserved for a priest named Ruccelai and the Duke d'Epéron, who had ever been her most faithful friend. The former had accompanied her in her exile, but Bassompierre having promised him protection and favor, he returned to Paris. Notwithstanding he had pledged his word of honor that he would hold no correspondence with the Queen-mother, Ruccelai had already determined to effect her release, and being possessed of that constancy and intrepidity which braves all danger and scorns fatigue, he was peculiarly fitted for the undertaking.

Leaving his abbey secretly, and going to the neighborhood of Blois, he contrived to establish a clandestine correspondence with the Queen-mother, and as soon as he had made her acquainted with his plans, traversed the country in the severest Winter weather, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot, evaded the spies who were scattered about every-where on his route, and arrived at Sedan, where lived

a nobleman who he knew favored the cause of Marie. Seeking an interview with this friend, Ruccelai boldly disclosed his project, but his cautious auditor, although he declared himself flattered by the confidence reposed in him, declined the honor, and declared that the Duke d'Epéron was the only one who could be depended upon in such a case as this. Ruccelai and d'Epéron had long been enemies of each other; nevertheless, the former determined to trust to the generosity of the latter, who was not unworthy of this confidence and willingly joined in the confederacy for Marie's release. The plot, however, was nearly discovered; Ruccelai having sent some letters for the Queen by a messenger, the man imagining that the packet contained important information, proceeded to Paris instead of Blois, and requested an audience with Luynes. But as he was supposed to be an impostor, who presented himself under false pretenses to obtain money, he was not permitted to see the Duke. While wandering about the street in the neighborhood of d'Luynes's hotel he was seen by the valet of a parliamentary counselor, who was much attached to the Queen-mother, who immediately informed his master that "de Lorme" was in Paris. De Buissan, suspecting some treachery, immediately dispatched a messenger to find him, and the messenger pretending that he had been sent by de Luynes to hear what he had to communicate, handed him five hundred crowns and possessed himself of the dispatches.

Marie escaped in the night by descending a ladder from her bedroom window; she crossed the gardens of the castle on foot, accompanied by her maid—who carried her casket of jewels—her equerry, and a brother of Richelieu. A carriage awaited her at the end of the draw-bridge, and the little party proceeded on their hazardous way by the light of torches. They were soon joined by Epéron and others, under whose escort she reached Angoulême. When the news of the Queen's escape reached the court it created considerable alarm. De Luynes, according to the King's wish to enter into conciliatory terms with his mother, proposed, as the basis of the treaty, that Marie should abandon d'Epéron, and that he should be made an example of State vengeance. But she indignantly declared she would never abandon a man who had risked all in behalf of her liberty, and rather than expose him to the resentment of his enemies, she would take the whole evil upon herself.

Richelieu, who had been languishing in exile at Avignon, now took advantage of the troubled state of affairs to lay the foundation of his for-

tune, by endeavoring to conciliate the King and his mother. He had throughout maintained a secret intelligence with the court of which Marie was ignorant, and believing him sincere in the offer of his services, accepted it without any misgiving. One short and unsatisfactory interview was the result of his endeavors. At the meeting of the mother and son, which took place at the castle of Tours, more surprise was manifested. A few commonplace sentences comprised all the conversation that passed between them, and in the three days which the Queen-mother passed under the King's roof, she was left almost entirely to the kind offices of her daughter-in-law, for Louis gave her very little of his notice. "How can I obtain his good graces?" she one day asked a countryman of her own. "Love what he loves, and you will find that these words contain the law and the prophets." The advice was good, and Marie owed all her unhappiness to the neglect of cultivating a loving and gentle spirit.

After this short interview the Queen-mother left Tours for Angers, hoping soon to be recalled to Paris. But the unprincipled Richelieu, still in the interest of the court while he pretended friendship for her, surrounded her with his emissaries, who prevailed on her to assemble troops and maintain her State and power. But her troops were attacked and vanquished, and she was obliged to enter into a treaty which, among other articles, contained the promise of a cardinal's hat for Richelieu.

A second interview which took place between Marie de Medicis and her son was more cordial than the one at Tours. Louis embraced her and exclaimed with some show of affection, "I will hold you now, and you shall never run away from me again." She replied, "It will not give you any trouble to keep me, because I am sure I shall always be treated as a mother should be by such a son as you." After proceeding together to Poitou and Guyenne in order to pacify the rebellious and discontented there, the mother and son returned to Paris, where Marie united her court with that of Anne of Austria, and recovered her influence over the King.

As long as Marie believed Richelieu was sincere in her service, she protected and assisted in his advancement; but when she saw that he, while pretending devotion to her cause, was in league with her enemies, her indignation knew no bounds. Her resentment grew into the most bitter hatred, and she determined that this Colossus should fall. Her enmity broke out into an open rupture on the cardinal's return from La Rochelle in 1626; but Richelieu

was prepared for the storm, and Marie herself was the only victim on the "*journée des dupes*." Yielding to her solicitations, Louis, on leaving Paris for Versailles, promised his mother that he would dismiss the cardinal; but the crafty Churchman, who followed the King to that place, so artfully insinuated himself into the good graces of the weak Louis, that he determined to retain him in his service; and when Marie arrived at Versailles, it was only to be informed of his triumph and her new disgrace.

Having refused all overtures of reconciliation with Richelieu, she was again condemned to a prison. She was confined in the Chateau de Compeigne in 1631, under an armed guard, and her friends, her servants, and even her household physician, were imprisoned in the Bastile. Although Louis had determined her exile, he also resolved to spare himself the embarrassment of having personally to endure face to face her invectives and reproaches, and accordingly hastened to hide himself in one of the royal residences in the country when the letter announcing her banishment was read to her, couched in terms but little softened by giving her a choice of a prison. The disgrace of Medicis was altogether unexpected, and she was overwhelmed. For a short time only did she submit to the restraints of a prison. She was soon able to effect an escape into the Netherlands, where she was kindly received by the ruling powers. Wishing for retirement as the best means, she sought an asylum, for safety, in the house of Rubens, who was then living in Antwerp. His reception of her was such as might be expected from a man of so noble and generous a mind, and for two years the mother of the King of France found in the family of the grateful painter the comfort which was denied her in the royal residences of her own children.

It is a strange anomaly in the human character—but no less strange than true—that men are always most vindictive against those whom they have most deeply wronged. Not content with having alienated her from her son, and dispossessed her of all her royal rights, the vengeance of Richelieu pursued her even to this retreat. Taking advantage of some political circumstances in consequence of a war breaking out between France and Spain, the crafty cardinal demanded her banishment from the Netherlands, and she was obliged to seek another home. From this time she was a wanderer, and alternately took refuge in England, Belgium, and Germany. After leaving Antwerp she sought an asylum in England with her daughter, Henrietta, wife of Charles I. The

King and Queen of England received her kindly, but Richelieu, not satisfied with her banishment from France and Holland, determined that this resting-place should also be denied her. The troubles which afterward agitated England had at that time commenced, thus rendering it an uncertain abode, and Charles endeavored to reconcile her once more with her son. The crafty minister, however, would not suffer the reunion to take place, and the intriguing Richelieu, who only too well knew how to make every thing subserve his purposes, made use of the present political circumstances to consummate the vengeance by which she had already been driven into exile, and succeeded, as he never failed to do. Charles I, who resisted Cromwell with such tenacity, and Philip of Spain, who was stubborn even to a proverb, found themselves too weak to oppose the demands of the all-powerful minister; accordingly they withdrew from the mother of their respective Queens the pecuniary aid they had hitherto afforded her.

There was now no longer a choice of places offered her; it was decided that she should be sent back to Florence. But the haughty Princess could not endure that her native land should be witness of her reverses and disgraces, and in spite of all that Richelieu could do or say, remained in England till the Roundhead Parliament, with Cromwell for its leader, obliged the forlorn Queen to leave that country. There seemed now to be no resting-place for Marie de Medicis, the daughter of a proud line of princes, the wife of Henry the Great and the mother of a royal race, several of whom were then wearing crowns and filling the most important thrones in Europe. Abandoned by her children, rejected by her late husband's allies, and refusing to return to her Italian home in such a humiliated state as she then was, she humbly entreated the Parliament to allow her to remain in France. This favor, however, was sternly refused, and Marie de Medicis, destined never more to see her son or the city which she had embellished with so much taste and munificence, set forth, without friend or adviser, on her way to find a home where obscurity might be a protection against the further persecution of the vindictive Richelieu.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover every body's face but their own—which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

AGAIN the faded Autumn leaves
Low rustle to my passing tread,
And up to the October sky
The tall tree lifts its naked head,
Like a 'reft soul, whose joys are fled!

I wander, musing, on the hill,
And through the memory-haunted dell,
With pensive thoughts of Summer gone,
And of the coming sad "farewell,"
When I must break this pleasant spell;

And leave my own dear native land,
And leave the friends whose presence sweet,
Whose gentle tones and looks of love
Have made the hours and days seem fleet,
As "wild gazelle, with silvery feet."

I gaze upon these leaves and say,
How like to our dead hopes are ye,
Which now in dust and ashes lie,
Long fallen from our life's fair tree,
Where joy-birds chanted merrily!

But music hovers 'round my soul
Upon this placid Autumn day;
I gaze with joy on the brown earth—
The radiant hill-tops, far away,
Bathed in the sunset's parting ray;

For underneath these faded leaves
Lies next year's grass—its waving corn;
And underneath my heart's regrets,
Unfolding, ere the springtime morn,
The sweetest hope that e'er was born!

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

O THOU, so high, so lifted up
Beyond all sorrow and all fears,
See where thy wretched children grope,
Hark to their sighs, behold their tears!

Through the long ages thou hast seen
The world go stagg'ring, groaning on;
New tragedies, yet old, have been
With every generation born.

Famine and drought, and flood and fire,
Rapine, and pestilence, and sword,
Earthquake and tempest, all conspire
Against our sinful race, O Lord.

How long, O Lord, must it endure?
Thy word can bid the havoc cease;
Thy blood can wash the nations pure,
And hush the groaning earth to peace.

For thee the whole creation waits;
O, let thy blessed reign begin!
"Lift up, ye everlasting gates,
And let the King of Glory in."

OUR HOMES.

BY EFFIE WEBSTER.

IS it the sunlight from the human heart or from the world that renders our homes beautiful? What suffices wealth, ease, and daily intercourse with friends if we are dissatisfied, and bear with us a skeleton trouble? Can we glean peace from anger, joy from bitterness of spirit? Into our homes we take our emotions, and their influence never is slight. A frown is answered by a frown, a smile with a smile.

When father comes what a change in the household occurs! Either joy or fear. Playthings are tossed upon the floor, bright eyes dance at the window, and eager lips are upraised for the returning kiss when the door opens. His wife receives a kind smile, and pleasant, good evening. The events of the day are discussed with animation, and with hearts filled with love to the Creator and each other, they gather about the tea-table. No rudeness, no cutting insinuations. When night closes about that house, the angels of truth and purity of heart hover over it.

Another home. Father is at the gate, and playthings are pushed out of sight, and little faces huddle in the corner looking very like panic-stricken countenances. The wife glances anxiously about the room, and rings for tea that her husband may not be delayed. "Wrapped in dignity," he strides into the apartment and walks directly to his seat at the table. His wife meekly follows, and his children steal like culprits to their places. Is a man serving his Creator, and marking out a path of pleasure for himself and family when he builds a wall of coldness about him?

Mothers and wives as well. Irritability of temper and impatience with every-day difficulties darken the home circle. Children are not born perfect, men and women do not live perfect lives. Bear ye with one another. Let harmony bind the family tie more firmly.

Add to your homes by little beauties. Bring flowers that will blossom. A child's mind is cultivated by the lovely of nature. Many otherwise fretful hours will they pass in training their tender shoots. Give the children their box of gardening tools, and send them out with a sense of responsibility. Feeling responsible, and knowing that you have faith in their efforts, they will surprise you and themselves by diligence and buoyancy of spirit.

Do not allow your house to be devoid of ornaments. Simple though they may be, and fashioned by your own hands, they add cheer-

fulness. Pictures are essential. They diffuse a warmth that nothing else can give. Hang them in favorable lights, and you will be thrice repaid for extra trouble.

Let *neatness* be rigidly observed. Dust mars our pleasure as well as the luster of furniture. When an article is taken from its usual place, it is annoying and often mortifying to be welcomed by a cloud of dust. We do not realize that love is retained by every-day attention and kindness. Wives and mothers make home a haven of comfort or a distasteful stopping-place.

It is not strange in this speculative day that marriage is entered upon with many serious deliberations. Men have learned by experience that an ornamental wife, with neither a refined mind nor a willing heart, can be but a sorry companion. And women have learned by bitter examples, that harshness and coldness bring sorrow upon the hearthstone.

Our homes! should they not receive our first attention—not selfish care—our first love? In the Divine Word we find strict commands regarding duties toward husband, wife, and children. It is His teaching that guides us to the portal, His teaching that renders us prepared for the Divine hereafter. Shall we not build the foundation of our lives, our homes, upon His precepts? Through the mist of doubt that enshrouds mortal mind in regard to duty, a ray will beam from the Bible. Walk according to its precepts, and no harm will come upon you. Let it be the beacon light of your earthly habitation, that all of your household may believe and live.

SCHOLARS.

COSTLY apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action; and by its own action and free will, it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated till he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. The greatest of all warriors in the siege of Troy had not the preëminence because nature had given strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

"KISS ME, MOTHER, FOR I'M A CHRISTIAN NOW."

JOSEY S. was a lovely, intelligent young lady, refined, cultivated, and an accomplished teacher in a public school in the immediate vicinity of Boston.

Perhaps the demands upon her strength were too severe; at any rate, the bloom gradually faded from her cheek, and the elastic step grew slow and lingering, and by and by our hearts felt sad when her name was mentioned, for with it came a fear of what might be in store for us, who loved her as a friend, and for those whose hearts were bound up in hers.

She was not a professor of religion, but seemed, like the young man in the Gospel, to "lack only one thing." Nay, she seemed even nearer the kingdom than he, for she acknowledged her *need* of Christ, his claims upon her, and, although the full surrender of her heart was not made, she disclaimed all hope of acceptance through her own worth or worthiness.

She was a diligent student of the Bible, and a constant attendant upon public worship and the Bible class, and her pastor and teacher felt sure of earnest attention and eager interest in their instructions from one, at least, of their number. Still, as we have said, there was a *something* wanting, she was not happy in the Lord, she was not strengthening herself in him, remained in an almost passive state, quietly waiting to see how it was to be with her. Her friends looked upon her with burning hearts, and an agonizing cry went up from many lips, that she might be aroused from this state of apathy ere it should be *too late*.

All at once, as if in answer to this prayer, she awoke from the lethargy which had oppressed her, and looking her friends in the face, said, "Is there *danger*, do you think?"

One morning her Christian physician kindly but faithfully informed her that there was "*no hope*. She must die, and *soon*!"

"How soon?" she asked calmly.

"Within a few days, at farthest."

"Then will you please call at my pastor's when you go out, and ask him to come and see me *now*?"

He was soon at her side, and in answer to his inquiries as to her feelings in view of death, which she now knew was approaching, she said, "I am not distressed about it. If I felt prepared, I should not dread it at all."

"What, then," said her pastor, "does a soul *need* as preparation?"

"Why, repentance and faith of course; but I have no faith in a *death-bed* repentance. If I should get well, perhaps I should do as before."

"And, my friend," said he, kindly, "you have no time or energy to spend on this question. Do not think of it. The only important question for you now is, that your repentance is genuine, and your faith leads you to Christ. Do you think there is any other way to do but to commit yourself as a sinner to *Christ* as a Savior?"

"I know it," said she; "that is what I have been trying to do, but don't see how to accomplish. I do not feel myself a *great* sinner. I do not feel *deeply* enough."

"All your feelings are inadequate. You never can feel as fully as the case requires, and your Savior does not require it. He only requires you to feel that you are a sinner and need a Savior."

"I feel that I have been *moral*, but I have not loved the Lord *first* and served him *most*. I have no confidence in any thing for acceptance with God but Christ's work."

"Then can you not now put your whole trust in him and be happy in his love."

"If I could but see *how*!"

"How do you trust in your mother?"

"I can see her; but every thing seems distant and obscure when I try to cast myself on Christ."

"No," was the reply, "you do not see in your mother what you rely upon. It is not in her head or footstep, but in her *soul*, which you never saw."

"That is so; and will you not pray that I may be enabled to see and understand this?"

"I will. And will not you, while I pray, endeavor to surrender yourself wholly to Christ, so that he may be fully accepted as your Savior?"

"Yes, I will. I will try."

Her mother and her pastor knelt in prayer, and he tried to express the feeling she should have toward Christ. He felt that the Lord would not deny the request, when he said, "Lord, help her now to give herself up wholly and forever to thee. Lord Jesus, take her heart, take it now, for eternity and heaven."

After prayer, with intense earnestness, she exclaimed, "*Take it, take it now*. Did you say that, pastor, and will he take it if I only give it up to him?"

"Yes, Josey, that is what he has long been waiting to do, just as soon as you would give it to him?"

"O, then," said she, "I do, and will; and will he *take it*? I have always felt as if I must go a long way and carry that or *something* to him. I see it all in a new light. I am *perfectly happy*. Come, mother, and kiss me. I hope I am a Christian now."

From that hour her chamber of sickness was as the gate of heaven. No sadness could be there with that face of seraphic loveliness, over which the sunshine of heaven's peace was diffused, and with the songs of the rejoicing attendant angels, waiting to bear her freed spirit above, almost heard.

"Sing, sing! *Do sing,*" she would say. "I am so happy, I want to hear singing all the time. The Lord has been *so good to take* my heart. O, why did I not give it to him before? I did not believe he could want it."

But not of herself alone did she think—for her friends, especially those two, best beloved of all—next to her parents—those two who were ever by her side, and from whom she seemed inseparable—friend and lover she might well call them—for these she prayed and labored all those last hours, and sought to bring them to that dear Savior she had found. "Think what a risk *I* have run, and do not you delay giving your hearts, now in health and strength, to Christ."

And so, with songs, and prayers, and thanksgivings, she went home.

Dear reader, the design of this writing has not been accomplished if you have not perceived its true point; that years of seeking will never make a Christian. It is only *giving*—giving up the soul wholly and without reserve to Him *whose it is*, that makes a Christian. You should, if you have not, as now, in perfect health, what you would be obliged to do if you had but an hour to live—what Josey S. did—stop doubting, and fearing, and trying, and only *believe*.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

BY EMMA M. BALLARD.

WHERE the rushing, foaming billows
Of a noble river glide,
With the gently-swaying willows
Flinging shadows o'er its tide,

By its darkly-gleaming water,
On the lovely flower-decked shore,
Sat an Indian chieftain's daughter
Mourning for the days of yore—

For the days when, through the wildwood,
Through the forest and the glade,
She had wandered in her childhood,
Unmolested, unafraid;

When the red man down the river
Floated in his light canoe,
With his arrows and his quiver
Hunted the dark forest through.

Once the sun its bright rays darted
O'er lands where no white man trod;
Now, the Indian, broken-hearted,
Sadly pressed his native sod.

With the fires of anger flashing
From her dark and piercing eye,
Scornfully the tear drops dashing,
Checking every rising sigh,

Wild and fearful words she uttered
In that still, sequestered place,
Wrathful imprecations muttered
On the white man and his race.

"Time will come, O, pale-faced nation!
When the Spirit, ye call 'God,'
Shall pour woe and desolation
Over all the land so broad.

Blood and carnage, like a river,
Shall sweep o'er thy country wide,
Making hearts with anguish quiver,
Bearing death-groans on its tide."

Then her voice grew low, and sadness
Lingered o'er the maiden's words;
Hushed seemed every note of gladness
'Mong the warbling forest birds.

E'en the dark trees seemed to listen,
Lower bent their stately heads;
Bright with hues that on them glisten
When the sun its last beams sheds.

"I am weary," said the maiden,
"Like some bird lost from its home;
All my song is sorrow laden
As I through this forest roam.

Farewell! O, thou foaming river!
With thy lovely flow'r-decked shore;
Farewell! ay, farewell forever!
I shall greet thee nevermore.

For I feel that I am drifting
Onward to Death's silent shores;
Soon, these tired hands uplifting,
I shall drop life's weary oars.

Soon I'll reach those sunny islands,
In the far-off shining sea,
Where, upon their blooming highlands,
I shall roam forever free.

There the smiles of the Great Spirit
Shall repay the Indian's wrong;
Brighter homes they shall inherit
Than the ones they loved so long.

Farewell, then, O rolling river!
Farewell rock, and tree, and shore!
Farewell! yes, farewell forever,
I shall greet you—Nevermore."

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, A. M.

SECOND PAPER.

WE have seen in a former paper that Mr. Williams was, at the time of, or just before, his coming to America, a minister in the Church of England, but that he forfeited his relations to that Church and espoused the cause of the Puritans. He could not have been a minister of any kind very long, for he was quite young when he first set foot on American soil. He was born in Wales in 1606. He entered Charter-House School in 1621, and embarked for America in December, 1630, arriving, as before stated, in 1631, February 5th, when he was but twenty-five years of age; and, being a "young minister," a "godly and zealous man," at once found favor with the people.

But he does not appear in history so much in the character of preacher as writer and legislator. Even in the colony of Rhode Island he was not the main pulpit orator. The great idea of his mind, the great passion of his heart, was freedom—first, liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; and, second, to secure the disseverance of the Church from the State—"soul liberty," as he called it.

Mr. Williams appears to considerable advantage as a writer, as I shall try to show. The reader must make allowance for the quaint phraseology of the times. He was the author of seven separate works, none of which were very large. These were all printed in England except one, which must have been a very great barrier to authorship, involving an amount of travel and inconvenience that few would feel called upon to incur. This probably was the reason why several other manuscripts of Mr. Williams never met the public eye.

The writings of Roger Williams are not accessible to the general reader, and consequently are but little known. Indeed, their titles are not even found in the ordinary bibliographical manuals, save the slightest allusion to portions of them in one or two. No library in the world contains full copies of his works in their original editions. Some are contained in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the British Museum, and in those of Harvard, Yale, and Brown Universities. In several instances these volumes have only been procured by reprinting portions. The library of Brown University contains only five of his works, three of which have been obtained from a private individual. It is a seeming reflection on his friends that the writings of Mr. Williams have never been re-

published in full. This must be placed to the account of the *no-monument* association. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that these writings would not be of any very practical importance to this generation. They could only be of use from historical considerations, and as monumental of their author.

The first published work of Mr. Williams was called the "Key"—"A Key into the Language of America, or an Help to the Language of the Natives in that part of America called New England; together with brief observations of the Customes, Manners, and Worships, &c., of the aforesaid Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death. On all which are added Spirituall Observations, General and Particular, by the Authour, of Chiefe and Speciall Use (upon all occasions) to all the English inhabiting those parts; yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men. By Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. London: printed by Gregory Dexter, 1643."

I have transcribed this title in full, as a specimen of the style of the times in which it was written.

This work was written at sea, during a voyage to England, in 1643, and was designed more as a help to his own memory than for publication—as he says, "that he might not lightly lose what he had so dearly bought in some few yeares hardship and charges among the barbarians." This work comprises two hundred and sixteen pages duodecimo, and is dedicated to his "deare and well-beloved friends and countrymen in Old and New England." It is the best known of Mr. Williams's works, and is still the highest authority on the subjects of which it treats. This work has been honored with a republication among the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Copies are also contained in the libraries of Oxford, Harvard, and in the British Museum.

The race of men that spoke the language to which this work is a key has passed away from the hills and forests of New England, but the language itself has been saved from oblivion by the labors of Roger Williams, and handed down to be the study of philologists of our own and other lands—a language, which though spoken by savages, and composed of words well called endless, with sentences of the most unique structure, was, notwithstanding, a copious and versatile language.

Mr. Williams was here very closely allied to John Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, whose "Grammar" and "Indian Bible" have made his name memorable among the world's missionaries.

The second work of Mr. Williams was a reply to Mr. Cotton. The latter, a minister of the Church in Boston, wrote and printed a "Letter," addressed to Roger Williams, wherein he attempted to prove that "those ought to be received into the Church who are godly, though they do not see, nor expressly bewaile all the polutions in Church fellowship, Ministry, Worship, and Government." In this letter Mr. Cotton vindicates the action of the magistrate in banishing Williams, though, as if feeling somewhat condemned on account of it, he denies having had any agency in the matter. The spirit of Mr. Williams is well shown from the following extract from the title of his reply to Cotton, and from the address to the reader. One hardly knows in some portions of it which most to admire—the Christ-like spirit of its author, or the wit and logic which fill its pages. The work is a small quarto of forty-seven pages, preceded by an address of two pages, printed in London, 1644. Mr. Williams addresses the "Impartial Reader" as follows:

"This Letter I have received from Mr. Cotton (whom for his personal excellencies I truly honour and love.) Yet at such a time of my distressed wanderings amongst the barbarians, that being destitute of food, of clothes, at times, I reserved it (though hardly, amidst so many barbarous distractions) and afterwards prepared an answer to be returned.

"In the interim some friends being much grieved that one publicly acknowledged to be godly, and dearly beloved, should yet be so exposed to the mercy of an howling wilderness in frost and snow, &c. Mr. Cotton, to take off the edge of censure from himself, protest both in speech and writing that he was no procurer of my sorrows.

"Some letters then passed between us, in which I proved and expressed, that if I had perished in that sorrowful Winter's flight, only the blood of Jesus Christ could have washed him from the guilt of mine.

"His finall answer was, 'had you perished your blood had been on your owne head—it was your sinne to procure it, and your sorrow to suffer it.'

"Here I confess I stopt and ever since supprest mine answer; waiting if it might please the Father of Mercies more to mollifie and soften, and render more humane and mercifull, the care and heart of that (otherwise) excellent and worthy man.

"It cannot now be justly offensive, that, finding this letter publike, (by whose procurement I know not,) I also present to the same publike view my formerly-intended answer."

The colony of Roger Williams was now the rival of Plymouth. Lying on the lovely Narragansett, with excellent harbors, studded with fertile islands, and surrounded with barbarians no more hostile, to say the least, than those of Plymouth, with a climate farther removed from the sea, hence more genial, it became an attraction, and many who came to the New World undecided yielded to the drawing of the Eldorado of human freedom, which is always more precious to the soul of man than gold. Among the Puritans of England were many Anabaptists. Many of this sect were among the veterans of Oliver Cromwell. Baxter said "the Anabaptists were Oliver's favorites in conflict, and they were a godly set of men." Many of these came and settled at Plymouth, Boston, Salem, and other places. Williams was an intensely-earnest man. His colony grew in numbers and importance, but the fires of persecution did not die out for a long time.

While he was in England obtaining the charter for his colony from the court of Charles I, he read a pamphlet entitled "An Humble Supplication to the King's Majesty, as it was presented in 1620." This document was written by one imprisoned in Newgate for conscience' sake. And so rigid and close was the confinement of the author, that all facilities for writing were denied him. But the human mind is inventive. Sheets of paper were accordingly sent to the prisoner as stoppers to the bottles which contained his daily allowance of milk. On these he wrote his thoughts in milk, and returned the sheets in the same way. By holding these to the fire the writing became legible, and thus the prisoner "being dead" in prison "yet spoke" to mankind. The arguments were strong, and took possession of the mind of Williams, who, on his return to America, used them against the persecuting Puritans of Boston. This drew forth Mr. Cotton as a defender of the faith. In 1644 Mr. Williams published his third volume, a work of two hundred and forty-seven pages, with twenty-four pages of table and introduction.

The title of the work was, "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace, who in all tender Affection present to the High Court of Parliament (as the Result of their Discourse) these (among other passages) of the highest Consideration." This work bears all the marks of haste, having been written amid a pressure of other and weighty duties. It is, however, considered to be the best of all his writings. The doctrine of religious freedom is here discussed with a manly

vigor and courage that shows him to have been not unlike the great reformers Luther and Knox, while at the same time those pages contain images and passages of rare beauty.

Mr. Cotton replied to Mr. Williams's "Bloudy Tenent," in a work entitled "The Bloudy Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lambe; being discussed and discharged of Bloud guiltinesse by just defense. Wherein the great questions of this present time are handled; namely, How farre liberty of conscience ought to be given to those that truly fear God; and how far restrained to turbulent and pestilent persons that not only raze the foundation of Godlinesse, but disturb the civil peace where they live. Also, how far the magistrate may proceed in the duties of the first Table; and that all magistrates ought to study the Word and Will of God, that they may frame their Government according to it, etc. By John Cotton, Batchelor in Divinity, and Teacher of the Church of Christ in Boston, in New England."

Mr. Williams entitled his rejoinder to this work of Cotton's "The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe; of whose precious Blood spilt in the Blood of his servants, and of the Blood of millions Spilt in former and later Wars for conscience' Sake, that most Bloody Tenent of persecution for cause of Conscience, upon a Second Tryall is found now more apparently, and more notoriously guilty." In this work he discusses three propositions:

- "1. The Nature of Persecution.
- "2. The Power of the Civil Sword in Spirituals.
- "3. The Parliament's Permission of Dessenting Consciences justified."

In both these works the authors manifest a good degree of scholarship, and a mildness of spirit quite in contrast with their "Bloudy" titles, and the usual controversial writings of the day.

In the same year of the publication of the foregoing work, Mr. Williams printed a work entitled "The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's." This is a small quarto of only 36 pages of text and 8 pages of introduction. This pamphlet is regarded as extremely valuable, containing as it does the author's peculiar views on the ministry. In this work the author says, "I have not been altogether a stranger to the learning of the Egyptians, and have trod the hopefuller paths to worldly preferment, which for Christ's sake I have forsaken. I know what it is to study, to preach, to be an elder, to be applauded; and yet what it is to tug at the oar, to dig with the spade, and to plow, and to labor, and to travel day and night among En-

glish, among barbarians! Why should I not be humbly bold to give my witness faithfully, to give my counsel effectually, and to persuade with some truly-pious and conscientious spirits, rather to turn to law, to physic, to soldiery, to educating of children, (and yet not cease from prophesying,) than to live under the slavery, yea, the censure (from Christ Jesus and his saints, and others also) of a mercenary and hireling ministry?" By "hireling ministry" he means a Church supported by taxation. One of the propositions he discusses is, that "Ministers ought to be supported by voluntary donations, and not by legal provisions."

Roger Williams has been called eccentric—in that day he was so; he lived in advance of his age, and his opinions were new; but that he was a sincerely-devout and pious man can not be successfully denied. His sufferings for conscience, his labors among the red men of Narragansett, all his discussions go to show this. But his sixth published work is, if possible, a stronger proof. This was a small quarto of 60 pages, addressed in the form of a letter to his wife, Mary, upon her recovery from a dangerous sickness, in which he begins by saying, "My dearest love, companion in this vale of tears." The subject of the work is as follows: "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and their Preservatives, in which the weakest child of God may get Assurance of his Spiritual Life and Blessedness, and the strongest may find proportionable discoveries of his Christian growth and Means of it." The seventh and last work of Mr. Williams was printed at home in 1676. Of this work I have little to say. It was the substance of a discussion between Williams and the celebrated, but fanatic George Fox, the Quaker. In the quaint phraseology of the times, Williams styled his work of 327 pages "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes," etc. Fox and his associate, Burnett, published their side also, which was entitled "A New England Firebrand Quenched." Both sides, as is generally the case, claimed the victory.

The discussion was carried on for some time at Providence and Newport, with a bitterness on the part of Williams and a coarseness on the part of Fox that have injured rather than conferred any benefit upon the reputation of both parties.

Mr. Williams wrote much that has been lost to the public. His treatise concerning the Patent which excited the displeasure of the Government of Plymouth Colony, and led to his banishment, also a collection of Sermons preached before the "English scattered around Narragansett," which, in a letter to Governor Bradstreet,

he signified his intention of publishing, are now beyond the reach of man.

He held an extensive correspondence with the leading men of his times, and many of his letters on various subjects are contained in various historical annals. These letters will soon be collected and given to the world in a form worthy their author. ♥

There is no portrait of Roger Williams extant. That which is often seen is an altered picture of Benjamin Franklin, as a little inspection will show. Mr. Williams died in the year 1683, aged seventy-seven years. He was President of the Colony of Rhode Island two and a half years. He was buried with martial honors, and the smoke of the musketry temporarily hovering over his grave formed as permanent a mark of respect as was ever bestowed to honor it.

Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet have at least some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty-three years not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained by the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found, and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground, the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial-ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial-ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel house," it was found that every thing had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of any thing save a single lock of braided hair which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree,

when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of any thing was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water, and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves was all gone! There stood the "guilty apple-tree," as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain this phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmuted into the apple-tree; it had passed into the woody fiber and was capable of propelling a steam-engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?

There was but little to place in the cinerary urn, but what there was has been sacredly treasured, and the time will doubtless come when the founder of Rhode Island, the first theologian in the world that ever theoretically advocated the separation of "Church and State," the champion of "soul liberty," the first statesman who practically established religious freedom as the constitutional basis of civil government, shall be honored by his followers with some outward mark in keeping with the value we place on the principles which he so permanently established.

The words of the eloquent Dr. W. E. Channing, in his eulogium on Roger Williams, are not inappropriate in this place:

"Other communities have taken pride in tracing their origin to heroes and conquerors. I boast more of Roger Williams, the founder of

my native State. The triumph which he gained over the prejudices of his age was, in the view of reason, more glorious than the bloody victories which stain almost every page of history; and his more generous exposition of the rights of conscience, of the independence of religion on the magistrate, than had been adopted before his time, gives him a rank among the lights and benefactors of the world. When I think of him as penetrating the wilderness, not only that he might worship God according to his own convictions of truth and duty, but that he might prepare an asylum where the persecuted of all sects might enjoy the same religious freedom, I see in him as perfect an example of the spirit of liberty as any age has furnished. Venerable confessor in the cause of freedom and truth! May his name be precious and immortal! May his spirit never die in the community which he founded! May the obscurest individual, and the most unpopular sect or party, never be denied those free utterances of their convictions, on which this state is established!"

In conclusion let me add, Never were democratic institutions dearer to the American heart than they are to-day. During the last four years we have learned to love and prize the republic of our fathers. When these institutions were endangered by the crimson hand of treason, we were willing to lay half a million of our best young men—our greatest men—on the altar of war, if thereby our flag might be saved from dishonor, and our freedom be preserved. We now breathe freer. The sound of war does not echo along our valleys, our blood no longer stains the earth, the angel of peace spreads her soft wings over the land, and we thank God for victory, not over men so much, as the triumph of right, and the freedom of the oppressed.

Let us not forget the men of the by-gone days, who, in tears, and sorrow, and blood, laid the foundation stones of the great republic on which we are now building up an empire of freedom that shall embrace in its arms the universal race of man.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

IF we decline or refuse to call ourselves frequently to account, and to use daily advices concerning the state of our souls, it is a very ill sign that our souls are not right with God, or that they do not dwell in religion. But this I shall say, that they who do use this exercise frequently, will make their consciences much at ease.

"A MAN OF SORROWS."

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

WHILE such a record shall remain,
Whate'er our grief, whate'er our pain,
How can we murmur or complain!

"A man of sorrows," who may know
What bitter depths of human woe
Our Savior suffered here below!

What days of toil, what nights of prayer!
In pitying love He came to share
Our every burden, every care.

Think of the heavy cross He bore,
The piercing crown of thorns He wore,
Think of the nails, the spear, the gore!

And with such memories as these,
O, who could ask a life of ease,
Or live one hour but self to please?

Since Jesus suffered pain is sweet,
It brings me lower at his feet;
In closer sympathy we meet.

Ah, grief and anguish, what are ye,
But fragrance floating back to me,
From thy dear bowers, Gethsemane!

Low at the cross my heart I bring,
And there a song of triumph sing,
Yet glory but in suffering.

SUBMISSION.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

"I CAN not lay thee down, my sweet,
Into a bed so dark and cold,
My daughter, nevermore to greet,
And never to my heart infold."

"I can not give thee up to die,
My husband, noble, brave, and true;
To hear my stricken children cry—
To weep o'er thee, a last adieu."

A maiden, sobbing o'er the bier
Where lay her mother's pallid face—

"How can I leave thee resting here,
To feel at home thy vacant place?"

"Ah, dead! for whom I could have died:
My only son, in manhood's prime,
Thou wert the hope, the staff of pride,
Where I might lean in coming time."

"How can I live? alone, alone—
The last heart loving me is cold.
Nor death, nor sorrow pity shown;
O'er my bare head have tempests rolled."

And thus, the wail of earth is heard—
For hearts are selfish in their woe;
They listen not the Healer's word—
Submission, to a righteous blow.

All human strength is helplessness,
In this fierce strife of death and love.
The Chastener's hand alone can bless,
The power of meek submission prove.

SISTER ALICE.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

THE parting words were uttered, and the land of our birth and unfortunate life receded forever from many an eye strained to catch the last glimpse of the land where they have suffered or enjoyed life. As the ship that bore us every instant farther away slipped from her moorings and bounded like a thing of life upon the gliding waters, I heard around me sobs and choking farewells falling from swelling hearts; tears fell from my own eyes. I wept with others, though in the shouts of farewell that came wafting from the shore, there came to me no friendly voice of cheer or regret, to bid a Godspeed to sister Alice and myself.

She, my only protector in the wide world, bent down to me, and with those sheltering arms, that had always striven to shield me from the storms of our life, promised to be all to me she ever had been—how could she be more? For to me my sister Alice was father, mother, sister, brother; no need had I or wish for other friends save for her sake, to whom thus far life had not been easy. I stroked the beautiful face and soft, golden hair, and prayed, as I did morning and night, that she might never be taken from me. Our parents died long before, and left me, a poor, helpless, weakly child, to her care; our aunt Hannah received her into her family, but idle hands and a useless body were always stumbling-blocks in her path. I was a stumbling-block. She died, and we lost our only friend on that side of the Atlantic.

Distant friends, my mother's relatives, had offered us a home with them across the wide ocean, and the first night passed on its bosom was spent in vain regrets for an unpleasant past and vague fears for the future. When sister Alice clasped me in her arms, there alone, in all the wide world, I felt secure; there alone my own weakness, inefficiency, and anxiety were all forgotten in her; with her alone had I perfect love and trust.

Our voyage was long, but not dangerous. Before we reached our destined port, and before we left the ship, every soul on board who had come in contact with my sister Alice, learned to love and respect her. Rough, old sailors lifted their hats respectfully when she passed, and never was a kindly word forgotten to be given to any. Children hovered around her, old men and women, the stern stock of Puritanism and intolerance, grimly blessed her for her kind offices proffered and given in the spirit of Christian love and charity. To all men,

wherever she went, the light of a beautiful and lovely soul shed its influence. The kindly sympathy she invoked brought kindness to me, which never otherwise would have been secured.

The storms, winds, and delays of our voyage were finally over, and one morning in the distance the land of our adoption was visible to those who had been anxiously watching for the first glimpse of their future homes. We soon rode safely in the harbor of Boston, and a shout of joy rang through the decks of the John Milton as the city lay before us in the beautiful twilight of a June evening; very unlike the crowded city far behind in memory and distance, but nestling beautifully in its wreaths of green foliage. I gazed apprehensively beyond in the distant dim forests and stones of the red man's path; and his terrible vengeance and cruelty filled my childish heart. No busy hum of trade greeted our ears. Near us on an anchored vessel the sailors sang lustily a song as they pulled the ropes, and across the water from the beautiful town came the lowing of kine and the peaceful tinkle of their bells.

In this scene, with beauty beneath, and above, and around, in sea, heaven, and atmosphere, there came to my heart an indescribable anguish and longing, with a knowledge of its certain impossibility for the painful life of my old home. Sister Alice, bright, grateful, hopeful for every little blessing that touched her path, strove to bear me up against my own sad heart and will so directly opposed to her own healthy nature.

"To-morrow, Mabel dear, we will see our new home; does not this beautiful evening and scene promise well for our future?" For her sake I tried to hide my gloomy heart and follow the example of my sweet sister Alice.

When we left the ship many good wishes followed us. Tawny Jack, an old sailor to whom sister Alice had been particularly thoughtful, came to us before we left with many offers of good-will and protection, carrying our luggage and depositing it in a retired spot, and expressed a determination not to leave us till we were safe in the care of our friends. A motley crowd had gathered to welcome the new-comers. Smiles and tears were shed, voices of welcome were heard, but no friendly face or voice sought the strangers in a strange land. A half hour passed wearily away; hours that time seemed to us who anxiously sought a welcome to our new home. I believe sister Alice's bright face and heart would have saddened had not my own sadder diverted her attention from her own thoughts to cheering me.

At length, when we were relapsing into a consciousness that no one would greet us, and no welcome existed for us in the stranger crowd by which we were surrounded, a voice near was heard inquiring for persons of our name. Our faithful friend, Tawny Jack, led the inquirer to us.

"Are Mabel and Alice Lee before me?" said the voice of the speaker, a short, thick-built man, with the prim set expression of feature striven for by the Puritan. "Your aunt Judith will receive you at our home as children, trusting your gratitude will amply repay her for her kindness."

The eyes spoke more kindly than the voice. The words of greeting, neither warm nor sympathizing, would have fallen harshly on any other ears than those accustomed from life's dawn to rebuffs. To us they were simply words of greeting, neither ungracious nor courteous. With our trunks and ourselves mounted in the lumbering farm-wagon, we bade Tawny Jack our grateful farewell as he stood, cap in hand, watching us till we passed beyond his sight. Never did blossoms scent the air with greater fragrance, or birds sing more cheerily than on that sweet June morning as our wagon turned into a country road. From the small porch of a long, low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a fruitful garden of mingled flowers and vegetables, my aunt Judith stepped to greet her orphan nieces. My aunt Hannah, coarser, stouter, and gloomier, seemed to stand before me, and in the brief words of welcome we learned that our presence would be tolerated as a necessary evil; and when the bedroom apportioned us, a low, beam-crossed chamber, was gained, tears gushed plentifully from my eyes. Sister Alice mingled hers with mine, but for an instant, and they were quenched hopefully, "and quickly as the morning sunlight drinks the dew from the rose-bud's heart."

"Come, Mabel, this will never do; we will make them love us; if we are unwelcome now, we will not remain so; try, Mabel, dearest, for our sake, for mine, to strive to love and be loved, and we shall be happy in this beautiful land, for O it is so beautiful here! Look from our window."

She drew me near, and we gazed upon the wilderness of beauty that surrounded us. I listened and strove to catch the reflection of her own bright heart; but a thousand misgivings had seized mine and refused to leave. Like the troubled waters, it sent forth dirt and mire.

The first days at my aunt's were not pleasant. We soon found that we were to be considered as hewers of wood and drawers of water

for the relatives whose charity toward us expected to be repaid with compound interest, and that charity was often doled out as pittance to beggars, who existed entirely upon the bounty of others. My uncle, with a stern manner, was naturally a kind-hearted man. My aunt combined with an exact justice the sternest severity of manner, which I never saw for a moment relaxed. Her eldest daughter, a muscular girl of eighteen, almost as dark as one of the aboriginals, inherited her mother's severest characteristics intensified. Heaven forgive me! I learned to consider her a consummate hypocrite; for over all her faults and willful errors she endeavored always to throw the mild covering of religion. Unforgiving, envious, and jealous, she ruled, and at the same time was the element of discord in the household. From the moment we entered her parents' home she considered us as interlopers, and commenced a series of petty persecutions that never ceased. She was the youngest of numerous daughters settled in the neighborhood, and an engagement with James Williams was acknowledged—a strange fancy it seemed for a young man of talent, fine appearance, and a general favorite. But the broad acres of my uncle joined those of the young lover, and it was often hinted that hands, not hearts, would be joined in this match.

From dawn of day till night my sister Alice strove in a thousand ways to win kindly feeling, if not affection, from my cousin Mehetabel. Her offers of assistance were always accepted, though never with thanks or the slightest courtesy. Household duties were taken up one by one. Willingly she bore the burdens, and each day brought increasing toil and care, with a diminution of favor and additional dislike from Mehetabel. Holidays, we had few; the long Puritan Sabbath afternoon was always hailed by me with delight, for then sister Alice was free from labor for a few blessed hours, and we enjoyed each other's society without interruption—these green spots, these havens of rest for body and soul!

One bright day of Summer, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, we found ourselves alone and free to spend an entire afternoon at our pleasure; the family had gone to spend the day with a neighboring relative. A wood, which we had seen from our little window, tempted us to stroll where we had often wished but had never yet had the opportunity of entering. Through a rough, uneven cow-path we walked on, both happy in our quiet enjoyment of an unexpected pleasure. Mosses and ferns grew at our feet; the branches inter-

laced their boughs overhead, through which the sun glinted in flecks of golden light across our path. We found moss-covered stones, and sat down quieted and awed by the death-like stillness and varied beauty of Nature as she is felt in the forest. I plucked some light fern leaves and wove them into a wreath, which I placed upon the brow of my sister Alice. In my childish admiration I told her she looked like an angel; to me she was far more beautiful and lovely than any dream of angelic beauty. A step near startled us, and the lover of my cousin Mehetabel stood beside us.

"I am glad we have met," said Williams to my sister, "but you hide constantly from me; your baking, brewing, sweeping, and thousand other household cares never leave a moment for a kind word, scarcely a glance."

The flush deepened on sister Alice's fair cheek, and she hesitated for a reply. As she rose from her seat, "Stay," said he, detaining her. "Can you not, for a few minutes, give me words of simple kindness, Mistress Alice? What! no word for your cousin Mehetabel's lover?"

With increasing dignity my sister rose and said she would return home immediately; the sun was lowering and duties demanded her presence. He would have seized her hand, but seeing her evident distress, he added gently and respectfully, "From the first time we met, Mistress Alice, I have striven to give you a little kindness; your friends are few and your path none the easiest. Why so carefully and studiously reject my offers of kindness and avoid me whenever we chance to meet?"

So much good heart betrayed itself in his few earnest words, the tears gathered in my childish eyes, and Alice's bright eyes too grew misty, and her voice trembled as she replied, "Many thanks for your kindness, but, Master Williams, we must hurry home, the family will return and find me a sorry housekeeper."

"I started to meet Mehetabel," said he; "we have missed each other. I should have met her; but, Mistress Alice, when Mehetabel and I join hands and acres, for one follows the other, our house shall always be open to you, where you shall no longer be a household drudge."

Alice would have interrupted him, but he continued musingly, "Mehetabel is not always unkind, nor have I found her utterly selfish."

"She is all she should be," exclaimed Alice, rising hastily and turning toward home.

"I suppose you must know, Mistress Alice: and now as I am to stop at the house, surely you can not object to my bearing you company that far."

He strode by my sister's side, evidently neither waiting nor caring for an answer. The thought crossed my mind that he appeared to much better advantage than at the side of the dark-browed, stern-visaged mistress of his hand; but my reflections and our walk were doomed to be unpleasantly interrupted, for as we turned into the road leading from the woods, from the opposite side appeared my uncle, aunt, and Mehetabel. Never did she appear to greater disadvantage than at that moment; her sullen face had an unusually gloomy scowl, which deepened into a look of hateful rage when she saw our companion.

Williams advanced to meet her, neither eager nor deferential in his manner, while Alice, clinging to my hand, endeavored to hurry on.

"I have found the lambs in the woods, Mehetabel, and have brought them safely back to the fold."

"Truly a lamb decorated for sacrifice," sneeringly returned the incensed girl, pointing to my unfortunate fading wreath that still crowned Alice's golden hair.

"I see," coolly returned Williams, "a fit ornament. In returning Mistress Alice in safety I expected thanks, not reproofs."

"Your friends would have been better pleased had you kept your appointment and left the lambs. We have heard of wolves in sheep's clothing."

Sister Alice tore the wreath from her head and threw it far away in the grass, and would have hurried on, when my aunt, who had been a silent, but interested listener, turned upon her, "Truly, Mistress Alice, this is in a maiden unseemly indeed. I was differently reared; modesty and boldness, I was taught, could not unite in a virtuous woman."

"Enough, enough of this," said my uncle; "let no more words be uttered which will afterward cause repentance," and the walk home was concluded in angry silence. Williams, apparently indifferent as to consequences, neither sought to appease nor excite further the enraged Mehetabel, who, by every act, showed jealous resentment plainly.

That night, for the first time since we had left our English home, for the first time for many a long day, I saw traces of tears on my darling sister's cheek. "Mabel," she whispered falteringly, "I sometimes regret ever having left our old land; to-night I have been almost longing to be there; though among strangers, the old home to-night seems very dear." The light of a Summer moon streamed through our little window and shone upon her glistening tears and flushed face, and as she knelt be-

side the open window to seek strength and faith where we could only look for it, the tears rushed plentifully from my own weary eyes, but did not lighten the heavy heart. When Alice rose from prayer her old constant, trusting spirit appeared to have returned, and long after, while I, restless and awake, brooded over real and fancied griefs, she slept soundly beside me.

From that day our home grew no pleasanter. Williams pursued his wooing, but my cousin's sneering indifference of manner did not make him more ardent or devoted. The commonest courtesies were often omitted by one or both. My uncle and aunt noticed the widening estrangement, the latter in grim silence and with an increased asperity toward my sister Alice and myself, while Williams's manner of deferential respect to her added fuel to the flame; and though Alice shrank from every act of attention and scarcely replied with civility to his kind words, they brought intense dislike toward herself. Shrinking from him, from all, sister Alice from morning till night labored more diligently, more faithfully than ever slave under the burning sun of a tropical plantation, and no murmur or complaint ever passed her lips, pressed from a swelling heart.

Spring and Summer came and passed, bringing for her additional toil and duties; but her elastic step never flagged; her hands never turned aside from the daily burden of her life. But I felt that the weight of a never-ending, silent censure, and never-failing sneer, the harsh indifference that sought no moment's happiness for her, covered her life with a dark shadow, and eclipsed the light of her sunny spirit; but we had shelter, food, raiment, and therewith she strove to be content.

One cold December day my sister Alice started on an errand for my cousin to town. Before she returned the air was filled with thick snow-flakes; a heavy fall of snow was setting in, and as I watched anxiously from the kitchen window I saw her coming toward the house plowing through the snow, then ankle deep. She was not alone—Williams walked defiantly by her side, carrying her heavy basket. Sister Alice was the picture of distress, but never appeared distress more beautiful; her brown cloak wreathed with snow-flakes, her blue hood thrown partially aside, and her golden hair beaded with the same ornaments—a burning blush glowing in each cheek, formed a dazzling contrast with the whiteness of her fair face. Well she knew the storm her appearance with her companion would create; had she not, the silent tempest stamped upon the countenances

of my aunt and cousin would have shown it. "Dear aunt," she stammered with clasped hands, "let me explain." "No explanation is needed," sneered Mehetabel, "for it is not the first time the innocent lamb has needed protection"—she turned and left the room as Williams entered, and my aunt, who stood somewhat in fear of his fiery spirit, bade Alice follow her where matters demanded immediate attention.

Three hours later I stood with my sister in our little room; she shivered while she changed her draggled dress, soaked shoes and stockings, but the red flush still stood deeply stamped upon her cheek. A cough followed this exposure, and though Alice never faltered in her duties, I saw with distress what others would not or could not notice, that her slender frame grew slighter, and the constant cough was ever the echo of her presence.

One March Sunday my uncle's family returned from service and announced a day appointed for fasting and prayer for the expulsion of the evil spirit of witchcraft that now stalked boldly forth through the land. Many minds and bodies, they said, were held in cruel bonds by the demons. Williams, who was present, rose from his chair and struck the table near him a great blow with his hand. "If," said he, "this be our religion it will carry us beyond our depth, for if this be continued neither youth nor old age will be safe from persecution; it seems to me Heaven had better be importuned for justice and mercy."

"Wiser and better men than me advise it," said my uncle. "Cotton Mather urges this procedure."

"Well may he pray," retorted Williams impatiently, "for the torch that lights a witch's funeral pile will spread a flame none can quench."

My aunt groaned at this irreverence; my uncle looked as if he would fain, if he dared, agree with these sentiments. Again and again was this subject discussed as the reign of terror and fanaticism prevailed, and the family, at first incredulous, soon fell into the popular error and condemned alike youth or decrepit poverty, wherever they fell victims. A Mr. Borroughs, the clergyman of an adjacent parish, had been accused of witchcraft and awaited his trial in prison. When it was announced, my sister Alice, usually so retiringly modest, started in agitation from her seat and exclaimed a hope that Heaven might defend an innocent man. "You may as well pray for yourself or for me, Mistress Alice," said Williams, "we stand as good a chance as the veriest witch in Salem."

His incredulity irritated Mehetabel. "If," said she, "such fate befall either, it were a just retribution from Heaven for scoffers who set at naught the counsels of the holiest and wisest men." Such attacks were usually unnoticed by Williams, but at this time, unusually provoked, he retorted angrily. Recrimination followed, and a more bitter quarrel than any previous ensued, and they parted in unforgiving anger.

The next morning Mehetabel failed to appear; my aunt returned from her room with a face on which horrible anxiety was depicted. "Our daughter can not leave her bed," she said sinking into a chair. "It is the hand of the Lord"—she covered her face with her hands.

"Speak plainly, wife," said my uncle, "what calamity do you dread?"

"What evil do we all dread?" asked my aunt.

My uncle inquired no farther, but hastily turned to his daughter's room and returned with a troubled, anxious countenance. He rested his head on his hand in painful silence. "Alice," said he at length, "was Williams here yesterday, and did high words pass between them?"

Alice, under the immediate surveillance of my aunt, gave a hasty account of the scene enacted the previous day. He listened in silence, and then bade Alice and myself to keep from annoying Mehetabel by our presence in her room. As the day wore on the intelligence spread through the neighborhood that the evil was working in our midst; old and young, in sympathy or curiosity, thronged to the house, and with them came Williams. "Mistress Alice," asked he abruptly, "they tell me Mehetabel is bewitched. What is all this nonsense? I might have told the fools that a day or more ago; yes, a long time ago I would have said so; and now woe betide the unlucky creature upon whom her vials of wrath are loosened; let me tell you, Mistress, a fact you may have suspected—she has always regarded you with especial disfavor."

Alice looked inexpressibly shocked as he continued: "She had some cause for jealousy, it is true, for I could have made a fool of myself, and you might have treated the fool according to his folly. However, Mehetabel and I have broken faith long since. I believe her vengeance is about to fall on us. I leave for Boston this afternoon. I came," he added, in a bitter tone, "to take leave of my heart's beloved, and of you, Mistress Alice. Do not fear me," he said as Alice shrank from the grasp of the hand that he detained; "let me know how and when I can serve you. I have only kindly

feelings toward you, and would have been a better friend had you permitted it."

He was gone the moment after, and with him went the feeling of protection his presence inspired, leaving a horrible presentiment of impending danger occasioned by his words.

Sister Alice sat down on the low door-step and wept as if her heart was breaking; never had I seen her give way to overwhelming weakness, and I, the pitied, weak creature, tried to gather up my feeble mental and physical strength for her support. "Sister," I whispered, "let us go from this horrible place; let us go now!"

"Where, O where shall we go, Mabel?" she asked through her sobs.

From the sick-room overhead we distinctly heard Alice! Alice! screamed vehemently; the echo rang through the house. Waiting no longer, ignorant as to fate and consequences, sick at heart and trembling with an apprehension of evil, we fled, homeless wanderers. We entered the woods near the house, and walking and running till breathless, we were beyond the sight and sound of our recent shelter. We sat down with the earth at our feet and heavens overhead, exhausted and faint. Excitement had given me unusual strength, and now the reaction followed. "Where shall we go? What shall we do?" were the questions I wished to ask and dared not, fearful of my answer. Sister Alice sat with her head bowed hopelessly for a long time, and when she raised it and met my inquiring glance, I saw a glimmer of hope. "Mabel, we will go to Boston and find Jack; we will ask him to take us in for the present; he has a kind heart, and will be kind to us, as he promised; we can not return to our uncle's; there is no longer a home for us with him."

"Williams," I whispered hesitatingly. The color rose to her face.

"No, no, Mabel, we must not think for a moment of accepting his offices of kindness."

It was noon when we left our uncle's house, and daylight was fading when we entered the narrow streets of the town of Boston. Forlorn and wearied, we strove to pass unnoticed through the busiest part of the town, and though many a curious glance was bestowed upon us we reached the wharf without molestation. At the low, narrow, wooden building where we inquired, we learned with joy that Jack was in port and at home. An old sailor, a friend and assistant comrade, made us welcome. Jack was out but would soon return—an invitation that was only extended to be accepted by the poor wanderers, who, for hours,

had felt that, homeless and friendless, they were cast upon the wide world. When Jack returned his unfeigned pleasure and heart-felt welcome were unmistakable. In a few brief words sister Alice explained our present painful situation, and begged that he would shelter us till other arrangements could be made. "Till you get tired of my poor home it is yours, my young mistress," said Jack, "a poor, sorry one it is; but here I am, and my friend Jem, he has lost one arm in good service, and the other is at your service, I'll be bound." The deaf old friend, who had listened attentively, and as attentively watched his comrade's face, nodded his head approvingly.

Jack prepared our supper, and in a humble bed, in this new and novel place, confident of present safety, I slept soundly through the night after the weary fatigue of that day, waking but once to find my sister Alice pacing nervously the narrow room, her hollow cough echoing through my sleep as weariness drove me again to slumber. The next morning Jack, with anxious solicitude, provided for our wants. "I must go out, mistress," said he to Alice, "but mind that you keep within doors; keep quiet and low for a day or two and no harm will reach you."

"But," replied my sister, "we can not think of living in this way upon your kindness; let me go to-day and seek employment; I may find some one who will accept my services."

"Not this day, nor the next, nor next, my young lady; and since you have put yourselves under my colors, no disobeying orders; I'll see that the storm does not come on too sudden while you are with me."

He soon left us, not without extracting a promise that we would not disregard his command. A long and only partially-understood conversation was held with Jem, who, anxious to assist, listened, and winked, and nodded vigorously, as if it were clear as daylight. "All right," shouted Jack in his ear as he moved off.

"Is n't this pleasant, sister Alice?" I cried wild with excitement and my feeling of perfect security. "Never, never let us return to that fearful place."

"It is only a resting-place, Mabel," said Alice sadly. "We can not remain here long, and Heaven alone knows what our next change may be."

The day wore on; my spirits were as gay as the brightest day of my life, while sister Alice was thoughtful and quiet, and the burning spot in the center of each cheek burnt like watch-fires of distress. Repeatedly she paced the

small apartment, turning to me from time to time for a mute caress.

The longest day will pass away, and at sunset I stood watching the going down of the sun beyond the broad surface of the waters. A knock was unheard by Jem, who, deaf to ordinary appeals, took no notice of this. "It must be Jack," I exclaimed. "Sister Alice, I will run and let him in." Without waiting for a reply I opened the upper part of the old-fashioned door and stood aghast as my uncle and three strangers stood before me, regarding me with an air of sad triumph.

"I must see your sister Alice," said my uncle. "Is Williams here?" he inquired.

I should have flown at the sound of his voice, now terrible to me, but fear palsied my tongue and paralyzed my limbs, as they entered without interruption.

"Mistress Alice," said he sternly, "we have come to arrest you in the name of justice and humanity, and your companion Williams, who together are torturing my poor child, till soul and body are well-nigh parting."

A wild scream from the pallid creature rang through the air, as she sank senseless at the feet of her persecutors. The old sailor was impotent at that hour, for physical strength alone in that danger was useless; it needed more than will and courage to assist the innocent—none, save God, was with the orphan in that dark hour. In rage, despair, and anguish I clung desperately to the knees of the men who lifted my sister's form from the floor and carried her away. In frenzy I called them murderers, and shouted that her death would rest upon their souls. If compassion touched their hearts they dared not yield to its dictates, but bore her away to the vile prison, where, with other unfortunate victims, she would await the form of a trial where the verdict was drawn and given from the moment the prison doors closed upon the doomed.

I followed the crowd that speedily collected and escorted the witch to her prison, her new home. My strength was nearly exhausted, when I felt myself forcibly lifted with a strong arm, and borne swiftly away from the crowd. No thought of my own personal danger crossed my mind. To be with my sister, to share her privations, danger, death, if that came, I asked but for this. No answer was returned to my entreaties, and when away from observation and I was set down upon my feet, I found that Williams was my companion. "Tell me now," said he fiercely, "all that has happened since yesterday morning." His face darkened and his clinched hand moved nervously, as I recounted

as best I could the events of the past twenty-four hours. Williams murmured, "I wish that the story of my being with her was true, I would have wrenched her from their blood-thirsty hands."

We sat down on a bank by the roadside. I had a firm belief in his friendship and a vague idea that he could extricate us from our present difficulties. He seemed absorbed in deep thought for some time, and finally rose and led me through the outskirts of the town, till we stood before Jack's humble door. "Now, Mabel, listen and understand what I say; all that I can do shall be done to save your sister. They will question you; be careful how you reply, and do not mention my name, or having seen me; it will only tell against her; keep up a brave heart and perhaps all will come out well."

Jack opened the door. "O," he exclaimed, "if I only had been home, if I only had been here, I would have saved the dear young mistress."

"Take care of this child," said Williams hastily; "see that she is provided for, and you will be rewarded."

"I have the first right to her; I promised her sister that she should be cared for; I need no reward," he added proudly. A whispered conversation followed, and I learned then that for the present would be my home. Late in the evening I heard voices at the door inquiring for the child Mabel. I recognized that of my uncle. Regardless of warnings and consequences I rushed forward, threw myself at his feet, and implored him to let me be with my sister. I fancied he pitied me, for I was not repulsed, but increasing my cries and petitions, there came the stern answer, "It can never be; you must be saved if Alice has given herself wholly over to the evil one." The door closed upon him and I fell in despair to the floor. For days they kept me a close prisoner. Kindness, such as only the truest and noblest hearts could offer, was given. To all I was indifferent, and watched constantly for an opportunity for flight; for vainly I imagined I could by so doing join my sister in her distress.

One day I found the longed-for privilege, and darted like a bird from my cage; wildly I ran through the streets ignorant of all. I saw a crowd gathering on the fresh green Common, now rejoicing in the beauty of Spring. I followed and heard the cry of "The witch! the English witch!" ring through the air. I gained a footing, where the scene I witnessed is as fresh to-day in my memory as it was at that hour. My sister Alice, in a rude cart, sat

bound hand and foot; her golden hair streamed from her uncovered head upon her shoulders, her beautiful face pale, wan with deadly suffering, the never-fading crimson in either cheek; with her garments of shame around her she sat a most pitiful object. I screamed her name. What followed I can not remember, for I was borne from the crowd. Unconsciousness followed; for weeks I was oblivious to every thing, and the fearful revelation that was given with returning consciousness drove me to pray that the grave might soon close me in its embrace. I learned that my sister Alice, with her bright, loving, noble spirit, rested in the grave, wickedly, unjustly doomed to be cut off in the bloom of youth. The sentence passed upon her mercifully shortened her life, for in the damp, dark prison, removed from friends, sympathy, or kindness, life and strength ebbed away before the time appointed for her shameful execution arrived. She left many a message for me, and died hoping that Providence would place us in one grave.

For a long time life and death struggled for me; but life triumphed. I lived to see, with pitying heart, fearful retributions of Heaven visited upon the murderers of my sister—my aunt and uncle living to feel and know the disgraceful fall of a daughter into the depths of infamy—a brand worse, a curse harder to bear than the fate of the English witch. Many years passed before life blossomed for me. My severe illness left me with improved health and strength, and I lived to be grateful that life had been spared; for in Williams I found a friend and protector, who, from the hour of my sister's death, was better to me than the tenderest brother. Long years after, when the grass, many a Spring and Fall, had started and faded on my sister Alice's grave, and the memory of my loss grew less poignant and painful; when he for whom every breath was gratitude and affection, begged that a nearer and dearer tie might unite us, I unreservedly, unhesitatingly granted his wish.

Together we cherished the memory of the unfortunate sacrifice of murderous superstition, and the most honored earthly name in our household was "Sister Alice."

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, leaving no trace behind.

THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.

BY REV. G. W. BURNS, A. M.

THE generality of men have some occupation by which they secure a livelihood. Labor, physical and mental, is a wise appointment of the great Creator. Man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brain or brow. The world is a workshop; God is its proprietor, and perpetually presides over its great and complicated machinery. The due development of its details involves the necessity of instruments and agents of every possible grade, from the chimney-sweep to him who sits upon the proud pinnacle of political power. A great variety of positions is to be filled, each important, each essential to the completeness of the great plan.

It is a wise and gracious allotment of Providence, that men should differ in their tastes, inclinations, and capabilities, which variety leads them to the choice of the various occupations by which all positions are filled. All the several capacities and endowments of mankind are thus beautifully brought into full play, and the best interests of society subserved. Each one contributes his quota to the common weal, each supplying the lack of the other. Thus the whole human family are constituted in a state of mutual dependence. "None of us liveth unto himself."

Each man's business in the world, when connected with the grand plan of God for the good of humanity, is a sacred appointment. His ordinary work for which he is adapted is a divine errand. The coal digger is as necessary to society as the mechanic; the mechanic as needful as the farmer; the farmer can no more be dispensed with than the physician, or lawyer, or teacher. All these have a separate line of duty to perform, and when rightly employed, have as important positions to fill, in proportion to the nature of their respective work, as the minister of the Gospel. He has his mission, to which he is divinely called; they have theirs, to which they are humanly called. They may no more disobey the voice of society, than the minister refuse to hearken to the command of God.

Men differ as to the honor attached to the positions occupied. A vast distinction is made in the various employments. One is looked upon as degrading and is shunned; another is valued as an honor worthy of all effort for its securement. But God regards them from a different stand-point. He makes no discrimination between those obeying their adapted vocations.

Some would reduce all mankind to a level,

and destroy all distinctions in society. But this is an impossibility. Men can not be absolutely equal. There ever will be differences, not only in this world, but in that to come. But to work harmoniously the mighty machine of human activity is the great duty and real merit of life. The digging, and shoveling, and blasting, and carting, in the construction of a railroad, are just as essential to its formation as is the skill of the engineer. He that faithfully fulfills the duties of what is regarded a low condition, is vastly more to be honored than he who neglects or poorly performs the obligations of his reputed high position. The one should not be ashamed of his occupation, the other should be ashamed of himself. There is deep truth in the couplet,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; THERE all the honor lies."

The profession and practice of the Christian are represented under the idea of a "calling." The entire tenor of the Scripture is, that the business of a Christian life is something special and distinctive. It is, indeed, a separate and individual vocation. "In its nature and spirit it is something to be distinguished from all other occupations, all other schemes of thought, all systems of philosophy, all enterprises of the will, all plans of education. It is so distinct that no one of these things can be mistaken for it, nor substituted in place of it. The Christian character springs from its own root, grows by its own laws, and bears its own peculiar fruit." It finds in each human soul a distinct provision for its development, "a religious capacity, an organ of faith, a spiritual want, reaching dimly after God, and never meant to be satisfied but in the gifts of his Holy Spirit." It has its own conditions of preparation, the faithful use of appointed means. "There must be definite action, a fixing of attention, a concentration of the mind, a full purpose of the will." It is to be undertaken as an attainment, "grand but simple, practicable for all men, the noblest of all objects." With it there is no pursuit to be thought of in comparison.

Earthly occupations are esteemed in proportion to their intrinsic goodness, to the reputation they afford, and to the profit to be derived. Measured by these, how great the calling of the Christian!

It is one of infinite, intrinsic goodness. It is a Divine, a holy calling. Its author is infinitely holy. The Gospel, the great means to induce men to engage in it, is holy, just, and good. The Holy Ghost, the Divine agent in the awakening and regenerating of the slumber-

ing soul, enlightening the mind of man, renewing his will, both persuading and enabling him to embrace Jesus Christ by faith, is coequal with the Father in holiness. It leads to a holy end. It requires holiness of heart and life. It fits its possessor for a translation to a state of perfect holiness. It was purchased by the blood of Jesus, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

It is the most honorable calling. Its author is the King, eternal, immortal, invisible; the only wise God, whose name alone is Jehovah. It emancipates the immortal soul from the vilest servitude. It restores from a condition of sin to one of holiness. It exonerates from the greatest guilt. It frees from eternal disgrace and misery. It exalts from the position of the slave of Satan to a joint heirship with Jesus Christ.

It is the most profitable calling. It is true it requires sacrifices, but only of that which is really worthless or hurtful. Every thing consistent with the true honor and legitimate happiness is allowed. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report pertain to the Christian. He is able to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content." His God supplies all his need according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ. He has continually the comfort of the Holy Spirit. He is prepared to live, and consequently fitted to die.

"Who would not be a Christian? . . .

For 'tis the loftiest name the language bears,
And all the languages in all the worlds
Have none so sublime. It relates to Christ,
And breathes of God and holiness,
By the rich graces of the Holy Ghost,
To fit them for the paradise on high,
Where angels dwell, and perfect manhood shines
In the clear luster of redeeming love
Forever and forever; and implies
A son and heir of the eternal God."

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

PRECEPTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

CHRISTIANITY is either a fact or a falsity.

If a fact, its claims to human credence are founded on such evidences of its divinity as can not be resisted; if a falsity, its deception, like false coin, is certainly within the reach of positive detection. Both external evidence and internal testimony unite in stamping upon it "the seal of high divinity." The former, which is mainly founded upon the testimony derived from prophecy and miracles in favor of the truth of our holy religion, we propose not to consider; while the latter, in the form of preceptive Christianity, will claim our consideration for a few moments.

And right at the threshold of our investigation, even the sheerest infidelity or the boldest irreligion must allow that Christianity courts the light and invites the largest and strictest canvass of its evidences. Its language to the sincere inquirer after truth is, "Come let us reason together;" that fairly done, its divinity must stand out before the mind in the light of a great, undeniable fact. No honest intellect can contemplate the sublime ethics of Christianity without a conviction of its divine origin. Let us see.

As the Word of God is the source of its revelation to the world, the question immediately arises, What is the character of that Word? To this we need only reply—look at the purity of its doctrines and the spirituality of its moral code! Where did the world ever see any thing comparable to it as a system of ethics? Leaving the divinity of Christianity unasserted for the present, how the best codes of earthly philosophy pale into insignificance before the majesty and sublimer philosophy of the Gospel! Never did Grecian or Roman sage enunciate such truth and morality as are here enunciated. To say nothing of its glorious revelations of the Divine character and of his infinite perfections and moral government, all of which reason indorses as alone worthy of the great Author and Governor of the universe, let us examine several of the cardinal principles of Heaven's moral code.

Take, for instance, this: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Where did the world ever hear a sentiment so accordant with reason and so replete with moral sublimity, till Christianity announced it? This one principle of the Gospel is the sum total of all philosophy; and were it enthroned in the great heart and life of human-

ity, we would have heaven on earth. Reason, though utterly impotent to conceive of such a sentiment in the absence of a divine announcement, is forced to the acknowledgment that to bring this world up to the highest point of moral perfection, is simply to give this golden rule universal application among men.

Christianity lays great stress upon the duty and necessity of forgiveness, and is in this respect infinitely above the purest ethical systems ever devised by finite intelligence. Revelation teaches that "it is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression;" and all reason and experience accord the truth of the sentiment. But where in their moral codes did the sages teach any thing like this? Aristotle and others seemed to regard not a little of "the glory of a man" as consisting in revenge for injury done to him. This was the highest reach of their philosophy. How sublimely beautiful, how divine the Gospel at this point! "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us!" This is the spirit, this the sublime genius of Christianity. It has been well said that "to err is human, but to forgive divine." In the very nature of things an unforgiving spirit is its own greatest punishment. It can not be otherwise. So that, religion laid aside, it is the price of every man's happiness that he forgive those who trespass against him. No less truthfully than elegantly has the great bard said:

"The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,
And 't is the crown of justice and the glory,
Where it may kill by right to save with pity."

Benevolence is another fundamental precept of Christianity—its divinest charm and its highest eulogy! How unlike the maxims and philosophy of the world is the unselfishness taught in the Gospel! In no one thing is the unearthly origin of our holy religion more clearly seen than in the great lessons it teaches in respect of our obligations to humanity. Christianity teaches that man lives for a purpose worthy of his Creator and of himself, when he lives not to or for himself! In the sublime morality of the Gospel he is counseled to see no dignity or nobility in that life which does not rise superior to selfishness, and which does not connect its holiest sympathies and noblest activities with the welfare and moral elevation of humanity.

"Charity seeketh not her own;" and as the sun shines, the rain falls, and the flowers bloom, not for themselves but for others, so is man taught by the ethics of Christianity to consecrate his heart and hands, his time and means,

his influence and his all, to the sublime work of promoting the best interests of his fellow-man. Certainly such a system of precepts, so uniformly teaching that we should love our neighbor as ourself, and thus seeking to eliminate all selfishness from the world, can not be a splendid moral fabrication, as some of the objectors to revealed religion have averred. Looked at in the light of the highest moral philosophy conceivable by the human mind, and seen in all the beauty and moral loveliness of its own characteristic benevolence, this supposition can not be entertained for a moment; while the mind, on the other hand, is irresistibly shut up to the conclusion of the superhuman origin of this great system of morals.

Honesty, which reason teaches as an indispensable element in human character, is no where so clearly and efficiently taught as in the morality of the Bible. "Deal justly," "defraud no man," and "owe no man any thing," are lessons permeating the whole system of Christianity. Nor is the doctrine of honesty placed upon mere legal issues; it stands upon a high moral basis. Christian morality connects man with the past upon this subject, as well as with the present and future. No limitation law is admissible here; "the uttermost farthing" must be paid. A man's sins, but not his debts to his fellow-men, are canceled in conversion. If able, like Zaccheus, he must make full restitution.

No where are human rights so fully and clearly defined as they are in the moral code of the Bible; nor are they any where enforced by such weighty sanctions. We may say also at this point, that all the progress made in jurisprudence by the enlightened nations of the earth, has been in proportion to their discovery of the great principles of law found in the writings of the distinguished lawgiver of Israel. This is an argument strongly in favor of our position, but we shall not press it further than to say that all forms of injustice are condemned and a rigid rule of right marked out for every man in the Bible. The presumption, therefore, is that the code teaching these precepts is divine. Certain it is that a recognition of these principles, as taught in revelation, is absolutely necessary to the wellbeing and progress of human society.

There is nothing, even in the apprehension of reason, so beautiful, so divine as truth; and yet in no system of philosophy is its importance unfolded as it is in the morality of the Gospel. Some eminent writers on moral science have justified a departure from truth as both expedient and necessary in given instances; whereas

we are taught in the Christian code that falsehood is unallowable under any and all circumstances. That which is in itself false never can be right, in the nature of things; nor can its final result be aught else than evil. Time, ever the friend of truth, must in the end reveal the deception, and wrong must follow. We have only to see the high position assigned to truth in Christian morality, and then to read the lessons unfolded in the characters of those who have unswervingly adhered to it as the guiding-star of their lives, to learn that it is the very crown of human character. There can be no excellence, no virtue in that character which lacks the sterling quality of truth.

We find in preceptive Christianity all that ennobles and sublimates human character; and in this fact we have the highest evidence of its divine origin and truth. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, related to the welfare or progress of humanity in any respect but what is covered by the principles already noticed in this partial investigation of Christianity in its precepts and doctrines. The golden rule itself, if it had universal sway in the world, would bring it back at once to the Eden era of its history.

But the question arises, Is there moral power enough in Christianity to give practical enforcement to its exalted principles? We answer emphatically in the affirmative. We claim the whole history of Christianity to be decisive of this point, since that history is inexplicable on any other principle. The bitterest foe to revealed religion must grant that Christianity is both a fixed and powerful institution in the world, and two things must always go along with this admission. First, that all the triumphs it has won in the world have been achieved in the face of tremendous opposition; and, secondly, that these triumphs have been won by no other weapon than that of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Add to these remarkable facts the further consideration that Christianity has never forced an unwilling subject within its pale, and its inherent moral power must be allowed as the grand source of its success. Any other solution of this problem must ignore principles and facts vital to the whole question. So we arrive at the conclusion that Christianity, both as a code of precepts and as a system of attested moral power, is from Heaven.

"That the truths of the Bible," exclaims Dr. Wayland, "have the power of awakening intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good and send

a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach man to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare; and, finally, that they teach man to aspire after conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature than any other which this world has ever known, are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy or the demonstrations of mathematics."

THE HOUSATONIC.

BY M. S. TURBILL.

'Mid the hills of West New England,
In a broad, meandering vale,
Where the shade and sunshine mingling,
Deck with vivid tints the vale,
Flows a streamlet, bright and graceful,
With its waves so crystal clear,
That its floor of marble pebbles
And its glistening sands appear.
'T is the queenly Housatonic,
Which in majesty doth glide,
Through wild glens and sunny lowlands,
Ere is met the ocean tide.

Though dark mountain cliffs o'erhanging,
Fringed by the sprangly pine,
Frown for miles along its waters—
There are farms and forests fine,
And neat villages embowered,
'Mid which glittering steeples shine,
And the rugged landscape viewing,
'Mid the distant plains and hills,
See the chestnut groves and meadows,
And the dancing silvery rills,
And from clustered elms out-peeping
See a cot or mansion fair,
With its shrubby and white palings—
With its flowers blooming there.

Can you find a lovelier, fairer,
More romantic eastern stream,
Where each glade and sloping hill-side
With such varied beauties gleam?
First, a lake like mirrored crystal,
Quiet sleeps in distant dale—
Then a sparkling vein emerging,
Ripples gayly through the vale,
To the distant azure ocean,
Where the wild waves murmuring wail.

Like to thee, my favorite river,
As I journey on each day,
May my course through youth be ever
Earnest, truthful, joyous, gay;
That when years have wreathed their blessings,
And eternity's vast sea
Opens with its boundless prospects,
Life may end triumphantly!

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER VIII.

SHALL WOMEN THINK?

SINCE the "company" inundation, the evening talks at Lakeside had become, as certain visitations were once supposed to be, "few and far between." Not that there was any dearth of words. Tongues moved more nimbly than ever; but candor obliges the confession that much less was said. The family circle was so diluted, that in order to the free expression of thought, it had to break itself into smaller knots. The one for which I am self-constituted reporter, consisted of Mrs. Wayne and Ralph, Harry Morland and his sisters. Scene: the arbor by the lake. Please sketch to your taste. A water view; sunset glow; a few cumuli, white, touched with gold; trees, flowers, and five unusually-agreeable people.

At the precise moment of the reporter's *entree*, Fannie had been flinging from her tongue-tip sundry spicy little hits, in contempt of a certain omnivorous animal, whose gluttonous habits had stirred her spleen; which hits, if reported *verbatim*, might seem too closely to echo some of Gail Hamilton's tirades, to do credit to the young lady's originality. Harry, whose lyceum-sharpened scent for argument was as keen as that of a rat terrier, was expected to reply in a manner calculated to bring on a word tournament. Perhaps we had better give this time to get in full play before we strike the newly-sharpened pencil to the foolscap.

"Now, Harry, you are perfectly provoking! I would n't own you if I thought you believed one-half the absurd things you have been saying. What an idea! A woman's influence in her family to depend upon her skill in catering for the animal—the beast. That's your proposition, sir, in plain Saxon. About as reasonable as men are! A woman to meet their demands must have as many hands as Briareus, as many heads as the Hydra, as many eyes as Argus, as many forms as Proteus, and all instinct with warm, delicate refinement; while they may be just common, coarse gormands! Ugh! Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" She paused for breath.

"You certainly ought to take the rostrum, Fan," threw in Harry, with a teasing laugh. "You would spout splendidly at a Woman's Rights Convention."

"Woman's Rights, nonsense! Now, Harry, don't fling that at me! Because some of the sex, goaded beyond endurance by the oppres-

sions of men, have gone a shadow of a shade too far in their zeal to right matters, and have made dunces of themselves, don't, for pity's sake, think to scare every other woman who attempts to say a word, into flat, abject propriety, by rattling that old skeleton in her face."

Harry's thrust had the effect intended, of leaving his pert mercurial antagonist *hors de combat*, for, of all things, as he very well knew, she hated to be charged with ultra woman's-rights tendencies. Mary came to her sister's aid.

"It occurs to me, Sir Harry, I've heard some spouting from your honorable self that would n't sound badly at one of those same conventions. Do n't you remember, Fannie, that very chivalrous college declamation we had the good fortune to hear?"

"Remember it! Be sure I do. The old Revolutionary doctrine of no taxation without representation! Fairly out-Beechering Beecher! Now—nonsense aside—every man that thinks demands for his mate a woman that thinks. Of course such men are as frequently mismated as their ignorant *confreres*; but often this very mismatement sets tongue and pen off, full tilt, to show the glory of having a cultured woman to make a home and train children."

"Just as if that were the one idea of a lady's life!" simpered Miss Arabella, as she minced into the arbor. One set of daintily-gloved digits twirled a tiny parasol; the other fluttered a fan; between them, gathering up an infinity of gauzy skirts, making the elegant damsel look quite like an immense powder puff. Her words curled her lip into an expression not the most remote from a sneer.

"About as deeply as women of her grade look into grave questions," thought the philosophic Mr. Ralph.

"Just as if it were not," rang out Miss Fannie's clear tones, in tart response to the simpering sneer.

"To go back a little, Fannie," said her brother, with praiseworthy perseverance in his polemics, "I deny that thinking men ought to marry thinking women. Not to look especially after the interests of the next generation—which party of the third part has been known to bring up in a lunatic asylum, through an oversensitive intellectual organism, inherited from parentage, all brain—thinking only of the present, when a man comes in from his counting-room or office, if he is a decent student, he is supposed to have had brain work enough for that forenoon. What he wants is rest; and he must have it to keep his machinery in running order. Now, let him turn the key on stocks, sermons, and professional care, and meet

in the home, not a nervous, angular, intense woman, her vital force all used up in study, but a pretty little scrap of restfulness, in a white wrapper, with a rose in her hair, fresh, cheery, and full of the pretty little sayings and doings of a nestfull of pretty little chicks. Don't you see, he can unbend. His thoughts are beguiled out of their old grooves. A gust of freshness sweeps through his life, and he is ready to go out again, a giant gloriously refreshed."

"If I'm not mistaken," said Mary, an unconvinced smile playing about the corners of her mouth, "it takes some thinking to keep a home in such prime order. Broiled steaks do not grow 'done to a dot.' Coffee has a perverse trick of muddiness, and unless somebody *thinks*, the thousand and one 'nice little' appointments get into a hopeless tangle. Servants are not generally regarded angelic, I believe. You hire a given amount of muscular force, but the thinking, the *morale* of the matter is not usually found at the intelligence office. Now, Sir Harry, I assert that no other than a thinking woman can pilot a household through the manifold difficulties growing out of our imperfect, domestic service system, and carry 'a nestfull of pretty little chicks' through the inevitable perils of juvenility, measles, hooping-cough, etc., not to mention the moral quicksands and rocks, ten times worse than all others."

"Why, yes, Mary, of course a woman has to think. I would n't advise any sort of mental asphyxia; but, then, let her thinking be in the direction of domestic affairs. If she is to be the wife of a brain-worker, don't let her be forever poring over books."

"I understand," said Mary. "Keep her in the basement amid the clatter and smudge of domestic machinery, that her lord may enjoy the serenities of the upper rooms; and when they meet, once a day or so, upon some landing in the stairway, between stories, they may touch finger tips, and he be marvelously rested thereby. Now, if we admit, what I seriously object to, that his thinking pays better than hers it remains to be proven, that one who has mind enough for all this, has not her mute rebellions, her inner clamorings for the grand, beautiful thought range, open to him whom God has written 'one' with her. And then your charming picture of the 'pretty little scrap of restfulness,' 'refreshed giant,' and all that. I'd like to know if your brain-workers haven't an awkward habit of carrying a big budget of cares home with them. Of course they don't mean to—the kindly-considerate fellows! No, indeed! Not a particle of work or worry would

they bring to the 'pretty little' kittens and canaries at home; but, then, how do we find the thing in practical life? Dr. A., a well-meaning, husbandly specimen, goes to the glass, brushes his hair, smooths the wrinkles out of his face, pulls up his collar, adjusts his cravat, turns the key in the office door, and strides home. Now, allowing 'pretty little' Mrs. A. to have filled her rôle, he is met by white muslin, roses, smiles, presentable babies, etc. He gives Mrs. A. an appropriate caress, the babies a suitable dose of petting, and while he waits for dinner he thinks it well to fill the programme by asking his wife to play some of her old music. In the middle of the third stanza, when baby stays proceedings by getting a button in its throat, he awakes suddenly to find that he has been tugging away, in an oblivious brown study, feeling pulses, looking at tongues; his outer self smiling and playing 'rest,' his inner man worrying over fever cases and fits. By changing technicalities, our Doctor will represent the home life of the mass of thinking men. They can't leave their cares down town. They don't know how. These 'pretty little' home scenes may soothe the galls, where the harness wears, but they do n't stop the wearing."

"Bravo! Mary," laughed Harry. "A big speech! Guess you're the one for the rostrum, after all."

This rallying did not disconcert Mary; though this long strain of talk was not according to her way. I think it was Miss Arabella's sneer that aroused her. Her voice, so far from being declamatory, was lowered a point or so. Her brown eyes were open and earnest. A good look into them scattered Harry's quips.

"Give us your idea of Dr. A.'s needs, please, Mary. You have annihilated my 'pretty little' theories; now, what would you have Mrs. A. do when her Doctor comes in, tired out and tugging at the fever cases?"

"Well, in the first place, I would have her a sensible girl, brought up, not to fancy her only work in life to look pretty and catch a husband, but to think, to know something, to do what the good God made her to do. Having married Dr. A., I would have her fit herself for the place."

"Read medicine? Fight her way through a medical college?"

"That might not be practicable; but a few minutes each day, say a trifle over the frizzing and rat-adjusting time, that ladies spend in making their heads hideous—only a half hour a day, spent in close reading, would familiarize her with his profession, and make her an infinite help to him. How? Why, suppose he

comes in from the office with a hard case grinding through the convolutions of his brain. He knows he has n't the right of it, and how can he think of any thing else? a human life is at stake! He marches in, sits down, takes up the baby. Mrs. A. sees the difficulty, guesses it, as a woman can, if she will keep still long enough, asks quietly, 'Doctor, how's B. to-day?' 'Worse,' a twitch of the muscles over the eyes, said eyes laughing to baby all the while. 'Guess he'll go for it this time.' 'Let's see, Doctor, have you told me what ails him?' Then comes a chapter of incomprehensible medical jargon, comprehensible to her, however. Perhaps it is from rehearsing the diagnosis of the case, possibly her suggestions, something in the books that he has forgotten, and she remembers, but light breaks in. The weight is lifted. Now he can rest."

"But see here!" broke in Fannie, "suppose there are two or three babies, and miserable help, out of which she has to work two dollars' worth of misdeeds every mortal week, how is she to get time for all this?"

"I am talking about a sensible woman, sensibly brought up. Such have wit enough to cut their way out of this everlasting American 'help' snarl. You know some ladies make a business of shopping. They have a keen eye for the right article; and when they come to just the thing, at just the price, they take it. Now, a sensible woman knows how work ought to be done. She goes into the 'help' market with a fair bid, and gets what she wants—a good servant, whom she will pay decently, lodge decently, treat decently, and who will serve her decently."

"I should think, then, Mary," said Mr. Wayne, smiling, "that the question hinges upon the *modus operandi* of making women sensible."

"Yes, sir, and men too. When men marry, not pretty faces, pretty toilets, or pretty fortunes, but women, trained to make right homes, I think the Gordian knot will be cut."

"But, Mary, about this potential Dr. A. Professional men generally set up housekeeping at the foot of the hill Difficulty; funds low, economy necessary, wife must sew, stitch, mend, *ad infinitum*. How about that?"

"Well, let's suppose a colloquy. Doctor comes in. 'Annie, can you go with me to see a patient? A lady; singular case; out of my reach; mental trouble I think. A little of your womanly tact will help me get hold of it.' 'But, Doctor, I was going to commence those shirts this afternoon.' 'Hire the shirts made, Annie. Your tact and nursing in this one case will be worth more to us than any quantity of shirt-making.'

You see, the woman's time is worth just as much more than a sewing girl's, as she has more cultured brain to go with it. What do you think, Aunt Grace, am I right?"

"Yes, Mary, as far as my observation goes. I think the fault lies in the training girls have. Boys are educated according to their bent; girls all alike. If they are thrown upon their own resources, they are often obliged to earn a pittance at some distasteful work, when they are conscious of fine unwrought ability in directions far more agreeable."

"Dear me! Mrs. Wayne." The tiniest, daintiest yawn made a faint effort to slip between Miss Arabella's red lips; but she held it to the proprieties, by a bit of perfumed lace, upon the tips of two white fingers. "Dear me! you are so practical! Now, you know we American ladies never think of so vulgar a thing as having to earn any thing. No lady who understands her own dignity could lower herself to teach, or sew for pay; besides, with all the claims of society upon one, there's really no time."

"I think, Miss Spencer," said Mr. Wayne, "it would be difficult to bring you to comprehend the force of what the ladies have been saying. Like many of your class, who have happened to be born in opulence, you have false views—pardon my plainness—false views of society and its claims, of work and its dignity; and just here, I am assured, rests the weight of responsibility."

This *fortiter in re* speech was uttered with so much of the *suaviter in modo*, the young lady hardly knew what would be appropriate to say by way of reply. Concluding to say nothing, she bowed herself away, and took an attitude upon a slope near, and spent a few moments of her precious time tossing pebbles into the lake—a fair specimen of the manner in which the mass of women, whose present or possible dollars shield them from the necessity of toil, meet this question that involves not only their own best interests, but those of the race.

"Seems to me we are wandering somewhat," said Fannie, brightening at the prospect of tripping the astute Esq. This visitation of polite wrath upon the head of Miss Arabella, did not particularly grieve her; yet she hardly relished this shifting of culpability from the assaulted party to her own sex. It was an awkward turn of the argument; but Fannie continued: "I believe I opened this confabulation by an onslaught upon the lords of creation, with their anthropophagous appetites, and lo! we find ourself, at length, flinging upon the fair dames the responsibility of society's misdeeds. Now, I

insist, Cousin Ralph, the fault of these 'false views' that you are pleased to notice so graciously lies upon men. You know a lady to be much admired by you gentlemen must have a certain whiteness of hand, and elegance of manner quite incompatible with a life of work. The toilets that charm the redoubtable Ajax, grave Nestor, and stout Ulysses, are not made canary-fashion, a plump and a flutter, and all as glossy and radiant as may be. They take time. And the best of you men will give the palm of preference to the lady whose exterior pleases your eye."

"Let me toss the difficulty back to you, Fannie. Ought not women to have a higher aim than merely to please the opposite sex? Ought they not to educate us out of our barbarian tastes? Teach us to prize the pure inner gold rather than the outer tinsel? I think we are on the advance in this regard. *Bas bleu* is no longer an epithet of horror and odium."

"Among leading thinkers—the field officers. With the rank and file the opinion still prevails that a woman can't make a home happy if she is noticeably intellectual."

"I know," replied Wayne. "This is comparatively a new thing, and we meet whatever challenges our credulity, as sentinels do comes in the dark—with fixed bayonet. It requires no small courage for a sensitive woman—and the one capable of fine thinking is, of necessity, delicately, tensely strung—it is no light thing, I say, for such a one to step forth, braving quizzing glass and coarse criticism. Hundreds who would succeed with gentler treatment fail, and grow sour, and men take them as specimens of intellectual women. Others become brazen and pugilistic, 'strong-minded,' from being ungenerously assailed, and are no particular credit to the craft. Now and then one has strength and balance to soar above the flights of arrows into the calm ether, singing her glorious song, and saying the sweet true things God tells her to say. When men find she is out of their reach, they can neither ignore nor crush her, they fall down and worship her."

As the talk had grown graver, the circle had narrowed itself to three, Mrs. Wayne, Ralph, and Mary. "How much this subject has been before the public of late!" remarked the latter lady. "There has been a deal of light skirmishing and some heavy cannonading. I wonder what it'll amount to."

"I presume," said Wayne, "my opinion upon this question would be tabooed as radical. The masses haven't reached it yet, though they will soon, I think. Progressive thought has

leaped aboard a lightning express, since the clock struck the last half century. I would have enactments, social and civil, arranged after the apostolic canon, recognizing "neither male nor female, but all one." If a woman is to be held amenable to law, if she is to be taxed, and suffer legal penalty without regard to her sex, I would say common justice demands that she should have a hand in making the law. I would throw open to her every avenue of effort; that, if God has given her strength to do grand and noble things for herself and the race, she might do them untrammelled. According to my notion, all this babble about the equality of the sexes is sheer nonsense. They belong to and complement each other. One has strength, the other delicacy; and in pronouncing them 'one,' God meant they should be 'one' in thought, and culture, and work. As you said of your Doctor I say of every other man, if his wife be the right woman in the right place, he will be more than as much again a man, if his strength is supplemented by her finer intuitions and culture."

"Then you think, Ralph, women can do as fine and as great things in the world as men."

"Indeed I do, mother, infinitely finer and greater. Not that they can accomplish feats of statesmanship, or of military prowess, to make the world stare and applaud. These have birth in the cerebrum, which does not usually predominate in woman, and there is often a coarseness and brute force about them, incompatible with true womanliness; but in the realm of *morals*, she has always borne the palm. When Christ's reign is established, this will be acknowledged the domain of genuine greatness. God knows this, so he lets woman quarry out the granite blocks, and lay the foundations of human character—unnoted, unappreciated of the world; but her coronation day is dawning gloriously at last."

LIKE flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Bentham.*

NIGHT.

BY REV. D. M. GUNUNG.

NIGHT is used in thought and speech as an emblem of gloom; and if a person could be brought here from some orb of perpetual day, the gathering in of darkness would be fearful enough.

If the painter or poet wishes to present a view of woe, the scene is laid in the night; if the divine would sketch the miseries of a ruined race, to show what sin has wrought, he groups a "horror of darkness" with a "land of shades," or a "night of affliction" with a "night of death," and holds them forth as significant pictures of what is fearful and bad. All this is very natural. This portion of our time has its disadvantages, its shades; its very darkness is what makes it night to us. Now, the common business of life can not be done as well as in the light of day. People are more apprehensive of harm, more liable to imposition, *more severely sick*, and more die in the night than during the day.

And yet, constituted as we are, we need one as much as we do the other, and with the weaknesses, infirmities, and necessities of our nature, we should be equally thankful for both, rejoicing at the dawn of light and grateful when the invisible Hand draws the evening curtains around half the world.

This is a fit time for quiet, profitable contemplation and necessary reflection. The day has closed. The clatter of business is hushed, the wheels of industry stand still, but thought is busy and brings up the past for a calm review. Whether wisdom or folly, goodness or crime has filled up the departed hours, the map which our actions have drawn can now be studied, their results computed, the errors marked, good resolutions formed, and plans laid out for a better life in time to come.

In our present condition of life, under continued exertion, muscle and brain will weary and demand rest, and sleep becomes as necessary as rest or food, and woe to those who long deny the natural demand. Night is the wisely-allotted time for both rest and sleep, and a proper amount secured pays well for the time thus spent, by a renewal of vigor, physical strength, and mental activity.

The darkness of the night is as necessary also to the proper growth of vegetation as is the light; and while it shrouds the earth an important chemical process is carried on through all the vegetable world, which helps to purify the air and make it fit to be breathed.

At times the night presents scenes of beauty which are beyond description. So it is when

"The evening shades prevail,
And the moon takes up the wondrous tale,"

as planet, star, and constellation shine forth from a cloudless sky, and a few stray meteors dash along, to go, you know not where—O, then, one will think of something beyond and above this one world. We once knew a boy of four years old, who, on such an evening, was missed from the family, and on searching for him they found him in the yard by himself, leaping and clapping his hands in ecstasy at the sight above him and exclaiming, "O, mother, see how beautiful! how beautiful!" and we thought from the lips of that young child God was "perfecting praise."

But if one would see beauty approaching sublimity and loveliness melting and rising into glory, he must rise at from three to four o'clock on a clear Winter morning, when the moon is in her last quarter and just risen, when every star personates purity, then look upward and eastward and watch the rising of one star and constellation after another, and then the very gradual dawning of daylight till the firmament is all aglow, and if he is not dead to beauty and devotion he will praise the Creator for the beauties and the solemn grandeur of the night.

The night is highly instructive. Without it we should know but very little of other worlds, and not half as much of this, if it were always day. It is when the beams of the sun are withdrawn that the navigator makes his most necessary observations, as bright, instructive worlds from afar pour down their lines of light and tell him where to steer. Then, with the advantages of night, and with faith in science, he safely ventures wherever a ship can sail, and as safely returns with the productions of other climes, and with knowledge of the different nations of the earth.

Standing on some mount of observation, with proper instruments, one looks out among those sparkling brilliants which deck the nightly sky, and find them to be great shining worlds moving with a majestic sweep through space with all the regularity of clock-work. He measures their diameter and circumference, marks the time of their revolutions, and takes note of their surroundings; then further out still *beyond* our planetary neighborhood there are worlds, suns, and systems beyond and above systems too remote to be measured by any instruments now known, yet seen by the eye of man as "night unto night showeth knowledge" of Him who made them all.

Darkness was prior to light, although both are alike to God. Before sun, or moon, or stars were made "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and when the Most High created light and divided it from the darkness, he well knew the wisdom and necessity of the arrangement to meet the wants of men, and any of us can now "know in part" the beneficence of this great provision; but when we pass beyond the present state of trial, weakness, and want, there will be no night, but endless day.

SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE.

"MUTTON-CHOPS again for dinner!" said the well-fed-looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, it's too bad, when you know that if there's any thing I detest it is mutton-chops."

"I was n't aware, James," answered the wife, a careworn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I knew, indeed, that you preferred beefsteak; and then beef is not wholesome just now, unless one pays very dear for it."

"Well, well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly, helping himself to a chop. "But do n't, for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff—meat I will not call it. Steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

"Save it in something else! But how," asked the wife of himself, "is this to be done?"

Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for "sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said.

The next day there was a juicy rump-steak for dinner, but no pudding.

"Why, how is this? No sweets to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, some sort of sweets?"

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered the wife.

"Good gracious, no! I'd rather do without any thing else," tartly replied the husband.

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew her husband hated what he called a "scene," and so she choked down her emotion. There were few words spoken during the meal.

The third day the meat course was again excellent, and its joint was done "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humor, as he always was over good eating, till the pudding came in,

which consisted of a plain rice one. At sight of this the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare! Really, Anne, one would think, from the fare you provided, that I was a bankrupt!"

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears. "But I can't afford to give you every thing—provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have a cheap pudding than do without your nice joint."

"Pshaw! do n't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure, I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the other," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity for it, my dear; for in so large a household as ours there are plenty of things of which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day. But a few mornings after Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup, "What is the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that grocer has cheated you. Why," tasting it again, "this stuff is chicory, and not coffee at all."

"It is not the grocer's fault," Mrs. Finley mustered courage to say. "I knew it was chicory when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something; but I thought it would be felt least perhaps in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his cup. "I'd rather drink cold water than this stuff!"

And cold water he did drink, though his wife, almost ready to cry, offered to have some tea made.

Mrs. Finley is still endeavoring to "save in something else," for her husband will not deny himself in any thing, and forgets to increase her allowance. Her last experiment was to forego a new Winter bonnet. But her husband, on seeing her come down dressed for Church, on a bright, frosty morning, with her last year's faded bonnet on, grew very angry, declaring that "there was no need to make herself look like a fright—he was n't a broken tradesman." But when one of the children told him why the old bonnet was worn, he made no offer to increase his wife's stipend; but only grumbled, sulkily, that "she might have saved it in something else."

When I see a well-fed, dogmatic husband, who has a careworn wife, I think of the steaks, the pudding, and the bonnet, and wonder if poor Mrs. Finley is the only woman who, to gratify a selfish husband, is made the victim of "saving in something else."

JOHN KEATS.

BY G. S. WINCHESTER.

THERE are some who are destined to disappointment. All their plans miscarry, all their hopes are blighted. They seem, as the old astrologers would tell us, to be born under an evil star. Their defects are always magnified, while their excellencies are underrated and often passed by altogether. Such characters, passing through life under a cloud of disappointment, will, in after times, generally gain their meed of pity, if not of praise.

In this class of unfortunates we may place John Keats. Perhaps no one ever more ardently longed to be a poet, a true poet whose words should stir the very heart, than did he; perhaps no one was ever more crushingly disappointed. His hopes, buoyant and far-reaching as those of youth always are, were cruelly blighted; he saw all his bright visions of the future vanish; his works, on which he had lavished his wealth of imagination, were sneeringly noticed as "slipshod" and worthless, and he himself coldly advised to return to the obscurity whence he had sprung. Disheartened by failure, when his young life was just budding into promise, he sank under the bitter disappointment and died.

Keats was undoubtedly possessed of those elements of character essential to the poet. He was emphatically a poet born, though he lacked the making.

That was an ominous day for him when, by the kindness of a friend, he obtained Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The poetic element slumbering within him needed only this spark for its enkindlement. It was the Midas-touch that transmuted the dross of his humble hopes to the gold of poetic longing. But he had much to struggle with; his position in society exerted a powerful influence against him. He was not, like Byron, "to the manor born," and the life of a surgeon's apprentice was not one the most congenial to poetic imaginings. Moreover, he lived in an age which was graced by some of the greatest poets England ever produced—Byron and all his glittering train—and lesser lights were apt to be lost in the glory of that splendid galaxy.

But Keats burned with the ambition of being a poet. At length, timidly and with the utmost anxiety in regard to its reception, he issued his "Endymion." How bitterly it was attacked, how contemptuously received, we all know too well.

It is not within the design of the present

article to criticise this or any other of his works. Suffice it to say, that the attack made upon it was instigated by private animosity and not by motives of pure criticism. The faults of the poem were obvious enough, to be sure, but did not arise from the sterility of its author, but were rather excesses arising from the fertility of his imagination and the luxuriance of his language, faults which the judgment of maturer years would doubtless have corrected.

In the character of Keats we find three ruling elements—*ardency, sensibility, and brilliancy of imagination.*

His ardency left its impress upon every thing he touched. His poetry comes to us all imbued with it, throbbing with the pulsations of his heart, fluttering with the thrill of his own delicate sensitiveness, and it is this glowing ardency that throws about it one of its chief charms. You realize that you are reading no forced production, eked out by toil and bedecked with labored contrivance, but that it is the language of the soul, the poet who speaks all fired with earnestness; and if sometimes his very ardency leads him into extravagances, the spirit which prompted them is an excuse for their inconsistency. The luxuriance and force of his diction are remarkable. His compound adjectives remind one sometimes of those of Homer by their power and truthfulness. Keats never kept any of his powers in reserve, but threw into the subject on which he was engaged all his energies—warmed it with the heat of his own swift-beating heart.

His sensitiveness was pictured on his very countenance. His face wore a peculiar firmness and delicacy of expression, and it was almost tremulous with the acuteness of his sensibility. At a noble thought or a beautiful conception, it is said, his face would color, his lips quiver with emotion, and his large dark eyes fill with tears. He was not one of those whose emotional natures seem all inclosed by a shell of coldness and indifference—to his finger tips he was keenly alive. His susceptibility was many sided. Not a form of beauty in the physical world but touched an answering chord in his heart. He was, of course, an ardent lover of nature.

There is much difference in the manner in which different poets look upon nature. Byron appreciated its outside; he was awed by its majesty or charmed by displays of surpassing loveliness, but its simpler and yet more endearing forms which were all about him passed unnoticed; not majestic enough to command his admiration, not luxurious enough to awake his passions. From the calm, peaceful face of Na-

ture he turned away. When ruffled by storm or flushed with an excess of beauty he gazed on her features for a moment, but looked not deeper. He never knew the soul of Nature.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, almost disregarded the external charms of the world about him. To him its beauties are typical. He can not afford to regard the appearance of Nature, he must turn to her teachings. To him "a yellow cowslip by the river's brim" is not a yellow cowslip at all, but one of God's indices pointing to something more exalted than mere earthly beauty.

Keats united these two extremes. He loved nature, loved it for its own sake, loved it in all its manifestations. The song of bird, hum of insect, and murmur of brook were God's own music to his listening ear. Every evening the sunset was new to him, though he had beheld its domes of light in the western sky a thousand times before. No one felt a closer companionship with Nature than he. She was to him like a beauteous maiden, her pulses throbbing with the warm blood of youth, her soul all purity, walking through life with him, her hand in his own.

He once remarked to a friend that the keenest pleasure he had ever known was to watch the growth of flowers. In the regard which they severally had for Nature it might be said that Byron admired the body, Wordsworth revered the soul, but Keats loved both. Some of his descriptive passages are hardly excelled in the whole range of English poetry. Here is one that Thomson himself, the poet of nature, could not surpass. It is of an Autumn evening:

"While harr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

There is a dreamy stillness about this whole picture almost inimitable, and, to render it still more impressive, a touch of that sense of loneliness which involuntarily steals over us at the close of one of those "melancholy days."

And what a beautiful conception we have in the following lines:

"As when, upon a tranced Summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

But beautiful passages of this kind are abundant in his works, and these will show his re-

markable power and truthfulness of description. To these qualities Keats united a wonderful brilliancy and vividness of imagination. His luxuriant imagery meets one every-where. This characteristic is especially manifest in his treatment of the Greek Mythology. Viewed by the light of his imagination its personages are not mere mythical characters, of whom we can form no vivid conceptions, but living beings endowed with all the faculties of human kind, and yet wearing withal a godlike majesty. He has rescued them from the cold marble dignity in which they were enshrined, has vitalized, but not humanized them. This was something entirely new, and is, of itself, sufficient to answer the charge of want of originality sometimes brought against him. Some of his portraiture of the heathen deities are remarkably lifelike and striking. Aphrodite, the wave-born goddess of beauty, in "Endymion," is no longer a dim ideal of loveliness, but is right before us, radiant, passionate, with all her wealth of charms,

"God of warm pulses and disheveled hair."

The invocation to the goddess in the third book of Endymion has a charm of exquisite delicacy about it.

"Breathe softly, flutes;

Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes,
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain!
Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow—
No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea!
Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our soul's sacrifice."

Allow us to give one more example of his power in this kind of description—the picture which he draws of the "old man of the sea." It almost makes one shiver:

"Upon a weeded rock the old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet:
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapped up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambition's magic."

Keats's imagination was active, brilliant, and vivid. Its pictures are never forced, never tawdry, and never indistinct. His line,

"How tiptoe Night holds back her dark, gray hood!"
as a bold, striking, and yet beautiful figure, has hardly been excelled. These were the elements displayed most evidently in the character of Keats, all of them essential to that of a poet. He was himself the incarnation of poetry. It was to him his life, his love, his all.

Perhaps his greatest lack was a want of strength. Because of this lacking his ardency is sometimes apt to degenerate into a kind of pretty furor, wanting in a true, deep passionateness. He is too prone to give free rein to his imagination till he smothers his thought in the luxuriance of his imagery. But this fault may, in a great measure, be explained by his youth. The time between boyhood and manhood is apt to be marked by mawkishness of sentiment and a feverish feebleness. It is the fermentation period of life, during which the greatest authors have rarely written much of worth. But nearly all of Keats's productions were written during this term of life, and we may justly conclude that any lack of strength which he may manifest would have been made up in after years.

The purity and chasteness of Keats also speak loudly in his favor. Like another he might say that he had written not a line which dying he would wish to blot. He was too delicately sensitive ever to be gross, too ardent ever to be coldly skeptical. While his poems are exquisitely sensuous, they are never sensual.

Viewing his character as a whole, perhaps he was gifted with as much of the true spirit of poesy as any other man of his time. Byron was a man of stronger intellect, Wordsworth a deeper thinker, but Keats more essentially a poet than either.

It is sad to think that hopes so buoyant and so well-founded, desires so great as were his, should be crushed by cold neglect and unmerited censure. Yet so it was. The bitter reception which his "Endymion" met deeply wounded him, and the more, perhaps, because he was conscious of having fallen below his ideal.

It is always hard to be ridiculed, but especially so when ridicule involves the blight of the most cherished hopes. He did not, however, weakly give way to disappointment, as his after labors will testify. And there is a very marked difference discernible between "Endymion" and some of his later works, such as "St. Agnes' Eve," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and that last, noble, unfinished poem, "Hyperion," all of which show marks of the growth of a delicate and accurate judgment in the correction of errors and excesses.

But yet, he never recovered from the shock. It was too severe for his delicate organization. He knew how hard it was to build up a reputation once thrown down. At this time, too, came a hopeless love to add to his heaviness of heart, and he gradually sank under the accumulated burden. At last, in sun-bright Italy, whither he had gone in vain to restore his failing health, he laid him down to die. For a

time he struggled desperately with his fate—for one so young as he to give up his hopes was to give up his life. Finally, one day, they say he grew suddenly calm. Some one has beautifully said that "perhaps he felt the touch of the immortal's hand that was so soon to lead him away from earth." Or perhaps he had a vision of the future, and saw that when he should have "passed beyond," men would learn to love him.

From that time he longed for the sleep of "restful Death." Once he remarked to a friend, "I feel the flowers growing over me"—a remark whose plaintive sadness has touched thousands of hearts. It was his last poem. A few days after he gently passed away, whispering, as he lingered a moment, "Thank God it has come!" They buried him there in an unnoticed corner of the Protestant graveyard at Rome, and on a simple slab at his head they carved, as he had told them, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." No one has given him a place in the splendid abbey where sleep his country's honored dead. But it is better as it is. Perhaps he likes to have his grave there, under the soft, clear sky of Italy, rather than under the cold roof of England's grand mausoleum. No one has ever planted a tree or shrub by his grave, but the daisies cover the mound with their simple shroud of whiteness, as if fondly remembering one who loved them so well.

LIFE'S REVELLE.

BY MISS N. M. SHEPARD.

HEART of mine! awake to-day;
Cast thy youthful dreams away;
Rise and gird thee for the strife
On the battle-field of life.

All thy youthful hopes are gone,
And thy youth itself is done;
Plain before thee lies the way,
Heart of mine, no more delay.

Think not of the happy past—
Life is fleeting onward fast;
Not for thee is soft repose,
Thou must battle with thy foes.

Pause not on the present pain,
Think of the eternal gain;
Grasp thy weapons, raise thy shield,
Die at need, but never yield.

Stay not now to count the cost,
If thou falter thou art lost;
In the conflict for the right
God shall nerve thine arm with might.

Hard the fight may be and long,
Cruel are thy foes and strong;
Only strive to do thy best,
Trust to God for all the rest.

A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

OF all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighborhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveler feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form the one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite Mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea, *via* the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the holy places are most resorted to, namely, at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunken Valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises associations sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus, and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent any where: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding, as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwil and Gibeah on the north-west to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank Mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which the Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the

protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle *a outrance* for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamonix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoon, our cook, and our two selves, my companion being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa gate.

We rode along the Valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backwarder than it did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of Aceldama, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the south-eastern corner of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back toward the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realize the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the Valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilization, and plunged us into true Judean desolation.

Following the Valley of the Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course—for now, except in the rainy season of

Spring, the stream is dry—the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of color from wild flowers. Now, there is no color but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiar ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *couleur locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending toward *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern traveling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages immensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Häuser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting-place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the midday sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it became now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, the Valley of Fire. Reddish-yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honey-combed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in single file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest-chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerns had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive, and for the most part newly built, and from every part of

which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pashaw. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba—the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years—has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek church at Bethlehem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the holy places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops four hundred feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's-throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent gorge, we struck to the north-east among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting gray, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-colored in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendor over the mountain wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we suppose with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone toward them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghor, and negotiating for Arab undergarments at Jericho, was very little pre-

ent to our minds; nor were we destined to undergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves had licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat—it was now nearly eleven o'clock—we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and sea-water combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously colored, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brush-wood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest till the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sun-stroke over the salty flats to our resting-place for the night.

We had our midday meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks from the carob-trees as mementos of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both our-

selves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of Er Riha, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretchered-looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nubk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from Ain-ea-Sultan, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilizing, since the day on which the prophet cured the waters, and toward this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined, and smoked, and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by musketoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early—long before day-break—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumæan reigned—when Priest, and Levite, and Samaritan—thief, and publican, and sinner—journeyed backward and forward from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wady Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-se-Ahab, Jezebel, and the priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel

how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realizes the privileges of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah inclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah. It has recently been surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the Tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and, above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost forever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mohammedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendor, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Harâm over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's—so-called—tomb, and the other handsome sepulchers of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveler's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, cicerones, tables d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.

I AM WAITING, ANNIE LEE.

BY MARY E. EARLE.

I HAVE waited in the garden
For the little Annie Lee,
Till the blossoms fell like snow-flakes
From the overhanging tree;
For she left me in the Autumn,
When the days grew dark and chill;
When the leaves had left the branches
And the warbler's note was still.
But she spoke to me in parting
With a voice as sweet and low,
As the voices are in heaven,
Where we all so long to go.
And she promised she would meet me
When a few more days had flown;
When the clouds had left the hill-tops
And the early flowers had grown.
Now, the Spring has brought the woodbine,
And the apple boughs are fair
With the blushes 'mong their petals,
Where the morning's fingers are;
All the breezes scatter gold dust
From the king-cups on the hill;
Ev'ry bloom is dank with honey,
And the wild bees drink their fill.
I have called thro' all the woodland,
"I am waiting, Annie Lee!"
But the forest, softly sobbing,
Sent the echo back to me.
Yet I know that she is waiting
Where the brightest blossoms grow;
Where the lily's leaves are whiter
Than the whitest flakes of snow.
When my hands shall fold from labor,
And the angels come for me,
When the gates of heaven open,
I shall know my Annie Lee.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN INDIA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

ON our arrival we found the bridegroom, a boy of eight years, had gone, accompanied by his male friends, to the home of the bride. The father of the boy, who followed him after a short time, had a great many parting injunctions, given with tears by the female members of the family, to do every thing that was necessary and spare no expense. This, I was told, was a part of the routine on such occasions.

We found that two parties were expected. The one consisted of the little boy, who was to return, bringing his bride to his father's house; and the other, the betrothed husband of the little daughter of the master of the house, and who was to come and claim his bride. Just as the sun had disappeared behind the great mountain which bounded the western horizon, the sound of the native fife and drum gave notice that the bridegroom was at hand. A couple of women started out to meet him with songs of welcome. Soon the party appeared, wending its way along a narrow, zigzag path, which entered the valley some distance below us. First came the musicians, and then the bridegroom, a great, stalwart man, clothed in scarlet from head to foot, with a sword in his hand, and surrounded by his friends. His red cap was adorned with peculiar tinsel flowers, and before his face was a net-work of red silk, which quite concealed his features. He was conducted to a spot a little distance from the house, where fresh hay had been spread and a heap of wood gathered to give light and heat through the night. A blanket was spread, and on this he took his seat, the friend of the bridegroom being next to him, and the other members of his party around.

Soon the sound of distant music was again heard, and this time we turned to watch the home-bringing of the bride, the daughter-in-law of our host. It was some time before I could discover the happy pair, but at last I espied them upon the backs of some of their kind friends. Poor children! I did not wonder their little feet had grown tired of the weary way, and that they had been glad to avail themselves of help. The clothing, cooking utensils, and a hill cow, not much larger than a goat, with her calf. This party was also escorted to a place which had been prepared at a considerable distance from the first arrival and from the house.

There, too, fresh hay had been spread, and soon the blazing logs were throwing out a ruddy blaze, which served to make the scene still more

picturesque. A Brahmin was present to perform the wedding ceremonies, and nothing could be done till he prognosticated as to the stars being in a favorite position. The low, plaintive strains of the women beguiled the time as they sung—

"A merchant has come from a land afar,
He asks for a gem at our cottage door;
He begs not for pearls or diamonds rare,
But seeks for our child so fresh and fair.
O, why wilt thou take our jewel bright,
And leave us in sorrow, tears, and night?"

Night had now closed in, and soon the Brahmin, with a number of others, went to the first arrived party, taking a brass plate on which were arranged several small open lamps. These were lighted, and then the Brahmin, standing before the bridegroom, who remained sitting, waved the vessel containing the lamps about him, the bridegroom sometimes putting his forehead upon the earth. Money was also put upon the plate, forming a part of the wedding fee. During all this time the bride elect was kept concealed, and the ceremony in which she is to take part will not be performed till to-morrow morning.

And now came the time for the other little bridegroom to bring his almost baby bride to her future home. With drum and fife, as well as singing, the two children were escorted to the door where the Brahmin stood ready to receive them. The little lady, enveloped in her scarlet veil, was as coy as any bride need be, while her liege lord was apparently much absorbed in the business of carrying the great sword, which reminded one of David and Goliath's weapon. At the threshold they stopped. The Brahmin muttered over some Sanscrit from the Vedas, waved the lighted lamps about them, and then put two earthen cups, one above the other, upon the bride's head. A friendly hand kept them balanced for her, and then the Brahmin conducted them into the room where the family were assembled to receive them. We saw no more, but I was told that the parents and grandparents of the bridegroom would each drink of this water, thus signifying that as water quenched the thirst, so the arrival of this daughter-in-law satisfied all their desires for happiness.

It is late at night, but the distant music is still heard, for the wedding is now in progress.

A BOY was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment and said, "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

The Children's Repository.

"PLEASE, MAMMA, IT WASN'T MY FAULT."

"PLEASE, mamma, it was n't my fault, it was—"

"Anna, Anna," said Mrs. Carlton, holding up her finger, and looking earnestly but sadly at her little girl, "going to blame some one else, my darling, as usual!"

"No, mamma, indeed I was n't. I was going to blame this thing round my neck, it caught in the feather of my pen, and then the ink went all over my copy-book and aunt Nellie's work. I'm sure it was n't my fault, mamma; now was it; how could I help it?"

"I'm afraid my little girl has a bad memory," said Anna's mamma, very quietly.

"Mel mamma! a bad memory?"

"Yes, my dear—you—"

And Mrs. Carlton's eyes were turned very fixedly on little Anna, generally, and on the "thing she wore round her neck," particularly. Anna looked at her mamma. Aunt Nellie, who had left the room just as the accident had happened, that she might endeavor to get the ink-stains out of the embroidery at which she was working, came back and quietly resumed her seat and her employment. She looked neither at her sister, Mrs. Carlton, nor at her little niece. There was a great silence in the little back drawing-room at Elm Cottage.

So very, very, very still.

Before long, however, Anna, who was looking down at her two hands, which were, as usual, in a dreadful state of ink, remembered certain things which aunt Nellie had often said to her about these same inky fingers, and began rubbing them together, in the very vain attempt to make them clean. Whether it was owing to the fact that Anna was holding her head down, or that the contrast to her white pinafore became more striking as her face came nearer to it, can not perhaps be ascertained just now; but one thing is quite certain, little Anna's face grew to such a very, very bright red, that the crimson cloth on the table looked quite dim beside it.

And all this time Anna did not say any thing; Mrs. Carlton did not say any thing; and aunt Nellie did not say any thing. It was Wintertime, and evening-time, and the fire was burning very brightly, and Myrtle, the cat, lay on the hearth-rug, purring away in a state of great happiness.

And Myrtle's purring was the only sound that broke the stillness, except, perhaps, the regular gentle buzz of aunt Nellie's needle, as it went in and out, in and out, of aunt Nellie's work. Presently, as little Anna remained still with her head down, and her two inky hands rubbing one another in her lap, it seemed as though there were more likelihood of her getting them clean, for first one drop of water, and then another drop of water fell down upon them, and still Anna rubbed away silently at her little inky fingers.

"Where do you think these little drops of water came from?"

Anna was crying.

Still Mrs. Carlton looked at her, and did not say any thing. Still Anna continued crying quietly, and her head bent lower and lower. Presently she got down from her chair and left the room. Shall we follow Anna, or shall we stay in with Mrs. Carlton and her sister?

Let us follow Anna. She is creeping slowly up stairs; and on her way she meets the housemaid, Margaret, and Anna thinks she will turn round and go down again, for she does not like Margaret to see her crying; but she has not time to escape before Margaret says:

"What's the matter, Miss Anna, what are you crying about?"

"Nothing," replies Anna; "get away, Margaret, and don't tease me."

And Anna drew herself away pettishly from the touch of Margaret's hand, which had been laid very gently on the little girl's shoulders.

"I'm sure I didn't want to tease you, Miss Anna," said Margaret, and went down.

Anna continued her way up stairs. When she got to the landing place she met the nurse with her little brother Freddy, whom she was taking down stairs to wish his mamma and auntie good-night.

"Nanna, Nanna," said little Freddy, "dood-night;" and he bent down from his nurse's arms to kiss his sister; but Anna turned away, and would n't look at her little brother.

"O, for shame, Miss Anna," said the nurse, "not to wish your little brother good-night;" and she put out her hand and took Anna's arm gently to bring her back, but Anna snatched herself away, and walked sullenly into her own little room, and nurse went down with little Freddy.

When Anna was alone, she sat down on a little stool, and sobbed aloud, and her face grew redder than ever; and as she rubbed her eyes with her dirty, inky fingers, you may fancy what a strange state her cheeks were in before very long; but still Anna cried on.

Now, we will leave her, and go down stairs into the back drawing-room. Margaret, the housemaid, has been putting fresh coals on the fire, and sweeping the hearth, and making every thing look bright and clean; and the cat, who did not at all like being disturbed, and who stretched her legs, and her tail, and set up her back in a most curious manner, seems to have recovered herself, and is now busy washing her face; and the nurse and little Freddy are just leaving the room; little Freddy has kissed his mamma and Auntie Nell, and wished them "dood-night," and as the door is opened for them to go up stairs again, there is a sound from above as of some one sobbing aloud.

"Anna kying, mamma," said little Freddy; and then nurse took him up stairs to bed, and Mrs. Carlton and her sister were left together.

"I am so sorry about poor Anna," said aunt Nellie.

"And so am I," said Anna's mamma.

They were neither of them angry with Anna, you see, they were both very sorry; and yet Anna was often a very naughty girl, a disobedient girl; she was passionate too, and did not always tell the truth. Her greatest failing was her readiness to excuse herself when she had done wrong. It never occurred to her to look for the cause of any accident which happened to her, of any clumsiness of which she was guilty, in herself; she always believed it was in some one else. Anna did not look at home. She was naturally thoughtless, careless, and awkward. These were failings which God had seen fit to permit her to be born with. But when these were pointed out to her, and experience showed her that she had them, it became her duty, her privilege, with the help of God's grace, to struggle against these failings, to watch, and to pray; but Anna did not watch, she seldom prayed, and her struggles were generally directed toward ridding herself of the responsibility of her own foolish acts, by throwing the blame upon people, or things, which had really nothing to do with them.

Two days before, Anna had had a present of a very pretty little writing-desk, very beautifully and completely fitted up with paper, pens, inkstand, pen-knife, pencil, envelopes, stamps, and, in fact, every thing that could possibly belong to a writing-desk; of course, there was a lock and key to this desk, and Anna had managed before the day was over to lose the key twice. Once, she was sure that Freddy had taken it off the table, and thrown it away; though it afterward appeared that Freddy had not been in the room where it was, and the

key was found in her doll's pocket, where Anna herself had put it, when, in her delight at her new possession, she had told that very pretty, but inanimate creature, the doll, that she should have a desk one day, and a key like her own to keep in her pocket; and the second time Anna knew that she must have left it in the lock itself; but she was sure that Margaret had moved the desk, and the key had dropped out, whereas she had carried it up into her own little room herself, and put it down on the washhand-stand, where it was found when she went to bed.

You see what a careless little thing Anna was; and I dare say, you see that it was not her carelessness that she was so much to be blamed for, but her readiness to make other people responsible for her own stupidity.

Well, the day after the desk had been given to her, and the key, as you know, had been lost twice, Anna asked her mamma to let her have a bit of ribbon to fasten her key to, so that she might wear it round her neck, and be less likely to lose it. And so a nice piece of dark-blue narrow ribbon was found in aunt Nellie's work-box—you were almost sure to find any thing and every thing you wanted in aunt Nellie's work-box—and Anna felt so comfortable when she reflected that she could n't lose her key now, that she forget that even the very means by which she had secured the key would, with her careless propensities, require a special degree of watchfulness, lest it should be the occasion of some fresh blunder. She had scarcely had the key hanging securely from her neck more than an hour, when, in nursing one of the cat's little tabby kittens, she amused herself with twisting the blue ribbon round and round the poor little creature's neck, and then being suddenly called away, she started up, and threw the kitten from her, but instead of falling to the ground, the poor little thing hung suspended by the neck, and was nearly choked; while Anna, in her clumsy efforts to shake the poor little thing off, got severely scratched for her pains; whereupon, she gave poor kitty a tremendous slap, and called it "a horrid little thing." Aunt Nellie, who saw the conclusion of this tragedy, but not the beginning, was told that "the kitten had got itself entangled in my nice blue ribbon, and nearly broke it off my neck." And so aunt Nellie advised the key to be worn inside Anna's dress, and then there would not be the risk of a repetition of the same accident.

Anna said, "Yes, aunt;" but added, "It was n't my fault."

In the course of the afternoon, Anna dropped

her thimble, which rolled away under the fender, and in stooping to take it up, of course Anna had to get quite close to the poker and tongs, and as she rose up, there was a tremendous clatter; and the poker, which had been hooked into the blue ribbon, was lifted up, and being too heavy for the strength of a thin and narrow piece of silk, already weakened by the encounter with the kitten, the ribbon broke; down went the poker, with no little noise, on to the tongs, and the key slipping off went under the grate.

"Anna, Anna!" Mrs. Carlton had said, "what are you about? You have disturbed aunt Nellie, who was trying to get to sleep because of her headache."

"It wasn't my fault, mamma," said Anna; "how could I help the poker catching into my ribbon and breaking it? Nasty, great, clumsy, heavy thing!"

"Were you wearing your key inside your frock, dear?" asked aunt Nellie, very gently.

Anna did not answer, and there was no more said. She looked sorry, and she was sorry, for she was fond of her aunt Nellie, and did not like the thought of having disturbed her.

And Mrs. Carlton mended the ribbon, and put it round Anna's neck, and the key inside the frock. And all went on well enough till the next evening, when Anna had her lessons to do, and, of course, got out her desk, and began to write her exercise.

"The key is outside again, Anna," said Mrs. Carlton.

"Yes, mamma," answered Anna; "but I've just done my writing, and then I shall put my things away, and put it back. It's such a fuss pulling it out each time."

And then a very few minutes after, and Anna caught the feather end of her pen in the blue ribbon; she gave it a sudden jerk, and away flew the ink across the table, and all over aunt Nellie's embroidery, as you read at the beginning of this little story.

Now you understand what Mrs. Carlton meant by saying, "I'm afraid my little girl has a bad memory."

Perhaps you think that if Anna had a bad memory she could not help that. Of course not. But, then, if a little girl has a bad memory, and finds that she forgets to do things in a very little while after she has been desired to do them, it seems to me that she ought to do what she is told *directly*, and then the bad memory would have nothing to do with the matter. But Anna had not a bad memory, for she remembered perfectly when she began to cry, and to feel humbled.

How many—many—many—times she had got

herself into trouble by *disobedience*! When she *had* disobeyed, and had seen the evil of her disobedience, she was hurt, and sorry, and angry; and yet that did not always make matters better; in fact, it often made them worse.

When Anna left the drawing-room she was really sorry and ashamed; but as she went up stairs she grew angry, because she met Margaret, and she was annoyed that Margaret should see her in disgrace; and then she grew still more angry when she met nurse and little Freddy; and when, later still, nurse came in to her and told her she was a naughty girl, Anna lost her temper completely, and, snatching the key from her neck, threw it violently on the floor.

About a quarter of an hour after this, Anna was sitting moodily on one end of her bed, the door was open, and Mrs. Carlton came gently in, and said:

"Anna, my dear, go down stairs and put your desk and books away, and then come back to me."

Anna went down. When she had put every thing into her desk she felt for the key. It was not to be found.

"There!" she said, "aunt Nellie, my key is gone again."

And then suddenly she remembered her burst of anger a little while before; and there up stairs was her mamma, and she would find the key and the ribbon on the floor; and now Anna was once again subdued, and she went back to her mother. There was Mrs. Carlton with the blue ribbon in her hand.

"O, mamma," cried Anna, "I am so very sorry. Do punish me, mamma. I'll bear any punishment, indeed I will; take my desk away from me, mamma, and forgive me."

"Anna, my darling," said Mrs. Carlton, "I can forgive you without punishing you by depriving you of your desk. If you are truly sorry for your misbehavior, and acknowledge it, I do forgive you. Remember to watch and pray that you may not give way to the habit of saying when you do wrong, 'It is not my fault.' God says, 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' I do not ask you to make sacrifice of your little desk, I only wish you to be obedient, for God says that 'obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Good prayers," says an old English divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask, or what I should ask."

THE BEAR'S DINNER.

"O PAPA! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!"

So exclaimed one and another of the group of little ones, climbing around their father, as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have 'nothing to do' I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O, yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner!"

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favorite with the children, and, as we had never read it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse "our little folks."

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look on your map now, you will see towns and villages dotted about where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods.

"Bears in 'em?" asked a boy with wide-opened eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only think!"

"I should n't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterward, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

"This man had built a saw-mill, some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day, taking his dinner with him.

"You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice, smooth boards, to build houses with.

"Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near noon he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a large log upon which the saw was working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O, no, he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw.

"While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of

his work, his home, and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

"Bruin smelled the goodies and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck his nose in it, as if to say, 'Give me some.'

"The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner, he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by way of thanks, so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding-place, and wished for his gun.

"But, in the mean time, the log had been gradually working up toward the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip at his tail. At this he growled, and gave an angry shake, moving a little further along the log. Presently he received another nip; and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he was moved a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why, of course, he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bear-skin caps for his little boys to keep their ears warm.

"Now, you have been told to look out for a moral in a story; what shall we learn from this? Why,

"1. That he who steals a dinner is likely to pay dear for it.

"2. That he who flings himself in a passion against any thing which annoys him will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
O put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Savior's precious blood;
And my whole soul, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.

O, Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Wilt thou my soul in safety keep?

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—There is a sad lack of earnestness among young men. To dress, smoke, talk twaddle and slang, and frequent places of amusement, seem with many to be the chief end of life.

And even among those who profess religion, the time frittered away and misspent is something painful to estimate. The hours that might be devoted to useful study or active labor for Christ are spent in desultory reading, aimless sauntering through the streets, or shallow, profitless conversation. Some excuse their idleness by quoting the worn-out illustration of the bent bow, and say "they must have a recreation." Recreation is necessary, but let it be of the right sort. We have a profound belief in the old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But when Jack plays, let him play sensibly and in good earnest. We understand recreation to be creating afresh of mental and physical power, and we have yet to learn that this is attained by reading sensational literature, engaging in empty talk, or becoming deeply interested in questionable amusements. Young men, life was given to you for other things than these. That wondrous nature with its soaring hopes and depressing fears, its godlike intellect and deep instincts of immortality, is too valuable to be passed thus. And if any should read this who are lovers of pleasure more than of God and man, we would say to them, is there no soul to save, no heaven to win, no mind to adorn with beauty, no success to be achieved; are there no wasters to be reclaimed, no tears to wipe away, no hearts to cheer, no feeble hands to be lifted up and strengthened; is there nothing to be done, that you should cast your manhood away on trifles, and spend your time on shadows that ever elude your grasp? Assume your true positions in the world. Be earnest. Lead the van among the good and true. Grasp the weapon all-prayer, and battle manfully against the evils that hold the world in thralldom. Lay hold upon the strength of God, and labor to bring in the time in which

"Each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening now and then in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girls' song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theater.

All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers,

who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another, and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I protest that I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at college, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man derives from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men of the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is that he has to think for somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

A SUNNY TEMPER.—You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skillfully as you can, put your whole heart into what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are *mortgaged* by this habit of worrying? And after all, what does it accomplish? How does it help you on? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? None—none whatever. A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the "mire and dirt" of the nature; it does not combine the best elements, and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance. A beautiful, sunny temper is no sign of weakness, as many suppose, but of strength and harmony of character. It shows that there is a power seated at the center of the being, that knows how to administer the government.

Lord Clarendon wrote of anger, that it is the most impotent passion that occupies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. He knew the human heart. The worst of anger is, if you give the reins to it for once, it is still more difficult for you to keep them yourself the next time, and makes over just so much of it to the enemy. But a cheerful temper is like the genial sun, in whose warm rays all men like to bask. The possessor of

such may not, perhaps, make as many stare and tremble at his barbed phrases of satire or scorn, but he will certainly make more devoted and loving friends, and, what is more, be very sure to *keep them*.

WOMAN.—The *character* of a pure and virtuous female is too tender and delicate to be handled roughly. Like the dew-drop that sparkles on the bosom of the rose bud, the first rude breath is apt to sweep it away. Surely, then, it should be guarded with a pious care by her who now possesses it, and should never be sullied by the foul taint of withering calumny. The man who would cast a deadly blight on the reputation of an innocent and unsuspecting woman, by direct accusations or accused innuendoes, is a vile and heartless wretch unfit for the companionship of his species.

The *influence* of woman in the endearing relations of sister, of wife, and of mother, exceeds all conception in its extent and its power. In this respect she is far superior to the sterner sex. How is the wild and wayward brother restrained from a career of vice, and led in the paths of purity and peace, by the mild and persuasive entreaties, the soft and feminine gentleness of his affectionate and confiding sister! How are the asperities of the husband softened, his evil habits corrected, and the nobler and better attributes of his nature developed in their lovely and exquisite proportions, by the captivating graces, the generous and self-sacrificing devotion of the wife of his bosom! And how is the rude and reckless boy met, at the very avenue of guilt, by the hallowed form of her who bore him, now, perhaps, in heaven, as she kneeled at his bedside in early childhood, and commended him to God, or urged him, amid fast-flowing tears, to emulate the example and follow the steps of his Savior!

The *sympathy* of woman is one of the crowning excellencies of her nature. This is the golden chain that unites her with loftier intelligences, and with the Deity himself. How brightly does this admirable quality shine in the hour of sorrow and anguish—by the pillow of sickness and death! Then, indeed, does a woman seem like a guardian angel sent from a higher and holier sphere, to cheer our moments of despondence and distress, to smooth our otherwise rugged passage to the tomb, and to prepare the departing spirit for a happy exit from this world of woe. Who, then, will endeavor, with impious hands, to withdraw her from the position she was destined to occupy, and mar the beauty and symmetry of her character, and to plunge her into the turbid waters of crime—a loathing to herself and a nuisance to society?

The rainbow's tints are not so bright
As the rich streak,
That like a beam of sunset light
Glides woman's cheek.

Not the glad notes of Joyous Spring
Which charm the ear;
Nor morning lark's gay caroling,
Grateful and clear,

Are half so sweet as woman's tones,
In that lone hour,
When Sorrow's bleeding bosom owns
Her holy power.

As the last, lovely, lingering ray
Beams o'er the west;

The parting glance of dying day,
Sinking to rest,

So when death's shadows darkly frown,
May woman's eye

Bring them with brighter hues than crown
The evening sky.

THE BELOVED WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness and aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it, makes it airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is all pure and gracious. Humble household wars and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end signifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise, for "love is heaven, and heaven is love."

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.—Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabbath morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to Church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since faded, but it now blooms afresh.

WITTY AND WISE.

HOW TO LEND TO THE LORD.—A poor man lived near Deacon Murray, and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came when the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him; but the deacon said to her, "Wait till after breakfast."

She did so, and meantime the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him.

When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed,

"There, take that cow and drive her home."

The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought till the man had gone some rods. He then looked up and called out,

"Hey! bring that cow back."

The man looked back, and the deacon added,

"Let that cow come back, and you come back too."

He did so; and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said,

"There, now take your pick of the cows; I an't agoing to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got!"

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET.—A Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gives the following receipt—a la Blot—for making a bonnet: "Take a piece of plaited straw of a round or oval form, and bend it into any shape you please so long as you can balance the article on the top of your head. Smother it with artificial flowers, or cover it if you like with puffed tulle, and add lappets at the side if you think them becoming; but this, I should observe, is quite unnecessary. Plant a full-blown rose in the center, or encircle the whole with a wreath of roses, passion-flowers, pansies, hyacinths, daisies, ivy, or lilies of the valley, or bunches of grapes, or some cherries, or gooseberries. Then attach some glass beads round the rim, and strings of ribbon of the same color as the predominating tint of the flowers or fruit forming the wreath, the ends of which strings tie together across the breast. Next add, if you please, a second pair of strings of muslin or tulle, and you have a bonnet of the prevailing mode, which you can call chapeau Lamballe, Fanchon, Trianon, printanier, d'été, Marly, or Mandarin blanc, according to your fancy."

REMEMBERING SOMETHING.—"Well, my child," said Mr. Osgood to his little daughter after Church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?"

"Nothing, sir," was the timid reply.

"Nothing," said he, severely; "now, remember, the next time you tell me something he says, or you must stay away from Church."

The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement. "I remember something," said she.

"Ah, very glad of it, my child," replied Mr. Osgood; "what did he say?"

"He said, pa," cried she, delightedly, "a collection will now be taken up."

A BAD CURE.—The following story is told of a father of the Church: At an associated dinner a debate

arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, did n't it?"

WHAT TO THINK.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which brought her thither. "I've been asked a good many times if you were not engaged to Dr. —. Now, if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell them I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "you think you do n't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—An Englishman and a Scotchman were discussing, over the dinner-table, the relative greatness of their respective countries, when the former put in what he considered a poser: "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours is mountainous, yours is a flat country. Now if our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles." This reminds us of a Vermonter who claimed that his State had more land to the acre than any other, because they set it up edgewise and cultivated both sides.

QUOTING LATIN.—A learned and enthusiastic orator recently startled his audience by the following sentence: "Sir, let those beware who would trifle with the popular will. In the language of the poet, '*Pacis descendus averni*'—the voice of the people is the voice of God." This is nearly as good as the illustration once used by a member of a certain Down East Legislature: "Mr. Speaker," said the member, referring to the question under debate, "this matter is like Pandora's box—the more you stir it, the worse it gets."

AGAINST LONG SERMONS.—A minister's wife says, "The first time I took my eldest boy to Church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed with caresses, and frowns, and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on his seat, looking at the preacher—his father—quite intently. Then as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make papa say Amen.'"

A GENTLEMAN.—An elegantly-dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked her if smoking would incommode her. She replied, "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

Scripture Sabbath.

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.—Marriage ceremonies in the East are widely different from those to which we are accustomed in this country. Like every thing else there, they are primeval in their character, and are thus both interesting and instructive to the student of Scripture. There are three stages in the progress of an eastern marriage, as follows:

1. *The Choice of the Bride.* When a young man arrives at maturity he is expected to marry. To do so, it is deemed a duty, which it would be not only wrong, but unbecoming to neglect. Yet he is not permitted to select a wife for himself. His parents, or, should they be dead, his nearest relatives make the choice; and it sometimes happens that he never sees his bride till the whole marriage ceremonies are completed. Usually, however, some opportunity is contrived of letting the young people at least see each other; but to attempt to converse together, or to hold private interviews, or to enjoy pleasant walks, or to correspond by letter, as lovers are wont to do in our land of liberty, would, in the East, be considered highly improper.

In this respect, little change has taken place since the time when Abraham sent his steward away to Mesopotamia to seek a wife for Isaac. And Rebekah, when her destined husband was first pointed out to her, ere he approached, acted just as a modern Arab maid would do: "She took a vail and covered herself." Gen. xxiv, 65.

2. *The Espousal.* The bride having been selected, a formal contract is entered into. The nature of the ceremony is different among different sects. The Jews draw up a legal document binding the parties under heavy penalties to fulfill the agreement in due time, which is usually about a year, though sometimes more or sometimes less, after the betrothal.

At the time of espousal, valuable presents are made to the bride, and occasionally a sum of money is paid to the father. The presents, which are generally ornaments of gold, silver, and jewels, with rich robes and dresses, and even money, become the property of the bride, and form her "dowry." Such were the presents given by Abraham's servant to Rebekah: "He brought forth jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave to her." Gen. xxiv, 53. And such was the dowry offered by Shechem for Dinah, Jacob's daughter. "Ask me never so much dowry [for the bride] and gift [for her relatives,] and I will give according as ye shall say unto me." Gen. xxxiv, 12.

The espoused bride, though virtually a wife, lives altogether apart from her husband. They are not permitted even to see each other. All communication must be carried on through a third party, who is called the friend of the bridegroom. John iii, 29.

3. *The Marriage.* This is the concluding ceremony which consummates the union. It is always a season of great festivity, and the rejoicings generally continue a week or more. John ii, 1, *seq.*; Matt. xxii, 1-10; Judges xiv, 12.

On a day previously appointed, the bride is prepared to meet her husband. She is clothed in her richest robes; all her ornaments are put on, and often her head, arms, and her whole person are covered with gold and jewels. A large transparent vail, interwoven with threads of gold, is thrown over her. She stands in the interior of her house, while her maidens and friends fill the court-yard and the street in the front, waiting for the coming of the bridegroom.

When I had the privilege, some years ago, of being present at the marriage of one of the richest Jews in Damascus, I saw for the first time how true and how graphic are the words of the sacred penman in such passages as Isa. lxi, 10; Jer. ii, 32, and Rev. xxi, 2.

At a fixed hour, usually in the evening, or during the night, the bridegroom, with a large party of relatives and friends richly dressed, sets out for his house. A procession is formed. Men bearing blazing torches on long poles lead the way, and range themselves on each side. Musicians, buffoons, mock combatants, and a motley crowd gather round the bridegroom, and fill the air with noisy music and shouts of joy. The sound soon reaches the house of the bride, where it finds a ready echo. Then the cry is raised, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" Matt. xxv, 6. On reaching the house the bridegroom is welcomed with long, shrill, and oft-repeated cheers, or rather screams of women, such as one never heard but in the East. When this is concluded, the marriage is performed by a Rabbini. Refreshments and sweetmeats in great profusion are handed round; and the numerous guests are entertained by music, dancing, and the shrill cries of women, till the hour arrives when the bride is taken away to her new home.

How wonderfully graphic was the prophetic curse pronounced upon Israel by the lips of Jeremiah: "Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate."

THE BEST OF ALL.—Bishop Butler, upon his death-bed, sank into despondency under a sense of his sinfulness. "My lord," said his chaplain, "you forget that Jesus is a Savior." "True," replied the Bishop, "but how shall I know that he is a Savior for me?" "My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I shall in no wise cast out.'" "True," said the Bishop, "and I have read that Scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment; stop there! for now I die happy."

"For all I have preached or written," said Mr. James Durham, "there is but one Scripture I can remember or dare grip to. Tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" His friend replied, "You may, indeed, depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard." A glance of joy lighted up the soul of the dying saint, under the radiance of

which he was ushered into the glory and brightness of eternity.

The following incident is another example of one who, in his low estate, grasped this cord, let down to reach the lowest, grasped it with feeble, dying hands, and was drawn forth by means of it into life, and light, and full salvation:

It was a sorrowful company to whom I was introduced, composed of old and young. But a wasted figure in the chimney-corner fixed my attention. He was crouched on a low stool with his head buried in his hands, and leaning on the great wooden coal-box which served as a sofa for the feeble patients. His life was evidently drawing near to the grave, and he seemed scarcely able to support himself on his seat. But he suffered more in bed, he said, and so he sat up as much as possible. In the course of conversation, I repeated the gracious offers and invitations of "Him with whom we have to do," ending with these words, "And him that cometh unto me I will ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ no wise cast out." In feeble, faltering accents he repeated them after me, adding, "I think *that* is the best word in all the Bible."

THE SMILES OF JESUS.—Because it is recorded twice of our Divine Redeemer that he wept, and not once that he smiled, some have made bold to presume that smiles never irradiated his face. I can neither accept this conclusion nor suffer it to pass without the protest of my heart against its unreasonableness. There is no force to my mind, in the argument with which such a conclusion is supported, that our blessed Lord had to bear the world's sin, in suffering unto death, and, therefore, smiles would have been incompatible with his character and work. To suffer was, indeed, his human lot, but it was also his mission to save; and while his great task of suffering might well give him tears for his drink in a great measure, the end of that suffering in the salvation of a lost world might well fill his heart with a joy that would, sometimes, break out in heavenly smiles upon his face.

Can it be doubted that he smiled upon the little ones who pressed into his arms for a blessing? Is it likely that he hallowed not the marriage feast in Cana with a bright approving smile? Can we think of him as sitting in the dear domestic circle of Bethany with never a sweet relaxation upon his grave but gracious features into the witchery of a visible joyousness? O, no! If it be not sin for us to conceive of the countenance of Jesus as one of surpassing human beauty, surely it is not wrong to think of it, reflecting at times—in smiles whose loveliness no human pencil could portray—the happiness of that Heaven of whose holiness his lineaments were the perpetual expression and the blessed type!

LUTHER'S PRAYER FOR MELANCTHON.—On a certain occasion, a message was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick-bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. He mournfully bent over him, and sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor; he looked in the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther! is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. And,

turning round, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upward of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip, we can not spare you yet," was the reply. He then ordered some soup; and, when pressed to take it, Melancthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We can not spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you." He took the soup; he commenced to grow better. He soon regained his wonted health, and labored for years afterward in the cause of the Reformation; and, when Luther returned home, he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

MISQUOTATION FROM SCRIPTURE.—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey to Italy*. Compare Isaiah xxvii, 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the spirit would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii, 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads: "Shall a nation be born at once."—xvi, 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii, 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth." Heb. iii, 2.

"Owe no man any thing but to love one another." Rom. xxi, 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Job. v, 7.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.—Nature knows no rich, who brought us all poor into the world. For, in fine, we are not born with fine clothes, nor with silver and gold. She who brought us into the world without clothes and food, will receive us again quite naked into her bosom. She doth not know how to contain our possessions and estates in the grave. A little space of ground after death is enough both for the rich and poor. Nature then produces us all alike, and makes us all die without any difference. Who can find out the different conditions of the dead? Open the sepulchers, view the dead bodies, move the ashes, and distinguish, if you can, the rich from the poor. Perhaps you will know him by the magnificent tomb, which will only show you that he possessed more goods, or rather that he hath lost more than the poor man has. There is no other distinction, and both rich and poor here fare alike.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

THE WARS OF FORTY-NINE YEARS IN EUROPE.—The following statistics read with sad interest at this moment: Between the years 1815 and 1864, 2,782,000 men were killed in battle. Of these 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 164,000 inhabitants of the other continents. Thus during forty-nine years the average annual number who thus perished amounts to 43,800 men, not including the victims of disease engendered by the consequences of war. The Crimean war, 1853–56, was naturally the most destructive, 511,000 men having perished during its course; 176,000 of these died on the field of battle; 334,000 from disease in hospital—256,000 being Russians, 98,000 Turks, 107,000 French, 45,000 English, 2,600 Italians, and 2,500 Greeks. The war in the Caucasus, 1829–60, cost the lives of 330,000; the Anglo-Indian war, 1857–59, 196,000; the Russian and Turkish war, 1828–29, 193,000; the Polish insurrection of 1831, 190,000; the civil war of Spain, which raged from 1833 to 1840, 172,000; the war of Greek independence, 1821–29, to which Lord Byron fell a victim, 148,000; the various French campaigns in Algeria, from 1830 to 1850, 146,000; the Hungarian revolution, 142,000; the Italian war of 1859–60, 129,874, which last number may be thus analyzed—96,874 fell on the field of battle, and 33,000 died of disease; of which 59,664 were Austrians, 30,220 French, 23,600 Italians, 14,010 Neapolitans, and 2,370 Romans.

A curious result may be deduced from the above; namely, that a greater number perished by the disease incident to a camp life than are actually killed by shot and shell or any other engine of destruction. As to the sums of money swallowed up by these wars, it is impossible to arrive at any thing approaching a correct calculation. The Crimean war cost Russia 2,328 millions of francs—one million of francs is equal to \$200,000—France, 1,348 millions; England, 1,320 millions; Turkey, 1,060 millions; Austria, for mere demonstrations, 470 millions. Thus in two years and a half 6,526 millions of francs were spent.

The Italian war of 1859 cost France 345 millions; Austria, 730 millions; Italy, 410 millions. Thus in two months 1,458 millions were swallowed up.

HOT SUMMERS.—In 1132 the earth opened, and rivers and springs disappeared in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1150, at the battle of Bels, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1176 and 1177, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1302 and 1304 the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, and the Danube, were passed over dry footed. In 1393 and 1394 great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1440 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541, the rivers were almost dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought all over Europe. In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. In 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. The same was the

case in the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1618 it did not rain once from April to October. The crops were burned up, and the theaters were closed by the decree of the lieutenant of police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur, (113 of Fahrenheit.) In gardens which were watered, fruit-trees flowered twice. In 1722 and 1724 the heat was extreme. In 1747 the Summer was very hot and dry, which calcined the crops. During seven months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1768, and 1788, the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the Summer was very warm, and the wine delicious, even at Susenes. In 1818 the theaters in France and Great Britain remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. In 1836 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked twenty-two degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time varies from 40 to 45 degrees, (104 to 113 Fahrenheit.) Frequent accidents occur, however, at a less elevated temperature.

NUMBER OF WORDS IN USE.—We are told, on good authority, by a clergyman, that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. The vocabulary of the ancient sages of Egypt, at least as far as is known to us from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, amounts to about 685 words. The libretto of an Italian opera seldom displays a greater variety of words. A well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school, and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakspeare, the Times, and all the books of Mudie's library, seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakspeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.—*Prof. Max Muller.*

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—We are told that Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty-eight years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time; a singular exertion noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of

the most remarkable instances of the progress of the age in new studies.

Accareo, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixtieth year, commenced the *Iliad*, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

TEMPERATE HABITS.—The value of temperate habits in prolonging life and diminishing sickness has been exhibited in the comparison of temperance provident societies with other societies. The Teetotal Society, of Preston, (England,) presents, as we learn from the sanitary reports of Rev. Mr. Clay, not merely the smallest proportion of sick, but it also suffers the shortest average duration of illness. The annual mortality in the Temperance Provident Society of London, during seven years, averaged only 4 in 1,000. In agricultural laborers, in the prime of life, the most highly favored of the working classes in England, it is rated at 8 per 1,000.

Among healthy persons generally, it is rated at 10 per 1,000. Among clerks at the same age, it is no less than 23 per 1,000. If we compare this with the other picture, how great is the difference! Every-where the intemperate are among the first victims of epidemics and also contagious febrile diseases. They are more readily attacked, and more readily sink under disease than any other class of persons. The pernicious effects of intemperance in throwing the system open to cholera, have been admitted by all medical writers in the different countries of Europe.

MOST DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.—A recent issue of the British Quarterly Review contains the following astounding—nay, almost incredible—revelations of the ignorance which exists among some sections of the British community: "In Birmingham, 32 persons, averaging more than 12 years of age, including a young man of 20 and two young women, could tell the Queen's name. The commonest and simplest objects of nature, such as flowers, birds, fishes, mountains, and the sea, were unknown. Some thought London was a county—one that it was in the exhibition; a violet was said to be a pretty bird, a primrose a red rose, a lilac also a bird; but whether a robin or an eagle were birds none could say; some knew not what a river meant, or where fishes live, or where snow comes from; and a cow in a picture was pronounced to be a lion. Multitudes of these poor children can never have seen a primrose by the river's brim, or heard the song of a lark."

UNBOLTED FLOUR THE MOST HEALTHFUL.—Having been raised in a good wheat country, we can not well overcome an early attachment to "mother's nice white bread." Yet science plainly teaches that the most healthful bread is made from wheat ground without separating the bran. The coarser portions of bran keep the finer particles of flour separated, so that the gastric juice of the stomach more readily penetrates and dissolves the mass, and hence is better for digestion. These coarser particles also promote the healthful action of the intestines, and prevent constipation, which is one of the prolific causes of disease in these days. It would be far better, doubtless, if every flour bolt were removed from our grist-mills, and people consumed the meal of the whole wheat kernels, just

as the several parts are combined naturally. Taste depends mainly upon habit; those accustomed to the unbolted flour eat it with a relish.—*American Agriculturist*.

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—The Chemical Gazette gives the following receipt for a whitewash for buildings or out-door use, but is also well adapted for walls: "Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring boiling water over it, and in sufficient quantity to cover five inches deep, stirring it briskly till thoroughly slacked. When slacking has been effected, dissolve in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash."

SCHLOSS HRADEK.—In the neighborhood of Sadowa, where the Austrians were recently defeated by the Prussians, is the renowned park and castle of Count Harrach, one of the richest noblemen of Austria. It is built in close imitation of Windsor Castle, in England, in the midst of a park and old forest of twenty-seven square miles. The large hall, called the Kaiser-saal, (the Hall of Emperors,) is remarkable for its splendor. It contains the portraits of all the emperors of Austria, by the first masters of Germany and Italy. The walls are frescoed in Pompeian style. The floor represents, by inlaid wood-work of most costly kind, the renowned painting of Kaulbach, "The Hunnenschlacht," (the Battle of the Huns.) Every piece of furniture is of ebony wood inlaid with ivory and solid gold. Another hall is called King Edward II Hall. The furniture was brought over from the Castle of Carnarvon, and is the identical furniture used by the renowned English King. The dining-saloon is called the Hirschsaal, (the Deerhall.) The chairs, tables, goblets, doors, and floor are made of deerhorn. The door of this splendid room cost 5,000 florins, or \$2,500. To give, in short, an idea of the costliness of the whole, it may suffice to state that Count Harrach devoted, during twelve years, the income of twenty-two of his estates for the building and decorating of this castle, called "Schloss Hradek."

A PLEASANT PARLOR PASTIME.—A favorite play with Dr. Whately, was penciling a little tale on paper and then making his right-hand neighbor read and repeat it in a whisper to the next man, and so on till every body around the table had done the same. But the last man was always required to write what he had heard, and the matter was then compared with the original retained by his grace. In many instances the matter was hardly recognizable, and Dr. Whately would draw an obvious moral; but the cream of the fun lay in his efforts to ascertain when the alterations took place. His analytical powers of detection proved, as usual, accurate, and the interpolations made by the parties were playfully pilloried. The play is called "Russian Scandal."

Library Notices.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. Written from a National Stand-point. By a National Man. 12mo. Pp. 363. \$1.75. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—We are not partial to biographies of living men. It is not possible that the whole case should be placed before us while they are yet in the midst of life's activities, and while, perhaps, abundant opportunities still remain for them to create yet greater claims on our gratitude and admiration, or indeed to fall and effectually ruin what so far may have been sufficiently pure and praiseworthy. Yet the present, very possibly, may be the most favorable time that will ever be offered for writing the life of President Johnson. We are disposed to think that two years ago would have been more favorable than the present, and even after examining this volume, we can not help but fear that the record of the future will only tarnish and detract from what may have been good and illustrious in the past. The author writes with great admiration for the President, with great confidence in his policy, his integrity, his purity, and his patriotism. The work is written in the interest of a certain set of principles, if not in the interest of a certain party. It is not our province to speak evil of dignitaries. We hope Mr. Johnson in personal character is all that this anonymous writer represents him; but we view the whole case from a different standpoint, and can not sympathize with the policy of the President and his admiring biographer. That is all.

SERMONS PREACHED ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS. By the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. 12mo. Pp. 397. \$1.75. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—We have recently had the pleasure of reading and noticing several works from the pen of Dr. Goulburn. We admire his style in its pure, simple, and strong diction; his order of thought, in its elevation, depth, and manliness; and his sentiments, in their piety and orthodoxy. We have read several of these sermons, and find them characterized by all the excellencies of the author. We would single out that one on "Pure and Undeified Religion," that on "Final Impenitence," that on the "Goodness and Severity of God as Manifested in the Atonement," that on—but why single out any, as each one that we read offers itself as a model of the author's style, and an exemplification of his earnest, practical, Christian method of treating every subject he undertakes. There is food for the mind and nourishment for the heart in this book of sermons.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS. Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, Classed according to their Principle of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc. 8vo. Pp. 651. \$4.50. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Mr. Wood is the author of several valuable works on

natural history, and is perfectly at home among the humble habitations of God's creatures. The title of the beautiful book before us suggests its plan—that of classifying and describing a multitude of animals according to the construction of their homes. This, of course, brings together creatures of widely different classes and species, but concentrates the attention on the object of the author's study, namely, the skill, and ingenuity, and vast variety of these "homes made without hands." Beginning with the simplest and most natural form of habitation—a burrow in the ground—the work proceeds in the following order: "2. Those creatures that suspend their homes in the air. 3. Those that are real builders, forming their domiciles of mud, stones, sticks, and similar materials. 4. Those which make their habitations beneath the surface of the water, whether salt or fresh. 5. Those that live sociably in communities. 6. Those which are parasitic upon animals or plants. 7. Those which build on branches." The work concludes with a miscellaneous chapter treating of habitations which could not be classed in the other groups. A profusion of illustrations present to the eye what the author tries to describe in the text. It is a most excellent and beautiful work in natural history.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden, Part I. Quarto. Double Columns. Pp. 350. \$6. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the successive parts of this pictorial history as they appeared. This is the first volume completed, and handsomely bound in muslin. Within a few months, and within the compass of another volume similar to this one, the authors inform us they will be able to complete the entire work. We know no reason why this beautiful work should not be accepted as the family history of the war. Its copious illustrations, consisting of 249 scenes and incidents, 31 maps and plans, and 225 portraits of eminent actors in the war, constitute in themselves an invaluable possession. The text is not a mere hasty compilation, but is based throughout on authentic documents, and the facts are substantiated by unquestioned evidence. The close of the war gave the authors access to documents before unattainable, exhibiting the war also on the Confederate side. The large quarto form, being of the size of Harper's Weekly, gives facility for presenting the maps and illustrations on a large scale, while the 380 large pages in the present volume must contain an amount of reading matter equal to at least 1,500 octavo pages.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. By Col. Harry Gilmer. 12mo. Pp. 291. \$2. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Harry Gilmer wishes to be recognized as a brave and dashing cavalryman, a hero of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, "fighting fairly and in good faith"

We think if Harry's name goes down to posterity at all, it will be as a traitor, a ruthless guerrilla, a heartless murderer, an execrable incendiary. His character, as drawn by his own hand, is one that every good man, who regards God and loves his fellow-men, will heartily abominate—a vain, conceited, reckless youth, delighting in blood and murder for the mere excitement and adventure it afforded. He is a native of Maryland, who, with several of his kith and kin, went over to the Confederates soon after the breaking out of the war, without even the silly pretext of "going with his State against the nation." He spent most of his service with the famous guerrillas, Ashby and Moseby, was twice a prisoner in our hands, and had charge of the work of setting fire to Chambersburg. Being a prisoner in Fort Warren at the close of the war, he was generously released, and, we presume, pardoned, and that is the end of the chapter.

A NARRATIVE OF ANDERSONVILLE, Drawn from the Evidence Elicited on the Trial of Henry Wirz, the Jail-cr. With the Argument of Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge Advocate. By Ambrose Spencer. 12mo. Pp. 272. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Our readers will sufficiently understand the character of this book of horrors. It is only necessary to say that Mr. Spencer was long a resident in the immediate neighborhood of the Andersonville prison, and with the official records of the trial of the chief actor in the atrocities there perpetrated before him, has in a grave and impassioned manner told the horrible but truthful story of Andersonville.

THE SINGING PILGRIM; or, Pilgrim's Progress Illustrated in Song, for the Sabbath School, Church, and Family. By Philip Phillips. New York and Cincinnati: Published by Philip Phillips & Co.—On our table we found lying a copy of this new book, and turning to the fly-leaf we found written the following: "I have the pleasure of presenting you with one of the first six copies of the 'Singing Pilgrim.' Sincerely yours, singing for Jesus. Philip Phillips." We verily believe our friend Phillips has a mission of "singing for Jesus," and that in this new book of songs and music for the Sunday school, Church, and family, he has made a grand progress in his mission, and has given us the best contribution he has yet made to Sunday school music, if not, indeed, the best book of the kind we possess. The Singing Pilgrim consists of three parts: first, the Singing Pilgrim proper, in which the design has not been to paraphrase the famous Pilgrim's Progress, or to change it into measured poetry, but to furnish hymns illustrative of the same features of Christian experience as are illustrated by the allegories of Bunyan. The second part consists of a large and new collection of Sunday school hymns and music, on subjects adapted for all religious occasions. The third part is a choice collection of our best and most substantial hymns for various purposes of Christian worship. We do not see how it would be possible to make a book of hymns and music better adapted in all respects to the wants of the Sabbath school. The copy sent to us is beautifully bound in morocco, with gilt sides and marble edge, for which we thank the esteemed author.

THE ALUMNA: Published by the Alumnae of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati. 1866. Edited by a Committee.—This beautiful annual is again placed on our table, and we welcome it for many reasons—for the chaste beauty of its execution, for the excellent character of its contents, for the very pleasing photograph of the old college building, for the life, earnestness, and activity which it evinces as existing in the Alumnae of the Wesleyan, and for the deep and practical interest which it manifests in the future welfare of this venerable institution. The articles contributed to this number of the Alumna are of a very high order of merit, and the Alma Mater may well be proud of her daughters, when with such beauty of diction, such purity and chasteness of thought, and such promises for the future, they can arise and call her blessed. As the termination of the school year of 1866 closed the connection of the school with the old college buildings, it is natural that the Alumna for this year should be quite historical, and the articles referring to the history of the college are most interesting and valuable. As a new era now opens for the future, it is natural also that the Alumnae should desire to share in the efforts about to be made to erect new buildings and to start the old Wesleyan on even a broader and grander mission than that of the past. We find in the report of the "Business Meeting of June 16, 1866," that it was resolved, "that we, as an Alumnae, should endow a professorship in the new college, always to be filled by an alumna of the college," and that it was also determined to raise for this purpose \$10,000. We find ourself inclining to the wish that the efforts of the Alumnae had taken the direction rather of assisting in the erection or furnishing of the new building. But the professorship is a noble object, and one in which all can unite harmoniously. We have no doubt it will be done. Three hundred and sixty-three members of this association, wearing the honors of their Alma Mater, will not fail, we are sure, in achieving this result. The young ladies who have edited this number of the Alumna have done their work admirably. Surely every member of the association will have a copy. They can be had, we are told, at the Methodist Book Concern in this city.

ENGLISH TRAVELEERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. 12mo. Pp. 355. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Moens, in company with the Rev. J. C. Murray Aynsley, during a visit to Southern Italy in the Spring of 1865, was captured by a band of brigands in the mountains near Salerno. In a few days Mr. Aynsley was released by lot in order that he might make efforts to obtain the large ransom demanded for their liberation. Mr. Moens was retained as hostage, and spent about three months with his roving captors. The most interesting part of the book, because the most novel, is, of course, the diary of Mr. Moens during these three months, in which we catch a glimpse of this strange brigand life, so common as to be one of the characteristics of Southern Italy. Certainly it must be a strange country and a strange government that admit of this wild and murderous life. It does not speak well for "united Italy," that Mr. Moens feels compelled to declare that brigandage is more

prevalent and less controlled now than under the old regime. The narrative is made more complete by the diary of Mrs. Moens, giving an account of what was done by herself and friends for the liberation of her husband; while the three chapters recounting the visit of the party to Sicily at the time Mount Etna was in active eruption adds to the interest of the volume.

LETTERS OF LIFE. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12mo. Pp. 414. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is the last literary effort of Mrs. Sigourney. At the request of a "dear friend" she furnishes in these familiar letters a particular account of her own life—a long, beautiful, good and useful pilgrimage, little varied by extraordinary incident, and wholly devoid of romance. It is simply a true, natural, healthful, womanly life, such as thousands of others have lived, and the value and interest of these letters lie in the fact that they truthfully sketch such a life. We have not here Mrs. Sigourney the poet, but Lydia Howard Huntley, the affectionate and dutiful daughter, and Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the true wife and devoted mother. The letters are interesting and instructive, and of course will be desired by the many admirers of this gifted woman. The last poem she ever wrote is the "Valedictory" of this volume, and bears a date of less than four weeks before her death:

"Here is my valedictory. I bring
A basket of dried fruits—autumnal leaves,
And mosses, pressed from ocean's sunless tides.
I strew them votive at your feet, sweet friends,
Who've listened to me long—with grateful thanks
For favoring smiles, that have sustained and cheered
All weariness.

I never wrote for fame—
The payment seemed not to be worth the toll;
But whoso'er the kind affections sought
To mix themselves by music with the mind,
That was my inspiration and delight.
And you, for many a lustrium, have not frowned
Upon my lingering strain. Patient you've been,
Even as the charity that never fails;
And pouring o'er my heart the gentlest tides
Of love and commendation. So I take
These tender memories to my pillowed turf,
Blessing you for them when I breathe no more.
Heaven's peace be with you all!
Farewell! farewell!"

A BRIEF TREATISE UPON CONSTITUTIONAL AND PARTY QUESTIONS, and the History of Political Parties, as I Received it Orally from the Late Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. By J. Madison Cutts, U. S. A. Post 8vo. Pp. 221. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—So reads the title of the book that lies before us; it well defines the nature and contents of the volume, which will be welcomed by the admirers of the late Senator Douglas. "In the Summer of 1859," says the author, "Mr. Douglas remained in Washington; and as I was very desirous of receiving from him a statement of his own political faith, with the general views of a statesman upon constitutional, political, and party questions, I prepared, with his consent, a brief analysis of such subjects as I wished him to explain to me. We were in the habit of spending an hour together each evening, till all the questions I had proposed were answered. This treatise embodies all of these conversations, which were taken down in writing, verbally, at the time—Mr.

Douglas always pausing long enough to enable me to obtain his exact language." The questions discussed are some of the most vital in the Constitution and the Government of our country, and some of the most interesting in our party politics. They can be read with interest and profit by persons of all parties, but many of the views will be strongly dissented from by men as wise as Mr. Douglas himself.

SHEERBROOKE. By H. B. G., Author of "Madge." 12mo. Pp. 463. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is a pure domestic story, that so far from doing harm to the reader, will teach lessons of strength, courage, and patience, and a love for that wisdom which fills the chambers of the heart with "all precious and pleasant hours."

HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON TWO HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR. By Mrs. Warren. Paper, 50 cts. Boston: Loring. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is a fascinating little autobiography of married life, and has had an almost unparalleled success in England. The author's aim is to impart in a pleasing manner a practical knowledge of the essential requisites for successful housekeeping with a moderate expenditure of money, and to advise and instruct the inexperienced young wife so that she, and not the servant, shall rule the house. Two hundred pounds are equivalent to one thousand dollars, a sum which represents the income of a very large class in this country. How to use that sum to the best advantage is admirably told in this little book.

PROFESSOR BLOT'S LECTURES ON COOKERY. Delivered at Mercantile Hall. Paper, 25 cts. For sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.—Every body doubtless has heard of Professor Blot and his lectures—the prince of cooks. "The most honored of professors," says one, "is Professor Blot." But this is a very different book from the one noticed above. Doubtless the dishes are all very fine, but not many of them could be placed on the table at "two hundred pounds a year." For those who can afford this style of living we have no doubt Professor Blot gives the very best instructions for furnishing the very best dishes *à la mode*. We belong rather to the class whose table must be furnished after what we believe the more healthful mode of Mrs. Warren.

FIRST LESSONS IN NUMBERS, in the Natural Order. By John H. French, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The first of Dr. French's mathematical series, designed for beginners; very simple and natural in its arrangement. It is admirably adapted to its object.

SELECT LESSONS FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, Adapted to Responsive Reading in Sunday Schools. By H. Mattison, D. D. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. New York: Carlton & Porter.—These lessons consist of "solid extracts," just as they stand in the Scriptures, each lesson containing at least one prominent subject, and being complete in itself. We greatly like the plan of reading a lesson of Scripture with response by the school, and think Dr. Mattison has been very happy in his selections and in the general arrangement of this little book.

MEDICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By Jonathan Letterman, M. D. *Late Surgeon United States Army, and Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac.* 8vo. Pp. 194. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Bloomington, Illinois, Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, D. D., President—students, 296. *Catalogue of the Oakland Female Seminary,* Hillsboro, Ohio, Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, D. D., Principal.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS. *Act Approved June 30, 1864, as Amended by Acts of March 3, 1865, and July 13, 1866; Together with the Acts Amendatory: With Copious Marginal References, a Complete Analytical Index, and Tables of Taxation and Exemption.* Compiled by Horace Dresser. 8vo. Pp. 220. Paper, 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The North British Review*, June, 1866, American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June, 1866, American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. *Minutes of the Niagara, Ontario, and Bay Quinte Annual Conferences.* *Minutes of the Maine Annual Conference.* *Catalogue of the Illinois Wesleyan University,*

Centenary Record.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HECK HALL, JULY 12, 1866.

No common-place event has assembled us to-day, yet, in the contemplation of a scene like this, we are saddened once more by what has often made us sad—our failure fitly to conceive of what transpires before us. Converging at the spot on which we stand, come countless visions of the mysterious past. From the same sky that bends above us, in this impressive hour, a host of tireless stars has watched the pace for sixty centuries; and various, beyond our thought, have been the scenes on which these stars have bent their steady gaze. But of them all, there comes to us the evidence of one, alone. In the excavations made for these walls, just below the main hall of the edifice to be erected here, have been found human skeletons, of great antiquity, buried, perhaps, before the Pinta and the Nina turned their adventurous prow from Spain toward the New World. None can narrate for us the history of the race thus represented, or bring up from oblivion the secrets of this ancient burial-place.

But there are other lives and other graves, of which we must all think while standing here.

In an obscure, Canadian church-yard reposes one whose memory, dear and sacred to us all, we this day honor. Fruitful of teaching is the thought that God remembereth his own, however lowly they may be in man's proud eyes; and seldom is an illustration of this truth more clear than in the case of this humble but holy woman, born and reared in a rural district of Ireland, yet destined to be, in the American metropolis, the foundress of a mighty Church. In that quiet, common life of hers, full of petty cares and crosses, was the ennobling faith which, upon any life, confers true dignity. Behind that grave, Teutonic face was a brain diligent to think for God and for humanity.

Remote is the connection, in our surface thought, between the little room with its humble group of five, listening to Philip Embury's first sermon, and this large audience, this solemn ceremony, these rising walls!

Most fortunate for us the lesson—if we wisely give it heed—that comes from thoughts of her whose name this edifice shall bear.

Not very far away, down the lake-shore, is the resting-place of her whom, equally, we honor, and whose unequalled liberality projected the enterprise which the efforts made by us are meant to aid.

Indissolubly linked, at last, are the lives of these two Christian women, who had the highest kinship, though severed far by time, by distance, and by worldly circumstance. Surely we must all feel that with poetic justice is this memorial edifice of the Garrett Biblical Institute to be named Heck Hall.

Thus, in the order of God's providence, does the highest and the best assert its right; and they who bring good tidings from a changeless world, and publish peace to a restless race, claim this spot as their home.

Faintly in the sunshine of the present we discern the twilight of the past, yet we can see that

"Through the ages, one unchanging purpose runs;"

that "without haste, without rest," the Invisible Ruler has unfolded his purpose.

The laying of this corner-stone symbolizes most fitly the firm basis laid by this Association for future success; and, as these walls are reared, our faith maintains that they shall symbolize with equal truth its increasing influence and helpfulness.

We have but just begun our generous task. Many difficulties attend us, but difficulty is an ingredient quite too common in the cup of life to discourage or surprise. We have no querulous word to speak—no greeting less cordial than "God bless you!" for any organization, local or general, for us, against us, or unmindful of us, so that it aims to signalize this memorable year by greater victories for Christ. But this we claim: that the enterprise which we have undertaken, in charity and faith, *deserves success*; that for women to build in a woman's honor, upon foundations laid by a woman's benefactions, and for woman's truest friends, the heralds of Christ's Gospel, is a noble deed.

Our convictions are strong, our purpose does not waver, and very steadfast is our confidence in the loyalty of womanhood to that which is, in itself, good and beautiful—whose claims conflict with no just estimate of other obligations, and whose results must be a union of sympathy and an enlargement of Christian liberality throughout all our borders.

Let local interests be cared for with conscientious zeal. Questionable, indeed, is his loyalty to Church or State who is unmindful of the truth that "Charity begins at home," and just as questionable his loyalty to the teachings of Christ, if that charity never goes abroad.

The word "connectional," so often used, has become a sounding brass in weary ears, yet there is in it a meaning deeper than its definition shows, for the spirit of our Savior alone can animate such love for the universal Church as will turn our offerings into connectional as well as local channels.

If theological institutions, patronized by the whole Church and benefiting it universally, a Mission-House at the metropolis, and an Educational Fund whose blessings are to be diffused throughout the entire country be not "connectional objects," we know not where to find them.

The hundredth year of the Church's life is passing with unmarked rapidity—three-fourths of it being already gone. Whether we think of it or not, when the history of the epoch is written for posterity, it will be something to regret if we are not identified with the success which the first Ladies' Centenary Association, and the only one of general character and direct, official sanction, will certainly achieve.

Women of the West! Will you not all ally yourselves with us, at least by entering your names upon our list as members, or, as life members, securing our beautiful certificate? Shall not each of the principal rooms in Heck Hall bear the name of a benefactress?

We wait the issue of your thoughtful prayers and Christian sympathy.

Women of the Church throughout our land! The Central Centenary Committee calls upon us to make a princely contribution in commendation of the era. What response shall be given by us to history?

Shall not the general and the local associations work lovingly together? Surely there is no want of harmony between the two departments of Christian enterprise. Each is noble and just; both make our offerings complete.

Let us think, for a moment, of 1966! In that far-off Centenary, when a greater Church than the world contains to-day, in the strength of its enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm of its strength, lays broader plans than we have laid, and heap up costlier gifts than ours, shall it not be that, as the Christian women of that era turn the bright pages of the history to which we are contributing, they shall catch the inspiration which generous deeds have, through all time, imparted? Shall they not see, down the dim years, a Christian sisterhood standing side by side, and hand in hand? May God grant it, if it be his will, for Jesus' sake!

MELINDA HAMLIN, *President.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD, *Corresponding Secretary.*

FIRST THINGS IN AMERICAN METHODISM.—From the Pictorial Centennial, issued by N. Tibbals, of New York, and which contains many valuable things concerning the early history, and the spirit and genius of Methodism, we extract the following article on "first things," prepared by Rev. W. H. De Puy, assistant editor of the Christian Advocate.

First Methodists in America.—John and Charles

Wesley came as missionaries to the Indians in Georgia, landing February 6, 1736. This was previous to the organization of Methodist societies in England. Charles returned, via Boston, in about a year; John returned about fifteen months later.

First Evangelist.—George Whitefield, born at Gloucester, England, in 1714, joined the "Methodist Club" in Oxford. He first came to America at the request of Wesley as an evangelist in 1638. During his ministry he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times. He was the "John Baptist" of Methodism in the United States; he prepared the way for the introduction of preachers sent by Mr. Wesley. His death occurred in Newburyport, Mass. Sept. 30, 1770, during his seventh visit to America. Neither the Wesleys nor Whitefield organized any Churches in America.

First Preacher who Organized a Methodist Church.—Philip Embury, in 1766. He was born in Ireland, was converted in that country on Christmas day, 1752, received local preacher's license, and emigrated to America in 1760, and settled in New York, plying his vocation as a carpenter. A few other Wesleyans from Ireland also resided in New York, but no meetings were held. In 1766, Mrs. Barbara Heck, a cousin of Embury, finding one day several of those who had been faithful Christians in Ireland engaged in card-playing, was so shocked by their lapse into sinful amusement that she seized the cards and destroyed them, and then hastened to Embury's residence, and appealed to him to commence preaching at once. He hesitated, but she exclaimed: "You must preach, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands." He yielded, and the first meeting was appointed.

First Preaching-Place.—Philip Embury's private house, in Barrack-street, now Park Place.

First Congregation.—Barbara Heck, with her husband, Paul Heck; John Lawrence, his "hired man;" and "Betty," a colored servant.

First Public Preaching-House.—"The Rigging Loft," located in "Horse-and-Cart-street," now 120 William-street; rented in 1767; torn down in 1854. Dimensions, eighteen by sixty feet.

First Church Property.—Lease of the "Old John-Street Church" lot, afterward purchased. The lease is dated March 29, 1768, and was to Philip Embury, Wm. Lupton, Charles White, Richard Sanse, Henry Newton, Paul Heck, Thomas Taylor, and Thomas Webb, by Mary Barclay, widow of Henry Barclay, the second rector of Trinity Church.

First Deed.—Of Wesley Chapel lot, fifty by ninety-five feet, dated November 2, 1770. Cost of the blank deed, (parchment,) \$8.56, stamped. Consideration price in deed \$1.25, (10 shillings,) though the real price was \$1,500 (£600.) Deed made by Joseph Forbes to Richard Boardman, Joseph Pilmoor, ministers; William Lupton, merchant; Thomas Webb, gentleman; John Southwell, merchant; Henry Newton, shop-keeper, and James Jarvis, hatter—all of New York—Trustees.

First Church Edifice.—Wesley Chapel, John-street, built of stone, faced with blue plaster; sixty by forty-two feet. Embury was the principal carpenter who wrought on the structure. Barbara Heck assisted with her own hands in whitewashing the walls. Its internal arrangements were long unfinished. At the dedication

there were "no stairs or breast-work to the galleries, the galleries being reached by a rude ladder." The seats, even on the main floor, had no backs, nor was there any vestry or class-room.

First Church Burial Place.—The first record of one was in 1770, when Philip Embury "fixed the door of Mr. Lupton's vault" under Wesley Chapel, in John-street. Mr. Lupton was a trustee.

First Steward.—The first steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in America, was Henry Newton, an Englishman and bachelor.

First Trustees.—Philip Embury, William Lupton, Charles White, Richard Sanse, Henry Newton, Paul Heck, Thomas Taylor, Thos. Webb—organized in 1768.

First Church Subscription.—The form was as follows:

"A number of persons, desirous to worship God in spirit and in truth, commonly called Methodists—under the direction of Rev. Mr. John Wesley—whom it is evident God has been pleased to bless in their meetings in New York, thinking it would be more to the glory of God and the good of souls, had they a more convenient place to meet in, where the Gospel of Jesus Christ might be preached without distinction of sects or parties; and as Philip Embury is a member and helper in the Gospel, they humbly beg the assistance of Christian friends, in order to enable them to build a small house for that purpose, not doubting but the God of all consolation will abundantly bless all such as are willing to contribute to the same."

The first name on the subscription paper was that of Capt. Thomas Webb, who gave the largest sum; namely, \$75. The number of names on the paper was about two hundred and fifty; the smallest sum was 12½ cents. Total subscribed, \$1,045.43. (See "Lost Chapters," by Rev. J. B. Wakely.)

First Dedication Sermon.—Preached by Philip Embury at Wesley Chapel, Oct. 30, 1768, from Hosea x, 12: "Sow to yourselves righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

First Parsonage.—A humble wooden building, with a narrow stoop in front, built adjacent to the first Church in John-street, New York, in 1770, and thoroughly furnished by the ladies with articles mainly given or lent. The following is a complete list:

Purchased: Bedstead and sofa, (cost,) \$5; feather-bed, bolster, and pillow, (67 lbs. at 29c.) \$19.43; small furniture, 97½ cents; 11 yards sheeting for a pair of sheets, \$3.32; one pair new sheets, \$2.50; one pair blankets, \$3.50; sauce pan, 87½ cents; plates, 94 cents; nap-cloth and tape, 69 cents; total, \$38.13. **Borrowed:** five chairs, three tables, one pair andirons, two iron pots, five pictures, one shaving dish, one set bed curtains, one small looking-glass, two blankets, two green window curtains, four teaspoons. **Donated:** one grid-iron, one pair bellows, six china cups and saucers, six soup-plates, two salt cups, one bread-basket, one tea-chest and canisters, one wash-basin and bottle, one sauce-boat, six cream-colored plates, two "dishes," three "wine glasses," two cruets, six table-cloths, three towels, three burnt china plates, two do. cups, four silver teaspoons, six knives and forks, one copper tea-kettle, one knife-box, one bed-quilt, two pillow-cases, one bed-sprey, one Windsor chair and cushion, one red rug, four pictures.

The donations were from *seventeen persons*. The parsonage, which at first was styled "The Preacher's House," was also furnished with a small, yet useful library.

First Methodist Sexton.—John Murphy, (colored,) sexton of John-Street Church, in 1750. His salary is not known, but that of his successor, a year later, was \$45.63. From the first the congregation numbered several excellent colored members.

First Ministerial Donation.—October 17, 1769, to Mr. Embury and Mr. Williams, "three pair stockings, at \$1.15 per pair." On the same date, "\$25 (£10) cash," to Philip Embury, "to buy clothes," made by the officers of the first church, and the entry made in the records.

First Clock.—In the lecture-room of the present church, in John-street, is "Wesley's clock," which was early placed in the first "chapel," and has long been regarded as the first *Methodist clock* in America. On it are inscribed these words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." The clock, though running for nearly a century, still keeps good time.

Lights for the First Church.—Candles, the cost of which, during the first year, was \$152.88.

First Volunteer Evangelist.—Robert Williams, a local preacher, from England. While Mr. Wesley, in 1769, was pondering the question of sending missionaries to labor where Embury and Strawbridge had opened the door, Williams, impatient of delay, hastened as a volunteer to the field. He embarked on a packet for America, "with his saddle-bags, a bottle of milk, and a loaf of bread, but no money for the expense of his passage." His expenses were paid by a Methodist fellow-passenger.

First Native Local Preacher.—Richard Oliver, converted through the instrumentality of Strawbridge, in Baltimore county, Maryland. He subsequently entered the itinerancy, and died in it.

First Itinerant Preacher.—William Watters, a zealous and successful preacher, received on trial 1773, and into full connection in 1776, and continued in the itinerancy till death.

First Pastoral Superintendent.—Francis Asbury, appointed by Mr. Wesley, Oct. 10, 1772. His successor was Thomas Rankin, appointed in 1773.

First Bishop.—Thomas Coke, LL. D., ordained in Bristol, England, Sept. 2, 1784, by Mr. John Wesley, assisted by Rev. Mr. Creighton, a presbyter of the Church of England.

First Deacon Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, ordained at Baltimore, Dec. 25, 1785, by Dr. Thomas Coke.

First Elder Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, at Baltimore, Dec. 26, 1785, by Dr. Coke. Freeborn Garretson was the second.

First Bishop Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, at Baltimore, Dec. 27, 1784, by Dr. Coke. At these ordinations Dr. Coke was assisted by Rev. Mr. Otterbine, of the German Church.

First Minister Deceased.—Robert Williams, Sept. 26, 1775. The funeral sermon was preached by Bishop Asbury.

First Conference of Preachers.—In June, 1773, in Philadelphia. The stations, statistics, and appoint-

ments were as follows: New York, (members 180,) Thos. Rankin, to change in four months; Philadelphia, (180,) Geo. Shadford, to change in four months; New Jersey, (200,) John King, William Watters; Baltimore, (500,) Francis Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, Abraham Whitworth, Joseph Yearbey; Norfolk, (50,) Richard Wright; Petersburg, (50,) Robert Williams. Preachers, 10; total members, 1,160. Thomas Rankin presided, having been sent by Mr. Wesley from England to officiate as general assistant.

First Stationed Preachers.—Richard Boardman and Joseph Pillmore, sent out by Mr. Wesley from the Leeds Conference, England, landed on the American coast, (Gloucester Point, near Philadelphia,) October 24, 1789, the former being appointed to New York, and the other to Philadelphia.

First Camp Meeting.—In 1779, near Red River, in Tennessee. It originated at a meeting held by two brothers by the name of M'Gee, one a Methodist minister, and the other a Presbyterian. The first camp meeting in the East was held at Carmel, New York, in 1804. The people came from all quarters of the surrounding country, many of them lodging in their wagons, over which were spread temporary coverings. The second was in Croton, in 1805. The ground was prepared by William Thatchler and J. B. Matthias, local preachers, and Nathan Anderson, Esq. When the ground was ready those three good men kneeled down together and solemnly dedicated it to God in prayer. It was on land owned by Pierre Van Cortlandt, for eighteen years Lieut.-Governor of the State.

First Class Meeting.—At the close of the first sermon, organized and led by Philip Embury.

First Presiding Elders.—Those in charge of districts were first called *Presiding Elders* in the minutes of 1797. Wm. M'Kendree, afterward bishop, is the first on the list.

First American Sunday School.—Organized in 1786, by Bishop Asbury. This was the first Sunday school in America. The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union was organized 1827.

First Sunday School Book.—The first library volume and the first question book were prepared by Dr. Durbin.

First Methodist Books Published in America.—Wesley's Sermons, printed and circulated by Robert Williams. The first book published by the first Book Concern was "A'Kempis," a small devotional work written by a Roman Catholic.

First Book Concern.—At Philadelphia, established 1789, on a borrowed capital of \$600. It was removed to New York in 1804. The first Book Concern in Cincinnati was established in 1820.

First Book Agent.—John Dickins, called at first "Book Steward." Martin Ruter was the first Agent at Cincinnati.

First Periodical.—Methodist Magazine, (now "Quarterly Review,") issued in 1789. The first number of "The Christian Advocate" was issued Sept. 9, 1826.

First Editors.—John Dickins, of books and of magazines; Barber Badger, of Christian Advocate. The editorials were mainly furnished by Dr. Nathan Bangs.

First Book Stereotyped.—Methodist Hymn Book, 24mo edition, in 1820.

First School.—Cokesbury College, at Abington, about

twenty-five miles from Baltimore, projected by Bishops Coke and Asbury, in 1784, and consecrated by Bishop Asbury, and opened for students in 1787.

First Honorary Degree.—That of A. M., conferred upon Whitefield by Princeton (N. J.) College. This theological school began in a log cabin about twenty feet square.

First Missionary Society.—The Missionary Society was organized in Forsyth-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, April 5, 1819. Dr. Nathan Bangs occupied the chair; Joshua Soule, (now senior Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church South,) moved the adoption of the constitution which had been prepared by Dr. Bangs; Bishop M'Kendree was chosen President; Thomas Mason, Corresponding Secretary; Francis Hall, Clerk, and Joshua Soule, Treasurer. The receipts for the first year were \$823.

First Foreign Missionary.—Melville B. Cox, sailed for Africa in 1832, and organized the Liberia Mission.

First German Missions and Missionary.—Prof. (now Dr.) William Nast, was the founder of the German Missions, and was the first preacher sent to labor in them, 1836.

First Temperance Society.—The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized into a Temperance Society in 1784, by adopting a rule forbidding "*drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them.*" This was the first temperance organization in the country.

First Recognition of the National Government.—May 27, 1789, Bishops Coke and Asbury called on Washington, just after his inauguration as President, and read to him the loyal and congratulatory address of the New York Conference. This was the first address presented to the National Government by any religious denomination.

DEATH OF REV. ROBERT WALLACE.—Just as we are about to close the present number, we learn with profound regret the sudden death of Mr. Wallace, a distinguished member of the Irish Conference, who, accompanied by his wife, and as the colleague of Rev. Dr. Scott, as delegates to our Church in this country to participate in our great Centenary work, arrived in New York on the 23d of August. Mr. Wallace attended the session of the Cincinnati Conference, held at Ripley, O., and came to this city to occupy the pulpit of Morris Chapel on Sunday, the 2d of September. On Saturday night he was seized with the cholera, and at ten o'clock on Sabbath morning he died. He was about fifty years of age, and was held in high esteem in the Irish Conference. His sudden death will be mourned in both countries, and, perhaps, may be blessed of God for the furtherance of the Irish cause.

DEATH OF REV. DR. MARLAY.—We have but little space to notice the sudden death of this beloved brother and father in Israel. We hear of it just as we are giving our last lines to the printer. Dr. Marlay, a venerable member of the Cincinnati Conference, died at Ripley during the session of the Conference, at about the same hour as Mr. Wallace died in this city. They had taken tea together at Ripley, on Friday, and Dr. Marlay was seized with cholera that night, and died on Sabbath morning. An excellent portrait and sketch of this dear brother will be found in our June number.







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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE, THE POET.

BY PROF. S. H. DENEN.

SCARCELY any gifted writer furnishes a connecting link between so many eminent names of different generations as the poet Crabbe. Edward Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, was living when he was born, and Tennyson was known as a poet before his death. He was older than Burns, and he outlived Byron. His life stretches across the interval which exists between Hume and Hallam among historians; between Johnson and Jeffrey among critics; between Goldsmith and Scott among novelists; between Burke and Brougham among orators; between Chatham and Palmerston among statesmen; between John Wesley and Robert Hall among divines. He not only saw men separated by so great a number of years, but he witnessed a revolution in the republic of letters. He grew up among men who looked upon Pope as the model of English poets, and the classical school of which he was so illustrious a disciple, as affording the best examples of literary composition; he survived till Wordsworth had called men away from the worship of Pope and the romantic school, and had won the favor of the public. Of the life and poems of this man, who, amid so many distinguished men, became himself distinguished, we offer the following sketch:

The Rev. George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, in the county of Suffolk, England, on Christmas eve, 1754. His father was collector of salt duties. The future poet, when a boy, displayed that fondness for books of all sorts—especially of history, fiction, and poetry—which is usually discovered in boys who have afterward made names for themselves in literature. He began to compose verses at an early age. After having spent some time at school, he was

placed with a surgeon as apprentice. When he had served out his time, he went to London to attend medical lectures; but his means failing he returned to his native village in a few months and commenced the practice of medicine. He was imperfectly qualified for his profession, and his income was very small. The frowns of fortune were somewhat smoothed by the smiles of Miss Sarah Elmy, with whom he fell deeply in love, and who plighted to him her maiden troth. Poverty, however, forbade immediate marriage, and as he brooded over his unprofitable occupation and gloomy prospects, he determined to abandon medicine and go to London and try his fortune in the literary world. He doubtless felt the confidence with which uncommon abilities inspire the possessor. And then Goldsmith and Smollett had succeeded as authors after failing as physicians; and why not he? He was too poor to pay his way to London, and with some difficulty borrowed five pounds for that purpose. Arrived there, he took cheap lodgings and endeavored to find a publisher for the poems which he had written. Booksellers are cautious about printing the works of unknown writers, and none would venture for him. He then applied for relief to those who held the high places of power. He addressed Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow. His requests were unsuccessful. His money was now gone—he could get no more—and he was in deep distress. Discouraged but not utterly disheartened, he determined to write another letter asking aid. By good fortune it was directed, not to an English lord, but to one of nature's noblemen—the illustrious Edmund Burke, whose heart was as kind as his intellect was great. Burke appointed an interview, and was so favorably impressed with the young poet that he took him into his own family, and introduced him into that society which gathered around himself and

Dr. Johnson, and which included so large a number of persons celebrated in politics or literature. Crabbe had long felt a desire to become a minister in the Church of England, and through the influence of Burke he was ordained in 1781, and returned to his native parish as curate. He had been there but a few months when he was invited by the Duke of Rutland to Belvoir Castle as domestic chaplain. This welcome appointment was also secured by Burke, whose assistance in this case, like mercy, was twice blessed. Rarely has generosity been more worthily bestowed, or gratitude more sincerely returned. Throughout life Crabbe always acknowledged that he owed to Burke all the worldly prosperity which had fallen to his lot, and delighted to speak his benefactor's praise. In 1783 he received the gift of two small livings in Dorsetshire from Lord Thurlow. He now thought himself well enough provided for to make good his early promises to Miss Elmy. They were married, and although the Duke of Rutland, by becoming Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was compelled to change his residence, he gave them apartments at Belvoir Castle, and made every arrangement to secure their happiness. From this time to his death the current of Crabbe's life ran smoothly enough. He had a wife who made his home always cheerful; he had the favor of a noble family, whose protection never forsook him: the influence of his friends put him on the road to advancement, and the exercise of his abilities gradually procured him competence and fame. A life thus passed in the enjoyment of ease, with the approval of conscience, and the admiration of mankind, left him little or nothing to desire. In the discharge of the duties of his sacred office he moved from place to place as different livings were given to him till the year 1813, when he became rector of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, where he remained the rest of his life. His death took place February 7, 1832.

Prudence was perhaps the most distinct feature in the character of Crabbe. He was a man of strong common-sense and a keen observer of life. The habits of his childhood and the lessons of his youth had taught him to be moderate in his expectations; and neither in the ardor of love, nor in the pursuit of fortune, nor in the hope of fame was he to be led from the path which his judgment had prescribed. The friends whom he once gained he never lost; the blessings which Providence conferred upon him, he received thankfully and enjoyed wisely. His business was to prepare men for heaven, and in his life he has left an example which may safely be followed both for temporal and

eternal interests. He was himself what he advised others to be, moderate, prudent, just, religious, and charitable. The practice of these virtues afforded him at the same time the sweetest pleasures of earth and the surest hopes of heaven.

Dr. Johnson has observed that, as the life of a hero is to be followed from battle to battle, so the life of an author is to be traced from book to book. Crabbe's first volume, "The Library," appeared in 1781. To this succeeded "The Village," in 1783; "The Newspaper," in 1785; "The Parish Register," in 1807; "The Borough," in 1810; "Tales," in 1812; and "Tales of the Hall," in 1819. A volume of poems left in manuscript by him was published by his sons shortly after his death. These poems, with the exception of two or three shorter pieces, are written in the heroic couplet rendered familiar to the public by the works of Dryden and Pope. In substance and manner they are also very similar to each other. Crabbe devoted himself to the minute study of the human character, as displayed in the various villagers with whom he lived. His poems contain the results of these studies, embodied in short sketches and tales, in which he is so faithful to nature that one is impressed with the belief that he must in each instance have taken as his subject some person with whose history he was well acquainted, and whose life he had attentively observed. From time immemorial it had been customary in song to represent virtue and happiness as dwelling exclusively with the poor. Crabbe had been raised in poverty, and he knew that this picture was one of the illusions of poetry. He determined, therefore, to describe men as they were;

"As truth will paint them, and as bards will not."

He delineates all the varieties of character which he met, but as the poor formed the largest class among his parishioners, so they are the principal subjects of his verse. He represents them as he saw them—many of them virtuous and happy, and many of them also ignorant, licentious, depraved, and miserable. His portrait gallery exhibits more sad than smiling faces; so does the world. So wonderful are his powers of observation, and so keen and unerring his analysis of character and feeling, that he seems like a confessor revealing the secret thoughts and motives which had once been committed to his trust. Writing thus of men and women whom he knew, he never falls into the extravagant and unnatural style to which authors, who depend on their fancies, are so very prone. In his most tragic narrations

he does not accumulate horrors on horrors' heads to produce effect, but keeps within the bounds of ordinary life; and thus, although he does not harrow up our feelings so intensely at the moment, he makes a far more lasting impression. It is this quality which has made his works a favorite with those who have seen much of mankind, and have learned to prefer correct representations of actual life and simple nature to the overwrought creations of fiction and sentiment. The originality, vigor, and elegance of *The Village* delighted Dr. Johnson in his declining years; and the homely pathos of Phoebe Dawson, in the Parish Register, touched the tender heart of Fox on his dying bed. Sir Walter Scott esteemed his strong sense and life-like pictures of English manners above all the other poetry of the age, and Byron called him "though nature's sternest painter, yet the best," and at a later date did not hesitate to class him as the first poet of his time. So entirely does Crabbe trust for his power over his readers to a faithful delineation of life and those subtle distinctions of character which his keen observations detected, that he not only rejects all the embellishments of romance, but rarely employs those arts which other poets adopt to add grace to their works. It is remarkable that in his latter poems there is scarcely a historical allusion to be found, and his similes are introduced merely for illustration, and never for ornament. It was once said of a gaudily-dressed beauty, that the "lady was the smallest part of herself." Her taste has been imitated by many writers with whom the style, the episodes, and the decorations receive more attention than the subject itself. In our forests it is only shrubs and smaller trees that are covered with flowers and filled with odors; the oaks and the pines have but a moderate foliage. So in most of the great authors of the world, simplicity has existed along with strength and grandeur; it has been the feeble and the imitative who have sought ambitious ornaments and a showy style. To the class of original authors Crabbe undoubtedly belongs. His merit consists in his thoughts, not the fashion in which they are clothed. He is a creator, not an embellisher; a parent, not a tailor. His poems will be prized for their vigor, pathos, the minute faithfulness of his portraits, the just observations upon life, the searching analysis of character, and the many profound truths contained therein, which come home at once "to the business and bosoms of men." Having said thus much in his favor, we must not conceal his faults. Horace Smith said of him that he was "Pope in worsted stockings," and it must

be admitted that the garb in which he clothes his fancies is not always of the finest quality. He has written many prosaic verses. His subjects and his habit of analyzing each character at length rendered this almost inevitable. Besides, in every long poetical work there will be portions more or less dull. Hector and Andromache can not part in every book. Dido can die but once. No river has beautiful or majestic scenery all along its banks. In brilliant wit, happy expression, and terse description Crabbe can not indeed compare with Pope; but he excels him in truth to nature, unaffected pathos, and power of exciting our deeper sympathies. It has been objected to him that he has abused this latter gift, and that he is too fond of painting scenes of misery. Allan Cunningham declared that he was "one of Job's chief comforters to the people." But Job drew from his acquaintance with grief the holiest consolations of religion; and Crabbe's knowledge of the suffering in the cottage, the hut, the work-house, and the jail furnished him with themes for some of his best lessons for mankind. Sorrow arouses more enduring emotions than joy. The pageantry of the palace touches our bosoms less sensibly than life among the lowly.

Most persons can distinguish good from evil; but the allurements of present pleasure are too strong for the fear of distant penalty. It is, therefore, more useful to teach mankind what they *must* avoid, than what they *ought* to pursue. And this is best done by representations of the wretchedness and punishment visited upon men for their follies, bad habits, ungoverned passions, and crimes committed too often to gratify wants created by the vicious course of their lives. Crabbe's poems are full of such examples. A correct idea of his genius can not be formed from short extracts. Some authors are read with more pleasure in quotations than in their complete works. This is true of Young and Moore, and other poets whose fancies thronged too thickly. But with Crabbe it is otherwise. His characters must be surveyed entire that his poems may be justly estimated.

It would be difficult to find two eminent poets who present a more marked contrast than the bards who have sung most about the poor of Scotland and England—Burns and Crabbe. Both indeed were born and raised in poverty; but there all likeness ends. Burns delighted to sing of love and beauty—themes on which Crabbe seldom dwells. Burns declared the joys of youthful passion to be the glory of life; Crabbe showed how passion slips into error and error into crime. Burns celebrated "inspiring

bold John Barleycorn," Crabbe portrayed the filth and wretchedness of the drunkard's home. Burns's inflammable heart was constantly lighted up by the bright eyes of some fresh beauty; Crabbe's affections were early fixed on one from whom they never wandered. Burns rioted in the raptures of the moment, though they were to be purchased with the repentance of a lifetime; Crabbe was careful in the present, that he might not be sorrowful in the future. Burns teaches the young and fair to be proud of their power; Crabbe, to be prudent with their charms. The good maxims which Burns has left he learned from the lives of others; the vices which he bids us shun too often had ensnared himself; the prudence which Crabbe inculcates he had practiced himself, while he discovered from others how misfortune and punishment overtake folly and crime. Burns's works contain expressions and sentiments which would better never have been penned, and he left in manuscript many things which his editors considered too indecent for publication; but of Crabbe it may be said, as Lyttleton sung of Thomson, that he wrote

"Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Burns, with his fierce passions and uneasy conscience, consumed the fuel of life when only thirty-seven; Crabbe, with his regular habits and peaceful mind, glided gently down to the goodly age of seventy-eight. Burns died with his house unprovided for this world, and with his soul unprepared for the next; Crabbe saw his children established in life and expired in confidence. The life of one forcibly shows that no splendor of genius can avoid the penalty affixed to the violation of moral law, and that all continued indulgence of lawless passions will, in the end, make one miserable here and hopeless hereafter; while that of the other proves that comfort and independence are to be secured by prudence and integrity, and that the pleasantest passage to the grave has also the brightest prospects beyond.

ONE of the almost numberless advantages of goodness is, that it blinds its possessor to many of those faults in others which could not fail to be detected by the morally defective. A consciousness of unworthiness renders people extremely quick-sighted in discerning the vices of their neighbors; as persons can easily discover in others the symptoms of those beneath which they themselves have suffered.

EDITH DORNE.

BY HELEN IVES.

"GOING back to the parlor, are you, Sarah? I slipped out on purpose to intercept you. Come let us take seats in this cozy little room at the end of the hall and talk over by-gones; an addition was just made to the lively company in the parlor there, so they'll not miss us."

It was Mary Howard that was speaking—a contented, happy woman, five years short of life's meridian. Ten years before she married, and took with her all the ardor and enthusiasm of her healthy young life to the then far West, where she had aided her ambitious and energetic husband in procuring a snug home, all their own, which was none the less dear because it was their sacrifices and earnest endeavors that procured it.

Last Spring her husband said, "Now, my bonny Mary, we are a little beforehand in the world, and you shall visit New York this very Fall coming."

No announcement could have made Mrs. Howard happier. And now that she is really among the home-scenes again no one could enjoy them more. To-day she unexpectedly met an old school-friend, and she feels that she must hear all about their associates at the Aston Seminary in the farther East—a pleasure she had not anticipated, for her limited purse would hardly allow her to find the scattered homes of those friends she cherished so highly in youth's heyday. Many of them she had heard nothing from in all the years since she parted from them at the hour that said their school-days were ended, henceforth their paths must diverge.

Already yielding, Mrs. Burritt finds herself comfortably seated in the great arm-chair, and eager Mrs. Howard in a low, easy one beside her. The latter is saying,

"Now, Sarah, tell me all about the girls of our class. What of Jenny Downing?"

"Jenny and I do not associate. She is quite exclusive. Overbearing and proud she is called, but yet I think she means to be rather kind-hearted in her way. She is mistress of an aristocratic mansion up town."

"Then she has been more fortunate than falls to the lot of most of us, for the goal of her ambition is reached."

"Yes, I know that the desires of her spring-time are compassed; and yet, Mary, I doubt if contentment sits supreme inside even that marble front. I must tell you of Edith Dorne;

you can't have forgotten her, such an excellent scholar she was."

"Indeed I have not, and I knew her friends and family. They lived next door to uncle's, where I boarded. Aunt always said Mr. Dorne was not educating his eldest daughter properly. A remark that seemed strange to me then, when there was no one whose standing in school for deportment or scholarship was higher than hers. There was never a prize offered but that she took right before our eyes. It was not because she was a pet or favorite. That she earned and merited the encomiums she received the most envious of us must acknowledge."

"Wherein did your aunt think Edith's parents made a mistake in conducting her education?"

"This is what I was told. From a little child Edith was very quick to learn, consequently was kept closely in school. She grew out of primary advanced and every grade of public school, then was hastened to the seminary, where you and I knew her. She never seemed to care for society, and you know she was not handsome or attractive, so was not sought after. Her parents allowed her to follow her natural inclinations, in fact praised her seclusiveness, and stimulated her literary aims. But, Sarah, wherein lies the good of learning if it can not be made useful, and what good could she do her fellow-mortals if she did not know them? She certainly had the least knowledge of human nature of any one I ever knew with her intelligence. You remember the honor with which she graduated. Her goal was reached that day. Her parents' ambition for her was gratified. I went from Afton then, and have not seen Edith since. What else I know of her I gathered mainly from aunt's letters, who wrote in that half-exultant satisfaction we feel when our predictions are proved true, though at the same time we would be glad to find them false. After twelve years of assiduous application, Edith did not find that pleasure in quiet listlessness she had anticipated. Teaching was an opening through which she might have escaped from the ennui she felt, but her parents were proud of her accomplishments and wished her to adorn their home. Had her education been well directed, surely she would have been fitted to do this. She failed, not because she knew too much of books, but because she knew too little of the world. It seems that about a year after we left school Edith married a young man who had been only six months in town. No one knew any thing specially against him, yet he had attractions for few besides Edith. Her friends were dis-

appointed—though they did not directly oppose the union. He was an entire stranger, and all could but wish she had waited till he was better known.

"Just here, Sarah, we see again the perversity of our nature. The point above all on which she was especially deficient, namely, capability of reading human character, Edith thought herself a proficient; hence she paid little heed to the precautionary remarks of older heads. She seemed quite certain that he was all he seemed to be—truthful, honorable, worthy. He was a handsome man, I was told, but in intellect was far from being brilliant; yet he saw and could appreciate Edith's superiority, and was attracted by it. Aunt could not refrain from adding that she felt sure they were ill-mated. Since then affliction in her own family has so engrossed her attention that Edith seems to have wholly dropped from her mind, at least she does not mention her. Really, Sarah, I have spent some time in telling you of Edith Dorne, while it was you that first mentioned her name, and was about to tell me of her when I took the story from you. I have revived my interest in this old schoolmate of ours, and am desirous of hearing what you know concerning her; then perhaps we shall have the girl's whole history."

"I had not seen Edith and had forgotten her existence till, about two years ago, I by chance met her on the street while I was visiting in a town ten or twelve miles from here. She asked me to call at her home, which I did the next day. The reserve that both felt on first meeting after so long a separation quickly wore off, and we were soon confiding to each other our little adventures, hopes, and fears. Edith most deeply regretted that she grew to womanhood with so little knowledge of the responsibilities of life. 'Why, Sarah,' she said, 'you can not imagine how ignorant I was; many a child of ten could put to shame my best endeavors to fulfill a housewife's duties.' 'You may not know,' she continued, 'how very closely my childhood was spent with books. My parents, in their mistaken kindness, excused me from all care except the one that should make me excel in school. If but a small portion of my youthful and vigorous energies had been exercised in gaining an understanding of those simple life-duties that every woman must enter upon, called trivial—and yet, Sarah, they are to me most perplexing—far more available would my education be.' I ventured to inquire if she still had as great taste for reading, and if she ever employed her talents in writing. She was evidently saddened and embarrassed,

and I regretted the question. I learned that she had but little time or opportunity for mental improvement, in truth, was far below the literary standard I supposed she had reached. Not advancing, she had necessarily receded. Her surroundings are of that character that it is presumptuous to imagine she can compose her thoughts sufficiently for writing—so the pleasure and improvement she might receive from that source is shut off. Her pale, thin face, her desponding look and words went quite to my heart when she said, 'My life is a mistake, a sad mistake.' I turned the subject to her really-beautiful little boys, and for the rest of my stay Edith assumed cheerfulness, though I knew she was far from being happy. I did not see her husband. Edith's evident unhappiness made me feel a delicacy about speaking to her of him; still I felt interested and made inquiries. I was told that he makes no effort to support his family save by gambling, and attempts to drown his own discontent in drinking. Edith would gladly do something for the maintenance of herself and family had she the ability. Teaching is the only thing she could do acceptably, but the care of her little ones prevents her from engaging in that. This much I learned at that time, and heard nothing farther till a few days ago I received a letter from the lady I visited. She became quite interested in Edith through my inquiries, and after I came away cultivated her acquaintance; but excuse me a moment and you shall read what she writes."

Mrs. Burritt soon returned and laid the crumpled letter in the hand of her friend, and went out again without saying a word.

Left to herself Mrs. Howard turned her chair toward the light, for the day was waning, then smoothed out the closely-written sheet and read:

"*Dear Sarah*,—I have become not less interested than yourself in your old schoolmate, Edith Dorne; so you will not wonder should my whole letter this time be concerning her. I think you told me that you knew nothing of her husband, William Hayes. It seems that from boyhood he loved intoxicating drinks, and temptations have always been thick about him. 'Tis true he has made short-lived efforts toward reformation, even since I have known him. Once, indeed, I thought him quite secure. A temperance organization was established here. Nearly all the leading citizens became members. Hayes joined, and for three months his was a happy family. Then some thought the pledge too stringent—would not deprive themselves of harmless domestic drinks. Through that open-

ing he fell again. You have no idea how fast a man becomes imbruted when he holds no check upon his appetite for liquor. I have heard it said that woman's affection is undying, no matter how debased her husband may become. It appears so with Edith; though 't would seem that all the love she ever bore him might be turned to bitterness—that she might loathe the sight of him—no hope—no escape—and she must live on thus.

"You remember little Charley. He is gone. Torn from her arms by this same ruthless destroyer. He had grown to be a kind of solace to her in her sorrow. He had a quiet, sympathizing way, and I'm sure she held him dearer than her life. This is the cruel way he died: Hayes, in a mad freak, insisted on placing the frightened boy upon a horse a boon companion was leading. Giving him a sudden blow the horse plunged forward; Charley was thrown with violence to the ground. I was with Edith, and we saw it from the house and ran to him. As his mother took him up I saw his father was almost wholly under the influence of liquor, when he stuttered, 'Take your girlish brat, I can never make a man of him; he's fainted now!' Poor boy, his back was broken. He lingered only three painful hours. Just before he died the room was very still, and I heard him say, 'Mother, I'm glad I'm going; the boys can't plague me then, or call me drunken Bill's boy any more.' I think the child till then had kept from his mother the daily disgrace he was suffering at school.

"Edith's desolate life was still more desolate with Charley gone from her side. She has another boy; Alfred, almost three—for his sake I knew she would live. 'Tis strange how people do live on when there is nothing left for their life to feed upon.

"After Charley's death she was less reserved. One day I was sitting with her when she said, 'I must tell you the great temptation I had yesterday.' These are her words: 'I was seated here at this window with little Alfred on my lap thinking perhaps it is well the dead boy is gone. He has escaped the disgrace that always hangs over the drunkard's child. It was true, as you heard his father say, he was delicate and effeminate; no chance had he to develop a noble, romping, boyish nature; fear and shame were with him always—had he lived would have followed him. O, can the rumseller know that while he is more than killing the fathers, he is also sapping the life-blood of their helpless children—can they know it and still be human? But I must tell you. I was toying with a pen-knife father gave me one happy Christmas in

the years ago—the babe on my lap turned his curly head one side, and I saw how easily I might prick a vein and let his young life ooze away while I held him to my heart. Then there would be no disgrace, no grief, no temptation for him, and heaven would be sure. Just then he sprang up, and, throwing his arms about my neck, kissed me in perfect childish abandon. "T was his own mother, in her unselfish love for him, who was tempted to still his active limbs, close eyes and lips forever; but there was no murder in her heart. Unseen hands staid mine, and the little one unharmed dropped into quiet slumber." When she ceased speaking, I felt as though I ought to say something to strengthen the poor tired woman. But her experience was so far beyond any depth I had ever sounded that words of mine seemed weak and meaningless. After that I saw her frequently. I could give her the sympathy of my presence, if I could say nothing consoling.

"For the last four weeks Hayes has been growing rapidly worse. All the town knew the end must soon come. I had staid away for several days. I knew Hayes was there, and thought Edith had rather not see me. Last Saturday I went again to the cheerless home. In one corner of the room there was a something lying on two chairs and a board—a white cloth covered all. I turned down the sheet and saw all that remained of William Hayes. Delirium tremens had done its worst.

"I wondered what poor Edith would do now, though, to be sure, she is no worse off than she has been for years. To-day she told me that she can not remain here—she can not return to her New England home, but will go west among strangers. Though she did not tell me, I know she does it that her boy may never hear of the only legacy his father left him, a dishonored name."

Blinding tears dimmed the eyes of the reader as she drew to the close of the letter, then dropping her head upon the window sill, she wept long and silently in the deepening twilight which now pervaded the room.

Before retiring for the night the friends met again. Mrs. Howard, in her impulsive way, slipped one arm across the neck, kissed the cheek of the other, then together they walked up and down the dimly-lighted hall, as they had done many a time in the years that were behind them.

Mrs. Howard began: "How very sad is Edith's history! How could she marry the man she did! Could she not see that he possessed no stability? A few judicious inquiries and she would doubtless have learned of his

drinking habits—for, Sarah, I think not many men become drunkards who never taste liquor before they are twenty-five."

"But he was the first and only gentleman with whom she had formed any acquaintance; how could she draw comparisons? He showed her attentions she received from no one else; how could she but feel grateful?"

"True, Sarah, and the main fault of her unhappiness lies at the door of her parents. They unwittingly wronged her in forcing her education all in one channel. She should have come in contact with society—men and women, boys and girls, then a person of her intelligence would not have failed in discrimination. With such strict, confining, unwavering slavery to books and scholastic honors harm was inevitable."

A childish voice interrupted them; Mrs. Howard going to her own room recalled all she had heard, and formed firmer plans and resolutions in regard to the influence she would use over her own little daughter. She should be liberally educated—she smiled as she caught the happy word—yes, *liberally* educated. What schools, books, nature, society could do for her advancement they should do. Life is worthy of every ennobling effort, and her husband—dear good man that he is—she is sure will join her in doing what she can to make the promising bud blossom into useful, happy, beautiful womanhood.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY MRS. J. K. FURMAN.

THIS is the peerless gem,
Its sacred import full of tender care
Gives to the brow its crowning diadem,
And heavenly beauty, such as angels wear.

O, could we know its worth,
The purity and love within it shrin'd,
Would pour such floods of gladness o'er the earth
As human thought hath never yet divin'd!

Its measurement and weight
We for ourselves do ever freely claim,
But should the balance hold another's fate—
Ah, this it is that sometimes bringeth shame.

For whether interest
In this world's good, or place, or power, or fame,
With works of love and kindness be the test,
Or, dearer still, a pure, unsullied name.

And we have e'er prefer'd
Our own advantage in deceitful light,
And with the shadowings of deed or word,
Shed on our neighbor's path the gloom of night.

Then we have surely done
That if revers'd would prove a mournful part;
And often wrongs most thoughtlessly begun,
Have led to darkest bitterness of heart.

So little do we know
The vast extent of reckless pride or power,
And the sad chronicles of human woe,
Traced back, alas, to one black evil hour,

That all too sacredly
We can not guard this precept, just and true,
And e'en through provocations tenderly
Do unto all as we would have them do.

This is the testing rule
Of our best graces while for heaven we strive,
And every scholar in the Christian school
Must live by it if he would walk and thrive.

O, 't is no little thing
To wound a heart, or cause sad tears to flow,
Or hush the song that one would gladly sing,
Though we might deem them e'en a bitter foe.

And if the feeblest one,
So prone to falter toward the better land,
Should ask our pity, would we give a stone,
With cold disdain, or pierce the trembling hand?

Ah, 't is a fearful trust,
This holy precept—so to do and bear,
As brings the consciousness of being just,
With all who share our earthly lot and care;

To cheer the desolate,
And by the sympathy so easy given,
Lead the poor lone one so to watch and wait,
That in their path may spring the bloom of heaven.

But often mortal love
In conflict fails, too feeble to attain
This self-denial—only from above
Is strength derived, the vantage-ground to gain.

Yet 't is alone our chart
Of love to God, whom yet we can not see—
A fount of sweetness welling in the heart,
For fellow-pilgrims to eternity.

THE MORNING COMETH.

BY OPHELIA FORWARD.

FREE Mexico stood pure, and white, and wild;
Her domes were all unscathed, her altars undefiled;
Her wondrous temples, genius* wrought alone,
Chisel nor engine shaped each sculptured stone;
The jasper palace and the marble walls,
The vine-wreathed terraces and fairy halls,
The limpid fountains, shooting clear and high,
Made a grand picture on the tropic sky;
For tropic skies are bluer far, they say,
With long bright vistas, stretching far away,
Which seem the by-paths to the hidden land,
Where spirits pass and reposs, hand in hand.

Young Art was nursed, on Nature's breast beguiled,
Till she had grown a fair and graceful child;
With lip unsoiled by contact with the world;
With heart untouched by envy, she unfurled
Her maiden banner, o'er the simple land,
And bound it heart to heart and hand to hand.

* When Cortez discovered Mexico, the use of Iron was unknown to the natives.

Although the Mexican knew not the God
Who pulls down empires—spreads their lines abroad—
He worshiped in his temple, 'neath his vine,
He worshiped all he knew or thought divine.

Though man be wrapped in darkness, sunk in sin,
Some conscious deity still reigns within,
And only waits to strike the untaught lyre,
Warmed by the kindlings of celestial fire.
The soul must worship—God has made it so;
Its tendrils, through the mists of sin and woe,
Are ever reaching for an altar pure,
Where it may fondly cling and feel secure—
How blest, if, all undimmed by doubts and tears,
It knows no wav'ring in the dark'ning years;
No wild forebodings, lest the spirit's trust
Has found its stay in what is only dust!

As Milton's Mammon saw no God inside
The heavenly portals, that were open wide,
For gazing at the golden entrance fair—
So Cortez saw no tender beauty there
To wake compassion in his hasty soul,
And bend Ambition to its sweet control.
The fading sunlight bathed imperial Mexico,
And made her temples gleam like spires of snow;
What recked he that the pure white wing of peace
Was wounded, ere he won the "golden fleece!"
O gold and conquest! men have braved and died,
And left no footprints on the mountain-side,
But in the "dusky valley," far below,
Are blood and tears, and unrecorded woe;
Still has the world her Spanish hands to spread
The living embers for the hero's bed.
But Cortez or the world can never wrest
The soul's own freedom from the tortured breast.
"Am I upon a bed of roses, say?"
Gasped the young monarch as he writhing lay,
To hush the murmuring friend who suffered near,
And rouse his soul above the touch of fear.

O Gautimoxin, still they are not dead—
The coals that glowed beneath the gallant head!
Some holy hand shall kindle them to flame
To light thy country to a nobler fame;
The bonds of Papal power shall melt away,
As flee the shadows at the blush of day,
And Gautimoxin's spirit shall awake at last,
And France shall feel it in the threat'ning blast,
And Mexico, redeemed at last and free,
Shall answer to the islands of the sea;
No foreign keys* to lock her cities then,
Or tyrant's rod to hush her long amen.

In the grand march of nations she shall take
Her place, and following in the wake
Of others, who have bound their brows with green,
And wrought bright stars—the fadeless leaves between,
Turning her blood-washed forehead up to God,
Fleeing the vale her mangled feet have trod,
No power across the blue, uncertain sea
Shall hold her from a glorious destiny.

* The key which was delivered up by the Mexicans to the French Emperor had been previously made in France and sent over the ocean to them.

A PATCH-WORK OF LITERARY MEMORIES.

BY JANUARY SEABLE.

NOTHING is more interesting to the general run of cultivated readers than a gossip, however loosely put together, respecting literature and literary men. If, to what is publicly known of some great writer, your genial gossip be able to add a sprinkling of private memories respecting his ways and means of life, his habits, peculiarities, and conversations, we will venture to say that, however good the balance of the literature may be in your journal, no single article will find more willing and glad readers than that of which said gossip is the author.

We read the other day, for example, a short paragraph in a London paper which announced to the world that Thomas Carlyle, of Chelsea, the well-known historian and essayist, author of the French Revolution—a History, and the Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, among many other veritable and organic books—had lost his wife, his faithful companion, friend, and lover, for more than a quarter of a century. Attached to this paragraph was the copy of a brief inscription which the great man had written in affectionate remembrance of her, and ordered to be carved upon her monumental stone. The conclusion of this short record of her many virtues was as touching in its eloquent sorrow as that of Jacob when he stood stricken in years, and a stranger, before Pharaoh in the land of Egypt. "I have lived a hundred and thirty years; few and evil have they been, and have not seen one happy day," said the venerable and broken-hearted patriarch. "She is gone, and with her the light and hope of my life," said the great Scotchman, in summing up the final sentences to his beloved wife's memory.

As we read these sorrowful words they dropped silently down into the deep wells of our human sympathy, silently, and one by one, till the last made the waters thereof to overflow, and we own up that we wept silently; and the tears seemed to fill up a great gap in the past, and bridge it over with so profound and magnetic a feeling that we were once more put into communication and communion with the noble writer, and many bright and hallowed memories both of him and her came over us like the vivid pageantry of a holy dream.

It was our good fortune to know both these celebrated personages. It was Carlyle himself who flung the first spiritual sunbeam to this present writer when he was a poor student, struggling with the great riddles of life and death. He it was, too, that uttered the first

brave words to him which influenced both his intellect and his destiny. We will not expose in the market-place those sacred passages in the history of a human soul. This is not the place nor the time for such a revelation. But as we read the words in question, the sorrowful pictures of the bereaved man rose before us in all its awe and beauty, and grand resignation, and we thought of him as he was, when we last beheld them both together on that sunny July morning. It was in the fair gardens of W. E. Forster, Esq., M. P. for Bradford, and the friend of America in the House of Commons, and among the Commoners outside the House in Yorkshire and elsewhere—a right royal man, of whom we have all heard through his brave defense of the North and the republic during the late wars. We feel tempted in this connection to make a slight sketch of him for the benefit of the American reader, that he may henceforth associate in his mind the man with the doings of the man, whenever his name may occur.

He comes of a good Quaker stock, and is, indeed, all out a man, who believes in God, his justice, and his judgments. He is of no party; he is a man who stands foremost always for the truth and the right—a strong-minded, upright, practical man, who illuminates every subject that he touches, and makes the light to shine for the good of all. He and Bright are one, in all these respects, and no higher words can be spoken of any one. He is a nephew of Sir Fowell Buxton, Bart., the well-known abolitionist; and he married a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Arnold, which is also to his praise. When we first knew him he was a merchant in Bradford, and had a factory for the making of his goods. It would be very interesting to relate many private things about him, and instructive also. But again, this is not the place. Invited once by him to meet the late Earl of Carlisle at breakfast, at the house of a near neighbor of his, Mr. Forster drove us over, first of all, to his own residence at Rawden, to spend the night. A mighty Jehu is this redoubtable Quaker—a swift, fearless driver of the maddest horses that were ever turned out, "impossible to break" by any learned educator of horses. Rawden is situate, if we remember rightly, some twelve miles from Bradford, and we compassed the distance in half an hour and ten minutes, over a difficult up-hill and down-dale road.

The house was an old manor house, Elizabethan in style and structure, having around about it ancient gardens, with wide, green lawns, and shrubs, and flower-beds, and grand old ter-

paces, with stone steps to mount them, and interspersed with statues and fountains. The house was a patent show house, having large windows, lighting capacious chambers, which were wainscoted, and one was tapestried. In and out these rooms came and vanished the many servants, over whom was one venerable Quaker lady as housekeeper—for at that time Forster was unmarried, and wrote not M. P. to his name, which was sufficiently honored without it.

On our arrival we entered the long and somewhat narrow parlor to the left of the hall door, the windows of which looked out upon the well-appointed garden and front lawns. Seated at a table which was covered with a white cloth of damask, and laden with viands and wine, sat a middle-aged man between two wax candles, intent upon some enchanting book. He was too absorbed to hear us enter, and Forster presently challenged him by name, when he arose and shook hands with us both, after being introduced to us. A remarkable man he was, severely pitted by the most malignant of all man's enemies in the shape of disease, with a broad, deep forehead, over which the long front hair was carefully combed back till it covered the crown of his head. His eyes were small, piercing, and twinkling; gray eyes, cold, and with a moony glare in them—an exceedingly nervous man, suffering, as we soon found out, and afterward had confirmed to us, from racking rheumatic pains, which took possession of him during his confinement for three years in Stafford jail, where he was sent by the Government for participating in the Chartist riots. He wore a plain, workingman's suit of clothes, and ungainly shoes, we are ashamed to remember, which were tied over the instep with a piece of black cotton ribbon. His speech was rapid and excited, and came from him at times in jerks; and his mouth, despite the curve in the dividing line between the lips, was the organ, to all appearances of physiognomy, of unspeakable brutalities and sensualities; although in this case the science must have lied, for no man's character was ever freer from these inhumanities than his.

Poor fellow! he was a shoemaker by trade, and, working over the lapstone and the last, he managed to make himself acquainted with the two great dead languages, as well as Hebrew and some modern tongues. In early life he had been editor of the Stamford Mercury and Methodist Preacher. Then he took to politics and Chartism, and was terribly in earnest, so much so that he got himself into a Government prosecution, defended himself for some ten

hours, received the compliments and the sentence of the judge who tried him, and while in prison redeemed the pledge which he made before the court in his defense, that he would fill his time with grave studies if permitted, and would write a poem which men would not willingly let die. This he did, and gave us *The Purgatory of Suicides*, in 12 books! From Methodism he ran off into the arid void of atheism, but he could not rest there. Then he tried Unitarianism, and finally came back to Christianity, and became what he now is, a sort of Coleridge Christian, a champion and defender of Christianity, preaching in chapels and on the highway to all people, and often hiring public rooms and town halls in which to hold forth, and try and undo the atheistic knot which he had aforetime tied round the neck of Christianity.

We hear of him, now and then, through the English papers, and find that he is still at his preaching. For years he lectured every Sunday night at the Hall of Science, in London, on all sorts of miscellaneous subjects. Now his theme is always the love of God and the remarkableness of the Christian faith. Honor to him! Honor and Godspeed! His former friends and disciples call him "renegade"—insist that he is insincere; and the "Secularists"—the new name for Holyoake's atheists—will hear no excuses for him. Only Holyoake himself is generous and brave enough to accept his professions. We can not imagine a more fearful position than poor Cooper's—for it is Thomas Cooper of whom we are speaking—nor one which requires greater bravery and inward grace to sustain it. Suspected by one party—not fully trusted, it may be, by the other—he stands alone before God, very clearly readable to him, asking his aid, guidance, and consolation.

Fearfully, indeed, have we run off into the by-ways of our simple story, and well we know that these by-ways have no end; and that, traverse them when and where we may, new people will continually start up and demand a word of recognition. Let us try, therefore, to keep the king's highway for the future. We set out to speak of Carlyle and his lost wife, and where and how we last saw them together. This led us to Forster's house at Rawden, and thus to talk of Thomas Cooper. Let us now say that all consecutive history must be burked henceforth; that the meeting with Lord Carlisle next morning at that costly breakfast, and what of public and private concern transpired there, intensely interesting as it is, must remain a sealed chapter for the present; and that we must pass over some months at a stride, and

visit that Rawden House once more under quite other auspices and circumstances. Always, more or less, Carlyle, the author, came into Yorkshire during the Summer-time. Now he staid with "good Monckton Milnes," M. P. and poet, as he calls him, then again he visited one of the Marshalls, Flax-Spinners of Leeds, at his princely country residence; and when he could, he put up his boots at Rawden. He, on one of these occasions, invited us to dine there with him. It was, as we said, Summer-time, and on entering we found him lying full length on the sofa, tired after a horseback ride, to see his friend, the Marshall aforesaid. To meet this man was to us always a sacred occasion. We loved and revered him, such as we loved and revered no other man, living or dead. It was a verification of his own well-expounded hero worship; and would God that such a feeling could last forever, and begin grandly for a noble and a sacred soul, in all young hearts! It leads, this worship, to religion and all high things and themes. It is not the person, but the truth and beauty he represents and teaches that we love—not ignoring the person either, for how can one ignore the dear hand that led him, or the dear mouth that opened up to him the infinite and the everlasting?

But we are again getting into the by-ways. Carlyle half rose from his couch, apologizing for his "laziness," as he called it, being wearied. Mrs. Carlyle was in the room, arranging a basket of newly-cut flowers for the flower vases, and looking to me who saw her there for the second time, an invalid lady, both youngish and good looking. She was of a very elegant figure, slightly built, of an unusually dark complexion and jet black hair, which she wore plain over her forehead, the noblest and most intellectual, as sculpture, that ever adorned a superb woman's head. Her eyes, too, were black, liquid black, and brilliantly beautiful, as if night were dissolved into diamonds. She wore, also, a black silk dress, and always did when we saw her. She was very affable and kind, and of a most affectionate disposition, full of anecdote and fine criticism, and brilliant talk about books and authors and celebrated men. We have a very distinct remembrance of all that took place on that memorable day. While Carlyle slept, we and Mrs. C. went into the garden.

Very beautiful it was to hear her speak of Edward Irving, that reverend minister of God—than whom, as Carlyle tells us, no truer, sincerer soul ever lived, before that "mighty Fog-Babylon" obscured his vision of the divine and the holy, and put a delirium there. He was, as

she affectionately called him, her great brother, who many a time, when she was a child, used to take her in his arms, and toss her in big horse play, loving her truly, like a sister—a little fairy sister, whose dark eyes prophesied, nevertheless, to make many a young man's heart ache when she grew up to womanhood. She stormfully repelled the idea that he was at any time a conscious juggler in spiritual matters. True to the last, she said, he could not do otherwise than obey what he believed to be the oracle within him—oracle of God.

Mrs. Carlyle was an enthusiastic lover of flowers, but could not get up a sentiment, she said, for the statues nor for any naked Venus among all the sculptures of the British Museum. A painting, in so far as it caught the inspiration of nature, moved her, but not otherwise. Books were her delight—and she told us how laboriously Carlyle wrote, and that he was in a veritable fever all the time he was writing the *Past and Present*. Alluding to his delivery as a lecturer, she said that it must be painful to all who did not know him, and love the melody of the Scotch utterance. He was the most nervous of men, and although he could not be supposed to dread much a London audience, yet he lay in an agony of nervous perturbation for three or four hours each time before the delivery of the *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Then she told us how his MS. of one of the volumes of the French Revolution was burnt by the ignorance of a servant who kindled the fire with it, and how her great husband swallowed the bitter dose without a murmur and rewrote it. During all his severe studies he found time, she said, to found the noble London Library—a most scholarly collection of rare books, in which one could go through a regular and consecutive course of study on nearly any subject—a workingman's library, which Carlyle was very fond of visiting, and where he met many notable people, and was met by many others much against his will, who were attracted thither by his notoriety. All sorts of people came to see him at Chelsea, she said, the most dissimilar in thought, sentiment, politics, and religion; and, strange to say, all claimed him as their master and teacher. So greatly was he annoyed by these cohobative cormorants, that he was compelled to forbid himself to all comers from 9 to 3 o'clock each day. He wrote in his library, where we also have been—a large room, all the four walls covered with shelves full of books, a large table in the middle of the room, one or two paintings and prints, and a ladder to reach the highest shelves, where the lordly company of the great human souls were mar-

shaded in state. We were a boy when we entered that room for the first time, about twenty-three years of age, and no pilgrim ever approached the shrine of his idolatry with more sincere devotion than we then approached the mighty Scotch thinker. A feeling of indescribable awe came over us, as we can well remember—such as will never more take possession of our mind.

It was a grand experience with its almost religious bloom, and we shall never forget it. On the occasion of that walk in the Rawden garden we told Mrs. Carlyle all about it, and how profoundly we were affected by that first visit, and first sight of her liege lord, the Behemoth of modern English literature! Shame on her profanity! the wicked little woman laughed proudly, although we could see and feel that she understood the latitude and longitude of the whole emotional position which we described. That first shake of the hand—the royal hand of the most royal writer—will that ever be forgotten, think you? or the frank and friendly greeting which we all so unworthily received? "While memory holds a seat in this distracted brain"—never! It seemed that he ought to have been something more than a man—a demigod, or some other more or less divine nature—to the young enthusiast that brought so much homage to him in his heart. That feeling, however, soon gave way to a more sober retinue of feelings. He was a man, after all, and as we entered was just sealing up the last of a great batch of letters. Then we sat down and talked. He asked what had brought us to the big city? What studies we were pursuing, what prospects brightened on our horizon—questions soon answered, for we had been invited by a well-known philanthropist, John Minter Morgan, author of the "Fable of the Bees," "Hampden of the 19th Century," and other books, to read private lectures at his magnificent town house on Strafford-street, which he bought furnished of Lord Dalhousie before he left for India. And here again, to this lecture business there is a long tail, which must not be here and now unfolded. Poor old Morgan—good man that he was—invited Carlyle, Douglas Jerrold, and the Howitts, and Silk Buckingham, M. P., and a host of other literats to hear the word of the stranger youth, and partake of a champagne breakfast with him at 12 o'clock, midday; and a splendid gathering there was of the notables, enough to turn an older head than that which then sat enconced upon these shoulders. Carlyle could not come, however, and for the rest, brilliant people as they were, they did not satisfy us.

We should like to sketch some of these people if space would permit, because they were all more or less known in the world of letters. Miss Howitt, who has since become an authoress and an artist, was then a beautiful, fair girl in her teens, or just out of them. Her nature was not very emotional, but plastic and cold, and Hellenic, like that of both her parents. The whole family, however, were always very kind to us, and it was natural, therefore, that we should regard them with a loving eye and heart. Margaret Gillies, we also remember, was present on this occasion, and impressed us most favorably, although in person she was not at all attractive. We saw her once again after that when she accompanied William Howitt into the country to make sketches of the "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," and portraits of the poets for the "People's Journal." The occasion was the Yorkshire tour, and the poet they were then about to visit was our dear old friend Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rhymers," whose biographer, alas! at his request we had the honor subsequently to be. Elliott made great fun of this portrait, which, indeed, was very theatrical in treatment, and not at all a good likeness. Nor did he approve of Howitt's memoir of him.

We must return to Morgan's fine library, however, where we left all the good people who had so kindly assembled to do us honor. Silk Buckingham is known to all Americans as a traveler, a writer on America, and a temperance advocate. He was a clever man enough, and had doubtless been deeply wronged during his sojourn in India, but he made the most of his sufferings and losses, and put all the benevolently inclined in England and elsewhere under contribution by getting them to subscribe to his unconscionable progeny of books. Nor will our people ever forget the sublime bathos wherewith, once upon a time, at a temperance meeting in America, this silky gentleman brought forward his little son and solemnly dedicated him to the temperance cause. It always seemed to us like a burlesque of Hannibal's dedication at twelve years of his age to an eternal hatred of Rome. But we must stop, for there is no end to these anecdotal sequences. Mrs. Grimstone, Spencer T. Hall, George Thompson, John Chapman, the publisher; Spense, the naturalist, lately dead; Philip James Bailey, (Festus;) author of *Friends in Council*, and several professors of the University, were also present. All this, however, is a mere parenthesis; nor do we forget that we went out to walk with Mrs. Carlyle in that Rawden garden awhile ago, leaving Carlyle himself asleep on the sofa in the parlor. Among

other things we remember she told us that Carlyle was much attached to Forster, who incessantly reminded him of Sterling. It seems Forster possessed both the physical and mental peculiarities of Carlyle's young dead hero whose memory he has immortalized. Perhaps he—Sterling—was not so tall and ungainly as Forster, for the latter stands six feet three or four inches, we are pretty sure; and, perhaps, after all, it was Forster's mental characteristics which resembled those of Sterling and attracted Carlyle, not those which were merely physical.

While we were yet talking Carlyle opened one of the parlor windows which looked upon the lawn, and stepping out upon the green and velvet grass, crossed over to the path where we were walking. He had quite recovered from his fatigue, and looked fresh and vigorous. He wore a straw hat with a very broad brim, and looked vastly like a Southern planter, as we told him. His dress was scrupulously neat, and his long surtout was of green cloth. In one hand he carried a long clay pipe, which he smoked vociferously, and the other hand rested lovingly upon his wife's shoulder as we walked up and down the garden among the shrubs, flowers, and statues. It was a beautiful and touching picture, heightened by the contrast of Carlyle's still rosy-streaked face, and shaggy hair and eyebrows, compared with the pale, marble features of his wife, and the midnight glory of her black hair. His gaunt, tall figure, and her small, elegant, fairy form, set in the beautiful surroundings of the garden, made a memorable picture. Many were the questions which Carlyle asked about the "People's College," of which we at that time, and for years afterward, were the principal. It was the only workingman's school in a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, and was acknowledged to be the most efficient series of schools—of that description—in the United Kingdom. He was deeply interested in its success, because it was a genuine school, with a curriculum of instruction which would not have done discredit to a far more pretentious establishment. Ten thousand men and boys had we examined in seven years, and passed through the classes. It was their only education, that which they received here, and hundreds of them were raised to good appointments when they left the place. That was the true method of reform, he said, and there was none other. Each man must cut down the rank weeds and noxious growths within his own nature, and burn them up, thus preparing the way for a more genial culture of whatsoever was good and noble within him. Politics and the "Char-

ter," and such like were the foolish fires which misled the workmen to their ruin. It was beginning at the wrong end. Education must begin within, and a man's character must grow out of his culture, and could never be stuck on to him by any outside agency. Poor fellows that talk about the Charter, he said, and the "Five Points," and how all things were wrong around them—injustice ruling in the land and not justice, all that was very sad. If they could only see aright they would find out that they were all wrong, and that the "institutions of society" merely reflected their ignorance and savage barbarism. If they would only join your People's College, and receiving light let it illuminate their ways and lives, that would be a grand thing done for them and for England. He spoke with supreme contempt for the Chartist leaders and political demagogues generally—"one-eyed monarchs of the blind, Polemhi of the mob," as Robert Hall called them. If these men, said Carlyle, were only honest, they would come down from their stumps and say this, "I am just a cheat and an impostor—just a quack, knowing nothing, and can therefore teach nothing to these poor people. I will go home and hide my face from them henceforth and forever, and take to some noble occupation of shoeblacking, or the like o' that, rather than ever again make my mouth an oracle of lies and frauds wherewith to cheat my fellow-men."

We could go on to an indefinite length telling these old recollections, but already we fear that we have said too much. Just before dinner a young and earnest Scotchman—editor of the "Bradford Observer"—dropped in, and there was soon a great storm in the house. Carlyle had grown nervous, and bilious, and captious, and impatient of opposition, and the young editor, though reverentially deferent to Carlyle, would by no means give up his right to say, and maintain his say. The subject was French Literature and George Sand. "George Sand," said Carlyle, "is just a —; a brilliant will-o'-th'-wisp, without morals and conscience, her own evil self, her own guide with no rudder, and no pole-star in the immensities. Her books are apples of Sodom, gold outside, and within all rottenness and corruption." This unjust judgment brought out Mrs. Carlyle also to the rescue. She told him it was unjust and untruthful to speak so of an author, not one of whose books he had ever read. He confessed he had not read them, or any of them, through, but added that the best thing one could do with them would be to make a bonfire of them all in the public market-place.

Forster now came in, and presently dinner

was announced; and the generous wine made the sick giant more affable, and he confessed afterward that he had done George Sand injustice. This little episode pained us all very much. Carlyle was willful and acrid, and out of health, and took no pains to measure his words on this occasion. It was a habit which grew upon him with his years, although there surely does not beat a more loyal heart to the mighty melodies of truth and nature than his, take it for all in all. But one must know him to judge him fairly—nor must he be judged by a common standard. Often he exaggerates, and swells his sentences into a hate that seems immeasurable, when at the bottom it is all love.

After dinner—that is to say, after 7 o'clock, P. M.—we all walked out into the fields, Carlyle still smoking his clay pipe and cut cavendish. We spoke of visiting Sherwood Forest; and as we knew every glade and notable place in it, he appealed to us for information about it, and for description of the scenery. We told him a story about a carnally-minded man and a young Puseyite curate who lived at the village of Edwinstowe, in the heart of the Forest. It is too long to repeat here—but Carlyle laughed over it outrageously—laying hold of a gate post to steady him. The woods took up the echoes of that immense music, and presently Forster and Mrs. C. came up and inquired what was the matter. By this time the Thor thunders had subsided within him, and with a face all aglow with excitement, he replied, in his calmest manner, although the suppressed laughter trembled in every word, "It is nothing, it is only a story that *Searle* has been telling me about a Sherwood theologian!" We shall never forget the droll, quiet manner in which these words were uttered, although we dare say they have passed out of the memory of all the others who heard them. On our return Carlyle read aloud, in wondrously monotonous music, all of the "Fyttes" of the "Lytel Geste of Robin Hood;" after which we accompanied him into the garden, where, in an arbor clothed with honeysuckles and roses, he smoked his "night-cap" pipes in the moonlight. The hour we thus spent together was the most sacred hour of this present writer's life. We seemed to get nearer to him than we had ever done before. He was calmer and happier, too, in his moods, and spoke of life, and death, and immortality, and of the great mystery which enveloped and pervaded the universe. As we rose to return to the house, we pointed out to him the surpassing brilliance and beauty of the midnight stars.

"Stars silent above us,
Graves under us silent,

he said, quoting from Goethe. "By the way," said we, "do you remember that story they tell about you and Leigh Hunt in this matter of great beauty of the stars? how Hunt, who was ever hopeful and trustful, burst out in their presence, 'See, Carlyle, isn't that glorious, inspiring, and joyful?' and how you answered, 'Eh mon! It's a sad seight!' Do you remember that?" we asked. "Not a bit of it," he replied. "I have heard that horny Horne, the man who wrote something about the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' has put it into a book of his which he comically calls 'The Spirit of the Age,' but I mind nothing of it, and don't believe I ever uttered the words."

Carlyle must now be seventy years of age. He is very fond of speaking broad Scotch, and his conversation is more picturesque even than his books. He is fearfully vehement at times, and smashes great themes as with a Thor hammer. He has been and is a hard worker, and, blessed be his name, his books are all in the interest of God and man.

PEACE.

BY LYDIA M. BENO.

I'm listening to the katydids,
Beneath the maple spray,
And there is nestling in my heart
A blessed peace to-day—
A peace so calm, so sweet, so good,
That words are poor to say.

A bright September afternoon,
A distant song-bird's trill,
A misty curtain, floating soft,
Like dreams above the hill,
And borne from far there steals to me
The murmur of a mill.

And wandering clouds—white, quiet clouds,
Hang in the blue above,
And waving shadows to and fro
Across the meadows move.
O'er heaven and earth there seems to float
An atmosphere of love.

But better far than all, my soul
Drinks in such heavenly balm—
O, angels passing in and out
The temple of the Lamb,
Sure you've forgot to close the gates,
Else whence this blessed calm?

O, Father! when December's snows
Upon these meadows lay,
When katydids and singing birds
Are gone, all gone away,
Let not my heart forget the peace
Of this September day.

A WHISPER TO MOTHERS.

I WAS out to tea the other evening at a friend's house. We were reading aloud a very interesting book which had just been published. Georgie, a fine little lad of nine years, was lying on the carpet by the open glass door, building up a house with some bricks which had been given him a day or two before. While we were reading, the time-piece on the side-table gave warning for the hour.

"Georgie, that is seven o'clock; pack up your bricks now, and get to work at your lessons, ready for school."

"Ma, may n't I stop and just finish this house? I've only got a bit of the roof and some chimneys to put on, and it won't take me a minute."

"No, Georgie, you always get to your lessons at seven, and I can't have you fall into idle, shuffling ways. Pack them up directly now, and get out your books."

Still Georgie lingered. He had been all the evening, since tea-time, building up his house. It only wanted a few touches now, and it was hard to leave it unfinished. He stood before it, looking wistfully at his mamma, and then at the two or three bricks which remained to be put on.

But Mrs. Main is a woman of great determination. She brings up her children to implicit obedience, and her commands must be obeyed, whatever else is left undone. Seeing Georgie's undecided look, she rose promptly from her chair, with one brisk motion of her hand shattered down his imposing edifice, and commenced packing away the bricks in a box.

"Now, Georgie, get your books, like a good boy, and sit down to your lessons."

The big tears fell splashing on his pinafore one by one, but there was no rebellion in the boy's face. Slowly he turned away from his dismantled structure, sought up his lesson books, and, with a grieved look, sat down at the table to prepare for school next morning.

"I do admire your authority so, Mrs. Main," said Miss Day, an elderly maiden lady who was staying in the house on a visit. "You really have such command over your children. There is n't one mother in a hundred could have done that as you did."

"O, Miss Day, my children know it's no hesitating when I tell them to do a thing. I always expect to be obeyed, and they always submit without any words. I never allow altercation in my family;" and Mrs. Main went on reading our new book. I made no remark, for I never think it wise to interfere personally

with a mother's sacred right of authority over her own children.

Half an hour passed quickly away, and Mr. Main came in out of his study.

"My dear," he said, "have you remembered to write me out that list of cases to take to the meeting to-night?"

"No, love, I quite intended to do it at once after tea, when you told me of it; but this book is so very interesting that I could not lay it down."

"Could you write out the list now, dear? you know I ought to take it to-night."

"Well, Edward, I scarcely think it's of such great importance; another week will do just as well; we are in the midst of such an amusing chapter just now, that I really don't think I could give my mind to any thing else. I'll see that you get it next week."

"Well, dear, only don't forget," and Mr. Main went out again.

All this time little Georgie had been looking up at his mamma—a world of questioning in his mild, gray eyes, still dim with the tears he had just shed; but he said nothing, and our reading was resumed.

A day or two after I was at the house again. It was a splendid Summer evening, and Georgie, with half a dozen of his young companions, was having a game of cricket in the garden. He was in the midst of "running for notches," when the ruthless stroke of the time-piece was heard. Mrs. Main went to open the glass door—

"Georgie, there's eight o'clock striking. Come away now, like a good boy, and go to bed."

"Just wait a little, ma, till we've finished our side, and find out who's won."

"Georgie, the clock has struck, and I insist on your coming in at once. Kiss me now and go to bed."

There was no pleading in the boy's face this time—no mute eloquence of tears; but his eyes sparkled with suppressed anger, and the firmly-set, close-shut lips showed that his mother's forced strictness was sowing in her child's heart the seeds of determinate rebellion. He left his companions in the garden, hung up his cap, and without word or look to his mother, went up stairs. She did not ask him again for the good-night kiss; but Mrs. Main is a rigid disciplinarian, and so long as she gains obedience, does not trouble herself about the love which should go with it.

This little incident sank deep into my thoughts. If I had a child to train I would not deal with him after this fashion; and I would like to say a few words to mothers on the subject.

Implicit obedience is doubtless a requisite of

home training, but only in things that are reasonable. Children have a keen sense of justice, and know as well as grown-up people when you are requiring from them more than you would be willing to render to your own superiors. You tell your child to give up his play at a moment's notice, and settle down to a dry lesson. The little fellow leaves his hoe and rake, his box of tools, his steam-engine, kite, or what not, with a brave effort, which, in children of larger growth, would be called absolutely heroic, and works away at the hard sum or harder page of grammar. By and by your husband comes in and asks you to attend to something for him.

"Wait a moment, will you, my dear? I'm in the midst of a very interesting story just now, and I really can't leave off to do it for you. Will you come again in half an hour?"

The child looks at you. His faith in his mother is shaken. After that you will never again be to him what you were before. He may obey you just the same, because your relation to him entitles you to exact that; but henceforth his obedience will be mingled with a certain skepticism. You have put in his heart a doubt as to the reliability of human nature.

Children want to have justice done to them, and they are sharp enough in finding out when they get it. You may preach to your boys and girls from morning to night about "duty first and pleasure afterward," but the sermon will go for nothing if your own life is not a practical illustration of it. You may read them the prettiest books and tell them the prettiest stories about the joys of benevolence and the evils of selfishness, and the little eyes will brighten, and the little faces glow, and they will say, "Read that again, ma, please—tell me the story over;" but the little hearts will be untouched still, and the little fingers held tight as ever over the half-penny which you want them to drop into the missionary box unless they see "ma" practice the same lesson, and live like what she reads.

THE ties of family and of country were never intended to circumscribe the soul. Man is connected at birth with a few beings, that the spirit of humanity may be called forth by their tenderness; and, whenever domestic or national attachments become exclusive, engrossing, clan-nish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

A PICTURE OF MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

PART III.

AMONG the many historical objects of curiosity in Cologne usually shown to the sight-seeing tourist, is a quaint old mansion, situated in a quiet street, called the Sternergasse, and well known to the town as the Jabach house. The interior of the house is seldom shown to strangers, for it contains no relics of the celebrated persons who once inhabited it, but there is naturally a pleasure in contemplating even four bare walls, when it is known that genius once resided within them, or fallen royalty underwent therein the bitter trials of poverty and deprivation. The entrance to this house is through a folding door large enough to admit a carriage. Over this door is the bust of a man carved in oak, which, from its peculiar style, is known as the likeness of Rubens. On each side of the doorway is an inscription in German, engraved on a stone tablet let into the wall. The one on the left records that, "On the 20th June, 1577, Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house, and baptized at the Church of St. Peter's." On the right hand we read, "To this house fled Marie di Medicis, widow of Henry IV, and mother of Louis XIII, of France, and here, persecuted by fate, she died on the 3d of July, 1642, aged sixty-eight years, in the very room where Rubens was born."

Some have doubted this being the same house, but the official documents of Cologne have given the name of the street, and tradition, often the surest guide in such matters, has fixed upon the old house in question as the scene of the recorded events; and as the contrary has not been proved, we must take it for granted that this quaint old domicile is the historical monument of the legend we are about to relate. Strange, indeed, is the contrast that the lives of these two personages form! The one went forth into the world from this lowly home to gain wealth, honor, and a renown more lasting and brilliant than all the regal pomp and pride of the days of prosperity could gain for her, with whose name he is here associated; the other, an unwilling exile from the land of her birth and her adoption, separated from her friends, quitting regal power and the splendors of a court, to die in the same house, surrounded by strangers amid the deprivations of an almost abject poverty. Why she chose this old house in an obscure street as a place of refuge can not be

conjectured, Rubens having died two years before she arrived in Cologne. It is, however, believed that it was in consequence of his recommendation that she took up her abode in the same house which had once afforded his own family a safe refuge. Here she found peace. The passions which had led herself and others into misfortune had been subdued by time and adversity; and here, except for occasional intercourse with the nuns of a neighboring convent whom she visited with the permission of the Pope, she lived in the most retired seclusion, occupied, it might be supposed, only with the remembrance of her past glory, and with the contemplation of a future life. But, alas! these preparations were clouded and defiled with an unscriptural superstition. She still continued to consult the stars till the very last of her life, although she had in the early days of her prosperity professed to disbelieve the science of astrology.

It was in the year 1639 that the inhabitants of the Stern-gasse were aroused from their usual state of dreamy quiet by the inquiries of a haughty-looking friar respecting the hiring of a dwelling for a person who, he said, would be satisfied with little, provided she could have the most perfect quiet. This priest was not altogether a stranger to the dwellers in that quiet locality; they knew him as Father Francis,* the spiritual director of the nuns belonging to the neighboring convent, and as having occasionally officiated on holiday occasions in the chapels where they worshiped.

The Jabach house had not, at that time, acquired the celebrity it enjoys at present; no oak-carved bust or inscription designated it as a historical monument; the only difference between it and the other low-roofed dwellings in that humble neighborhood was the wide door and the antiquated style of its architecture. On inquiring for the house in which Rubens was born, and who were its present occupants, he was directed to it, and found that it belonged to a widow who lived entirely alone, for she had lost all her family but one son, whom she had not seen for years. It was also added that if quiet was desired, there could be no quieter place found, for Dame Bridget was no gossip nor busy-body, but taciturn even to a proverb, and ever keeping closely at home. Father Francis having at once made known his errand to Dame Bridget, which was to receive a lodger into her house, met with no difficulty; the widow gladly

accepted the offer. The house was a small two-storied dwelling, with only two windows in front; and nothing could be plainer than the furniture. "Two worm-eaten, four-post bedsteads, a large deal press, two tables of the commonest kind, three or four wooden chairs, and a few kitchen utensils of a very ancient fashion formed the whole of the domestic inventory." Its chief recommendation was the extreme cleanliness of the entire premises; and when Dame Bridget expressed her willing readiness to act as servant to her lodger, her priest declared himself satisfied.

On the 28th February, 1639, in the deep twilight of an evening, not long after the bargain was concluded, the friar once more made his appearance accompanied by a lady dressed in deep mourning, whom he introduced to Dame Bridget as her lodger; and after begging the old woman to spare no pains to promote the comfort of the new-comer, he took a speedy leave. The neighborhood, although inhabited by poor people, was nevertheless a respectable one; remote from the busy portion of the city, vice never congregated there; and the narrow and obscure street lying so far apart was unknown beyond its own immediate vicinity. The quiet, therefore, which formed so important a part of the requisition demanded by the stranger, was as perfect as could be desired; nothing ever disturbed the perfect calm in which her days passed by.

Great is the transforming power of adversity! No one could have recognized the haughty daughter of the Medici in the subdued and gentle tenant of the old house in the Stern-gasse. "Marie Marianne"—for by that name the priest had introduced her to Bridget—soon won the love of her humble attendant; silent and sad, but neither exacting nor repulsive, she drew largely upon the sympathies of the old widow, who every day became more and more attached, and rendered the service required of her not only faithfully but affectionately.

Notwithstanding the traces which the passage of sixty-eight years—years of turmoil and trouble—had left on the face of the stranger, she still preserved the traces of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance and a dignity in her manner which prepossessed strangers in her favor whenever they happened to meet, but this was rarely. Living in the utmost seclusion, receiving no visits from any one except her confessor, avoiding all intercourse with the neighbors, she never went out except to purchase materials for her embroidery or to visit the convent. Her income consisted of a small pension which she received every six

* Fabius Chiasius, afterward cardinal, who ascended the Papal chair under the name of Alex. VII, but was then resident nuncio at Cologne.

months. From the plain style of her deep-mourning dress, and the strict retirement in which she lived, she was known in the street where she dwelt as the "Old Nun," a term by no means indicative of disrespect, for she was regarded with a kind of solemn awe, such as is accorded to a being of superior order.

Marie usually lived in the room on the ground floor, where she spent her time in needle-work; and her old servant, Bridget, occupied the upper one, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived, according to tradition, these two old women, the queen and the plebeian, but in circumstances now on an equality, in a state of complete isolation. Bridget had often been questioned by curious neighbors as to what had been the antecedents of her mysterious lodger, but the old servant, entirely exempt from the inquisitive propensity said to belong to all the daughters of Eve, knew nothing to tell, and if she had, was too little of a talker to waste time in speaking of it. Usually they lived entirely apart, but in Winter, in order to avoid the expense of keeping two fires, Marie used to call Bridget down stairs, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney corner while she herself occupied an old arm chair on the opposite side. They would sit thus, evening after evening, without exchanging a single word.

The Winter of 1642 was unusually severe, and brought great suffering to the poor. Fuel was uncommonly scarce and high, and the two widows, in a state of utter destitution, were under the necessity of burning tables, boxes, and chairs, and the vexations and privations always attendant on such poverty as was theirs, began to tell painfully on the health of both.

No word of complaint, or in relation to the place she had once occupied, had ever fallen from the lips of the exiled queen during the three years of her residence with Bridget. It was, indeed, a silent household; no words save those relating to the ordinary family business ever were spoken. And yet, silent and uncommunicative as she was, she won, as we have before stated, the respect and affection not only of her old servant, but also the esteem of those who knew her only as "the Old Nun."

The only time when she at all adverted to her former condition was one evening, a few months before her death; as they sat beside their scanty fire, she inquired of Bridget respecting her long-absent son. Then forgetting the distance she had hitherto maintained, she spoke of having ungrateful children, great wrongs, and vindictive enemies, and contrasted the quiet happiness of the poor with the bur-

densome splendor of the rich, but of thrones and royalty she said nothing. Bridget listened in silence as she spoke, and when the recital was ended, she replied "that she had always been contented with her lot, for it was better to live in quiet poverty than to suffer as she had often heard that grand people do." Notwithstanding that the conversation was so enigmatical that her simple auditor scarcely comprehended its meaning, it awoke new thoughts and made a considerable impression on the old woman; and as she continued to turn her wheel in perfect silence, she revolved in her mind many singular circumstances connected with the "Old Nun."

She had often seen her mistress watching the stars at midnight, and many times surprised her reading parchments written in strange characters and covered with seals of red and black wax; and which, on being interrupted, she hurriedly replaced in an iron box. This had not struck her at the time as being any thing remarkable, but now she began to wonder what it meant, as well as to doubt whether it was not something wrong. The communication which the lady had made to Bridget greatly troubled the simple mind of the good old woman; she feared she knew not what; and yet, although anxious to know more, she dared not revert to the subject, and her usually silent lodger never led to it again.

The calm quiet in which the fallen queen had lived for the last three years was once more to be interrupted by news of some political plottings in France—tidings well calculated to rekindle into flames the ashes of the old ambition which, although seemingly extinguished, yet lay smoldering in her heart. One evening as the two women sat silently at work together, a knock was heard at the door. This was something unusual, and, as the hour was late, they hesitated whether or not they should admit the intruder. The demand for entrance was repeated in a more peremptory manner, and it was decided to answer. Bridget took up their solitary lamp in her hand and went to the door, but almost instantly returned, ushering in her mistress' confessor. "The important tidings I have to communicate," said the priest as he entered, "must be my excuse for this late visit. A great political movement is now going on in France, which, if successful, will restore you to your rightful position."

"I—I knew it," cried Marie joyfully, "I knew it. The stars have not deceived me."

"Madame," said the priest gravely, "do you really attach any credit to astrology, which is a lying delusion—a temptation of Satan which

you ought to resist. Have you not had enough of real misfortune without subjecting yourself to hopes and fears which only serve to make you unhappy?"

"There was a time, father," replied Marie, "when I did not believe in the influence of the stars. I have since seen the accomplishment of wonderful predictions, and drowning persons, you know, catch at straws. Besides, it is a belief which I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?"

"All vanity and error, daughter," replied the priest. "How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?"

"Father, I will not at this time discuss the matter with you," replied the queen. "But tell me quickly, what is the news from France?"

The priest then proceeded to tell her of a conspiracy in France, the object of which was to effect the downfall of Richelieu. The highest of the nobility, among whom were Monsieur, the king's brother, D'Effiat, grand equerry of France, and the favorite of Louis, and the Duke de Bouillon, had joined in the plot. A treaty, too, was on the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, the object of which was peace on condition of the obnoxious minister's removal.

A gleam of fire which shot from the faded eyes of "the Old Nun" showed that much of the latent spirit yet remained—a spirit which age, poverty, and the pressure of misfortune, steady and severe, had been unable fully to crush. The withered features, by the restoring influence of newly-enkindled hope, were partially transformed into youthful beauty, and her bowed form dilated into majestic proportions as she folded her hands and exclaimed, "I am thankful; may my great enemy fall!"

The priest bade her not be too sanguine, but continue to act with prudence and caution; and bidding her to come occasionally to the church where he ministered, he would find opportunity to inform her of the progress of a business so likely to influence her future destiny.

But Marie, yielding to the promptings of her impatient spirit, regardless of cold, or storm, or her own increasing infirmities, went every day to the church, where she saw the friar, but the desired signal indicative of success was not given. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from the church, together with the sickness of hope deferred, began to tell unfavorably on her health. She became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her

large bright eyes seemed every day to grow more lustrous. Symptoms of dropsy became apparent, still the strong spirit did not yet succumb, but bore up bravely under the terrible pressure of bodily and mental sickness. Still she persisted, in spite of all advice and warning, in her daily visit to the church, till one morning, as she passed along the aisle in front of the altar where the priest was officiating, she observed him regarding her with an expression of sadness, which foreboded the worst, and caused her stout heart to tremble. "All is lost," he whispered as they left the church.

With a most powerful effort of self-command Marie subdued all signs of the terrible emotion caused by these tidings, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening the confessor came. He told her that the plot had been disclosed by a secret agent of the cardinal's who had wormed himself into the confidence of the conspirators; that the crafty minister had received a copy of the treaty made with the king of Spain the moment it was signed at Madrid; that Cinq-Mars had been arrested, and the Duke de Bouillon had fled. Richelieu, instead of being injured, was more powerful than ever, for the king, fearing the power of one possessed of so much cunning, was more subject to him than before. Marie listened to the recital in silence; the cause was forever lost; Richelieu had triumphed; there was nothing more to be hoped for.

That night the fallen queen was in a burning fever. In her delirium she raved of thrones and kings, and cruel children, and disappointed hopes, and misused opportunities, in a manner heart-rending to hear. Old Bridget, distressed and alarmed, wondering what could have happened by which her beloved mistress was so terribly disturbed, seated herself by her bedside and wept over her, and prayed for a lightening of the sorrow which she could not understand, and was seemingly so overwhelming; and, to add to the burden of her trouble, she believed it had some connection with the mysterious parchments she had seen in her hands. At the end of a month she grew better, but recovery was not to be expected. Borne down by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie de Medicis felt that her end was approaching, and she met it in the same stern silence she had maintained for years.

Father Fabius attended her faithfully, and tried to prepare her for the solemn change she was soon to experience, but all the satisfaction he could obtain as to her spiritual state was, that she freely accorded her forgiveness to Richelieu, and sent kind messages to her chil-

dren. The confessor begged her to send a bracelet which she wore on her arm to the cardinal, who had once been her best friend, as a token that she had forgiven him, but to this she would not consent. Impatiently turning her head away, she exclaimed, "*Non, non, cest trop!*"

Finding that recovery was impossible, and death rapidly advancing, the good father called on the Elector of Cologne, and having made known to him her rank and condition, that royal personage attended her in her last moments, and showed her every sympathy which lay in his power, and bestowed the comforts her suffering condition demanded. Great was the astonishment of her humble neighbors when they learned that the Elector had manifested such interest in the poor "Old Nun." Again and again they asked of Bridget, "Who could she be?" but the old woman shook her head and bade them inquire of the confessor. "They knew just as much of her mistress as she did herself." Her decline was gradual; and on the third day of July, 1642, Marie de Medicis breathed her last.

Thus perished in a squalid chamber, between four bare walls—her utter destitution in the Winter before having driven her to burn nearly all her furniture, on a wretched bed, says our historian, which one of her own servants would have disdained to occupy—childless, or worse than childless, homeless, hopeless, and heart-wrung, the haughty daughter of the Medici, the brilliant regent of France, the patroness of art, and the mother of a long line of princes.

Marie de Medicis was buried in the cathedral of Cologne, between the chapel of the three kings and the high altar; but on the 9th of February following, her body was removed and taken to Paris, where it was interred in the abbey of St. Denis, by the side of Henry IV. Her heart alone remained in its original burial-place. A plate of copper covered the tomb, but it was torn off when the French occupied the city; and, at present, the copper nails with which it was fastened alone remain to point out the resting-place of a heart that was only free from suffering when it ceased to beat.

The only legacy she had to leave she bequeathed to the "convent of the Holy Virgin Mary," in the Schnurgasse, which, as we once stated, she sometimes visited. This was a wooden image of the Virgin which she had had made in Brabant, and to which her erroneous devotions had been paid. This image was soon endowed by the superstitious with supernatural powers, and became so celebrated that pilgrims came from far and near to pay their devotions

to it. It was called the "Image of Mercy;" but the lower classes, ever prone to connect the spiritual—if we may use such a term in speaking of a gross superstition with the gross—called it "The Black Mother of God," in the Schnurgasse, the wood of which it was made having become black from age.

Louis XIII was at once informed of the death of his mother, and his heart was touched with compunction for the harsh treatment he had accorded to her. He bitterly reproached Richelieu for the privations she had been made to suffer, but the wily prelate, who saw that his power at this period was wavering, knew how to manage his weak and fickle master. He presented Louis with the *Palais Cardinal*—now *Palais Royale*—and ordered a magnificent requiem to be performed in honor of his mother's memory, and declared that it had been intended that she should shortly have been restored to France and her royal condition. Louis, after having written a letter to the honorable council of Cologne, in which he expressed his deep sense of obligation, presented them with a curiously-wrought image of the Virgin, as a token of his gratitude for their kind reception of a mother whom he himself permitted to die in a foreign country amid all the horrors of penury and neglect.

The deplorable condition of her last days, and the pitiable circumstances attending her death, excited great commiseration in France, even among those who had at one time been most ready to blame her—her errors were forgotten, her wrongs and her virtues only remembered. Her persecutors soon followed her to the grave. Richelieu died in the same year, and her son Louis XIII, in the year following. Loud were the censures pronounced on Louis by all Europe; his friends, however, found some excuse for his unnatural conduct, by declaring that he had been deceived by the misrepresentations of his unprincipled minister.

The king, whose heart was naturally good, although his judgment was weak, would not have suffered his mother to remain in exile and abandonment, but for the insinuations of the vindictive and ambitious cardinal, who persuaded him that she favored and conspired with the enemies of France. And "the indigence and misery in which the favored, beautiful, and highly-gifted Marie de Medicis died," says an accomplished historian of that day, "leaves an ineffaceable stain on the memory of Louis XIII and his crowned sisters, which no reasons, moral or political, can excuse."

In conclusion of this sad history, we use the words of a late American writer, who says,

"We have ourselves stood in front of the plain, mediocre house in Cologne in which the exiled queen died, and recalled to memory the expressive epitaph composed upon her fate, of which we offer the following translation from the original French:

‘EPITAPH.

The Louvre saw my splendors like a star,
My husband's deathless glory shone afar.
Two kings my daughters wed—my son's proud name
Shall live in light upon the page of fame.
Ah, who, 'mid all my grandeur, could foresee
An exile's death, a foreign grave for me?
Cologne, thou guardian city of the Rhine,
That gav'st a tomb to this poor frame of mine.
If e'er the passing stranger seeks to know
The tale of all my greatness, all my woe,
Tell him a queen lies in this narrow space,
Whose blood runs warm in many a royal race;
Yet in her dying hour, bereaved and lone,
No spot of earth had she to call her own!"

IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER is dying, slowly dying;
She fades with every passing day;
In the garden aisles she wanders, sighing,
And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.

The flowers that came with the Spring's first swallow,
When March crept timidly over the hill,
And slept at noon in the sunny hollow—
The snowdrop, the crocus, the daffodil,

The lily white for an angel to carry,
The violet faint with its spirit-breath,
The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
Anemone, all have been struck by death.

Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare;
The glory and gladness of Summer are going,
And a feeling of sadness is in the air.

The purple hibiscus is shriveled and withered,
And languidly lolls its furry tongue;
The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered;
The grills their last farewell have sung;

The fading oleander is showing
Its last rose-clusters over the wall,
And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall;

The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers
For the sighing breeze to rock and swing;
On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
For the wandering bee its knell to ring.

In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
And the fat figs swell in their purple skin;

The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation;
But the heartless dahlia, formal and proud,

Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
Loveless stares at the humble crowd.

And the sunflower, too, looks boldly around her;
While the belladonna, so wickedly fair,
Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.

See! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
Spilling its rain in the lichened vase,
Summer pauses!—her tender troubles
Shadowing over her pensive face.

The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
And the dragon-flies in their green mail glisten,
And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear—

Not as she stood in her August perfection!
Not as she looked in the freshness of June!
But gazing around with a tender dejection,
And a weary face like the morning moon.

The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
Dying away with a sigh and a moan;
A shade o'er the darkening fountain shivers,
And Summer, ghost-like, hath vanished and gone.
Blackwood's Magazine.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, a wonderful thing is the human heart
With its thousand varying strings!
The tempests that wake,
Oversweeping may break
The delicate chords; but most sweetly it sings
As the quivering fibers part.

How skillfully wrought is the beautiful web
Which Nature has thrown round the soul!
How frail, yet how strong
For the right, or the wrong,
Our acts, which are stamping the years as they roll,
And marking the paths that we tread!

A perilous journey, a turbulent strife,
To climb to the summit of years,
'Mid labor and care,
And the worry and wear,
As we buffet the current of storms and tears
To enter the haven of life.

There is much of oppression, and sin, and shame,
To ruffle the hurrying stream;
There are wrongs to endure,
And errors to cure,
Or ever the sin-stricken spirit may dream
Of a heaven-recorded name.

There are chaplets of victory waiting there,
And beautiful vestments of white!
When the voyage is o'er,
As we near the shore,
They will gather the garments of living light
For the faithful of earth to wear.

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER IX.

GIVING BY RULE.

THE Summer guests had flown from Lakeside. The flowers had shut their meek eyes dutifully, and the good mother Earth had tucked them away for a snug Winter sleep under a russet coverlet. The birds had convoked a council, decided upon the most direct and economic route of travel, settled the season's scores by a farewell concert, and were away, like court followers, upon the footsteps of the retreating Summer. The Spencers, aunt Sue, and the charming Arabella, had opened the Winter's campaign amid gas-light splendors. Long letters, with an Italian post-mark, came to Lakeside—longer, and more frequent than ever before received from aunt Grace, and that paragon step-son, the young consul. Though fully in the young people's confidence, I have no license to disclose the contents of said letters, nor inclination so to do, as they have no special bearing upon "Giving by Rule." So, as plain people say, "it is neither here nor there" just what was in them. One Autumn evening the wind was souging through the pines, and sobbing and scolding around the house, with no intention, however, of any thing more than enhancing the indoor comfort, after the notion somewhat extravagantly versified by Dr. Holland:

"The storm
Makes better music to our huddling hearts
Than choirs of stars can sing on fairest night."

A crackling hickory fire sent its blaze laughing and dancing up the chimney in the merriest mood imaginable. Not content with warming the room, as a phlegmatic coal-fire would have been, it must play all sorts of pretty pranks, wherever the prosy lamp-light gave it a chance.

The Morlands, all but the college boy, Harry, who was represented by letter, were gathered about a table, busy with their quarterly account. Quarterly account! What do I mean by that? Why, Mr. and Mrs. Morland, with the rest of their good teachings, did not neglect practical economy. They chose not to have their sons to educate themselves in monetary matters, at the risk of failing in business a half dozen times; and their daughters, so ignorant of money and its uses, that they should be forever exorbitantly imposing upon others, or imposed upon by grasping shop-keepers. They must be trained in the matter of beneficence,

too. The only way to do this was to place money at their disposal. This necessitated a reckoning now and then; hence "quarterly-account evening." The plan was entered upon while the children were small. It had developed itself into a regular system. The family had come to be regarded a joint-stock company. What each earned went into the common treasury. Each had a quarterly stipend for individual expenses, except board and its concomitants. Each made his or her own purchases, and responded to benevolent calls; none giving less than a tenth.

"I had another little talk with Mr. Edwards to-night about our mode of giving," said James, as he pushed back from the table. "He thinks this tithing system so cold and formal. It leaves no room for generous impulse."

"I notice, however," said Mr. Morland, "that the people who give by rule pay far more, according to their means, for the support of good causes, than those who measure their benefactions, not by the merits of the case, but by the eloquence of its agent."

"Mary," said Fannie in her abrupt way, "do you remember what Ralph said that time we were discussing Centenary matters?"

"What was it?" asked James.

"Why, he said if we could look into the next hundredth year we should see no Centenary agents, and, indeed, no agents at all to collect funds for religious purposes. He thought if Scriptural truth progressed for a hundred years to come, as it had for the last century, the Church would be ready to pay its debts without being teased by an agent. When a man joined the Church, he would understand that he was to give at her call a certain part of his income. It took men a long time to learn that they must give up dram-drinking if they were to be Church members; and longer still, that they could n't hold slaves and be fit for the kingdom of God. A good many have n't found out yet that they must pray in the family, and attend prayer meetings; but they will, as the light increases, and they'll find out, too, about this matter of giving."

"Mary," asked the mother, "have you written on this subject, as aunt Grace suggested? Read it to us to-night, please, daughter."

While Mary was gone for her manuscript the lamp was turned up a trifle, the fire stirred to new cheeriness, and the little group settled themselves to listen to her essay upon

GIVING BY RULE.

The human race consists of a billion or so of revolted dependencies in the various stages of

"reconstruction." Since the first rebellion centuries have stalked by fretted with the nursery janglings of the race. They have staggered under the burdens of wrong. They have gleamed with the promised light bursting forth upon Judean hills. The somber-browed ages, surnamed the dark, have glowered upon monkish cheats, who gathered thick gloom about the lamps of God, and left men to grope in noon-day for temple-doors, and clutch each other's throats. The youngest, the penult of the second decade of centuries, has moved forth with a free, brisk step, its forehead bathed in the latter-day glory; and yet its light falls upon a revolted empire.

It is a prime law of the reconstruction policy that every subject returning to his allegiance shall turn his force toward subjugating the rest. If all who take the oath would keep its obligations, I doubt if the next century would look upon a single rebel. Too many are avowedly loyal—secretly seditious. Sundays and dying-days they promise to do better, but week-days and well-days they work for money, or place, or power. They hire men—as economically as possible—to offer eloquent prayers for them, echo God's promises, and shake his thunderbolts over their snug pews, and vote themselves quite comfortable Christians.

Now God might collect arrears of them by force of arms, as I have sometimes imagined he has done by this republic within the last half dozen years, letting them pay for cannon and iron-clads what they would not pay for churches and mission ships. If we will not evangelize the masses, we must keep them under by armed force. The police called into service to quell the late Southern riot was a somewhat expensive affair. I think this the lesson the nineteenth century finds in its text-book—God's police, civilization and Christianity, missionaries and Bibles, are the most economical in a strictly financial point of view.

Men have been forced to give by the thousand in self-defense, from whose grip a few dollars for Christ's causes came grudgingly. Well for us if we had learned at no dearer cost.

Never were such fields open to Christian conquest as now. Red-handed War has wrenched open the rusty gates of sepulchral, old Eastern empires. All the world is open to the Bible. At home four millions of liberated men are reaching eagerly for help to know the Lord. If the Christian Church—if Protestant America alone, will give money and men as God requires, the world must soon be conquered for Christ.

God is love, Christianity a grand beneficence, Christ an "unnamable gift." There are not

physical Gethsemanes and Calvaries for all, yet every man "complete in Christ" gives himself in spirit for the rescue of the race, just as certainly as did Jesus the Master—not, of course, as a propitiatory sacrifice, but as a working force. When a man has really given all to this cause, it is unnecessary to argue the duty of giving money to carry on its operations. He understands this by his own religious sense.

Covetousness is a cardinal sin of the Church. The Church is rich, but only a pittance of her wealth is consecrated to sacred uses. She pays her ministers—often men of the finest talent and culture—men who give all their years, and thought, and strength to her interests, less than half that mammonists give their hirelings for ten hours' service of each twenty-four. Her educational enterprises usually go begging, and a sorry time they have of it. The people need the schools. They are rich. They have thousands to risk in cotton and oil speculations, but they will not pay for the institutions that are to educate their children. Money has been styled the "sinews of war." It is no less necessary to Gospel propagandism. It takes money to work power-presses, lay up the walls of Biblical schools, and sail mission ships. From every department of Christian effort comes the cry of need—the call for men and money; but not one man in a hundred dreams of paying his proportion of these expenses, unless it is argued out of him by an "agent." Now I hold this to be the diagnosis of a most inveterate type of covetousness; and the only hygiene is found in systematic beneficence. *Christians must give by rule.*

God works by law. Laws stand sentry over the universe, and hold its operations in exact equipoise. God's beneficence is never by paroxysm; it is strictly by law. I venture the assertion that nothing is well done that is not done by system. This holds good in mechanics. You can not even make a proper hoe-handle without bringing the thing into right lines. And in monetary matters. For instance, two men go into business; one has a large capital—a splendid opening; he invests recklessly, realizes large returns on some articles, loses heavily on others, spends money freely, and when settlement-day comes he finds that his fine, easy-going machine has been steadily a-leak, and he is a poor man. The other starts with a small capital, works it carefully and by rule, and comes out with a fortune. In physiology, too. Suppose a child is fed once an hour, or once in twenty hours, just as it can clamor somebody into attention, how do you think it would thrive? Suppose a man to examine till he

drops from exhaustion, then lie motionless a week—to sleep forty-eight hours, and then keep awake till nature shuts his eyes by force—to fast a week, and surfeit a fortnight, what do you imagine would be his physical condition? Suppose education to be conducted in this fashion—a nibble of Greek, a browse of Latin, German, as the inclination may be, mathematics to the taste, fact or fiction according to preference, what sort of scholars would we have? If I were sent outside of the Church for the raw material from which a strong Christian was to be made, I would take the man who has his strength “well in hand,” his energies under taut rein. The very etymon of the word “religion,” from the Latin *religo*, to bind anew, holds its adherents to system in their efforts.

As a denomination *Method*-ists belie their name, unless they work by rule. Some people seem to imagine that the early history of this religious movement is the record of a general riot of glorious irregularities. They can not understand that the grand freshest of Gospel truth that overflowed the massive, ivy-draped walls of the old Anglican Church and leaped beyond the iron barriers of John Calvin, obeyed law as certainly as do the planets in their orbits. And the men who wrought most wondrously upon its mighty current were the men who, most positively, slept and rose, talked and prayed, preached and wrote, lived and gave by rule. Witness Wesley. We think the machinist whose head holds an entire manufactory—in whose brain revolves every wheel, beats every hammer, and is weighed every ounce of power—a wonderful man. In this giant's thought was the complex mechanism of bands, classes, conferences, a membership of all castes, from Kingswood to the court—a ministry of all orders, lay, clerical, and episcopal. Think you this man's herculean labors could have been wrought without the closest system? We have a record of his beneficence. When his income was thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight and gave two. When it became sixty pounds, he lived on twenty-eight and gave thirty-two. When it amounted to a hundred and twenty pounds, he still kept himself to the frugal twenty-eight and gave ninety-two. It is estimated that from the proceeds of his publications and other sources of income, he gave, in all, over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The last entry in his finance list reads, “For upward of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, *all I have*.”

Methodism is rich, not only in precept, but example, bearing upon this duty. I must give one more instance. Dr. Coke had given to God's causes two large fortunes. Near the close of his life he arose in the British Conference and asked for the establishment of a mission in India. They said they had neither men nor means. Coke replied, “I have a small estate of one thousand pounds left yet. I give that and myself with it to go to India. Do n't refuse, or you'll break my heart.” It was this sort of beneficence and sacrifice that made Methodism a power in the land.

We should give by system as a matter of personal safety. Very few escape an attack of covetousness. Many who are liberal while they are poor, discover a thirst for gain as soon as they begin to acquire. In cholera times we use disinfectants. Systematic giving is God's grand preventive of the miasmatic taint of avarice. Others have grown avaricious—ten chances to one you will, unless you take pains to prevent it. If you note carefully your benefactions year by year, you will be surprised to know how much less you give than you thought you did, and how small a per cent. of your income. If you adopt this plan of giving by rule, the system necessary may be a positive business help to you. It may correct a tendency to the slipshod. It may save you from bankruptcy.

There are higher motives to urge. This plan has Bible sanction. The ancient people of God were required to hold about three-tenths of their property sacred to his uses. One has said a good Christian ought to give as much as a poor Jew. St. Paul enjoins upon the Churches a weekly benefaction, “according as the Lord had prospered them.” The very idea of *stewardship*, so prominent in the New Testament, implies a careful account and a systematic rendering of dues. God's special blessing has been upon the finances of those whom the record notes as systematic givers. Abraham gave a tenth, and he became a man of princely fortune. Jacob went out “with his staff” a poor man. At Bethel he vowed to the Lord, “Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.” In twenty years he came back rich.

We have an account of an English Methodist, Mr. Wilkes, who looks for Divine direction in his business, and gives by the Pauline rule, “as God prospers him.” A journeyman mechanic, he set up a small business upon borrowed capital. Eight years later he pledged himself to give *fifty guineas a day* as his missionary subscription—about *ninety thousand*

dollars a year—and other benefactions in proportion.

But you say, "I am poor. I can't give." Remember the widow of whom Christ said, "She hath cast in more than they all." I would say, give at least a tenth to God's causes and trust his promise to "surely repay," as did the woman of Sarepta, when required to take an extra boarder, with not enough provision in the house to keep herself and children from starving.

You say, "I am in debt." Some people keep up a lightning-rod of this order to ward off flashing appeals. I hope you do not, however. I would advise you to live on nine-tenths of your present expenditure, and give the other tenth. I think you will pay your debts the sooner.

You say, "I think I do pretty well. I bear my proportion of Church expenses." Possibly, my friend, your "Church expenses" are several notches below the Master's mark. Exact figures might be somewhat embarrassing to your agreeable conclusions. It is evident from the facts that the Church does not give as she ought. Christian enterprises would not be forever on the pauper list if she did. Possibly you belong among the culpables in spite of your self-complaisance. It is worth looking into. In the judgment, if the blood of the world's perishing lies at the door of a selfish, avaricious Church, it will be well for us if our names are not on the roll of wrath.

It costs all you make to live, does it? I fear there is a terrible reckoning before some who are trying to be good in an easy, indulgent way. They are spending the Lord's money upon themselves, while some of his causes wander penniless. Before the millennium there will be a new order of things among Christ's disciples, I imagine. It will not be, what is the very best style we can support? but a moderate, comfortable mode will be agreed upon, just such as would please the Master were he to be a guest in person, as at the home in Bethany. Then there will be a rigid "no," to shut off all appeals to love of show or luxury. There will be no lack of funds then to carry on God's work. Cases like that of the Boston merchant will no longer be isolated. At the age of twenty-three this man pledged himself as follows:

"By the grace of God I will never be worth more than \$50,000. By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth \$20,000, I will give one-half of my net profits. If ever I am worth \$30,000, I will give three-fourths, and the whole

after \$50,000. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward and set me aside.

"N. R. COBB."

He died at the age of thirty-six, worth \$50,000, after having given to the cause of God \$40,000 in accordance with his vow.

Romanists are wiser in the matter of propagandism than their Protestant neighbors. A thousand pities their zeal was not to spread the light of God instead of their miserable mummeries! They never lack funds. They train all to give. They require even "work-girls" to give a certain part of their wages. If a Protestant institution of learning is sold for debt, through the criminal neglect of the Church, Catholics always have the money ready to buy it, that they may turn it, as the guns of a captured battery, upon the free thought and religious life of its former patrons.

An association devoted, as the Methodist Church declares herself, to "the spread of Scriptural holiness," should be an engine of measureless energy. I know of no more appropriate time than this Centennial year to refit and send her forth into wider fields to make new conquests for Christ. I know of no effort, after the "baptism of fire," that could so enhance her efficiency as a general practice of enlarged, systemized beneficence.

ALWAYS GOOD.

BY FRANCES CARY.

LORD, thou hast seen my sinful lack
Of patience and submissive grace,
When thou hast taken my blessings back,
And sent me sorrows in their place;
For, chastened thus, I could not see,
For tears, that thou wert good to me.

Lord, I have murmured at my lot,
And feebly tried, or tried in part,
To do thy holy will, and not
The weak devices of my heart;
And, therefore, oft I could not see,
For sin, that thou wert good to me.

From the impenetrable gloom,
Lord, thou hast heard my bitter cries,
When the black shadow of the tomb
Troubled the earth and hid the skies;
For through the dark I could not see,
Thou, even yet, wert good to me.

Lord, take them all and every one,
Blessings, and idols, each delight,
But let me say, Thy will be done!
And make me know thy will is right;
I only ask to feel and see,
My God is always good to me!

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

NUMBER VII.

I HAVE made a new acquaintance, one who I think will be a profitable one—one who will bring me pleasure as well as profit. It is an old lady nearly eighty, Mrs. Ackley. She is what is called an admirable manager in her house, and the old lady's mind is all as well regulated as her house; she has sterling good sense, and would be a good adviser; she is a New Englander, a direct descendant of the Puritans, and is rigidly upright in the veriest trifle; she is upright in body, too, though not rigidly so; she is graceful as a girl, and almost as agile and buoyant.

It would be worth while to live to be old if one could be as happy and lively as she at her age. But she has led an industrious, useful life, and has no wrongs done to others to reflect upon—few old omissions of duty I think. It is this makes her old age so green and pleasant, I think; has preserved the lightness and elasticity of her step, the vivacity of her mind, the fire of her eye.

While I expect to learn much from her about common things, I hope I shall also learn how to "grow old gracefully," but to keep my vigor and usefulness, my sense of enjoyment; for there seems no falling off with her in this respect. She seems to take an interest in all that is going forward, and to enjoy all the rational pleasures of life with as keen a zest as those who are just beginning it.

One reason is, she has never partaken of the true pleasures of life immoderately, so she has preserved a taste healthy and pure. She is worth study for the way she has kept her vigor of body and her vigor of mind.

We were talking this evening about women being trained to get married; that is, taught that the chief end of woman is to get a husband. It is right that they should be trained to make good wives, we said, and then let things take their course. If they are really fitted for good wives, some good man will be likely to find it out, and there needs no direct fishing for a husband. Those who practice it much are apt to catch gudgeons, uncle Tim said.

"Good wine needs no bush," Mr. Ackley said.

Allen, who was present, said he must repeat another proverb that he heard from an aunt of his: "Women want nothing but husbands, and when they have got them they want every thing."

"Will Allen ever get married, do you suppose?" said cousin Abby. "With his sarcasms about women, I'm afraid he is doomed to perpetual bachelorhood. He will never find that perfect woman he is looking for."

"He may imagine he has found her, and that will be all the same for practical purposes," I answered.

"Yes, till after marriage," said uncle Tim. "But you are mistaken about Allen's opinion of women. He adores them. His sarcasms are general—leveled at the sex. He imagines each individual of it an angel."

Allen really looked taken aback. I don't know what reply he made. It was not much. Uncle Tim had hit home, though I hardly see why Allen should care about it. I think he does fancy perfection in many young ladies he sees who do not approach it very nearly.

We were talking this evening about papering rooms—the bad results that come from papered rooms, sometimes—Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Ackley, and I. Mrs. Ackley knew a family that were made sick by putting one layer of paper on over another when a room was papered new. It was the old paste that poisoned the air. That led me to think that the air of a papered room might be unhealthy any way when the paste gets old, if another paper is not put over it. How many people keep the same paper on a room, for years and years, when it isn't used much!

I think I should prefer some other kind of a wall than a papered one if I was going to have a house of my own. Mrs. Ingalls said she would prefer marble, it would be so clean and pure; it could be cleaned so easily, and would not collect impurities. It would not be so much for looks she would care for it, she said, as for cleanliness and purity; and she sang, "I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls," and wondered whether she would ever realize her vision.

Allen expressed an opinion that all her castles of that kind would be located in Spain.

I thought I could be happy in a cottage with whitewashed walls, and they would be just as pure and wholesome; and Mrs. Ingalls sang, "They may talk of love in a cottage," etc.; but we both agreed we should feel a little afraid of the paper. If we had microscopes powerful enough to show us what impurities are in the atmosphere sometimes, when we suspect nothing wrong—when our senses can discern nothing—we would be more careful about the air of our rooms. What filth would be disclosed to us sometimes, where all appears pure and clean! I have smelt the foul air in an elegantly-

furnished parlor that was rarely opened and aired, and I have thought what strange things would be brought to light in this room with a microscope, such as may be used a thousand years hence, perhaps possibly less; what rank vegetable growths, or perhaps loathsome animals. I always fancy these things where the foulness in the air is so bad as to be perceptible to the sense of smelling.

The first requisite of cleanliness is to have clean air to breathe, to fill the lungs, and renovate the blood. Why should we not object to taking foulness into the system in the air we breathe, as well as in the food we eat, or the water we drink? Whenever there is a bad smell particles of matter from the offensive substance do actually enter our bodies, and the disagreeable smell is to warn us that such things are hurtful; yet how common are offensive odors!

How necessary it is that every sort of filth should be removed from about a dwelling—from within and without, even, as I said, when no bad odor from it can be perceived by the senses! We may be assured that particles of matter are given off by every thing of this kind, that they enter our systems, and are a poison to the blood. They lower vitality when they do not produce disease. We do know that the more particular families are about things of this kind, the less sickness there is in the family, other things being equal. Many are particular to have every such thing removed, when they do not understand their hurtful effects, from a love of neatness—so cleanliness brings its own reward.

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One week ago to-night I was sitting alone, writing; uncle and Allen not having come in, and aunt Milly and little Milly having gone to bed, when I heard a carriage drive up to the door, and a confused sound of voices.

"Who now?" I thought, of course. I had not been favored—or the opposite—much with company since I began to keep house. I have always thought it would be one of the greatest pleasures of life to entertain one's friends in one's own way. I have thought so when I have entertained them in other people's houses, and been obliged to modify my tastes and inclinations in this respect to suit that of the reigning power—of course, all very proper, but a curtailment of freedom.

I had my ideal with regard to entertaining company, as I have of most things; alas, how hard to reach sometimes! But even supposing a perfect entertainer, one must have perfect guest, to carry it out; and "nothing is perfect

in this world," I learned at school in my copy-book. I have thought that in the matter of entertaining company we overdo, as we do in most other. It is the besetting sin of the age, is it not? with all that regards appearances. I am afraid we do not always consider the true comfort and pleasure of our guests, so much as to appear hospitable and liberal, to show off our housekeeping, etc.

I think the let-alone principle will apply to our treatment of guests, who are spending some time at the house, as well as many other things where we defeat our own purpose by doing too much.

If the world and children are governed too much, guests, as a general rule, are entertained too much; that is, we often weary ourselves with efforts that do not add in the least degree to the enjoyment of our guests—perhaps detract from it. This is especially to be seen in the eating department. We think it necessary to load our tables with such a variety, making for us small housekeepers a great deal of labor for ourselves and our "help."

How often, in the experience of us all, have we visited where they took elaborate pains to set before us a sumptuous meal, when one or two plain dishes would have contented us better.

I remember an old gentleman and lady of my acquaintance, who used always, after having been out to a fashionable tea, to come home and eat a hearty supper. "I've been through the ceremony with the flummery and nicknacks, and now I want something to eat," the old gentleman would say.

I remember one night in particular I was there on a visit to his daughter, when they came home from a tea party. "Jenny," he said to the girl, "set on that plate of cold boiled victuals left from dinner, I am hungry. [They were old-fashioned people, and had their dinner at noon.] The sweet things I've eaten have just whetted up my appetite."

The platter of cold beef, pork, etc., was set before him, and he did ample justice to it. No one would have suspected that he had just come from a table loaded with good things, got up with great trouble and expense. The old lady took a dish of bread and milk, and seemed to eat it with a right good appetite. The costly, showy supper of which they told me had been a Barmecide feast to them. How many of them—in effect—we set before our guests! We should discriminate, and furnish plain food for those with plain tastes.

We sometimes do things that we know will not add to the real comfort of our guests, but

think it will look like a want of respect if we omit them. I have visited where the family made it a point never to leave me a moment alone, when, perhaps, I was going to spend days at the house. They formed themselves into a committee of vigilance, and some member of the family was always on duty; and not only favored me with their presence, but thought it necessary to keep up a running fire of small talk, till I was, O! so tired, and knew they must be. Why not have it understood, I have thought, that a guest is to be left alone a part of the time, as part of the programme, when a visit is to be of any considerable length?

I sat down to write about my company, and here I have run into a dissertation upon the art of receiving company in general. I must think about it, and write down the result at some future time, for it is an art to acquit one's self in this matter in a manner satisfactory to both parties—to get the exact dividing line betwixt too little and too much.

There is the art of visiting, too, of making one's self agreeable as a guest, which is worth some thought. Many fail signally in this respect—for want of thought—as in other things.

It would be the height of good-breeding not to make any unnecessary trouble, and still not to appear to be making one's self uncomfortable for fear of giving trouble. We all like guests who appear to enjoy themselves. For myself I am particularly sensitive upon this point, and I find it much easier to make some people enjoy themselves than others.

That will do. Now for my guests.

One is a young lady of eighteen, a cousin of my own, but previously a stranger to me; the other a niece of uncle Allen's—on the other side—a widow of thirty. Now, one knows how to be a guest in other people's houses, the other does not. She is young; she may learn; but I think she will not—I think it is not in her nature. Radically selfish she is, and I am afraid that is something that will remain with her like the Ethiopian's skin. A thoroughly-selfish person can't make a good entertainer, nor a good guest. Where is the place where they fit in smoothly? So much for Clara Allen.

Now, Mrs. Morton, the widow, has a delicate consideration for others inherent in her nature. It does not make her fussy or officious, as this very desirable quality does some nervous people; nervous—I use the term as it is used, not always with definiteness or appropriateness.

Mrs. Morton is harmonious; she always chimes with your humor, comes up to your time, and she is happy in doing so. If it seemed to be a sacrifice for her to do so, or you felt it was, it

would take from your enjoyment; but she is so placid and cheerful, so unaffectedly so, that it is a pleasure to please her. She is one of those persons that enjoy themselves in the happiness of others; she basks in the sunlight of the smiles of others; when all around her are happy she is happy.

Now, we are apt to take advantage of such natures; to forget they have preferences, they are so ready to yield them; while to an exacting nature like Clara Allen we concede more. I say we. I don't believe I do; but as old Mr. Ackley says, when a person claims more than half of the road, the majority of people will turn out for him.

Well, now, Clara Allen as a guest. In the first place she is invariably behind at meals, so that they get cold waiting for her. Now, that for one meal, or two, or three, might be but a trifling annoyance, but occurring three times a day for three weeks—which is to be the term of her visit—it becomes serious; and I do not see any hope of amendment in her, for she is just as unpunctual now as at first.

She does not realize how much she puts out of order the machinery of the household, for she has never been a housekeeper; she does not know how much she annoys those who have to wait for their meals, for probably she has never had to wait in the same way. It seems singular that she should not realize the situation enough to make her try to be ready when others are, when she has nothing else to do. Her blindness and obtuseness in this matter is unaccountable, yet I have seen others blind and dull in the same way. I don't think I have ever seen one who was so punctually unpunctual. It is as if she wanted to caricature unpunctual people, to show them up, and let them see how their unpunctuality looks.

I think if any one was present who had habits of this kind, she would hold the mirror up to them in such a way as to benefit them. I hardly know what is to be done in such a case, where courtesy and forbearance to one interferes with the comfort and convenience of other guests and the family. In what way can I address her without giving offense, to lead her to see how uncourteous she is—in truth, how unkind in pursuing the course she does? I do not know. I do know it is not right that so many should suffer inconvenience for the pleasure of one—no, not for her pleasure. She would be happier herself if her moments were more in harmony with those of others.

I hear my company coming from cousin Abby's, where they have been to spend the evening, so I must lay down my pen for to-night.

PRAYER.

BY MISS ELLEN E. WARNER.

PRAYER, in its most general sense, may be defined to be a petition for a desired object. Two parties, at least, are implied in prayer—the one that prays, and the one to whom prayer is addressed. In order that prayer be appropriate, certain relations must exist between these parties. The party praying must, in a measure, be dependent upon the other, and have wants which, of itself, it is unable to supply. The party to whom the prayer is addressed must have the power to supply those wants, otherwise the prayer would be altogether unavailing. In this general sense prayer may appropriately be employed in any case in which there is a relation of dependence between two parties, the dependent party having wants which can be supplied by the party addressed. Thus, prayer may be addressed to persons in official positions, invested with executive or legislative power.

In the highest sense, prayer can be offered only by an intellectual, moral, and dependent being, and addressed only to a being both able and willing to bestow the needed good. From the nature and condition of man, we infer both that he is capable of praying and that the offering of prayer is to him an appropriate act. That he is capable of praying we have sufficient proof in the fact that he actually prays.

Ability to perform a certain act does not imply a necessity for its performance. The mere fact, then, that man possesses the power to pray does not make prayer a necessity; yet there are other considerations which, although they do not irresistibly compel man to pray, nevertheless render this act essential both to his present and eternal happiness. Within the human soul are wants and desires, for the supply and gratification of which man must, both on account of their magnitude and his own weakness, apply to a being who is infinitely superior to himself. Such a being is God, and there is none like him; for he has declared, "I, even I am the Lord; and besides me there is no Savior." Hence, we infer that to him only can prayer, in its highest sense, be addressed. He alone is the source and fountain-head of all good. In him all fullness dwells. There is nothing conducive to the welfare and true happiness of man which he is not both able and willing to bestow, and this is true of no other being. To whom else, then, can we go?

It may be well, perhaps, to consider some of the reasons why man, who possesses the power

to pray, should exercise this power in addressing the throne of Divine Grace. The first and highest reason is this: God has commanded it. The knowledge of this one fact, aside from every other consideration, should be regarded as sufficient reason for ready obedience; for, consider the character of Him who thus commands. A being of infinite perfections! One in whom we behold infinite goodness and infinite power combined! He is man's creator, and, as such, feels a lively interest in his welfare. Of this we are also assured by the declaration of the sacred Scriptures, "The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works." This is true notwithstanding the fact that man has fallen from his first estate, and thus forfeited all claim upon the care and kindness of God, which he might previously have possessed. God's compassionate regard for all his creatures, as revealed in his Word, as well as in the bountiful provisions he has made for their highest good, is too plainly manifest to admit of doubt. Remembering then the kindly disposition of God toward man, and that this is ever accompanied with infinite wisdom, the conclusion seems inevitable, that all his commands in reference to the conduct of man, will, if obeyed, contribute largely not only to man's best good, but also to his highest enjoyment. If, then, in our short-sightedness, we could discover no advantage whatever resulting, either to ourselves or to others, from the observance of this command, yet it would be our highest wisdom to obey.

But in regard to the duty of prayer, it is not necessary that we yield a blind obedience; for, aside from the fact that God wills it, there are other considerations which make its reasonableness apparent. God has made it a condition of receiving. "Ask, and it shall be given you;" "For every one that asketh receiveth." But it might be inquired, Why should asking be made the condition of receiving? Does not the omniscient God know even our slightest wants and most secret desires before we have framed our petitions? Why, then, should we be required to mention them in order before him? To this it may be replied, that the object of prayer is not to *inform* God of our necessities, since he knows them already, even better than we do ourselves. One of its objects, at least, is to prepare the heart to receive, in an acceptable manner, the valuable gifts which come from the hand of our Heavenly Benefactor. One who knows that prayer is the appointment of God, and yet refuses to ask for the things he needs, on the ground that God is omniscient, and, therefore, already apprised of his wants,

examples illustrative of this truth are not confined to the pages of this holy book. We meet with them in every period of the world's history, and they have occurred even within our own observation and experience. Are not these facts, so well known, sufficient to convince us that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much?"

An objection to prayer has been raised by some on the ground that it implies changeableness on the part of God, in direct opposition to his attribute of immutability. Prayer, they say, implies that God is induced to do what he otherwise would not do, and hence, that those who pray act on the supposition that God will change his purposes in consequence of their prayers, which conduct is inconsistent, since they, at the same time, profess to believe the Scriptures which declare that with God "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" that "he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But it would be well, perhaps, to inquire, In what does the immutability of God consist? Does it necessarily imply that he must always pursue the same course of action regardless of the characters or circumstances of those with whom he deals? Would you charge with changeableness that parent who, having promised his son a reward for obedience and good conduct, but threatened punishment and the withdrawal of his favor in case of disobedience, should accordingly at one time bestow the merited reward, and at another time inflict the deserved punishment? Surely not. The father clearly stated the principles which should govern his conduct toward his son, and his adherence to these very clearly indicates unchangeableness, in this respect, on his part. Thus it is with God. He has established certain principles, in accordance with which he has decided to act in his dealings with mankind; and his immutability consists in his adherence to these principles; and one of these, as we learn from the sacred volume of truth, is this, that he will have respect unto the prayers of his dependent creatures. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." He promises to hear and answer prayer. In consideration, then, of this principle of the Divine government, the fact that God does answer prayer, instead of indicating even the slightest degree of changeableness on his part, is a verification of his immutability.

Another objection to prayer has occurred to the minds of not a few. In consideration of the exalted character and infinite perfections of God, they hardly dare think that he would deign to notice, much less to regard the prayers

of beings so insignificant and sinful. Contemplating the vastness of the universe, containing millions of worlds, over which he possesses unlimited control, it seems almost presumptuous to suppose that he would take any interest in the weal or woe of the inhabitants of this little orb. David felt something like this when he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" But let us see if this even is a valid objection—if it has its foundation in reason. The infinite perfections of God, although they would at first thought seem to exclude us altogether from his notice, only render it still more probable that he does regard us; for the very fact that he is infinitely perfect, makes it possible for him to comprehend the smallest and most insignificant objects of his creation as well as the greatest and most powerful. The infinite Creator fully understands the peculiar wants of all his creatures, and who so well as he knows how to supply them? Would his attribute of infinite goodness permit him to regard the works of his hand with indifference? Listen to the truth of God as spoken by the world's great Redeemer: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." What an evidence of the tenderness of God toward man does this language afford! But what can more fully convince us, not only that the great Jehovah is not unmindful of man, but, on the contrary, that he is most intensely interested in his highest welfare, than the precious gift of his beloved Son? "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

COMMUNINGS WITH NATURE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Go where the faint sun-rays gleam
On the forest's waveless stream;
Sit thee on the moss-turf low,
Where the purple violets blow,
And the gently-whispering breeze
Thrills the foliage of the trees:
While thou seest far overhead
Heaven's blue canopy outspread,
There upon the leafy sod,
Hold communion with thy God.

A FALLACY OR TWO.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

THERE is many a fallacy in this world of ours which we are long in finding out. Perhaps we have not studied the logic of life, or having studied it, fail to make it practical. Coming into the world "like a young swallow creeping from under the eaves," we find every thing around us very beautiful. They tell us, and truly, that all things good are beautiful. We see the goodness of our mother transfigure her otherwise plain face and figure, and she is beautiful to us. The home-nest, though little better than the swallow's mud cottage, becomes a very haven of rest to the half-fledged wings that are weary and bruised with beating unskillfully about. And thus the homestead—however inelegant, inconvenient even—becomes beautiful with the roses of association and the vines of use, which cover its otherwise bare walls. But from this one premise, how apt we are to draw the conclusion, all things beautiful are good! We do not see the anxiety which comes with his gold to the possessor of wealth. We do not see the demon of deceit lurking in friendly eyes. The worm hides in the apple; the tree hollow at the heart may still wear a green crown of foliage.

There is another fallacy current among older people that childhood's sky is always bright and fair, that its hopes always overbalance its fears, and that its griefs are not worth noticing. I tell you the tempest of grief in the heart of a child is no less a tempest because the heart has not become used to the blast of error. They tell us that because the sky soon brightens, and the rainbow of smiles shines out upon the clouds, that little, if any, impression has been made. Is it true? In the rock of your past are there not marks of tear-drops that fell in early childhood? Are there not petrified sneers imbedded in it? Don't you find memories of disappointments that were keener than sword points to the tender heart, such memories as have seldom been left by the heavier weights that pulled at the toughened fiber? Surely then your conclusion could not have been correct.

Are not many of us careless in our reasoning as we seek the ignis fatuus of happiness, that forever flits just before us, just eluding our grasp? We expect to succeed in business without due preparation, and then quarrel with the world because it owes us a living and does not give it to us. The farmer sometimes expects to see the conclusion rendered him of a plenteous harvest. The major premise has only been

partly rendered while he assumes the whole; for while sun and shower have been duly accorded him, he has not plowed deep enough, or the seed was insufficient in quantity or quality; still he looks to see the golden grain gathered into his garner. Who pities him that he finds at last nothing but tares? Yet once more let us take up the parable of the sower; for our seed-time presses fast upon us, and as we sow, so shall we also reap. We find by looking around us that when youth, in similar circumstances with ourselves, have adopted certain habits and modes of life, that the result has been unfavorable in almost every case. From this we conclude that we, by adopting and following the same, shall reap results exactly opposite. There is only one way in which we can make our logic hold together; there must be incorporated with it a vast quantity of "vanity of vanities." Tom, Dick, and Harry, Jane and Susan, by certain natural abilities, etc., made a bad beginning, and came to a worse end. We are not Tom, Dick, Harry, Jane, or Susan; therefore, we shall not come to the same bad end. The fields of our minds are better fenced than those of our neighbors; the stones and the weeds have all been gathered out; and, in fact, the soil was very much better in the first place. Is it a fallacy of observation?

There is another error—equally common, equally dangerous—which is the opposite of this. We find certain other habits and modes of life resulting favorably, and we expect to reach the same end by employing means directly opposed to those employed by our friends. Unless the world of circumstance is round, it yet remains to be proved that persons moving in opposite directions will yet reach the same place. Or, perhaps, we hope to reach it by drifting with wind and tide, or while we are continually changing our course as new stars attract our attention. Shall we, like Alfred Vargrave, "set our course by each star that may cross it," and yet avoid regretting whatever we do? No! the same "harvest of barren regrets" will inevitably be ours, and our life "be at best a promise which nothing fulfills."

We shall find it a dangerous practice to use arguments which we feel are not well sustained, for the mere purpose of defeating an opponent—what a man thinks, that he is; and we shall find ourselves defeated worst of all. For

"Words are things; and the man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controlled by the words he disdains to control,"

till his life becomes a fallacy and death the only reality.

TREES.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I AM lying here by my window, almost too sick to hold up my pencil, yet my picture is so beautiful and suggestive, I must talk of it. It is framed only by the white window-casing, and is merely a moving mass of maple leaves, whispering, shimmering, and dancing in the breeze; yet if any living artist could paint it as I see it now he would be immortal. Such a rich and living green! While, glinting between, spread spots of sunset sky, bringing dreams of the beautiful "islands of the blest," where pain and sickness never come, and where death can never separate loves or destroy friendships!

Such pictures drown every coarser sense. One can only admire and adore. Forgotten are the stony streets below; the various noises of city life are unheard; the huge mass of brick, with its teeming population, are all unthought of in the soft dreams and peaceful whisperings of the beautiful leaves before me. And busy imagination, or, rather, faithful memory recalls each green spot in my lonely childhood and desolated youth, when in the long days and sleepless nights my heart's one cry was still, "alone!"

But here comes a dear little brown bird, hopping from one green bower to another, and each time pouring out his heartfelt of song. Trill—la—le—e! Trill—la—le—e! Again, again, and again. And his song flows into words, which I interpret:

Ye whose hearts are full of sadness
All day long,
Come! and see what springs of gladness
Move my song.

From your walled-up sorrows flee—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

From the city's pent-up aching,
Where not one
Its unclouded path is taking
Toward the sun;

Where no flowers untarnished be—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

Come amid the breezy bowers,
Green and bright,
And where grow the virgin flowers
Pure as light;

Come where moonbeams kiss the sea—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

Where the morning sun is shining
Bright as gold;
Where the clouds a silver lining
Each unfold;

Where the heavens undimmed we see—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

Where no sickly buds are peeping
Through the pane;
Where the hearts are not all weeping
Tears like rain;
Where soft dew-drops gem the lea—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

While I sing, all hearts are springing
With the flowers;
And the sagest birds are singing
In love-bowers,
With the gold-brown busy bee—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

Rise then; let no cares oppress thee;
Upward spring.
All the earth smiles out to bless thee,
And thy wing
Wafts thee toward eternity—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

We are frail—our lives are fleeting,
Yet we sing.
And to God our notes of greeting
Daily bring.
Shame not, then, thy destiny—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

Let thy high song hail the morning
Every day;
And thy high thoughts be the dawning
Of a ray,
Lit for immortality—
Trill—la—le—e—e!

And I feel with shame how true the song he sings; and I cry out,

"Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!"

I look back upon the past and find many tree-pictures vividly painted on my memory—lovely paintings, always fresh and green. In earliest childhood, when my father passed a year in the country, there was a beautiful spreading beech at the foot of the little hill upon which the house stood; and from the roots of this tree gurgled a cool, clear spring. These furnished food for my mind for hours and hours together. I had heard an Irish fairy story of a prince and princess dwelling beneath the ground; and this hill was peopled with creatures more radiant and beautiful than the imagination of mature life could paint. Angels dwell not upon the earth; yet these were more bright than even angels seem to me now. Then the smooth-ringed bark of the tree, the long pendent branches, with notched and glossy leaves, and the tall crown, rising cone-like toward heaven—how I worshiped them with a child's pure adoration!

Not far away was a barren-looking spot, dry

and rocky, and parched—all save the long, straight seams in the rocks, from which sprang cedars, beautiful and tall—all in rows, like soldiers; and they seemed human beings who had tired of staying in the cave below, and had climbed out between the stones; but their feet becoming fastened, they were obliged to remain there forever, longing and hungering for freedom!

After retiring to the city, there was a noble elm by the river-side which is one of my beautiful remembrances. Then a large oak, upon which two murderers were hung, always filled me with horror, and sent a shiver through my blood. I think the soft green leaves would shrink from such a scene. It is said that the reason the aspen never ceases quivering, the cross upon which our blessed Lord suffered was formed of its wood.

"The cross amid lightning on Calvary stained,
Was made from our roots! There his blood hath remained.

Creation, accusing, in misery spoke,
And a shudder eternal then first o'er us broke.
For the serpent we're named, the last doomed to betray.

O! no rest for the aspen till earth fades away."

I grew older, and more thoughtful, and full of feeling. My dear mother was dead. I had no sister—no kind and gentle female friend to soothe my sorrows and share the delight I always found in nature. The relatives with whom my lot was cast were cold and hard, and sometimes my heart seemed breaking for sympathy. Here again I found my friends in the trees. The first, a grand old locust near the house, where, at night, I would go to dream of my mother, and to picture a time in the far-distant future, when some one would love me and understand my feelings. My other friend was a broad-limbed, thick-leaved apple-tree, in whose sheltering branches I would hide myself, for hours and hours, from all human eyes, and pore over my books, or pencil down my thoughts, only to put them in the fire when I reached the house. How I loved that tree! Like a palm in the desert it ever seemed to me. How I could think my thoughts, and dream my dreams all alone, with the breezy, whispering leaves, the fragrant blossoms, and the sweet birds around me! How much more companionable were these to my heart than the beings I sought to avoid!

I took a journey during those days of desolation through Kentucky, and the grand old pines upon Muldraugh's Hill make a picture worth preserving. And the tall Lombardy pop-

lars, at the farm-house, where we stopped, so straight and high, going right up—never reaching out an arm to their fellows—seemed so cold and unsympathetic to my heart, so different from my beech, and locust, and apple-tree—for they are mine still, though even the roots may be decayed and gone. After an old bridge across a stream, with two large and graceful weeping willows gazing sorrowfully down in the clear waves below, I come to trees I have planted, and which seem portions of my own being, members of my household.

There are maples and silver firs, and one large silver poplar, which fifteen years ago was only a switch. Planted by my hand, nurtured by my care, it grew and flourished, and now it rises, grand and beautiful, above the roof where my happiest days were past. Many, very many, bright hours, with some sad, dark, and gloomy, were passed beneath that roof. One child was born there—another little life went out, leaving our homestead dark for years. Now I can say, "It is all for the best; God's ways are not as our ways." She is still my beautiful golden-haired child. Had she lived, the babe would long ago have merged into the grown-up girl.

I planted white roses, and lilies, and honeysuckles above her, and on the white stone may yet be read:

"There was gladness with the angels;

There was sadness with us here,
When our little girl went from us
In the Winter of the year."

A thousand miles divide me from that little grave, yet the hill-side is as bright in the evening sun, the flowers bloom as sweetly, and the trees wear their crowns of green as they did when last I saw them. Many a friend who sympathized with me then is lying near her now, with only a white stone to tell they ever lived. One, my heart's sister, is there, who walked with me when last I visited that little grave.

'Tis thus God carries on this grand machinery of the universe, while the loves and hates, the hopes and fears of each little life, which are, indeed, our all, grow into being, live their day, and are blotted out. Why is all this intensity of feeling, this throbbing, quivering, loving, yearning, human heart given us, if this is all? This is not all!

"All shall come back. Each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again."

All that breathes of love—that one great unsatisfied want of humanity, shall surely live

and grow to a full perfection—in that life where coldness and death can never come. And when I go hence, for the love I bear them here, I shall hope some friend will plant above me a tree, in whose branches the breezes may whisper and the birds may sing.

“The groves were God’s first temples.”—BRYANT.

God of the breezy forest!
Within thy courts I bow,
And bless thee for this leafy screen—
This lofty bower of living green
That waves above me now.

The Summer sun is bending
Down from his flaming throne;
And out from the dust and blinding heat
Of the brick-walled city’s crowded street
I come to the woods alone.

Above the lowering tree-tops
I see the tongues of fire
A quivering on the metal roof,
Weaving a restless, burning woof
Around the distant spire.

And on the piles of lumber,
Down by the silent mill,
They shimmer and dance like will-o’-wispes,
While at their touch the green leaf crisps,
And the rippling stream grows still.

O, what a hot Sahara
Yon city homes would be,
If all along the stony street
The heated brain and burning feet
Could find no sheltering tree!

God of the breezy forest!
Thanks for this living screen
To shield and cool the burning brain—
To scatter down each stony lane
Those spots of living green.

And man will still remember
To bow in praise to thee,
So long as on Life’s burning plain
He feels a shower of cooling rain,
Or finds a sheltering tree.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hope of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

WHO are you, man or woman, for whom this prayer has not old, sweet associations? who, hearing its words, hears not too the “memory bells” ringing up from the golden plains of your childhood, and feels not the soft gales from the morning-land of your life sweeping over your soul?

You may be a man now in the pride and strength of your years; you may have carved out for yourself an honorable name and destiny in this world; mayhap you are the owner of broad lands and proud homes, and your heart grown hard in its battle with the world.

But stop a moment and listen to this little verse, so simple that the merest babe who learns to lip the words, can comprehend them, and so grand in its magnificence and faith that the wisest sage shall only have learned fully the true lesson of life when the soul utters them as it did in its infancy.

Let us see! how many years ago was it? Twenty, thirty, forty—no matter; at the old sound of “Now I lay me” they have all rolled back their massive doors, and you go down through them to the old red, one-story house where your life first took its morning. You see the little window on the right side, close under the rafters. Ah! you slept sounder slumber and dreamed sweeter dreams in that old garret than you ever did in your lofty chambers, with the gilded ceiling and snowy draperies; and what of it if your bed was a straw one, and your coverlet made of red and yellow “patches” of calico, you never snuggled down so contentedly under your spring-mattresses and Marseilles counterpanes.

“Now I lay me.” How softly sleep would come and weigh down your eyelids as you repeated the words after her! Ah! you can hear her very tones now stealing across your heart, though it is so many years since death silenced them, and you feel the soft touch of her hand on your pillow, and the tender lingering of her kiss upon your lips—you break down here; proud man as you are, the memory of your mother is more than you can bear. If she had only lived, you would not be what you are now; but, thanks be to God, she left you something holy and blessed beyond all meaning—something that can not grow old, nor dim, even in the “unspeakable brightness” beyond the

shining gates—the memory of a loving, praying Christian mother.

Reader, it may be many years since you repeated this prayer, or, alas! it may be that, in the din and struggle of life you have forgotten to pray at all, and that at night you have lain down on your pillow, never thinking of the shining ranks of angels that God's mercy stationed around you, or thanking him for the day and for the night.

But come back, we beseech you, to the old prayer of your childhood. You can not have outgrown that, no matter if your hair is frosted with the snows of life's December, and if your years are threescore and ten. Kneel down by your bedside, and, uttering these words, see if something of the old peace and faith of your childhood does not come back to you—if something of its dew and its blessing fall not upon your slumber.

And remember that sooner or later you will "lie down to sleep" when this prayer will be all that your soul can take, all that will avail of your rank, or wealth, or fame, whatsoever you most prize in this world, which is but the shadow of eternity. Ah! we shall soon pass the "green threshold of our common graves;" but the little prayer, the first, it may be, that we took upon our childish lips, shall follow us as we sail out under the solemn arches of the "River of Death"—follow us a sweet, faint, tender air from the shores; and when we shall cast anchor, "the Lord our souls shall take."

WOMAN'S SPIRITUAL CLAIM.*

BY CHARLES MERIVALE.

THE Scriptures of the Old Testament opened with the Divine recognition of the importance of the woman in the economy of God's spiritual dispensations. In the development of our spiritual life, in our training for a spiritual future, her share is at least as great as that of the man. Her part in the Fall, in the sin, in the disobedience against God, in the denial of his providence and judgment, have been as great at least as that of the man. She stands in God's first revelation of his love and justice, on the same line with man her partner. She was placed in the same state of favor, and falls under the same condemnation. Again, God's second dispensation opens with the recognition

of the importance of the woman. She is chosen to be the instrument of blessing. She receives the honor, which is above all honors, of becoming the channel of Divine grace, as she had before drawn down Divine retribution. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, takes the form of man to teach and preach and suffer, as was required of him; but he takes that form through the woman; and thus forever seals, with the most glorious and irrefragable sanction, the equality of the woman with the man in God's spiritual economy. Henceforth all we have said of the common claims of man one with another—of the mercies of God—the decrees of God, the providences of God being extended equally to all men, rich and poor, bond and free, Greek and barbarian—all that the Gospel proclaimed, and the temples and the schools denied or so grudgingly admitted—must be carried out to their full extent, and applied to the woman also. Reason and logic require it. Do not our own hearts respond to the appeal, and accept it? Do we make any difficulty in acknowledging the equality of the woman with the man in the sight of the universal Father? of the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Sanctifier? Is not such a doctrine generally understood among us as a thing of course? Who dreams of questioning it? Do we not rather scorn and reprove the pretended revelations of heathenism, which have so commonly denied or disregarded this essential equality, and robbed woman of her crown of spiritual glory?

But if this be the case, let us ask ourselves, to what do we owe this conviction in which we are so well agreed? Do not leap to the conclusion that, because it seems so reasonable, so natural to us, it is really natural, and grows up spontaneously in the human heart. No: we require to be led to it, to have it confirmed and sealed to us by Divine teaching; we have drawn it from a source of divine inspiration, we have maintained it by the study of the divine Word. It seeks to make a lodgment in the heart that has been prepared and opened for it. It is a seed which will hardly ripen wherever it is casually dropped; the soil must be dug for it, and the germ be tended and watered. And then, with God's blessing, it will spring up and flourish, and become the joy and life of the garden, and maintain its scent and beauty in everlasting freshness.

Upon the spiritual state of the woman, such as she was regarded under the highest pagan culture, I need not enlarge. She was degraded in her social position because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration, again, fell lower and lower, pre-

* From the author's admirable work on "The Conversion of the Northern Nations," just issued by D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

ciously because her social position was so degraded. This is notoriously the judgment of history upon the subject. Most painful would it be, most revolting, to enter into the proofs of it. But this we may remark in passing, that, if we can trace some slight advance of man's moral consideration under the later paganism, there is no such advance perceptible in the moral consideration of woman. This field of human culture still remains, I think, wholly barren. And accordingly the woman seems to become morally worse, more frivolous, more degraded. The highest results of pagan teaching have left one-half of human kind untended, unexalted, unadorned. The elevation of women under the Gospel was undoubtedly a new revelation to the Greek and Romans.

But nothing, assuredly, is more marked and signal than this elevation, this moral advance, of woman under the Christian covenant. The Savior of man is himself born of woman. His virgin mother is pronounced blessed. She is deemed worthy of a special revelation. She is visited by an angel. She receives a message from God. Mary is a second Eve; more highly favored, and proved by her faith more worthy of favor. And from the first the sex receives a share of her favor. The inspiration of faith shed abroad in her soul is transfused into her companions—the companions of her Son also—the faithful women who are ever found most attentive in listening to him, most patient in suffering with him, most constant in believing him, most ardent in expecting his return. The apostles, once and again, waver, dispute with one another, flee from him, and deny him; but the women never. The women are always faithful, always loving. The men argue with him and misdoubt him; the women anoint his head with ointment, and wash his feet with their tears. It was not to the women that he said, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"—not to the women that he thought it fitting to exclaim, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation!" Those holy women, who are set as patterns and teachers to their sex, received from him no rebuke, evinced, as far as has been shown to us, no spiritual weakness.

And firmly on the Christian conscience has ever been impressed the example of their piety. It has sealed the claim of woman to equal consideration before God, and therefore to common consideration with man. A new cardinal truth, at which no believer has ever caviled, has sunk deep into the human soul. By the spectacle and the study of the love and faith, the patience under tribulation, the constancy in good works of the Marys and Martha and Dorcas

in Scripture, of Monica and Paulla and so many others, whose names are treasured in the archives of the Church, the views of mankind upon the relations of man to woman have undergone a silent but complete revolution; and, I might add, a new bias has been given to the history of mankind.

The part which Christian women bore in the first diffusion of Christ's truth is familiar to all our minds from the records of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. Every book of the New Testament plainly attests it. The place of the holy women who believed is fully recognized throughout Scripture; but it is not brought prominently forward; and on that account perhaps it makes the deeper impression upon us. The women of the New Testament take their proper position naturally, without presumption, without reserve. The mother of Jesus is the type and pattern of them all—the type of true female piety, loving, trusting, accepting, realizing. She receives her faith, but she makes it her own in receiving it. The regard of our Lord himself for the element of woman's faith in his little Church is sufficiently marked. His preachers acknowledge it with gratitude, and tender kindly greetings to the female members of their Churches. St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James acquaint them with their functions, and lay down rules for their behavior. St. John addresses an epistle to a female convert, and opens to the preacher a new province of spiritual direction.

This, it may be said, is remarkable only from the contrast it presents to the position of the woman at the same time among the heathen. Proceed in the history of the Church of Christ, and the contrast will become more striking still. Scholars know how small was the part of women in the formation and maintenance of moral or religious opinion among the Greeks and Romans, and that part was almost wholly evil. Judaism, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, boding of things to come, had taken undoubtedly a higher and worthier measure of their spiritual capacity, and trained them for their inheritance in Christ. The holy women of the New Testament are the disciples and children of the holy women of the Old. But we soon discover an advance in their type of holiness. The character and object of spiritual insight has advanced in women as well as in men. Their feelings are intensified; their piety, obedience, resignation, more marked; their hopes and aspirations more definite; their devotion more absorbing; their self-sacrifice more complete. They are received into closer communion with man, their fellow-worker, and with

God, the author and finisher of their faith. They have a definite place in the Church of Christ, a purpose, a mission. They are become necessary to religion: without woman's hand and heart, the ministry of the Gospel, we feel, would itself be maimed. God looks upon them, as it seems to us, with tenderer love, and prepares choicer blessings for them. Man at least, as we see, has begun to think more highly of them; for to their memory he consecrates more solemn and convincing testimonies. In the early records of the Church we read, from page to page, of the solid work done for her by women. They become the companions of the apostle and the preacher; the stay and comfort of the oppressed and the persecuted; the sisters, the wives, the mothers of the saints, on whom the glory of sanctity is visibly reflected. They receive the last words of the dying martyr, and treasure up the memory of his rapture, till they are called themselves to martyrdom, and respond triumphantly to the summons. We feel, now first, that their souls are instinct with the same life as ours; their responsibility akin to ours; their future in nowise different. Whatever be our claims, as men, on Christ's covenant, our mothers and daughters have just the same, and no other. They have loved as much, they have hoped as much, they have believed as much; nay, more. What mansion in heaven can be closed against the sisters of the disciples, who suffered fire and steel in the pagan persecution? Will God veil his love and glory from the spirit of the sainted mother, who by prayers and agonies of supplications constrained him to convert to his faith her erring son Augustine? The laborer is worthy of her hire. Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen, Augustine, the great doctors of the early Church, all fully recognize the spiritual equality of the woman with the man; all tend to exalt her to a spiritual dignity to which Greek or Roman, matron or virgin, dared not, dreamed not, to aspire. A new era has dawned for her. One-half of human kind has been almost silently advanced to a participation in the dearest gifts of God, to present grace and future glory. This is surely the revelation of new heavens and of a new earth!

Of new heavens! for it is the revelation of God in heaven accepting for Christ's merits the love, and faith, and humble devotion of her who believes in him whom she has not seen, accepts from the heart the truth even before it speaks to her understanding, serves him in prayer whom she may not serve by preaching. Of new heavens! because it is the revelation of a future place and occupation for her who has

been most full of her Lord's business upon earth—most constant in good works, and most abundant in good thoughts; of a blessed place of reunion for those who have served God in holy union here, the man and the woman, whose whole strength in their spiritual service has lain in their mutual support and confidence; whose faith and service would have been a mockery indeed, if death and the grave could finally separate them, and consign the one to life eternal, the other to nothingness. Of a new earth! for it is the revelation of a state of equal hopes and mutual aspirations in this life; the woman being made the real helpmate and the partner of the man; the strengthener of his faith, the sanctifier of his pleasures. Of a new earth! for it is the revelation of Jesus Christ his Savior, looking down upon him with Divine love and mercy, and bidding him press the loved one to his heart, as one who may be surely his forever, not as a fleeting gift of this world only; not as a loan, but a possession. Then see how this revelation has been accepted and acknowledged. See the silent revolution it has effected; mark the traces of that simple creed of woman's place in redemption. From the recognition of the solemn announcement of our text, "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman," has flowed the establishment in Christendom of woman's social position, as the mother of Christian souls, the nurse, the guardian, the instructress of their tender conscience. Woman has become the spiritual mother of the children of the Church. To her we intrust the training of their hearts and spirits. We believe that God first reveals himself to our little ones through their mothers. From the mother's love they first learn to love him; from the mother's truth they first learn to believe in him; from the mother's prayers they first learn to worship him.

But to this position woman has been advanced mainly by the religious instinct of northern Christianity. You have read, I doubt not, of old, how among the ancient German races their women were held in esteem and honor, such as shamed the corrupt and morbid civilization of the Romans. The woman was the associate of the man in all his gravest concerns. He guarded her purity, he defended her honor; in return she cherished his manly virtues, soothed his cares, attended him to the verge of the battle-field, received him returning from it, unloosed his armor, and stanchd his wounds. But neither did he enter into quarrel with his adversary till first he had taken counsel of her, had deferred to her judgment, and inquired of the divine instinct which he be-

lieved to reside in her, to which he ascribed a mysterious sympathy with the future. She was his mistress, his priestess, his prophetess. She was the fountain of his religious life and spirit. She was the angel or messenger of God to him. Of the origin of this romantic sentiment, which flowered in medieval chivalry, and imparted a color to medieval religion, there is, I suppose, no account to be given: that it should have lodged itself among tribes so fierce and rude, man-hunters and man-slayers as they were, must be a riddle to us as it was to those who first remarked it. But it was plainly connected with the feelings we have already discovered among them, which led them so promptly to Christianity; to their deep consciousness of the divine and spiritual; to their sense of responsibility to God, of judgment, and of a future life. It was a strong religious instinct which courted the mysteries of the unseen, and sought earnestly for the means of communion with it.

This revelation of woman's part in the Divine economy—plainly written in the Gospel—preached by the early Church, but sealed more definitely by its full acceptance in later ages—has become the surest earthly pledge of the permanence of the Christian faith among us. It has interested in religion the second half of God's human creation; the half which under no other dispensation was admitted to equal hopes and interests with man. It fills the courts of the Lord's service with another and a greater multitude, with worshipers more willing, more devout, more sensitive, as well as more numerous. It does more, much more than this. It attaches to the teaching and preaching of the Faith the sex to which, limit as we may its public ministrations, the private domestic training of every generation must ever be mainly confided. More than this, again: Christianity is a moral training, it is faith shown forth in practice; and it is from the purity and usefulness of women that we all learn the first principles of moral duty, by which our faith is to be hereafter approved. The divorce of mothers from the moral training of their children was an inherent weakness of paganism, which made it fall and collapse in the presence of the Christians—of men brought up themselves by holy women in the fear and nurture of the Lord. It would seem, then, that the admission of woman to a full participation in the rights and duties of religion becomes a pledge of the future maintenance and transmission of its truths. God has not disdained, we may say, to gain himself human support. The love and mercy of the Revealer secure the triumph of his revelation. Woman has the will—and has she not

the power?—to keep this sacred deposit forever. It is her charter, her title, her security. It is her pride in this life, as it is her consolation in respect of another. She will not abandon it herself; no man shall take it from her. If she lose it, where shall she look for an equal consideration elsewhere? How long will the unbelieving man share with the woman his spiritual aspirations, whatever they may be? Constrained by God's revealed Word, he makes her the partner of his hopes, and rejoices in the constraint; but of this she may be very sure—we see tokens of it every-where beyond the pale of Christian belief—that if man denies Christianity he will straightway deny the spiritual claims of woman. For so he did in antiquity: so do perhaps all existing heathenisms: so threaten to do all modern unbelief.

The man, then, and the woman have the same interest in the Gospel: they have moreover the same stake in maintaining the belief in it. To the woman its denial would be at once a fall from the consideration she now holds among us, in virtue of Christ's descent from the Virgin Mother, as heir of an equal future with ourselves. She would descend again to be a mere plaything of the man, the transient companion of his leisure here, to be held loosely as the chance gift of a capricious fortune; or, to adopt the figure of an old heathen poet, she would be but the sauce or side-dish of nature's great repast. To the man the loss would be as great, perhaps greater even than this. It would destroy the very charm of this life—a partnership in real joys, real cares, real hopes and interests. It would damp his glowing prospects of a common future with the object of his love; it would unsettle his belief even in the common future of men; and again steep him in the perplexities of the heathen regarding a future personal to himself. It would shake the very foundations of religion—dislocate the bands of moral duty, which are now straitened by our early training under spiritual and believing women. To root out Christianity among us, and thereby destroy the spiritual hopes and interests of women, would be to abolish our surest pledges for holiness and righteousness upon earth. For the woman, as our earliest teacher and trainer, is the binding element of moral and religious life among us. The systems of the philosophers, as was said of one of the cleverest and most eloquent among them, are merely sand without lime.

THE salvation of ten thousand immortal souls may depend on the education of a single child.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

WE present to our readers a beautiful portrait of the Empress of France, to follow the one offered a short time ago of her Majesty Queen Victoria. We subjoin a brief biographical sketch as a matter of interest and information. Eugenie was born at Grenada, in Spain, May 5, 1826. She is the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, Countess-Dowager de Montijos, Countess Miranda, and Duchess of Peraconda. The father of Donna Maria was English Consul at Malaga, when she formed the acquaintance of Count de Montijos, an officer in the Spanish army. Her marriage with the Count gave her position and titles. He belonged to one of the most ancient of the noble families of Spain. He was connected, more or less closely, with the houses of the Duke de Frias, representative of the ancient admirals of Castile; of the Duke of Fyars, and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Arragon. The death of this nobleman, many years ago, left the Countess Montijos a widow, with a fortune adequate to the maintenance of her position, and two daughters, one of whom married the Duke of Alba and Bernick, lineally descended from James II. For Eugenie, the second daughter, a still higher destiny was reserved.

In 1851, accompanied by her mother, she paid a lengthened visit to Paris, and attracted great attention at the various entertainments given at the Tuileries, by the dignity and elegance of her demeanor, and by great personal beauty, which was of the aristocratic English, rather than the Spanish type. Her mental gifts were also of a high order, and her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that bestowed on Spanish women, who seldom quit the precincts of their native country. At this time, Louis Napoleon, recently declared Emperor, was looking for a companion on his throne, and had made several attempts to strengthen his newly-attained position by a marriage alliance with one of the ancient and established thrones of Europe. The most recent matrimonial enterprise had been with reference to the Princess Carola Wasa, of Sweden, which had been ended by the opposition of the Northern Powers. The queenly beauty of Eugenie attracted the eye and won the heart of the Emperor, and to the surprise of his council of ministers, he announced to them his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess Montijos. The measure excited considerable disapproval among them, and

even led to their temporary withdrawal from office.

With the independence which has always characterized the Emperor, during the short time that intervened between the public announcement of the approaching event and its realization, he placed Eugenie and her mother in the palace of the Elysée. The marriage was celebrated at noon, on the 29th of January, 1853, at Notre Dame. Notwithstanding the ministerial opposition and the unpopularity of the marriage among the people, French gallantry could not fail of making a great occasion of the event, and the most magnificent preparations were made for the ceremony, and no mark of honor or loyalty was withheld from the Imperial bride. The donation asked for her of one hundred and thirty thousand francs per annum—the same sum which had been granted to the Duchess d'Orleans—was readily accorded; and the municipal council of Paris voted six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a *parure* of diamonds, as a present from the city to the Empress. Through the medium of this magnificent compliment of the city, Eugenie, by her good policy and the genuine benevolence of her heart, won the impressible hearts of her subjects, and has retained them by the same generous means till the present. In reply to the proposal to offer this costly present on the part of the city, she addressed to M. Bezet, prefect of the Seine, a letter, in which, after warmly thanking the council for their token of regard, she declined the rich gift; alleging that the city was already overburdened, and that the sum in question would be more usefully employed in the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. In accordance with this suggestion, the money was devoted to an establishment for the maintenance and education of sixty young girls chosen from the working classes of Paris. It may be imagined how much enthusiasm was excited among so impressible a people as the French by this considerate and generous proposal of the Empress. That it was not a mere stroke of policy on the part of Eugenie, but the genuine impulse of a noble, womanly heart, the Empress has proven by a hundred similar acts of generosity, and by the general tenor of a charitable and benevolent life.

The life of the Empress since her marriage has been comparatively uneventful, made up of the ordinary routine of state etiquette. She has acquitted herself admirably in the exalted position Providence has called her to occupy. The first lady in the gayest metropolis of the world, the Empress of the most impressible and vac-

ilating nation in Europe, and the wife of an ambitious Emperor, who had but just leaped into his own exalted position, and whose throne was still trembling from the concussion, she has secured and maintained the esteem and affection of the city and the nation, has preserved an unblemished character, and has proven herself an affectionate, faithful, and prudent wife and counselor to her husband. It might have been possible for Napoleon by further delay and effort to have secured an alliance which would have added to the political importance of the nation, but by following the affections of his own heart, and the choice of his own mind, he has secured what was vastly better both for himself and the nation, the love and devotion of a true woman, and the pure and affectionate companionship of a good wife.

UNCLE NORMAN BAYLY.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

IT was a long-anticipated happiness, to be enjoyed when released from school, that I should spend a few weeks at uncle Norman's. The period arrived, when my father, ever considerate and watchful, placed me in charge of an elderly gentleman, an old friend of his, for attention in traveling, and care in stopping at the proper place. A family correspondence had been carried on by cousin Amy and myself, and thus aware of my visit, uncle Norman and she met me at the landing, manifesting a most hearty welcome. Aunt Hannah—who is my mother's elder sister—with a patient, meek-spirited countenance, read at a glance, greeted my appearance at the gate. The usual questions about health, journey, and friends were proposed and answered—the hopes and fears each had experienced in regard to my advent reported in turn—a leave of absence granted to cousin Amy, on the plea of supper duties. I had gone through all with a feeling of relief; and yet a sense of change similar to awaking from a happy dream, in an unknown, strangely-furnished room. Though I had been here once before, the child-memories of the place and its surroundings had grown dim, lying back, as they did, of the later, intenser life at a female college, as well as of the happy, joyous friendships, with which my vacations were brightened when at home with my parents. True, they have had no "abiding" place, as father is an itinerant, yet we have been favored in ever finding a circle of generous, sympathizing friends, which has cheered my mother, not a little, in her changeful lot.

This home, as I have rambled about, one day after another, watching the foliage, and flowers, and fruit appear, watching the poultry with their multitudes of tiny types, watching the wild bird rebuilding a Summer nest—listening to its song-mate's notes—all have interested me, given imagination an ample range—a home exhibiting peaceful plenty and simplicity, surpassing the old Roman pastorals, and according more with my ideas of comfort than any picture of Arcadian bliss.

Withal, it is a Christian home—a resting-place for the weary preacher—a center of many kindly deeds and untold charities. The family group is a small one—more lie in the churchyard than now sit at the fireside—uncle, aunt, and Amy. The farm is not large, and, worked by tenants, yields but a moderate income. The evenings are monotonous—uncle Norman reads, aunt Hannah knits, Amy and I try to "be still," sometimes reading, sometimes finishing a fancy trifle; with a sly watching of uncle Norman, lest he lower his spectacles and ask, "What are you making, girls?" "A watch-pocket, uncle." "A watch-pocket, eh! with all them furbelows on it. Better be knitting, or doing something of some account." And so when we are making any little "no-account" trifle it is well enough to look out for skirmishing, keeping one eye on picket duty.

Nevertheless, Amy and I have contrived to take much pleasure—contrived to exchange quite an amount of knowledge from our differently-ordered mental stores. She is wonderfully practical—while my stock consists of the varieties deemed necessary and useful for a young lady in "best society."

We are each striving after purity of heart, and feel a deep interest in all efforts of the Church for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in all the earth. So it came with no little shock to me, as a question from uncle Norman addressed to all, or one, as we might choose to reply, breaking a former long silence with, "What is all this stir about Centenary collections for?" "Why, you know," said aunt Hannah, "that this is the hundredth year of Methodism in our country, and we wish to make a thank-offering to the Lord for the innumerable blessings bestowed on us, as a Church, and as a people." "It is curious, that nowadays there is no way to thank the Lord only by giving the preacher a five-dollar bill or so. Here, I was reading, they want a million for the Missionary work, ever so much for Church Extension, aid for the Freedmen, for the Bible Society, Tract Society, and I don't know what, in all; the preacher must have his salary,

parsonage built, and top of that the Centenary comes on." "O, uncle Norman! did you ever hear of the 'discontented pendulum,' how it commenced counting the times it would have to tick in a minute, an hour, a week, a month, a year, and was so horrified at the array of figures that it stopped immediately?" "Yes, Mollie, but that was only a fable—it did n't require some poor fellow to break his back digging potatoes, or his neck picking apples to make the amount. This money has to come by hard work and economy, doing without many things—things mother and Amy wish they had. I'm tired of hearing this incessant cry of 'give.'"

"Do n't bring that hobby out now, father," chimed in Amy; "cousin Mollie will think so strange." "Do n't care any thing about that," returned uncle, gruffly, "one can't take up a paper that does n't challenge your pocket-book for a donation. I like to read, but do n't want one story served up in every thing." "But, father, it is only of the ability you have that the Church asks of your means—only that which you can, after prayerfully considering the object and estimating your resources, give with a cheerful heart, and this is a Bible rule." "You can all talk on the giving side—always do—but when I think a dollar is enough for me, to have a preacher say, 'that a man who gives five, will feel ashamed when another gives twenty'—I'm done." "Let's have prayers," said aunt Hannah, "a better way of closing the evening than by unprofitable disputes." Then followed a long chapter in Chronicles, and a prayer stereotyped for evening devotions. Amy and I hastened to our room, and had it not been for her presence I would have indulged in a "spell of weeping." But she desired to talk awhile, sitting down by my side and throwing one arm about my neck, we both looked out upon the beautiful moonlight resting on the river and hills.

"I did not know that we had any Church members who felt so," said I, unable to cast aside the tone and visage of uncle Norman. "My father desires to spare every cent that is possible, and mother often says that she 'wishes they had more to give.'" "That is the way my mother and I feel," said Amy, "but father has some peculiar notions. Mother says that he enjoyed more religion some years ago, and then seemed desirous of doing all that he could for Church interests; but his pride was wounded by some action of the 'powers that be' contrary to his expressed views—and then cherishing the wound till it became a money-canker; and he lost all the power of religion—is now in a very unhappy state of carping, fault-finding

disposition toward any progress or change in the Church demanding means. I only explain to you, dear Mollie, in order to preface a request of you, and through you of your parents—an earnest desire for the union with us, in especial pleading for father, that he may be reëstablished in faith—that unbelief and 'covetousness which is idolatry' may be taken from his heart, and that Christ may come in and make his abode with him. It is the great cry of our souls to see him happy, rejoicing daily in a Savior's love. Will you aid us?"

"My prayers are so weak, Amy, but your words have done me good. I was so impatient at uncle's remarks."

In a letter to my parents I related this conversation, and father wrote to uncle Norman an affectionate, faithful epistle, since which he seems tenderer. We are all praying for him, striving to claim the promises of prayer, recorded in the Holy Book. This much is already realized, "that Heaven comes down our souls to bless" while thus engaged; and there is more warmth in family devotion—an omen, we think, of more abundant manifestations of grace. Father says "there are many uncle Normans in the Church, who need only the reviving, quickening influence of the Holy Spirit to make them active, useful Christians; that they need forbearance and kindness from those most likely to be repelled by their unpolished arrows; that Christians every-where should make them especial objects of prayer."

HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

DEEP in my heart an urn is hid—
There are precious things beneath its lid,
Hopes that have perished, joys that died,
Longings of soul unsatisfied—
And my urn is guarded well.

It is filled with glances from loving eyes
That watch me now from far-off skies,
And they're waiting now with gentlest love,
To welcome me home to my rest above—
And my urn is guarded well.

It rings with tones that long ago
Fell from lips that have been laid low,
And now are tuned to a sweeter song
Than to mortal music can e'er belong—
And my urn is guarded well.

Sometimes these treasures seem to glow
With a life they used one time to know,
And I bow my head with a half-breathed prayer,
For unseen angels are in the air—
And my urn is guarded well.

SAUL, THE KING.

BY JULIA DAY.

A MORTAL dies! We may have marked his course with mingled censure and approbation, sometimes, perhaps, with surprise and displeasure, but, when he crosses the horizon which bounds life's transient and cloudy day, all resentment is hushed to a mournful silence.

We know not whether he is entering an eternal sunlight or a rayless night. We gaze half in sorrow, half in awe, upon the pallid countenance, and think only of his virtues.

Weeping friends often surround a death-bed which is peaceful though solemn. How the frightened heart stirs with deeper grief or shuddering sympathy at tidings of a cruel or a tragic death! When the patriotic warrior falls by an enemy's hand, lamentation is sometimes made with lips that never spoke his praise while living.

Such reflections may help us to realize what a surge of anguish swept over the Hebrew nation at the death of Saul. First came the defeated and scattered remnants of the army, telling that the men of Israel had fallen before the Philistines on Mount Gilboa, that Saul was hit by the archers, and that Jonathan was dead.

While they mourned for him who had wrought the victory at Michmash, tidings came again that Saul, in despair, had fallen upon the sword of his servant! then, that the Philistines had placed his armor in the house of Ashtaroth! had cut off his head and fastened it before Dagon! that his body, and the bodies of his sons, were fastened to the wall at Beth-shan!

Then there were some who remembered with what pride they had looked upon him at Mizpeh, when Samuel said, "There is none like him among all the people." Others recalled his successful wars "against Moab, and against the children of Ammon, and against Edom, and against the kings of Zobah, and against the Philistines," who were now triumphant. They told how "he gathered an host, and smote the Amalekites, and delivered Israel out of the hands of them that spoiled them."

What tears of self-reproach were shed by the men of Jabesh-gilead, when they thought that Saul's first kingly act had been to deliver them from the disgraceful capture with which they were threatened by Nahash the Ammonite! He who saved their right eyes had been suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy; and that head which had never bowed to false gods, was set up as a trophy before a monstrous idol. Then they "arose and went all night, and took the

body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh and burnt them there. And they took their bones and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days."

While this mourning was made, David, at Ziklag, was making lamentation, and every heart echoed his strain, "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

If we would understand the character of Israel's first king, we must not only stand by his grave beneath the oak, nor listen alone to the funeral elegy which David taught the people. We may learn a more important lesson by standing with David near the sepulcher of Kish, to which he removed the bones of Saul and Jonathan, when he buried those who suffered because the covenant with the Gibeonites had been broken.

King Saul was, professedly, a religious man. He did not turn aside to idolatry. When he was encamped at Gilgal, expecting an attack from the Philistines, he would not risk a battle till sacrifice had been offered. So anxious was he for the performance of this duty that he could not wait for Samuel to arrive, but forced himself to perform the priestly office. God's law gave him no permission to do so. But the prophet was absent; the sacrifice seemed necessary that the Israelites might be encouraged, and that they might triumph. No doubt the King thought himself very pious. It was one of those particular exigencies that require a slight modification in the letter of Scriptural observances. Yet God condemned Saul.

Again, when the Amalekites had filled "the measure of their iniquities," and he was commanded to destroy them, he spared "the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed," as he said, to sacrifice unto the Lord. He spared him whose sword had taken many lives; not from motives of humanity, for he had slain those who were, doubtless, less guilty and less cruel than Agag; and he slew the Gibeonites, though the act was unauthorized and sinful. He was, yet, a religious man, and said boldly, "I have obeyed the Lord."

If now living, he would probably join himself to some "respectable" congregation, and present liberal offerings to the Church; so liberal, perhaps, that the manner in which he obtained them would not be closely criticised. He would mingle gayly with devotees of wealth and fashion, lest he might prejudice them against religion. He might consider himself justified in doing that which God's Word forbids expressly, being, in short, one of those people whose belief is always orthodox, but whose

own desires become an inner light by which they are invariably guided.

He was jealous. In his case it resulted naturally from the knowledge that he had displeased God, and that the kingdom should be given to another. When the women sang, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," his resentment prompted him to a series of persecutions which tended to increase David's popularity as much as they diminished his own. Jealousy, like dizziness, always urges its victim to leap into the very abyss which he dreads, or to push others to the very verge of the precipice which he would have them avoid. So does that become a truth which was, at first, a suspicion only.

Saul put out of the land those that had familiar spirits. He was very zealous for the law where it did not interfere with his own wishes.

But he who would serve God in his own way found, at length, that such service was not accepted. Having then no guide but his own blind will, he was left to struggle alone with his cares, his self-reproach, and his passions. Hence he was swayed by a madness that even music could not soothe.

Longing for sympathy and counsel, he sought Samuel. He had sought him long before. Then he was humble, cheerful, dutiful; now a king, harassed, disappointed, almost despairing. Self-willed as ever, he does not inquire for some righteous man who belonged to "the company of the prophets;" he *must consult with Samuel*, who is dead. So he appeals to witchcraft, fully believing it sinful. His ambition for his family seems to have been one cause of his injustice; he left his descendants only a heritage of sorrow and shame. Three sons were slain with him, another had a nominal reign, short, inglorious, terminated by assassination. Two who were not heirs to his crown suffered death for his crimes, as did the five sons of Saul's most unfortunate daughter Michal. One crippled grandson, spared for his father's sake, remained among the living.

As a martial commander Saul was energetic, prompt even to rashness; therefore, successful and popular. There was no hesitation about him. When his son had ignorantly broken his command, he said, "Thou shalt surely die, Jonathan." The people would not suffer the execution of this sentence. No doubt, the father's heart was glad; but had Jonathan been slain, Saul would not have wept as David did over Absalom. Perhaps his greatest sin was his *proud impenitence*. In his first kingly act of disobedience he justified himself, and afterward, concerning Agag; finally, when Samuel was

about to leave him, he acknowledged his sin, beseeching the prophet to pray for him, and—which seems to have been the principal thing—to honor him before the people. After this he was forced to admit his sin toward David, but without any manifestation of contrition before God.

Good men have patiently resigned themselves to horrid deaths, and God has sometimes raised them up for happy days; but wounded Saul, actuated by pride and fear, killed himself.

Many a modern Saul has been respected for his talents, has encouraged Christians by his professions of religious zeal, but impenitently justifying himself when he had done wrong, has been left to the dominion of Satan. Thus he who might have humbly risen, purified by the sprinkling of the atonement, and allied to those bright ones who bend "lowest in adoration," has often become a shame to his friends, a scandal to the Church, and, dying, deserved only this epitaph, "To obey is better than sacrifice."

A LIE OF HONOR.

THE STORY OF A LAWYER.

ON entering college I promised my mother, whom I loved as I have never loved another mortal, that while there I would not taste of intoxicating liquor, nor play at cards, or other games of hazard, nor borrow money. And I never did, and never have since. I have lived well-nigh sixty years, yet have never learned to tell a king from a knave among cards, nor Hock from Burgundy among wines, nor have I ever asked for the loan of a single dollar. Thanks to my mother! loving, careful, anxious for me, but not over-careful, nor over-anxious. How could she be when I was so weak and ignorant of my weakness, feeling myself strong because my strength was untried, and such a life as human life is, such temptations as beset the young before me.

She did not ask me to promise not to swear. She would not wrong me by the thought that I *could* swear, and she was right. I could not. How can any one so insult the Holy, the All-Excellent, our Father, and best Friend? Nor did she ask me not to lie. She thought I *could* not lie. Had she thought otherwise, my promise would have been of little value to her. And I also thought I could not. I despised lying as weakness, cowardice, meanness, the concentration of baseness. I felt strong enough, manly enough, to accomplish my ends without it. I had no fear of facing my own acts. Why should I shrink before my fellows for any thing I

had done? Lie to them to conceal myself or my acts? Nay, I would not have faults to be concealed. My own character, my own life was more to me than the esteem of others. I would do nothing fit to have hidden, or which I might wish to hide. I thought I could not lie, and I could not for myself.

During my second college year there was a great deal of card-playing among the students. The Faculty tried to prevent it, but found it difficult. Though I never played my chum did, and sometimes others played with him in our room when I was present. I not unfrequently saw the students at cards. One of the professors questioned me upon the subject. "Have you ever seen any card-playing among the students?" "No, sir," I answered firmly, determined not to expose my fellows. "A lie of honor!" I said to myself. What coupling of contradictions! As well talk of "honest theft!" "innocent sin!"

"You are ignorant of any card-playing in the college-buildings, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"We can believe *you*, Brown."

I was ready to sink. Nothing else could have smitten, stung me, like that. Such confidence, and so unworthy of it! Still I held back the truth.

But I left the professor's room another person than I entered it—guilty, humbled, wretched. That one false word had spoiled every thing for me. All my past manliness was shadowed by it. My ease of mind had left me, my self-respect was gone. I felt uncertain—unsafe. I stood upon a lie, trembling, tottering. How soon might I not fall! I was right in feeling unsafe. It is always unsafe to lie. My feet were sliding beneath me. One of the students had lost a quarter's allowance in play, and applied to his father for a fresh remittance, stating his loss. His father had made complaint to the College Faculty, and there was an investigation of the facts. The money had been staked and lost in my room. I was present.

"Was Brown there?" inquired the professor.

"He was."

The professor's eye rested on me. Where was my honor *then*? my manliness? and where the trust reposed in me? Did any say "we can believe *you*, Brown," after that? Did any excuse my lie? any talk of my honor then? Not one. They said, "We didn't think it of you, Brown!" "I did n't suppose Brown would lie for his right hand."

It was enough to kill me. But there was no help. I had to bear my sin and shame as best I could, and try to outlive it. No one trusted

me as before. No one could, for who knew whether my integrity might not again fail? I could not trust myself till I had obtained strength as well as pardon from God, nor even then, till I had many times been tried and tempted, and found his strength sufficient for me.

ALABAMA.*

BY REV. J. W. CALDWELL.

"O! when life's last sun is blinking
In the pale and darksome West,
And my weary frame is sinking,
With its cares and woes oppressed,
May I, as I drop the burden
From my sick and fainting breast,
Cry beside the swelling Jordan,
Alabama! Here I rest!"

BROOKS.

MANY are the struggles of a Christian life. Its contests are sharply waged, long, and varied. The foes of the good are many, implacable, and strong. Here there can be no cessation of strife; so, even those whose conflicts have been many and severe must keep their armor on.

To the unguarded, danger is ever nigh. The victor of to-day may be the vanquished of to-morrow. Hostile powers confront us at every turn, and adverse influences meet us on every hand, obliging us to "hold fast whereunto we have attained," by constant care and effort.

Yet conflicts are not all. Marches through regions bare and dreary, and over rugged lands, form a part of Christian discipline, and fill up a portion of his life. To journey, and yet maintain a warfare, is the lot of all whose steps are tending heavenward. Theirs is a life of unremitted toil; theirs an experience of sore and varied ills. From these the pilgrim, worn and weary, finds his heart would often shrink; yet the glorious goal still lies beyond, and leads him ever on.

He goes, yet finds, anon, his mind and being pant for rest. He would greet it gladly, he would realize its worth, he would comprehend its sweets, yet waits he till "his appointed time;" *then*, when God commands release, and the spirit, freed from toil and care, gains the golden shore, he will, with untold joy, cry, "Alabama! Here I rest!"

*"There is a tradition that a tribe of Indians, defeated and hard pressed by a powerful foe, reached in their flight a river, where their chief set up a staff and exclaimed, 'Alabama!'—a word meaning, 'Here we rest,' which from that time became the river's name."

The Children's Repository.

"NOBODY LOVES ME"

ELIZABETH CARNEGIE was an only child. She was a spoiled child. Her father and mother had both died when their little daughter was only three years old. She then was taken by her grandma, and lived with her and three maiden aunts, and an uncle and his wife, all of whom dwelt together in a very beautiful place, on the banks of the river Severn. Her uncle had no children, and so Elizabeth became a source of great interest, amusement, and affection to the whole family living at Severnturn. The place had been called Severnturn, because it was situate just at a point where the river turns rather suddenly, not far from Westbury.

Elizabeth was a pretty child, and an intelligent, quick, clever child, and every body noticed her, and praised her, and admired her; and thus it came about that Elizabeth was a spoiled child, and, therefore, not happy.

The Carnegies were very wealthy people, and little Elizabeth was an heiress to a great deal of money, and several houses, and much landed property, which had been her father's, besides the chance of inheriting Severnturn, should her uncle die without children.

Elizabeth knew all this. For although her grandma and aunts did not speak to her on the subject, the servants did, and "Miss Elizabeth" was a very important person with them. Elizabeth had a nurse to attend upon her till she was seven years of age, and then it was thought desirable to have a governess for the little lady; and, accordingly, the family at Severnturn made all possible inquiries, both personally and by letter, with the object of securing the services of a lady in every way qualified. A Miss Henslowe was the one selected out of seventeen, whose claims had been duly considered; and I believe Miss Henslowe deserved the preference which was given to her.

Miss Henslowe came, and Elizabeth was duly introduced to her, and governess and pupil were at first mutually pleased. The first floor of one of the wings at Severnturn was duly fitted up for the reception of Miss Henslowe and her little charge. A pretty room for the governess, a pretty room, rather smaller, for the little girl; and a very large, comfortable, bright, cheerful school-room, with books, and maps, and globes, and a beautiful piano, and every thing that could be considered likely to be needed for the

due education of a future heiress. Bruce, the nurse, was retained as school-room maid, and her duties were limited to this part of the house, and to attendance upon Miss Henslowe and Elizabeth.

Now it would seem natural, I imagine, that the advent of a governess would be a signal for the beginning of study; but truth compels me to say that it was not so. Nor was Miss Henslowe at all to blame for this. Grandma was kind and considerate enough to suggest, that on the first day of her arrival, Miss Henslowe should be left to herself and have time to rest, and to unpack her boxes and get all in "order." Then the next day being Friday, it seemed scarcely worth while, again pleaded grandma, to begin work on a Friday. The aunts laughed at this, and joked their mamma about being superstitious, but grandma carried the point; and so an excursion round the neighborhood was agreed upon, and put into execution; and Miss Henslowe thought all the family most kind and amiable, which they certainly were; and wrote home to her mother, saying, that she thought she should be very happy.

Next day, Saturday, Miss Henslowe suggested at breakfast, that they should begin work in earnest; but here, the uncle remarked that Saturday had always been a holiday in his younger days, and ought to be a holiday now, or he should begin to think he had outlived his time. Miss Henslowe smiled; but, of course, as every one else at table seemed to agree with uncle, what could Miss Henslowe do but smile? Sunday, of course, was not a working-day; and one of the aunts told Miss Henslowe privately, that she hoped she was not one of those who deemed it right to make children learn Bible lessons and hymns on Sundays. And when Miss Henslowe replied, that she thought a child might be brought to consider a lesson out of God's own book a privilege, the aunt did not seem to agree with her, and the matter dropped.

Monday came, and there was no excuse for setting aside the "beginning." In fact, grandma was the first to suggest it at breakfast-time; and the three maiden aunts, and the uncle, and his wife, all echoed the suggestion. And immediately after breakfast Miss Henslowe said to Elizabeth, "Now, my dear," and held out her hand to take her little pupil with her into the school-room. Imagine the governess's surprise, when Elizabeth, instead of coming at once, turned to her grandma, and said something about, "O please, do n't;" and then finding that grandma did n't give her a favorable hearing, she tried each of her three maiden aunts in succession; and then Mrs. Frank, her

uncle's wife, and then her uncle himself; but they were all firm, in fact, stern with her. And so Elizabeth set up a good cry, and went out with Miss Henslowe, sobbing most piteously.

"Nobody loves me," she said, when she could manage to speak: "Nobody loves me, nobody."

Miss Henslowe tried to comfort her, by assuring her that it was all for her good; that they all did love her very much, and that it was just because of this love that they wished her to study, and to learn, and to become, as she grew up, a clever person.

"I do n't want to learn any thing," said Elizabeth, in the same broken tone of voice; "I do n't want to be useful, I'm an heiress."

Miss Henslowe tried a great many ways to induce Elizabeth to compose herself; but all in vain, and even when Miss Henslowe went near her and offered to caress her, and endeavored to coax her and to persuade her, Elizabeth only sobbed and cried the more, and repeated that "nobody" loved her. Miss Henslowe took up her work and thought she would let Elizabeth alone, and that when the little girl had grown tired of crying, then she would try again.

In time, of course, Elizabeth did stop, and then she sat moodily on a little stool near one of the windows gazing vacantly into the park. Miss Henslowe thought she might try Elizabeth again now; but this time the little girl would not speak. Then Miss Henslowe rose and went across to her, and tried her once more. At first Elizabeth seemed to yield, but when Miss Henslowe took her by the hand and wished to lead her across the room, Elizabeth showed symptoms of returning tears, and Miss Henslowe was just going to give the matter up again, when the door opened, and grandma came in, saying that the bailiff's little daughter, a child about the same age as Elizabeth, had fallen down and broken her arm; and that as it was fine just then, and might not be so later, Miss Henslowe and Elizabeth had, perhaps, better take a walk in the direction of the bailiff's house, and ask how little Fanny was.

Elizabeth was out of temper, and accordingly, although two hours ago she would have hailed the plan with delight, as a means of escape from going into the school-room, she now resented it, because it came from her grandma, who had insisted upon her beginning to learn something. Grandma asked Miss Henslowe if Elizabeth had been good, and seemed surprised to learn that she had done nothing at all, upon which she said to Miss Henslowe: "You must make her." Elizabeth heard her grandma say this, and she said to herself: "Nobody loves me, I'm sure; not even grandma."

Miss Henslowe rang for Bruce, and the thought of being dressed to go out, and wearing her pretty new hat, with the feather on one side, comforted her a little, and so she went—on down the avenue a good way, and Miss Henslowe, who was a kind and very well-informed young lady, thought she would endeavor to turn the walk to some account, and began asking Elizabeth to gather some of the wild flowers they passed, calling them by their names, such as the "celandine," "oxalis," or "wood-sorrel," the various kinds of "worts," and so on; and Elizabeth, who was an intelligent child, remembered to connect the names with the flowers after two or three times. Presently they turned into a narrow path, through a plantation, and then there were mosses, and lichens, and ferns, to notice and to talk about; but as soon as Elizabeth discovered that Miss Henslowe was endeavoring to teach her, she became restive, and would not attend to what her friend was trying to do for her improvement.

At length they got to the bailiff's house, Mr. Cowder's, a very nice, large, comfortable-looking house, and they at once inquired for little Fanny, at least Miss Henslowe did, while Elizabeth was not quite sure whether, as an heiress, she ought to do any thing very conspicuous in the matter, although she knew Fanny Cowder quite well, and liked her as much as she could like any one.

Fanny Cowder was an amiable, lovable, loving child. She loved her mother, her father, her little baby brother, and she loved to do good, and those who did good. She had been told about Jesus, and she had learned to remember that he went about doing good; and when she was allowed to do so, she used to go down into the village with her mother, and carry something or other that was nice, or strengthening, or useful to the poor people there.

The ladies at the house were very willing to help the poor in the village, and they used often to give Mrs. Cowder a sovereign to be spent in obtaining whatever might be needed by any of the poor whom she knew.

There was a little girl named Sarah Smith, who was deaf and dumb, and whose parents were very poor. This poor child's father used to drink a great deal, and, as you may suppose, his home was any thing but a happy one. Fanny Cowder was often there, however, and often brought little Sarah home with her, and used to do all she could to amuse and interest the poor afflicted deaf and dumb little girl.

One day they were in an orchard together, and there was a beautiful spray of apple-blos-

soms just out, which Sarah pointed to, and gazed at with unmistakable admiration. Fanny thought she should like to get the spray, and to give it to the poor child; and it was in her awkward and clumsy endeavor to climb the tree—not at all a safe thing for boys to do, and much less so for girls—that she fell and broke her arm.

You can imagine poor little Sarah's distress, although she did not know that it was in seeking to give her pleasure that the misfortune happened. Imagine, too, when little Fanny fell to the ground, uttering a piercing shriek—which poor Sarah could not hear—and then the little climber fainted and lay pale and lifeless-looking before her, how terrified the deaf and dumb child became; and then, when she ran up to the bailiff's house, panting, crying, and out of breath, how wretched it was to see her struggling to make the frightened Mrs. Cowder understand what had happened.

However, Mrs. Cowder went with Sarah, and they soon managed between them to get little Fanny home, and to send for the doctor, and to have her arm set; and so far things went on pretty well. And then Mrs. Cowder learned how the accident had happened; but Fanny, who could not bear that her poor little friend should be blamed in any way—when she confessed to her mother that she had been trying to climb the tree, so as to get a spray of apple-blossoms, did not say that she meant to give it to Sarah. She bore all the blame herself.

The same night and a great part of the following day, poor little Fan, as they used to call her, was in a high fever, and her mind wandered, and she kept calling out for little Sarah to come to her, and yet when little Sarah did come she did not know her.

Many were the little girls in the village who came to inquire after poor Fanny, but they were none of them allowed to see her, except Sarah. Day after day did Elizabeth ask to go up and see Fanny, and it was thought a very amiable thing in her to wish to go; but Elizabeth herself knew that it was in order to escape from her lessons, to which, I am sorry to say, she did not take at all kindly. The more Miss Henslowe tried to teach her, the more Elizabeth disliked her; and the more her grandma and aunts insisted upon her learning, the more distressed and unhappy she became; the more she grew convinced that every body was unkind to her, disliked her; in short, that nobody loved her.

Often and often did some of the ladies send Bruce, along with Miss Henslowe and Elizabeth, carrying some nice little dainty up to

Fanny Cowder, "with Miss Elizabeth's kind regards;" and Fanny used to look at them, and taste them, and admire the picture-books, and so on; but she had no regard for the donor; and, indeed, when she was asked if she would like to see her, she generally declined.

Sarah Smith, however, got in every day; and it became known and talked about how the two children loved each other, and that every day little Sarah would go into fields and gather bunches of primroses, and take them up to the sick child. And so Elizabeth in time heard of this, and, having begged very earnestly to be allowed to see Fanny the next day, she got Bruce to go with her, and to carry a lot of beautiful flowers out of the green-house up to her, together with a basketful of dainties and toys.

But Fanny had just got her little bunch of primroses from Sarah, and the cup of new milk she was ordered to drink every day, and liked to receive only from Sarah's hand; and so when Elizabeth and Bruce came in, and Elizabeth looked in her little self-satisfied prim way at the sick child, and rather disdainfully round the clean but unpretending room, Fanny wished the little lady had never come; and as Sarah, in her timid way, rose to leave the room, Fanny pulled her down on the bed, and kissed her over and over again, and made her stay long after Elizabeth had left the room, and gone home very much vexed and annoyed at seeing that "beggard deaf and dumb child" made more of than she was, and "those stupid primroses" thought of more consequence than her beautiful flowers. And again she muttered to herself, "Nobody loves me."

Do you know, little reader, why little Elizabeth Carnegie thought that nobody loved her? Because in reality she loved nobody but herself. After a very short time she too was taken ill, and was nearly dying of small-pox; and when she recovered and found how fearfully disfigured she was, she wondered how Miss Henslowe could have nursed her and watched over her as she did and not been afraid to do so; and when she found that many turned from her in unfeigned dislike, and that her kind governess, and her aunt and grandma, remained true and kind to her, then she began to love them, for she found that they had first loved her.

It is not in the time of our health and prosperity that we learn to love God, or to believe in his love, but when we believe that he has indeed first loved us, and taken us under his especial care, even when we are most despised of others—then we learn to love even as we see that we are loved.

DO N'T TELL MOTHER.

"DO N'T tell mother!" I heard a bright-looking boy say, as he ran with nimble feet to join a crowd who were accompanying a returning fire-engine. The comments of the excited boys and men as they passed, and perhaps the strange desires for forbidden pleasures, which are inherent in our sinful natures, drew the boy away from home, but as he went, he remembered the prohibition, and uttered these words, "Do n't tell mother!"

A good mother is a gift to thank God for forever. A mother's kiss, a mother's gentle word, a mother's tender care, what have they not done for us all? Eliza Cook's beautiful lines, "To an Old Arm-Chair," have thrilled through many hearts:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
'Tis bound by a thousand chords to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is her old arm-chair."

When I hear young lips exclaiming, "Do n't let mother see this; hide it away; do n't tell mother where I am going," I tremble for the safety of the speaker. The action which will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love, will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin life by going where a mother does not approve, will not easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's commandments. "Do n't tell mother!" has been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule at home, springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. The boy who disobeys his mother will not be likely to make a useful and law-honoring citizen. "Do n't tell mother!" is a sure step downward—the first seat in those easy cars of habit, which glide so swiftly and so silently, with their freight of souls, toward the precipice of ruin.

The best and the safest way is always to tell mother. Who so forgiving as she? Who so faithful? Who so constant? Who so patient? Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of wearing anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unailing. It is a spring that never becomes dry. Confide, dear young readers, in your mother; do nothing which she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her ever with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly-good and great men, that, when hundreds and

thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honor to their mothers. Mother-love has dared dangers from which the stout heart of the warrior has shrunk appalled. Happy they who early learn to appreciate its worth.

A mother's prayers gave John Newton to Christianity; a mother's loving effort dedicated John Wesley to the Cross. What mothers have done for the work of evangelizing the world; what they have written in letters of light upon the page of history; what the pen of the recording angel has registered for them, in the open book above, is known alone to God. Boys and girls, never go where a "do n't tell mother" is necessary to cover your footsteps.

THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

FRANZ, a city boy, had been picking raspberries in the forest. As he returned home, a tempest arose; it began to rain, and the lightning began to play quite sharply. Franz became afraid, and crept into a hollow oak which was beside the road; for he did not know how readily the lightning strikes the lofty tree.

All at once he heard a voice call, "Franz! Franz! come, come, be quick."

Franz came out of the hollow of the tree, when, in an instant, the lightning struck the tree, and the thunder crashed fearfully. But no harm happened to him, and he said, with uplifted hands, "This voice came from heaven. Thou, O loving God, hast saved me."

But the voice called out again, "Franz! Franz! do you not hear me?"

It was a country woman who called. Franz ran to her and said:

"Here I am, what do you want of me?"

The woman said, "I do not mean you, but my own little Franz. He must have hidden himself from the storm somewhere around here; I came to take him home. See, there he comes out from the bushes."

Franz now told her how he had taken her voice for a voice from heaven. The woman seized him by the hand, thoughtfully, and said:

"O, my child, thank God none the less for your escape, although the voice came from the mouth of a poor country woman. The good God had it so appointed that I should call you by your name, without knowing any thing about you."

"Yes, yes," said Franz, with tears in his eyes, "God, it is true, made use of your voice to deliver me, but the help came none the less from heaven."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

WHAT IS EXTRAVAGANCE?—It is not every man who realizes that extravagance is but a relative term. We often hear persons of limited means, for instance, denouncing what they call extravagances in their wealthier neighbors, when the extravagance of the latter as compared with their incomes are greatly less than that of their censors. It does not follow because a man lives in a stately mansion, drives a handsome equipage, gives costly entertainments, has a conservatory, a country house, that he is necessarily a spend-thrift. In truth, if he has a realized estate, and does not exceed his income, he is acting wiser than if he hoarded his rents and lived like a miser. For a liberal expenditure on the part of the rich furnishes employment for the poor, while a restricted one makes business dull, so far forth, and so injures the community. There is but a solitary exception to the duty of spending freely on the rich. It is when the money judiciously saved from their income is invested in public works of general benefit, in which case it not only furnishes employment to the laborer, but assists to develop the resources of the State.

Nothing, however, palliates waste, or justifies exceeding one's income. And as comparatively few individuals have realized estates, few, even rich men, have a fixed income to spend. In all cases, where persons are still engaged in business, which, even with the most successful and prudent, involves at least the possibility of risk, the disbursing of a considerable portion of the supposed income, much less of the whole, may be set down as extravagance. The bankruptcy of the majority of the merchants who fail in our great cities is traceable to this species of extravagance. Allured by the money they have made on their books they do not wait to realize it, much less to withdraw it and their other capital beyond the chances of trade, but launch out in a costly style of living, one stimulating the other by his example, till finally hard times come, debtors begin to cheat them, their supposed wealth vanishes, and they awake, some morning, beggars. Yet in popular parlance such conduct is not considered extravagance; when, in reality, it is one of the worst, because most subtle forms of that social epidemic. Men who thus live are like bricks set up on end, and the fall of one tumbles down all in succession.

After all, probably, there is more extravagance with men in moderate means, or even with the poor, than with rich merchants or gentlemen of fortune. The laborer's tobacco and rum often cost him more, proportionably, than the millionaire's thousand-dollar party. The mechanic's wife frequently is relatively more ex-

travagant in her bonnets than the wealthy dame who pays unheard-of prices for her head-dress of tulle and ribbon. It is not among those who generally get the credit of it, but among families of slender means that vice of keeping up appearances prevails the most. The pinching, economizing, and dickering; the thousand little meannesses; the anxious nights and worrying days that follow on the heels of extravagance, are oftener seen in small houses than in great. More than half the battle in getting rich is to avoid extravagance from the outset. Two-thirds of the sufferings of the poor arise from extravagance. Thrift, prudence, economy, and self-denial, generally will enable almost any man in the end to acquire a competence.

PARENTS' EXAMPLE BEFORE THEIR CHILDREN.—There is a great diversity of opinion in regard to the age when children are capable of understanding what they see and hear—when they are old enough to mind what is told to them. How often have we heard mothers exclaim, "When my child is old enough to understand, I am going to have him do differently, I am going to teach him thus and so, and am going to make him mind." How much older need a child be to learn to do right than to understand that he may do wrong? Mother, how old was that little one when, lying in your arms, he first began to raise those smiling eyes, and recognize in you his dearest earthly friend? And when seated on the floor or in the arms of another, you came into his presence, how soon did he understand that the outstretching of those tiny arms to you were pleadings that you could not refuse?

I was deeply interested a short time since by the relation of a little incident by a mother. She had two dear little boys, the younger not yet three years old. Great care had been taken by the parents to set a good example before them, and in all things to teach them to do right. It was the custom of the father to always ask a blessing before partaking of food. One day, as they were gathered round the family board, the little ones by their side, the father says to the mother, "You ask a blessing this time." She dropped her head and replied, "I do not feel as if I could."

Several days passed; the children in their play one day had set their little table with dishes, placed on it the food their mother had given them, and seating themselves to partake of it, the older one says to the younger who had not yet seen three full Summers, "You ask the blessing to-day." The little one replies in the very language the mother had used, "I do not feel as if I could." The mother was near, and had heard her own refusal to thank God for his blessings repeated

by her dear child whom she did not think quite old enough to understand. She said, "I never felt so rebuked for my unfaithfulness in all my life."

Can parents begin too early to set a good example before their children? Do not think they are not quite old enough to understand.

DOMESTIC LOVE.—Whoever wrote the following beautiful lines we venture to assert had "been there to see:"

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird, to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.
O love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key;
Thine are the joyous hours of Winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—forever closed thy plume!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are like myself, dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps, am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far-distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there? Are we not still in the same house of the Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers?—*Rowan.*

THE NOBLENES AND THE POWER OF WOMAN.—Mr. Ruskin, in his recent admirable work entitled "A Crown of Wild Olive," has paid many a beautiful tribute to the faith, courage, and self-sacrifice of women. The following passage addressed to the women of England, will apply equally well to the women of America:

"I know your hearts, and that the truth of them never fails when an hour of trial comes which you recognize for such. But you know not when the hour of trial first finds you, nor when it verily finds you. You imagine that you are only called upon to wait and to suffer; to surrender and to mourn. You know that you must not weaken the hearts of your husbands and lovers, even by the one fear of which those hearts are capable—the fear of parting from you, or of causing you grief. Through weary years of separation: through fearful expectancies of unknown fate; through the tenfold bitterness of the sorrow which might so easily have been joy, and the tenfold yearnings for glorious life struck down in its prime—through all

these agonies you fail not, and never will fail. But your trial is not in these. To be heroic in danger is little—you are Englishwomen. To be heroic in change and sway of fortune is little—for do you not love? To be patient through the great chasm and pause of loss is little—for do you not still love in heaven? But to be heroic in happiness; to bear yourselves gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning; not to forget the God in whom you trust when he gives you most; not to fail those who trust you when they seem to need you least; this is the difficult fortitude. It is not in the pining of absence; not in the peril of battle; not in the wasting of sickness that your prayer should be most passionate, or your guardianship most tender. Pray, mothers and maidens, for your young soldiers in the bloom of their pride; pray for them while the only dangers round them are in their own wayward wills; watch you and pray, when they have to face, not death, but temptation. But it is this fortitude also for which there is the crowning reward. Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it; they will listen—they can listen—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them to be brave—they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards—and how noble soever they be—they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you; such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah! no. The true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

A CANDID MIND.—There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor. It was called whiteness by the ancients, for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practiced, all do to it the homage of their praise, and feel the charm and power of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark on his fellow-man, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; he whose lucid candor and ingenious truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honor, but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.

WITTY AND WISE.

REACH AND PEACH.—At a literary dinner, in London, where Thackeray and Angus B. Reach were *vis à vis* at the table, Thackeray—who had never before met Mr. Reach—addressed him as Mr. Reach, pronouncing the name as its orthography would naturally indicate. "Re-ack, sir—Re-ack, if you please," said Mr. Reach, who is punctilious upon having his name pronounced in two syllables, as if spelled Re-ak. Thackeray, of course, apologized, and corrected his pronunciation; but, in the course of the dessert, he took occasion to hand a plate of fine peaches across the table, saying, in a tone which only he possessed, "Mr. Re-ak, will you take a pe-ak?"

THE REWARD OF DOING ONE'S DUTY.—Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest. "I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly; unseasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty, at times sharp. Thursday—Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterward. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with a partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light south-wester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

HIS MAJESTY'S REPRESENTATIVE.—Bassompierre, French Ambassador to Spain, was once telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the smallest mule in the world."

"Ah," said Henri, "what an amusing sight—the biggest ass on the smallest mule!"

"I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

CHILDHOOD POETRY.—That was a beautiful idea in the mind of the little girl, who, on beholding a rose bush where, on the topmost stem, the oldest rose was falling, while below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother, "See, Willie, those little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

MINISTERS' RIGHT TO VOTE.—Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, went to deposit his vote. The officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposition politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ and his kingdom were not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

MILITARY GLORY.—Nineteen long letters from Lord Ellenborough! He has made me Governor of Scinde, with additional pay; and he has ordered the captured guns to be cast into a triumphal column with our names. I wish he could let me go back to my wife and girls; it would be more to me than pay, or glory, and honor; eight months now away from them, and my wife's strange dream realized! This is glory, is it? Yes! Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on fields of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me, attached to my own country. I have received the government of the conquered provinces and all honors are paid to me while living in my enemy's capital. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it that any moment I shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches can repay me for absence from them.—*Life of Sir Charles Napier.*

AN INDIGNANT YOUNG LADY.—A young American lady, Miss F., of one of our suburban cities, was riding, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, with the daughter of one of our officials, when a gentleman drove past in plain equipage, and, recognizing the coat-of-arms on the carriage, supposing she was one of the family, bowed very graciously. The young lady, not recognizing the person, stared at him, and in much confusion and indignation, turned to her companion and said, "Did you see that impudent man bow to me?" "O, yes! that was the Emperor."

A NEW SECT OF PHILOSOPHERS.—"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife, "a sect of women philosophers have just sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strangest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

AFRAID TO TRUST THEM.—A John Bull conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never sets in the Queen's dominions.

"No," said the Indian.

"Do you know the reason why?" asked John.

"Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the dusky savage's reply.

A DIFFERENCE IN THE END.—A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband: "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage—his wife was a regular vixen—"I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend; but I did not say which end."

THE MOTIVE.—An old fellow of the ultra-inquisitive order asked a little girl on board a train, who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, etc. After learning that she was going to Philadelphia, he asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it a locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply. The "intrusive stranger" was extinguished.

Scripture Sahib.

SHINING CHRISTIANS.—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

This passage in our Lord's beautiful and impressive discourse upon the Mount, embodies a sentiment worthy of the life-long study and faithful application of every genuine Christian. That sentiment is briefly this: Christianity in the world is promoted precisely in the proportion that its advocates show forth in their daily lives its practical excellencies and virtues. Heaven depends upon the faithfulness and moral purity of God's people every-where for the dissemination of a pure religion throughout the world. Religion is a life, an intense, active force in the individual character and experience; and as such can stand the test of the most rigid analysis of its divine claims. It had been little to the purpose, if the early disciples had exhibited in their preaching the sublime morality of the Gospel, and yet failed to exhibit in their daily lives its equally sublime principles and spiritual fruits.

That men may be led to "glorify our Father which is in heaven," is an effect to which every religious life must unerringly point. The command from Heaven to every regenerated soul is, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Christians are moral luminaries, "heaven-lighted stars." They are "the children of the light," and shine they must by the necessity of the light which is within them. They are the light of the world. "A city set on a hill can not be hid;" neither can a spiritually-illuminated heart keep from shining. It is no more Heaven's appointment that the stars shall reflect the light of the sun than it is that Christians shall reflect that of "the Sun of Righteousness." Light from Heaven shines upon them that they may reflect the same upon the world. Let them, therefore, shine out upon a dark and dying world; let their lives ever reflect the light, glory, and beauty of the Savior's blessed religion!

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not."

"That they may see your good works." See what? Your *good works*. The life of every good man is a grand series of good works. Pure and undefiled religion can produce none other than good works. Like his blessed Lord, the true Christian goes about doing good. The apostolic injunction, "be careful to maintain good works," is his great life-motto. Men take nothing for granted in religion. Christianity has to fight its way to human credence on the strength of its own principles and merits; and this it is abundantly able to do. As it has nothing to fear from investigation as a divine system of ethics, neither has it any thing to fear, but every thing to gain, when fairly exhibited in the life and character of the Christian. The world has the right—a right accorded by the Head of the Church—to ask for the fruits of Christianity in the

individual life. In this world of sin and selfishness, men must know and acknowledge that "good works," unfolded in the character and deportment of the good man, can only result from the operation of a divine principle in the heart and life. The stars are no more in the heavens by Divine power than are good works in the lives of men. Reason, as well as revelation, may ask, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." When God's people let their light shine, men "see their good works," are compelled to acknowledge the divinity of their source, and, as a consequence, not unfrequently "glorify our Father which is in heaven."

The life of every good man is a silently but efficiently operative moral power in the earth. It can not be otherwise. It has always been so, and always must be so. The world needs something palpable—something it can see in the Christian life—in order to be impressed with the divine truth of religion. An illuminated, holy life—a practical exhibition of the virtues and graces of Christianity—is the most cogent of all reasoning upon this subject. It is vastly better than the ablest sermon that can be preached in favor of the truth of religion. It is "an epistle known and read of all men." The celebrated infidel, who heard unmoved the great Dr. Chalmers on the divine truth of the Christian religion, yielded his infidelity and started heavenward before a more potent argument—the pious life of a poor, helpless Christian widow. No wonder an inspired apostle wrote those pregnant words for the Churches: "I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works."

"Let your light shine before men!" What a rebuke to the idea of a cloistered piety! Genuine religion can not be cramped; it needs the world for its range. It is here for a purpose. Like the sun it must shine, that its blessed light may carry a blessing with it wherever it goes. Christ prayed not that his disciples should be removed from the world, since the world so much needed them to furnish their quota of religious influence toward its redemption; but that they should be kept from the evil in the world. Humanity earnestly needs the example and influence of every true man. The light of a heavenly religion, shining before men in the lives and labors of God's people, must produce results of vast importance to the spiritual welfare of a dying world. Let us, then, Christian reader, look at our manifest duty and grave responsibilities in the light of this earnest exhortation of Jesus Christ to his disciples, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

But if the progress of Christianity is exalting in proportion to the fidelity with which Christians discharge its practical duties and exhibit its principles and virtues, the converse of this proposition is likewise true. "We suffer all things," exclaims Paul, "lest we

should hinder the Gospel of Christ;" from which the inference is irresistible, that professing Christians, by failing to let their light shine, may retard the progress of religion in the world. How awful is the idea that any of God's professed children, by default of Christian duty, should be in the way of the salvation of a human soul! And yet when many of them are measured by the Savior's own standard—"by their fruits ye shall know them"—they are found seriously wanting. Far better for such that they had never taken upon themselves the solemn vows of our holy religion. The light in them being darkness, how great is that darkness!

The want of fidelity upon the part of many on the roll of Zion has done vastly more harm to the cause of religion than all the infidels in the world. Infidelity in the lives of its advocates is just what we might expect from its principles; hence its measurable inability to do severe injury to the cause of Christ. But the case takes on a darker hue when a professor of godliness is recreant to the vows and duties of his sacred profession. His is a fearful attitude toward religion, since he practices exactly what he condemns by profession. Such a course is potent for evil because it involves gross inconsistency, if not downright hypocrisy, all of which Christianity condemns in the broadest possible terms. Infidelity all the way through has at least the merit of consistency in this respect; its practice being accordant with its creed.

The world is before us, Christian reader. It needs all we can do for its spiritual elevation and redemption. If we have any light from heaven upon our hearts, we should let it shine out in our lives. The divine Word says with great earnestness, "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." Never so much does the world need all the light and all the power we have in us for its redemption to God. Imperiled souls all around us demand that we be shining Christians. Our own personal salvation likewise demands that we shape as far as we may the destinies of our fellows for heaven and immortality. Shining Christians are working Christians.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

F. S. C.

THE CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.—
"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Ruskin, in "The Crown of Wild Olive," thus forcibly and pungently discourses on these words of our Lord:

"Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. 'Length of days and long life and peace,' that is the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Children die, but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but he can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven; and the

little child of David, vainly prayed for—the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold—they will be there. But weary old David and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too; and the one question for us all, young or old, is, have we learned our child's lesson? It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril. . . . The first character of right childhood is that it is modest. . . . The second character of right childhood is to be faithful. . . . The third character of right childhood is to be loving and generous. . . . And because of all these characters, lastly, it is cheerful. . . . So, then, you have the child's character in these four things—humility, faith, charity, and cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children.' You hear much of conversion nowadays; but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed! I can tell you, on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back the better. Slide back into the cradle, if going on is into the grave—back, I tell you; back—out of your long faces and into your long clothes. It is among children only, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the men of this world; the words they speak are all bitterness, 'the poison of asps is under their lips,' but 'the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp.' There is death in the looks of men. 'Their eyes are privily set against the poor;' they are as the uncharming serpent, the cockatrice, which slew by seeing. But 'the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice's den.' There is death in the steps of men; 'their feet are swift to shed blood; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places,' but in that kingdom the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fattening with the lion, and 'a little child shall lead them.' There is death in the thoughts of men; the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close; but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that 'he has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes.' Yes, and there is death—infinite of death—in the principalities and powers of men. As far as the east is from the west, so far our sins are—not set from us, but multiplied around us: the sun himself, think you he *now* 'rejoices' to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood? And it will be red more widely yet. Whatever drought of the early and latter rain may be, there will be none of that red rain. You fortify yourselves, you arm yourselves against it in vain; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' that the strength is ordained which shall 'still the enemy and avenger.'

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

FORMER SEATS OF LEARNING.—Ireland, now so debased by ignorance and superstition, deserted of her children, desolated by famine and pestilence, calling for faithful missionaries to preach again in its purity "the faith once delivered to the saints," was, some twelve centuries ago, the seat of learning and of sound theology, and a nursery of able divines for all Europe. One of her most learned, holy, and zealous sons, St. Columba, with a faithful band, emigrated in 563 to the small island of Iona, or Ichholm, on the west coast of Scotland, and there established an institution of learning and religion, which became, and continued a long time, the center and source of sound learning and religion, not to England only, but to all Europe. It was the place where kings were buried. The lords of the isles, the chief among the kings of Scotland here held their residence.

It was by means of this institution that Scotland obtained the title of "learned Scotia." Of this it was truly said, "Thou noblest college of the ancient earth." The island is still there, and a few moldering ruins, which the traveler delights to visit, and on the spot to read the history of its past. It was of this small but venerable spot that Dr. Johnson, in his journal of a visit to the "Scottish Isles," thus writes: "It was once the luminary of the Caledonia regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Far be from me and my friends that frigid philosophy, which may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Of this the poet has also sung:

"Thou wert the temple of the living God,
And taught earth's millions at its shrine to bow,
Though desolation wrapt thy glories now,
Still thou wilt be a marvel through all time
For what thou hast been; and the dead who rot
Around the fragments of thy towers sublime,
Once taught the world, and swayed the realm of thought,
And ruled the warriors of each northern clime."

From this now desolate place there issued forth numbers of learned and holy men as missionaries to convert the Saxons, who were yet heathen, and to comfort and sustain the Christians in Scotland and England who were harassed and persecuted.

WHERE FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS COME FROM.—

"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings iv, 40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Samuel i, 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Samuel xiii, 12. "The apple of his eye," Deut. xix, 21. "A still small voice," 1 Kings xix, 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job xix, 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job xxi,

35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm xxxvii, 2. "Hung our harps upon the willow," Psalm cxxxvii, 2. "Riches certainly make [not take, as it is often quoted] themselves wings," Proverbs xxiii, 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Ibid xxv, 22. "No new things under the sun," Ecclesiastes i, 9. "Of making many books there is no end," Ibid xii, 12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace"—made famous by Patrick Henry—Jeremiah viii, 11. "My name is legion," Mark v, 9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts ix, 5. "Make a virtue of necessity," Shakspeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. "All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted, "All is not gold that glitters," Merchant of Venice. "Screw your courage to the sticking place," not *point*—Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," Ibid. "Hang out your banners on the outward walls," Ibid. "Keep the word of promise to our [not *the*] ear, but break it to our hope," Ibid.

"It's an ill wind turns no good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind blows nobody good," Thomas Tusser, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," Ibid. "Look ere you leap," Hudibras, commonly quoted, "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," Ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Ibid. "The old man eloquent," Ibid. "Peace hath her victories," Ibid. "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Rôger L'Estrange. "All cry and no wool"—not little wool—Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere [not before] they are hatched," Ibid. "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils I have chosen the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "A good hater," Johnson. "My name is Norval," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith.

ORIGIN OF PRAIRIES.—At the recent meeting of the American Scientific Association at Buffalo, Professor Newberry read an interesting paper on the origin of prairies. The Professor remarked that great diversity of opinion existed as to the causes which had produced over half our continent a growth of forests, and over the other half only an herbaceous vegetation; but in this, as in so many other questions that divided the scientific world, if the disputants could meet on common ground, and each study the phenomena observed by others, and not exclusively his own data, there would be comparatively very little discord. He had spent some years on the prairies in various parts of the far West, and he felt confident that any one who would go over the ground he had traversed would agree with him that the presence or absence of forests,

as a general rule, depended on the amount of precipitated moisture. The central portion of the continent, as others, was comparatively dry, and was consequently treeless, except on the mountain belts, which acted as condensers, and precipitated an amount of water which sustained a forest growth. The rain-fall was greater in that part of the continent east of the Mississippi, and here we have almost an unbroken forest.

Along the line where the treeless and forest districts meet, local causes determined the presence or absence of trees. Belts of timber bordered the streams and covered the more porous and absorbent soils, while the level surfaces with a fine unporous soil—sometimes very wet and sometimes very dry—sustained only a growth of grass, which could endure these alternations, fatal to trees. Annual fires had their influence in extending the area of grassy surface, and over much of this middle ground by man's intervention, the causes limiting the growth of trees could be removed and the forest area extended. The force of nature was here nicely balanced, and slight causes would make one or the other preponderate. The many theories which attributed prairies to other causes than the want of water were wholly erroneous and only of local value. On the great prairies west of the Mississippi, every variety of soil and surface failed to sustain trees, and there only a change of climatic conditions would change the grass-covered surface to forest.

ANCIENT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—In Queen Elizabeth's reign there is a report for the year 1650, in

which it is stated that "the maids of honor desired to have their chambers ceiled, and that the partition, that is, of boards, be made higher, for that the servants looked over." And about the same time it is said that certain young noblemen and gentlemen were guilty of similar indecorous behavior, being fond of peeping over these boards, to the great annoyance of the ladies when at their toilet, whereat her Majesty was highly displeased, and severely reproved them. Moreover, it seems that the chamber for the squires of the body was ruinous and cold, and required to be ceiled overhead and boarded under foot; and that some part of the castle was so much out of repair that the rain beat in. It is not more curious than instructive to note the state of things in Scotland about the same period. There was even a greater lack of personal comfort among the nobility in that country than in England. The Earl of Buchan, in his *Antiquarian Researches*, gives the following rare piece of information, which at least shows linen to have been a rare commodity in the days of James VI. In the archives of the Mar family, under a section dedicated to antique costume, it is stated that "the royal charge [James] continued under the nature of his *gouvernante* the Dowager Countess of Mar [as toward his mouth and ordering of his person.] had in the dead of night been seized with a colic. The ladies of honor were all summoned from their warm beds to attend his Heeniss; when, as was remarked, none of the ladies had any shifts, except the said Countess of Mar, her ladyship being tender" [sickly.]

Library Notes.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS. *The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1865. By Charles Merivale, B. D. Post 8vo. Pp. 231. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—These Lectures are intended to be a continuation of the author's discourses on the "Conversion of the Roman Empire." In both works the object of the author has been, not to give us a history of the introduction of Christianity among the pagans of the Roman Empire or the heathen of the North, but rather to indicate the principles and the providential influences involved in the preparation of the nations for the reception of the Gospel when offered to them. "The main object," says the author, "has been to impress upon the hearer or reader the conviction, which must be ever present to the mind accustomed to study the broad features of human history, of the gradual and constant preparation of mankind, from the earliest known periods of antiquity, for the full development of religious life under the revelation of Jesus Christ. It is well to hold fast the assurance of the continuity of God's providence in the spiritual guidance of our species; to be convinced that, as we can discover no entirely new creation in the progress of material things since the first beginning we can trace of them, so neither has there been any entirely new moral or religious revelation vouchsafed to us. The same God has been over

all his works, both the material and the spiritual, from the beginning, animating, amending, informing, indoctrinating his moral creation, from time to time, in an appointed order and sequence, but never entirely breaking with the past, and effecting a new creation without using the materials of the old. Our religion is a historical one; it is the history of religious progress." Again the author says, "As in my former lectures I thought it right and just to show, as far as I might, the elements of truth and goodness disseminated among the benighted votaries of the imperial schools and temples, so in these I have not shrunk from indicating the thread of moral and religious feeling which runs through the groveling superstitions and intellectual darkness even of the Northern barbarians."

These extracts indicate the scope and spirit of these profoundly interesting lectures. Dr. Merivale is a philosophical historian, a fact abundantly evident in his "History of the Romans under the Empire," his "Conversion of the Roman Empire," and now also in the work before us. He believes in God, a present, personal, all-controlling, and all-directing God, whose tender mercies are over all his works. He discovers his hand in all the events of human history, and finds the center of all history in the revelation and the cross of Jesus Christ. The divine part in history has been the unfolding of the kingdom of God and the prepara-

tion of the nations for its reception. In all nations he finds the indications of this preparation. The labor of the present volume is to indicate the points of attachment and sympathy which the Gospel would find among the Northern nations, when the missionaries would carry it to them, or their conquest of Rome would bring them into contact with it. These points of attachment are found in the moral and religious traditions existing among them, in their laws and institutions, in their sense of personal relation to God, and in their home-life developing the sense of male and female equality. In all these and much more the author finds the elements of a divine preparation, making these northern barbarians ready to receive the Gospel whenever it reached them. A work from the pen of Dr. Merivale needs no commendation. Our readers will find in the present number a specimen of his admirable style in the article we have selected, entitled "Woman's Spiritual Claims."

RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY: A Review with Criticisms; Including some Comments on Mr. Mill's Answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson. 12mo. Pp. 335. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The substance of the greater portion of these pages was delivered in the form of lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Mr. Masson is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a critical writer of much ability. He makes no pretensions as an original thinker or philosopher, but as a critic of the schools of modern philosophy he is strikingly clear in his perception of their characteristic traits, and possesses a very happy faculty for presenting his thoughts in a perspicuous and engaging manner. His present work is a very interesting review, apparently unclouded by prejudice, of the different characteristics of those British thinkers who, during the last generation, have most influenced the thought of the times. Beginning with an admirable survey of the past thirty years, he proceeds to a critical indication of the points of agreement and difference between the various schools. To the influence of Carlyle, Hamilton, and Mill he attributes the new movement in British philosophy. "Whatever other men," he remarks, "seniors or coevals of these three, may be named as having cooperated with them, either as urging views of their own or as continuing the older philosophic influences—and I, for one, think that the beneficial influence of Coleridge was not exhausted at his death—certain it is that it is to Carlyle, Hamilton, and Mill that all would point as having been the most prominent leaders of free or unconvenanted British speculation during the last thirty years. Probably first in the order of effect came Carlyle, in all whose writings, historical or other, down to the last, there have been veins and blasts of that philosophy which the earliest of them announced, and the resistless diffusion of which, and even of the phrases and idioms in which it was couched, over the entire surface and through the entire speech of these islands, is a phenomenon not soon to be forgotten. Hamilton's influence was long more local and obscure. But, for twenty years, he was teaching logic and metaphysics to large classes in the University of Edinburgh; and thus, as well as latterly by publications bearing his name, there

was shed through educated British society some recognition of his system of thought, and a certain Hamiltonian leaven which is still working. Mill, too, has more than fulfilled his promise. To his *Logic*, published in 1843, there have succeeded his other well-known works, and with such accumulated effect that, at the present moment, it may be said that it is Mill, as a philosopher, that is in the ascendant in Britain. It is Mill that our young thinkers at the universities, our young legislators in Parliament, our young critics in journals, and our young shepherds on the mountains, consult, and quote, and swear by."

He gives a high and favorable position to Herbert Spencer, who has formed to himself the largest new scheme of systematic philosophy, and who "has already shot his thoughts the farthest." "I should say," says Mr. Masson, "that he is the British thinker who has most distinctly realized the absolute necessity that philosophy lies under, of dealing with the total cosmological conception as well as with the mere physical or physiological organism—and this from the demonstrable inter-relatedness of both—if it would grasp all the present throbbings of the speculative intellect. His writings take for granted this necessity, and make it plainer than it would otherwise be. No where else are the various sciences so fished for generalizations that may come together as a whole to help in forming a philosophy. No where else, at all events, is there a more beautiful and fearless exposition of some of those recent scientific notions which I spoke of in the last chapter as affecting our views of metaphysical problems. There are parts of Mr. Spencer's writings occupied with such expositions, which, from sheer scientific clearness and adequacy of language to the matter, have all the effect of a poem. If even only for such renderings of high scientific conceptions, on the chance of their somehow taking possession of the popular soul, and uniting there to rectify previous forms of thought, he would deserve honorable recognition."

Buckle, and the whole school of British Comteism, receive careful and appreciative consideration, and even Swedenborgianism and spiritualism come in for their share of impartial criticism. The book is timely, able, and in style, such as one can read with both pleasure and profit.

DISCOURSES OF REDEMPTION: Designed both as Biblical Expositions for the People and Hints to Theological Students. By Rev. Stuart Robinson, Late Professor of Church Government and Pastoral Theology at Danville, Kentucky. 8vo. Pp. 488. \$3. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The author finds some fault with the prevalent mode of preaching, as "that of theological disquisition, ethical essays, rhetorical, persuasive, or emotional appeal, founded upon a shred of the sacred text chosen as a motto, or, at best, as suggesting simply the theological topic of the occasion. Whereas the true theory of preaching, as gathered from the Scriptures, manifestly assumes its purpose to be the showing of the people how to read the Word of God; and leading them to feel that 'this day is the Scripture fulfilled in their ears,' and that these are the words of a Jesus who not only *spoke* by holy men of old, but who is *now speaking* with living utterance to the men of this generation."

We agree with the author in theory, and heartily believe that less devising of sermons on special subjects, with more extended and direct expositions of the Word of God, making the Scriptures a living message from God to man, translating them into the current forms of thought and speech, would be more permanently attractive and much more profitable. Of all the sermons we have heard we give the decided preference to one that we heard from one of the Bishops of our Church, which consisted of a simple, practical, tender, and earnest exposition of a whole chapter of the New Testament; and from what we witnessed in the audience on that occasion, we are sure there were but few present whose minds were not instructed and whose hearts were not deeply moved. The volume before us offers itself as a specimen of expository preaching, or, rather, of the author's method of consecutive preaching, by following the development of the one great central thought of the Bible through the successive eras of revelation. The author's object is twofold: first, of suggestion to young preachers in their attempts to develop the various parts of Scripture to the comprehension of the people, and, secondly, of instruction to Christians, and inquirers, and other earnest persons troubled with doubts touching the inspiration or the doctrines of the Bible. We would hardly be willing to accept the author's sermons as models for universal preaching, unless all preaching was to be addressed to "students of art, law, medicine, and theology," from whom he received assurance of the profitability of his discourses. As a book this is an admirable production, learned, thoughtful, argumentative, and suggestive, which will abundantly repay a careful reading and study—as models of popular sermons, it would be necessary first to guarantee a congregation of scholars to make them acceptable and profitable.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By F. B. Carpenter. 12mo. Pp. 354. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—For six months Mr. Carpenter was occupied in painting his magnificent picture—the "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," and during that time enjoyed constant intercourse with President Lincoln, as well as the various members of the Cabinet. In the book before us he has written out in detail the history of his connection with the President, and has interwoven with his own story various reminiscences and personal relations, collected and given to him by different individuals. The result is a most delightful volume. Written in a spirit of enthusiasm and affection, the book is, nevertheless, a simple matter-of-fact record of daily experience and observation, fragmentary but true, in all essential particulars. "There has been no disposition," says the author, "to select from, embellish, or suppress any portion of the material in my possession. The incidents given were not in any sense isolated exceptions to the daily routine of Mr. Lincoln's life. My aim has been throughout these pages to portray the man as he was revealed to me, without any idealization."

THE HANDBOOK FOR MOTHERS: A Guide in the Care of Young Children. By Edward H. Parker, M. D. 12mo. Pp. 250. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is just the little book to place in the hands of every wife and mother for a safe and sufficient guide in the management of the health of the household, especially of the children. It is not one of those extra professional, catch-penny books issued by ignorant pretenders or self-styled professors of medical specialities, but is the work of an eminent and experienced physician, and details just those facts that every mother ought to know. It is not designed to take the place of the physician, but to impart intelligence, and to relieve the fears and anxieties of the mother, by giving her such information as will enable her intelligently to comprehend and treat the ailments of her children, and, indeed, to prevent a great many of those ailments by judicious and healthful management. It is an admirable little book.

THE HOME-LIFE: In the Light of its Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown, B. A. 16mo. Pp. 327. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This would constitute an excellent companion-book for the one noticed above. That directs in preserving the physical health of the family; this in preserving the peace, harmony, and happiness of the household. The author studies the relations of life in the light of the teachings of Christ, treating of Husband and Wife, Children, Masters, Servants, religious and secular Education, Recreation, Getting out into Life, the Family Ministry, the Golden Autumn, and the Whole Family. The style of this work is attractive, and the work itself is eminently fitted for every household in the land, reviewing as it does our whole course from the cradle to the grave.

BATTLE PIECES AND ASPECTS OF THE WAR. By Herman Melville. 12mo. Pp. 272. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Another book of poems, war-inspired, not exhibiting a very high order of poetry, but interesting as detailing in measured form many of the stirring incidents and events of our country's great strife.

THE CHILDREN'S CENTENARY MEMORIAL; or, Exhibition-Book. By Daniel Wise, D. D. 18mo. Pp. 117. New York: N. Tibbals. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a volume of dialogues, addresses, and poems, written by the best Sunday school authors of our denomination as a basis for Sunday school Centenary celebrations. They contain a vast amount of valuable history and incident, and we would suggest that it is not only a capital book for the Sunday school, but would be a most profitable and interesting exercise to have the children read it in dialogue form at home. It is almost a complete child's history of the early days of our Church.

AN INTRODUCTORY LATIN BOOK; Intended as an Elementary Drill-Book, on the Inflections and Principles of the Language, and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Reader, and Latin Composition. By Albert Herkness. 12mo. Pp. 162.—The title of this work makes known its design and scope, and we have only to say that it comes from one whose previous efforts have been indorsed by the highest classical authorities. Beyond question, the many excellencies of this book will secure for it a very general acceptance.

BREVITY AND BRILLIANCY IN CHESS. *A Collection of Games at this "Royal Pastime," Ingeniously Contested and Ending with Scientific Problems.* By Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq. 12mo. Pp. 272. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—We know very little of this "Royal Pastime," and have never yet found any time to pass in that way. The title will sufficiently indicate the nature of the book.

MUSIC.—"My Policy," or *Johnson on the Brain.* Song and Chorus. Words by Luke Collin. Music by

A. Weaver. W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O. 30 cents. Rich, racy, and timely.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, August. American Edition. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

The Edinburgh Review, July, 1866. American Edition. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

Catalogue of the Willamette University. Salem, Oregon. Rev. J. H. Wythe, A. M., M. D., President. Students, 309.

February Record.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

WE expect our present number to reach our readers in the midst of their rejoicings and thank-offerings commemorative of the hundredth year of American Methodism. Never had a people greater occasion for thankfulness than the one that has come upon us in the form of our Centenary celebration, and we believe the occasion will be heartily appreciated by all our people, and that the grand result will even astonish ourselves. We need not recount the marvelous events of Methodism, nor restate the magnificent results of the past hundred years. We have endeavored to gather and preserve in our Centenary Record and statistical tables, during the year, a large amount of facts indicative of the growth and wonderful achievements of our Church. We have sometimes thought that the periodicals of the Church and our preachers and speakers on Centenary occasions would necessarily be charged with extravagant boastfulness while recounting the labors and success of Methodism. We could not blame our outside friends for making this charge, for even the simple recital of what God hath wrought through the people called Methodists, presents results so wonderful that the statement seems like extravagant self-laudation. Yet we are confident that nothing has been done through vainglory. It would be a very small achievement for our Centenary year if we satisfied ourselves merely with the pleasant memories of the past, and spent it in self-congratulations over the labors and triumphs of our fathers. Yet to this rejoicing we are entitled. It is due to the memory of our fathers, and it is due to the God of our fathers, that we rejoice in their labors, and offer our hearty thanksgiving to Him who so abundantly blessed them. We doubt not one of the good results of our Centenary celebration will be the good and powerful influence which will be felt for many years, springing from the vast amount of information which will have been diffused among our people throughout the year, in the history of Methodism itself. Our pulpits, our periodicals, our books have been awaking our own people to a better understanding and higher appreciation of our history, our polity, our peculiar institutions, and our adaptedness to the great work of spreading an earnest and vital Christianity over this and all other lands. Our people will comprehend Methodism better—will love it even more than they have done, and will be

disposed to move very carefully in making changes in a system that has worked so successfully through the past century. This better understanding and appreciation of Methodism, both with regard to its real character and relative importance, will also extend beyond our own Church, and will go far toward securing us the position in the world to which as a Church we are justly entitled.

But we owe it to these grand results of the past that we accomplish more this year than merely to attain to a knowledge and appreciation of them. They will be to us a sublime inspiration to provide for making the future of our beloved Methodism still more glorious and successful. A double obligation rests upon us to make this Centenary year a memorable one in its influence on the destinies of the Church. We are the heirs of the glories of our fathers; and we are also the trustees of their wealth to transmit them to our children. For the honor of our fathers we should pour out our thank-offerings to God. It is due to those heroes of Methodism, to the self-denying and self-sacrificing men and women of the past, who by labors abundant laid the foundations and built up the superstructure of Methodism to its present grand proportions, that we acknowledge their labors in thanksgiving and cheerful offerings. But it is due also to the Methodism of the future that we who live in this memorable year should show ourselves equal to the occasion, and transmit the Church to the future full of new inspiration of piety and zeal, and rendered still more efficient for her grand mission in the world.

We have good hope that the first great result of the commemorative services of this year will be a gracious and wide-spread revival of the spiritual and earnest piety which is the true characteristic of Methodism. We are satisfied that the real secret of our wonderful success does not lie in the peculiar institutions or organization of our Church, but in the vital doctrines of the Gospel which we preach, and the earnest and zealous godliness which those doctrines inspire. It is this Christian life, this conscious reconciliation to God through his Son Jesus Christ, this felt and known love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us, that constitute the power of Methodism. The admirable institutions of our Church are but the forms which this living and zealous godliness have originated and organized around itself—they are the body of which it is the life-giving

spirit. It was not the itinerancy, or the episcopacy, or the class meeting that gave to Methodism its power and triumphs; it was that conscious new life of fellowship with God which made our fathers themselves happy in the love of God and zealous for the propagation of this blessed life to others. The spirit was before the body, sending forth those men and women of God constrained by the love of Christ to seek and save the lost, and the peculiar institutions of the Church organized themselves about this spirit as the best instruments through which it could exercise and use its divine force. We profoundly admire the organization of Methodism as a wonderfully-symmetrical and efficiently-adjusted mechanism for the accomplishment of its work; so admirable are its adaptations that we fear to see the hand of change in any way laid upon it. We hope one good result of the sermons and writings of the present year will be to secure within and without the Church a better understanding and appreciation of this mechanism; but we know of no other Church organization that would be so powerless and inefficient as Methodism deprived of the spiritual life and power which first made necessary its peculiar organization, and which must ever be with it to give it significance and efficiency. We pray God that this spirit may be universally diffused throughout the Church this Centenary year, and infusing new life into our institutions and our people, may send the Church forward on another hundred years of greater zeal and grander triumphs than even those of the century that has passed.

But it has always been one of the characteristics of Methodism to adapt herself to present wants and to provide in her economy the instrumentalities which the changing necessities of the world have required. This characteristic should not fail to manifest itself at this great transition period. Our true love to the Church will best be shown by providing for her wants. Accordingly, our people and preachers are not only considering how they may best express their gratitude for the past, but what they can do for the future. We have accepted it as the highest wisdom of the Church, and as a plain indication of Providence, that the mind of the Church has been so largely turned this year to the educational interests of Methodism. On this subject there is full as much unanimity as we could expect. Though there is not much disposition to combine on any great central institution, or even in behalf of a great central fund, there is an almost universal desire to provide for the necessities of our institutions throughout the bounds of the Church; and though it is possible we may be disappointed in the amount realized for a central and permanent use, we are confident that the aggregate which our people will dedicate this year to the educational interests of Methodism will be such as to awaken the profound gratitude of the Church.

In this we rejoice, as we are firmly convinced that the greatest need of the Church to-day is in the department of education, and are confident that the best service we can now render to the Methodism of the future is to transmit to our children strong and well-endowed institutions of learning. For the establishment and support of our educational institutions Methodism has hitherto had no systematic order, and the benevolence

of our people in this direction has been left to exercise itself rather by impulse than by system, and as a result, while our other departments of Christian beneficence have been steadily advancing and keeping pace with the growth and wants of the Church, most of our educational institutions have been allowed to languish, and many of them actually to suffer embarrassment for want of help. To place our institutions of learning on solid foundations by freeing them from embarrassment and endowing them for permanent usefulness in the future, would be an achievement of incalculable value to our future history. It is certain that one of the great wants of Methodism, to make it an efficient Church to meet the necessities of the future, to secure to it its just influence and power in society and in the councils of the nation, is the liberal education of her ministry, and diffused education among her people. A Church of such gigantic proportions, with such relations to the American nation, and with such resources, owes it as a sacred duty to Christianity and the country to take a large share in the Christian education of the people; she owes it to herself that she should be able to send forth a constantly-increasing number of young men and young women, who would be capable of filling positions of usefulness, responsibility, and power in both the Church and the country. The Methodist Church has always appreciated the value and importance of education, and has done nobly during her past history in founding and building up institutions of learning; we believe the magnificent results of this Centenary year in the aggregate contributions made for educational purposes will place her in the front rank of agencies for the intellectual and moral training of the nation. That is the position she ought to occupy, and we devoutly pray that this year she may attain it.

CENTENARY MISSION-HOUSE.—The General Centenary Committee has placed among the "Centennial objects" to receive the contributions of the Church this year, the building of a **MISSION-HOUSE**. This is one of those noble and characteristic objects on which we can all harmonize, and it is desirable that the whole Church should contribute to this purpose. There should be at least one visible and connectional monument commemorative of the Centenary year. What one could be more useful, more connectional, more honorable to the whole Church than a substantial and well-arranged house for the accommodation of our great and growing missionary necessities? The ladies of the New York branch of the American Ladies' Centenary Association have resolved to make this the principal object to which they will devote their offerings. This has led many in other parts of the Church to look upon it as one of the local enterprises of the year and to forget its connectional character. The ladies do not, however, propose themselves to build the Mission-House, but to aid in this work. The enterprise, if it be carried out in a manner commensurate with its importance, would transcend their ability. But if it were practicable for them to do this whole work, it is not desirable they should; it should be the work of the whole Church, and contributions should be made to it from all parts of the country, so that when accomplished we may speak of it as our Mission-

House. The Central Committee has, therefore, issued an appeal to the whole Church in behalf of this interest, of which we can only present the concluding paragraphs:

"One thought more. This object of our Centenary support is preëminently *connectional*. Our Missionary Society permeates the whole Church, and spreads its net-work over the whole land. The sixty-two Annual Conferences are all auxiliaries; nearly every society in these Annual Conferences is auxiliary to these auxiliaries, and nearly every Sunday school is a missionary association, connected either with the Conference or the general association. Now here is our connectional missionary work; and as the heart receives all the blood at the center, and then sends it out again to the extremities, so our Missionary Society receives the contributions of the whole Church from the most distant parts of it, even from our foreign mission fields, China, India, Germany, Scandinavia, Africa, and South America. These moral currents to and fro are the life of the Church; they constitute the power of its growth, of its development, of its beauty, and of its interest. And consequently we ask all persons to aid in giving to our Missionary Society this *Centenary Mission-House*. There ought to be many noble contributions to this object. There are men and women in the Church who ought to give their five thousand, two thousand, one thousand, and down to lesser sums. There are men and women throughout the whole country who should contribute in like manner, and then

when we have these larger contributions we will as gladly receive the widow's mite and the children's pence.

And now we will say to the *whole Church*, if you will give to our noble Society these mission premises, and then lift up your hearts in fervent believing prayer to Almighty God for the baptism of the missionary spirit to come upon us in this year of the Centenary celebration, we will accomplish the great avowed purpose of our Church organization—spreading Scriptural holiness over all lands; and our monumental offering at our next Centennial celebration shall be a restored humanity, and as it comes up in the heavenly realm, it shall awaken the most glowing gratitude and praise of the spirits of the just made perfect. Angels shall see it with adoring wonder, and God shall behold it with infinite and eternal complacency.

J. M'CLINTOCK,
G. R. CROOKS,
J. BISHOP,
W. C. HOYT, Sec.

D. CURRY,
O. HOYT,
C. C. NORTH,
Central Committee.

THE KEY-NOTE.—The key-note of the grand Centenary month has been struck. Just as we close this department of our number we catch the echoes coming from the far East. At a meeting held Tuesday evening, September 25th, at Cooper Institute, New York, the contributions reached the magnificent sum of \$613,450! *Te Deum laudamus!* We accept this as prophetic of the grand results of the Centenary year.

Editor's Study.

THE DIVINE TEST OF A DIVINE DOCTRINE.

THE Divine Teacher did not demand a blind, credulous, unquestioning adoption of his lessons and mission. For the former he simply exacted an experimental application of them to the wants of the heart and life; for the latter he makes appeal to his own works and the works which should follow a hearty acceptance of himself and his holy offices. Christianity comes to us only demanding to be received as divine truth, on evidence consistent with itself, and to be tried as a vital religion, by a method consistent with human capacities and its own true character. It will not be thrown into the cold refrigerator of logic, but it will enter into the warm chambers of the living heart and be tried by the deep workings of the inner life. It will not, it can not be tried like facts in natural science, or like truths in the sphere of metaphysics or philosophy, but it can and will be tried like religion. It is not to be tested by the cold, formal intellect, but by the religious wants and emotions of living souls. Nor is this a fault of Christianity; it is only a method necessary and consistent with its own true character. Christianity is a remedy for hearts diseased—its virtue can only be determined by trying it.

This is the method prescribed by the Divine Teacher himself. The doctrines taught by him presented a great contrast with the doctrines believed and taught

among his countrymen, by their comprehensiveness, their spirituality, and their authority. He elevated the law of God to a spiritual standard of outward and inward life, and raised religion from the character of a formal profession to that of a life and experience in the heart. Therefore his doctrines, though but the enlargement and elevation of truths long existing in germs among the Jews, struck them as novel and untrue. They differed from the doctrines and opinions existing among themselves; therefore they concluded that they must be different from and inconsistent with the teachings of God. They measured his doctrines by the opinions and sentiments existing among themselves, and which had come down to them from the ancients, but did not study them in their own nature, in their relations to God, or their adaptedness to the circumstances and wants of men. They resorted to a false method of testing his sacred lessons, and, therefore, reached a false conclusion.

On one occasion Jesus detected and exposed this false method and pointed out to them the true means for determining whether he was himself merely a human originator of new doctrines, or whether his doctrine came from God. The method presented by Jesus was that of experiment—"Try it," said the Divine Teacher; "obey it; do the will of God as I have declared it to you, and in the blessed experience of your own hearts, ye shall know that the doctrine is not

mere human invention, but has come from God. Take my doctrine and apply it to all that you know God requires of man, and if you find it in any part contrary to the nature, perfections, and glory of God, or to the present and eternal happiness and welfare of men, then reject it as human and erroneous. But if, on the contrary, ye find that the sum and substance of my teaching is, that men should supremely love God and their neighbors as themselves, and that this doctrine must bring glory to God in the highest, while it produces peace and good-will among men, then acknowledge that it has come from God. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." John vii, 17.

In these words the Lord prescribes the true and only method of testing his doctrines, or the true means of apprehending the divine origin of Christianity. Any method of investigation of the divine claims of Christianity which excludes an actual experiment of its facts by the human heart is a false method, because inconsistent with the character and design of the Gospel. Every fact or principle must be investigated in consistency with itself. We do not measure mental phenomena by mathematics, but by metaphysics. We can not study human nature by the science of physiology, but by experience; nor is it possible to pass final judgment on a spiritual and experimental religion by reason and logic, but by actual experiment. "A and B are chemists; A meets B and informs him that he has experimented thus and thus, with such and such results; B is incredulous. A says to him, 'Do not contradict me. I ask you to take nothing upon trust. Go to your laboratory and test the matter according to the usages and rules of our science. But do not allege theory against experiment.'" Such is the true and only challenge in the department of science. Precisely similar is the challenge of Christianity to every human being.

But men insist upon being able to grasp the doctrine of Christ in the power of human reason, and must throw it into the crucible of human thought, and because, when they try this experiment, they find it beset with difficulties and impossibilities, they will not acknowledge their weakness, but charge the fault on the doctrine. The ancient astronomer started out on false assumptions to investigate the phenomena of the universe—the result was the development of a false theory and a failure to harmonize the phenomena of the creation. He had neither the first facts necessary for theorizing nor the proper instruments for obtaining a knowledge of those necessary facts.

Certainly that must be a false method of judging of a deeply-spiritual and experimental religion, when, standing entirely aloof from its deep experience, we attempt to determine what is true or false, what is wise or foolish, what is proper or fanatical, what is becoming or unbecoming, in a revelation or religion from God. There are some things which can only be known by experience. All the explanations and definitions in the world can not awaken in the blind an idea or appreciation of light, color, or beauty, and no methods can convey to the deaf a conception of sound. These things must be seen and heard by the individual himself before he can conceive them. It is so with the workings

of the human heart, and religion is an experience of the heart. Men reason about experimental Christianity without experiencing it. In any other similar case we would at once discover the impropriety and impossibility of a method which would attempt to determine experimental things without experience. The only method of determining the power of a medicine on the human system is by actual experiment. How much progress would medical science make in the world if this method were laid aside and remedies were adopted or rejected through merely reasoning on their probable effects? Where would be the grand discoveries and potent agencies which have come from the laboratories of modern chemists, if instead of subjecting the elements of nature to actual experiment, men had only reasoned on the probable results of the decomposition and recombination of the substances about them?

Thus whole sciences depend on actual experiment. So does the science of religion. It involves facts and principles which can be known alone by experiment. Nor is this an anomaly. It is so with all the deep emotions of the human heart, which can be learned only by actual experience. In vain would the poet attempt to sing the blessedness of a pure and holy love to one who had never felt the emotions in his own breast. None but a mother can know the depth and intensity of a mother's love. None but the stricken, desolate heart can know the anguish of bereavement. None but a sinner awakened to the consciousness of his guilt and danger, and passing through the throes of regeneration to a conscious peace and fellowship with a reconciled God, can know the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation.

Men who attempt to sit in judgment on the spiritual and experimental features of Christianity simply in the exercise of human reason and opinion, must fail, because they assume the possession of capacities which unregenerate men are destitute of. It is as though the blind man would attempt to study and describe the beauties and colors of the earth, and because he can not see, deny the realities of those combinations of beauties which thrill the hearts of those who see. It is as though an individual who had never been out of the bleak and barren regions of the frigid zone, should deny the possibility of the exuberant vegetation and the perpetual Summer of the tropics, because he was unable to conceive it. Men assume their capability to determine all about a religion coming from God. The Bible denies this capability, and human experience proves the Bible to be correct. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned," is not a mere platitude, but is a significant and solemn fact in our human life of darkness and sin. The spiritual mind is the essential condition for comprehending a spiritual religion. It was not till Galileo discovered the telescope that the great problems of astronomy were solved, and not till the microscope was placed in our hands that a world of microscopic life was found beneath us. So it is not till the soul, by actual obedience, gains the spiritual insight which God vouchsafes to the humble seeker, that man is able to appreciate that doctrine of Christ, and realize in his own experience that it is from God.

The true method of testing Christianity, then, is by

actual experiment. Obey it; do the will of God; try it, and see if it will not prove itself a religion come from God. Examine it in its own method; test it as a heavenly-devised means for reconciling sinners to God; for healing hearts polluted and diseased by sin; for soothing human sorrows, for alleviating human suffering, for shedding peaceful light on the dark and dangerous pathway of human life; for raising fallen humanity from sin to holiness, from guilt and misery to

happiness, from earth to heaven—try it thus, and see if it is not gloriously adapted to all these objects, and is not worthy of God and the true remedy for man. Let us try it by faith and obedience, humbling our proud hearts and bending our cold intellects to receive it as the gift and grace of God, and see if the delightful experience it awakens in our souls, the transformation which it works in our hearts and lives, do not satisfy us that it is from God.

Editor's Table.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REQUISITES.—On our table we find several articles coming from the rooms of our Sunday School Union, intended to add to the interest and profit of the schools. The first is "The Sunday School Reader"—a neat little volume in paper covers for opening service and class study. It comprises a series of Scripture lessons on the life, journeys, and miracles of Jesus. What more need we say of its excellence and adaptation than that it was prepared by Rev. J. H. Vincent, the accomplished General Agent of our Sunday School Union? Next we have a series of neatly-printed "Picture-Papers," of four pages each, containing two or three pictures and as many short articles for very little readers. Then we have two forms of a certificate of "The Sunday School Life-Guards," in which the scholar pledges himself never to quit the Sabbath school; and, lastly, we have two bright medals to be used as tokens of merit. We have not space to speak of all these as they deserve, but can heartily commend them to our Sabbath schools.

ANOTHER CENTENARY ENGRAVING.—Our friend E. C. Middleton has placed in our office the result of another effort at Centenary illustration. The present is a highly-finished lithograph illustrative of the Episcopal history of the Church. It contains twenty-two portraits, including all the Bishops of the Church, and, of course, Mr. Wesley, whose portrait occupies the center of the upper portion of the picture. Supporting the venerable founder of the Methodist Church are the six patriarchal Bishops—Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, George, Roberts, and M'Kendree. Beneath these portraits are the residence of Philip Embury, and the old Methodist Church in John-street, New York. In the lower center is St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of New York, bringing 1866 into striking contrast with 1766. Around this center are very tastefully arranged the portraits of the more recent Bishops—Joshua Soule, James O. Andrew, Elijah Hedding, John Emory, Leonidas L. Hamline, Beverly Waugh, Thomas A. Morris, Edmund S. Janes, Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Osman C. Baker, Edward R. Ames, Davis W. Clark, Edward Thomson, Calvin Kingsley. Very neat lettering and scroll-work fill up the interspaces. The portraits are all good, some of them excellent, and the general effect of the picture is admirable. It can be furnished in single sheets for \$1.50, sent by mail to any address. With the neat rosewood and gilt frame which the publishers furnish with the picture for \$5, it is a beautiful parlor ornament. Address E. C. Middleton & Co., Cincinnati.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Mr. Wellstood furnishes us two fine engravings for the present month—a carefully-selected and well-executed portrait of Eugenie, Empress of France, and a beautiful and well-known Swiss scene, "Lauterbrunnen with the Staubbach." A few months ago we gave our readers a picture of Interlaken, from the same picturesque region in Switzerland. South of the lakes Thun and Brienz, between which is the locality of our former picture, and from which location it receives its name of Interlaken, begins what is called the Bernese Oberland, a mountainous region including the four celebrated valleys of the Simmen, Lauterbrunnen, Grindewald, and Hasli. In one of these valleys—Lauterbrunnen—is the scene of our picture. In the background are seen the towering mountains covered with extensive glaciers, which, melting under the Summer sun, are the source of magnificent waterfalls, one of which, the "Staubbach," is seen in the picture.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—As our "Editor's Table" was crowded out last month we have a long list of "accepted" and "declined" articles to notice this month. The following are placed on file to be used as occasion shall offer: Literature and Religion; A Summer Concert; Heaven Lies about you; The Lady-Bird; Comfort for the Bereaved; Little Things; Champlain; Hesperus; Mile-Stones; The Little Cabin-Boy; Borrowing Trouble; Tourists in Spain; A Glimpse into a Life; At Evening Time it shall be Light; Crosses; The Sick Child; Hidden Jewels; My Evening-Time; The Graveyard; Loss and Gain; The Real; The Cathedral of Cologne; A Tribute; Light out of Darkness; and Why do we Live?

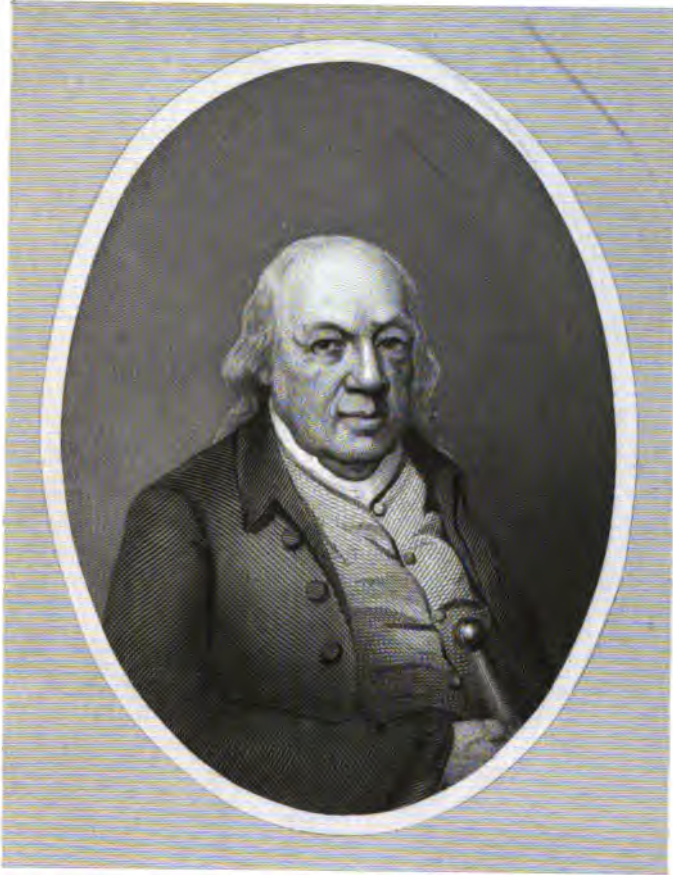
ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we must respectfully decline. One reason at least the authors will see in the long list of accepted articles above; we are obliged to decline much for the simple reason that we receive much more than it is possible for us to use: Leaves from my Journal; Thoughts of Heaven; The First Prophetess; The Bible; The Cup; Struck by Lightning; A Scene in a Hospital; Cousin Henry; Feed our Lambs; Haunted; Remember the Sabbath; Effort—very good for so young a writer; Longing for Light; Lelia's Trial—good, but we must pass it by; Down in the Woodland; The Meadow Brook; How we Miss Thee; His Mother; Wildwood Wanderings; Thy Will be Done; My Little Ones; Mount Hope; Sweet Paline; Since Jamie is Gone far Away; and Earth's Beauty all my Own.



Landscape engraving for the Ladies' Repository (inspired by R. Kneller's portrait of a man in a top hat) 1825, 1826, 1827







DAVID W. WILLIAMS.

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GOVERNOR PIERRE VAN CORTLAND.

BY REV. J. B. WAKLEY.

"O, I would walk
A weary journey, to the further verge
Of the big world, to kiss the good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish."

EVERY nation has held in grateful remembrance the names and deeds of the illustrious dead. So have Churches. Paganism has deified its heroes and Popery canonized its saints. Because some have gone to extremes shall we neglect the mighty past or the sacred dead? Can we not have the truth without the error, the wheat without the chaff, the gold without the dross, the veneration without the superstition, the admiration without the worship? May we not "prove all things and hold fast that which is good?"

Over half a century has passed away since the venerable Governor Van Cortland was gathered to his fathers. In looking at the fine steel engraving the reader will admire his Franklin-like head, his honest face, mild eye, and benignant countenance. It is one of those faces one loves to look upon and is never weary.

He was born in the city of New York, 10th of January, 1721. This was eleven years before Washington was born, fifty-five years before the Declaration of Independence, sixty-eight years before our Constitution was adopted, fourteen years before the Wesleys went to Georgia, eighteen years before Methodism assumed an organized form in England, and forty-

seven years before the first Methodist chapel was built in America.

Governor Van Cortland descended from a noble ancestry, and belonged to one of the wealthiest families in New York; indeed, they were among the peers of the realm. The first Lord of the Manor of Cortland was Stephanus Van Cortland, Mayor of the city of New York in 1677, the son of the Hon. Oloff Stephenson Van Cortland, who emigrated to New Amsterdam in 1640. He sprang from one of the great families in Holland, their ancestors having gone there when deprived of the sovereignty of Courland,* Russia. His pedigree can be traced to the nobility of Holland and Russia.

The Governor was the fifth son of Philip Van Cortland, eldest surviving son of Stephanus. He was the oldest representative of the Van Cortland family, and the heir at law of the entail.†

There are a number of manors in the State of New York, bordering on the banks of the Hudson, and were originally called after the names of the families that owned them—Livingston Manor, Philip's Manor, Van Rensselaer's Manor, and Van Cortland's Manor, and others. They were grants of land from the Crown of England, for which they had royal charters. The Van Cortland Manor was first purchased from the Indians in separate parcels, and was then confirmed by royal patent to the Hon. Stephanus Van Cortland. It consisted of eighty-three thousand acres, and was by royal charter erected into the Lordship and Manor of Cortland.

* The orthography is said to be Corte-land—the first syllable, corte or korte, meaning, in the Dutch language, short; the second, landt—land—literally the short land, a term expressing the peculiar form of the ancient Duchy of Courland, in Russia.

† Bolton's History of West Chester County, 1 Vol.

The royal charter was given the 17th of June, 1697. The whole manor was held on condition of paying yearly to the Crown upon the feast-day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary the rent of forty shillings. There were extensive forests, where the deer ranged, and the lord of the manor was constituted "the sole and only ranger, to have and enjoy all the perquisites, etc., that of right doth belong to a ranger according to the statutes and customs of the realm of England."

Having described the manor, we will now notice the manor-house. It is said to have been built soon after the royal patent was granted. A more beautiful and picturesque site could not have been selected. It is on the bank of the Croton River* near where it flows into the Hudson. From the venerable mansion there is a splendid view of both. On the north there are noble forest-trees, on the south a beautiful lawn adorned with flowers. As you enter there stands a grand old locust-tree, splendid in decay, that is over two hundred years old.

The old house is distinguished for its antiquity. It remains in its original grandeur. In the basement are port-holes for fire-arms, for defense against the attacks of the Indians or the British. It reminds us of the age when men were exposed to danger, and when every man's house was his castle. The house is distinguished for the guests who have been entertained there—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette, and George Whitefield. From the piazza Whitefield preached to listening hundreds, who were thrilled and captivated with his eloquence. It was also the home of Francis Asbury, Freeborn Garrettsen, John Bloodgood, Peter Moriarty, Sylvester Hutchinson, Woolman Hickson, and others, who received a hearty welcome. It was a preaching-place for the Methodists till the church was built. But yesterday I was in the old house. I never visit the old manor-house without peculiar emotion. Here Governor Van Cortland lived and died. Here Asbury prayed and preached. As you enter the old mansion over the door are stags' heads with large horns, reminding you of a by-gone age, when the deer thronged the forest, and when the huntsman's horn was sounded. On the piazza are a number

of very old chairs that bear the marks of antiquity, some of them on rollers. These have been occupied by those who have long since gone to rest.

In the hall are a number of rare paintings. There is a bust of the old Governor taken from a painting by Jarvis. There is also a fine portrait of his wife. There is an ancient painting of Pierre, afterward Lieutenant-Governor, in a scarlet coat, with white silk stockings and a gray hound by his side. There are many ancient letters as well as paintings, some from Washington, Mrs. Martha Washington, Lafayette, Mrs. James Madison, and others. A pair of silver-mounted pistols belonging to the old Governor are quite a curiosity. What guests have been welcomed into that hospitable mansion! There patriots have assembled, and patriotic plans been formed. From this enchantingly-beautiful home they were driven by the British during the Revolutionary War.

The life of Governor Van Cortland is closely interwoven with the history of the American Revolution and of the Empire State. His name is enrolled in the annals of his country among the immortal names that can not die. He was the intimate friend of such noble patriots as Robert R. Livingston, who administered the oath to Washington, of John Jay, George and James Clinton, and others. He not only enjoyed their confidence and friendship, but fought side by side the battles of freedom. He was a true patriot. In 1774 his excellency, Governor William Tryon, the last of the royal governors, made a visit to the old mansion in order to secure Pierre Van Cortland to the royal service. He came in a vessel with his secretary and several others. They remained over night. The next morning the Governor proposed a walk. They went to the highest point of land on the farm, from whence there was a beautiful and extensive prospect. The Governor then stated to Pierre Van Cortland what great favors he could obtain if he would relinquish his opposition to the views of the King and Parliament of Great Britain—what grants of land, in addition to other favors of eminence, etc. Mr. Van Cortland declined his offer and his proffered gifts and honors, saying to Governor Tryon, "I was chosen a representative by the unanimous approbation of a people who placed confidence in my integrity to use all my ability for the benefit of my country as a true patriot, which line of conduct I am determined to pursue." Here was genuine patriotism that could not be corrupted by British gold. He could not be bought nor frightened. Governor Tryon then turned to Col. Fanning,

* This river had an early and distinguished visitor. When every thing was in its delicious wildness, just as the sun had gone down behind the western hills, October 1, 1609, Hendrick Hudson anchored the Half Moon where the Croton empties itself into the North River.

his secretary, and said, "I find our business here must terminate, for nothing can be effected in this place, so we will return." This was his last interview with the royal Governor. After a few words of farewell Governor Tryon and those who were with him entered on board of a sloop and returned to the city of New York. We can not wonder that after that a reward was offered for the head of the sterling patriot, as well as for the head of John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

We can not but feel great admiration for the firm and manly tone with which he replies to Governor Tryon, and the dignified contempt with which he spurns his offers. He suffered much from Tories and from the British during the war of the Revolution. He was driven from his mansion—a part of the time he spent in Rhinebeck and the remainder at Peekskill, where his gifted and patriotic daughter, Mrs. Beekman, resided. Her house was for some time the head-quarters of General Washington. She used to talk of making the General's bed—what pains she took to make it soft and nice. In 1777 a party of royalists, under Colonels Bayard and Fanning, went to her house at Peekskill and insultingly asked her, "Are you the daughter of that old rebel, Pierre Van Cortland?" Mrs. Beekman replied, "I am the daughter of Pierre Van Cortland, but it becomes not such as you to call my father a rebel." The Tory raised his musket as if to fire at her, when she with great calmness reproved him for his insolence and bid him begone. The coward turned away, quailing in the presence of the courageous woman, and she was unharmed.

Governor Van Cortland was President of the Committee of Safety in New York city, a member of the first Provincial Congress in the city of New York, and he was President of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the State of New York.

When that brave soldier and distinguished patriot, George Clinton, was elected first Governor of New York in 1777, Pierre Van Cortland was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and he was reelected eighteen times to this high office, when he declined a reelection. This shows the high estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. General Clinton being engrossed with military affairs, the active duties of the Governor devolved upon him, and they were discharged with great ability, honesty, and fidelity. Washington Irving makes most honorable mention of this "old and honorable family, who were conspicuous patriots during the Revolution." He speaks of Pierre Van Cortland "being a stanch friend and ally of George

Clinton; that he remained true to the cause of his country and filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor with great dignity."

In the City Hall in the Governor's room there are many portraits of distinguished men, among others a bust of the old Governor. This was presented to the corporation by his illustrious son Philip. The Common Council in acknowledging the gift show their gratitude and the high estimate in which he was held by the passage of several resolutions. They accept with "every suitable consideration the likeness of the second magistrate in the State; that New York city cherishes the memory of the statesmen and heroes who defended the Republic by their councils or their valor in the time that tried men's souls," etc. Then they pass other resolutions: we have only room for the following:

"Resolved, That the Common Council recur with equal pride and pleasure to the happy period of the Revolution, when, under the happy auspices of Almighty God, George Washington, as the commander and chief of the army of the United States—George Clinton as the Governor of the State of New York, and Pierre Van Cortland as the Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate of the State, conducted the civil and military authorities into the city the 25th of November, 1783, and restored the exiled citizens after an absence of more than seven years to their altars and firesides."

Mr. Van Cortland was very fortunate in the choice of his wife and in his domestic relations. He married Joanna Livingston, of Kingston, New York. She was one year younger than himself. In her he found an excellent companion. She was a model wife, a model mother, and a model Christian. She made the old manor-house a home—an earthly paradise. Many a patriot did she welcome into her dwelling; many a Methodist minister did she make happy. Bishop Asbury had the most exalted idea of her excellence, and makes most honorable mention of her in his Journal. He pronounces her "a Shunamite indeed." She had a room in which to entertain the Lord's prophets. After living a life of purity and usefulness she died a peaceful death in the old manor-house, 10th of September, 1808, aged eighty-seven years.

Their children were an honor to them. They were blessed with noble sons and splendid daughters. Their names and ages were recorded by the old Governor in his ancient Dutch Bible, which was printed in Amsterdam in 1618.

They had eight children—four sons and four daughters. Philip was the eldest son. He

was born in New York city, August 21, 1749. He spent his youthful days at the manor-house. When a young man Governor Tryon tried to secure him to the side of loyalty. He sent him a major's commission, which he tore to pieces. He was of a tall and noble form; looked as if he was born to command armies or sway a senate. He was a genuine patriot; a skillful and courageous soldier. His first commission was from John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, and bears his bold signature. He aided personally in the capture of General Burgoyne, and acted a conspicuous part at Yorktown, where the crowning battle of the Revolution was fought. For his bravery at Yorktown he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He was the intimate friend of Lafayette, whom, in person, it is said, he strongly resembled. He corresponded with him, and when he visited this country in 1824 he made the tour of the States with him. Being the oldest son he inherited the property of his father. He was a great friend of the Methodists; would go to the preaching and the prayer meeting, and when no minister came he would go forward to the altar and read the Holy Scriptures. I attended a prayer meeting in the Methodist church of Groton in 1830, and the General came in his carriage, and I remember how nervous I was to officiate before so distinguished a man. Numerous letters in the family are preserved, which I have been permitted to read, from Washington, Lafayette, R. R. Livingston; but the most interesting are the letters of the old Governor to his son, so full of patriarchal simplicity and tenderness. Not less touching are the letters of General Van Cortland to his venerable father and mother. They are perfect models. The hero—the statesman faded away before the filial son. He showed his love for Methodism by confirming in his will what his father had given—the site for a Methodist church and land for a burying-ground. He died at the old manor-house, November 21, 1831, and his funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Noble W. Thomas, who was then a preacher on the circuit.

Catherine, afterward Mrs. Vanwyck, was born July 4, 1751. She was a woman of rare beauty with her splendid glossy locks, and as gifted as she was beautiful. She was saved from despair under a sermon by Woolman Hickson, and shouted aloud the praises of her Maker. She united her fortunes with the Methodists, and it was through her Methodism was introduced into the family.

Cornelia, afterward Mrs. Beekman, was born August 2, 1753. This is the patriotic woman

we have named. She was a very superior woman. She corresponded with Washington, and kept him posted up with the movements of the British. She thus rendered most essential service to the patriotic cause. She was a great lover of Methodism, and the Methodist minister was ever welcome to her dwelling. It was at the house of her son, Dr. Stephen Beekman, that John Summerfield was treated with so much tenderness during his last sickness, and where he expired June 30, 1825.

Pierre, afterward General Van Cortland, was named after his father, and was a man of splendid abilities. He was born August 29, 1762.

Ann, afterward Mrs. Van Rensselaer, was born June 1, 1766. Her husband was mayor of the city of Albany many years. Meek, modest, humane, she was a universal favorite.

Governor Van Cortland early identified himself with Methodism. His house was a preaching-place till he gave the land and aided in building a house of worship upon it. It is one of the most splendid sites for a church in America. From it is one of the most beautiful and picturesque views of the Hudson and the distant mountains and forest-clad hills I have ever beheld. The age of the church is not known. It must have been built soon after the Revolution. Two aged mothers in Israel—twins—ninety-two years old, told me when they were little girls they carried the workmen, who were employed in building the house, their dinner. Asbury preached in it as early as 1790.

In September, 1804, the first camp meeting east of the Hudson River was held in Carmel, Putnam county, New York. Governor Van Cortland and his family attended it, and they were well pleased, William Thatcher, who was presiding elder on the district, made application to Governor Van Cortland for a beautiful grove of his in which to hold a camp meeting. It was near his dwelling. So pleased was the Governor with the one at Carmel he readily consented, and said, "I have seen all this grove grow up and have been solicited to cut down the trees because of the goodness of the soil, yet I could never consent to it, nor could I tell why, till your application for it as a place of worship solved the mystery. It seems as if it was from the Lord." Revs. William Thatcher, J. B. Matthias, John Robertson, and Nathan Anderson, a circuit steward, marked out the ground—the circle for the tents, the place for the preachers' stand, and then they knelt down and prayed that God would consecrate the ground, and the baptism of fire descended, and they heard a voice saying, "From this day will I come down and bless thee." Such a

direct answer from heaven filled their souls with such joy they sprang from their feet and ran shouting in different directions in search of a stone. Each brought one and put them together, making a kind of altar to remind them of where they had felt the presence of the Shekinah. The camp meeting was held in the early part of September, 1805, and the Divine glory was displayed in a wonderful manner. Multitudes were awakened and converted, and many sanctified. At times the power of God was perfectly overwhelming. Many fell to the ground. Rev. John Robertson heard that Robert Dillan, one of the preachers, had fallen to the ground, and he went to see, and he fell beside him. The Rev. Mr. Haight, a Presbyterian minister from Somers, heard that two Methodist ministers had fallen to the ground; he went to see, and when he beheld the scene he began to feel the power and was reeling, when two of his Presbyterian friends took hold of him and hurried him from the camp-ground.

The Governor and his family were constant attendants, and notwithstanding such exhibitions of power, he did not become nervous or alarmed, but he claimed the *privilege of having an annual camp meeting in his grove till the year of his death*. They used to be called Governor Van Cortland's camp meeting. He died in 1814, and they were continued on that ground at different times till 1831, the year the General died. Who can estimate the good accomplished on this ground! How many who have pitched their tents in the groves of paradise look back to it as their spiritual birthplace! Once I saw Bishop Waugh fall on the stand overwhelmed with the power of God, as he was preaching one of his powerful sermons. His face shone with seraphic beauty. On this ground Daniel Ostrander preached a powerful sermon for Bishop George from, "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

Bishop Asbury had a proper veneration for the old Governor, and makes mention of him a number of times in his Journal, and says, "The dear old man strikingly resembles General Russell, of Kentucky."

Freeborn Garrettson was an admirer of him. He preached at the manor-house as early as 1789. William Thatcher held him in high estimation, and called him "the pious and venerable Governor Van Cortland."

The old Governor was tall. He had a noble, manly form. There was much of patriarchal dignity and patriarchal simplicity about him. Though of a wealthy, aristocratic family, he was as simple and artless as a child, while he was as dignified as a grand old Roman. He

was known for his private virtues as well as his public abilities. He was affable and courteous—a complete gentleman of the old school in his manners, and the delight of those who knew him.

The time came when the old patriarch must die. Death entered the old manor-house stripped of all his terrors. Without doubt or fear he gave his great soul to God and his body to the dust. I prefer giving the closing scene in the language of his son, General Philip, to his sister, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in a private letter, which I have been permitted to copy. It is dated Croton, May 1, 1814:

"Resigned to the will of his Heavenly Redeemer, our dearly-beloved father ended his pilgrimage this morning a little after 6 o'clock. He is at rest, I trust, in paradise, and his advice I pray the Lord to enable us to keep constantly in mind. He said, 'Love each other and put your trust in your Savior; he never will forsake you. My Redeemer has been my friend and supporter upward of ninety years, and will continue to be so. Although my struggles are hard, yet ere long I shall be happy'—in short, he was all love—all resignation."

His remains were deposited in the family burying-ground. It is on rising ground a little north-west of the old manor-house. Nothing could be more romantic and beautiful. A little from it was an Indian castle and an Indian burying-ground.

Bishop Asbury called at the old manor-house in May, 1815, where he lamented the death of one of his choicest friends. He says the dear aged Governor Van Cortland has gone to his rest. Before a year had rolled around he was also in the grave. I have sometimes thought the Bishop wrote what was on the tombstone of the old Governor, not only on account of the Scripture quotation, but the language is so Methodistic. It says, "He died a bright witness of that perfect love which casts out the fear of death." I have heard it attributed to another. Wandering among the tombs in this rural burying-ground, where so many of the illustrious dead are sleeping, I copied the following from the marble tomb:

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In Memory of the Honorable

PIERRE VAN CORTLAND,

late Lieutenant-Governor of the
State of New York,

and President of the Convention that
framed the Constitution thereof during
the Revolutionary war with Great Britain,

He departed this life on the 1st day of May, 1814, in the
ninety-fourth year of his age.

He was a patriot of the first order, zealous to
the last for the liberties of his country;
A man of exemplary virtues; kind as a neighbor,
fond and indulgent as a parent; an honest man—
ever the friend of the poor;
respected and beloved.

The simplicity of his private life was like that
of an ancient Patriarch.

He died a bright witness of that perfect
love which casteth out the fear of death,
Putting his trust in the living God, and
with full assurance of salvation in the
redeeming love of Jesus Christ, retaining
his recollection to the last and calling upon
his Savior to take him to himself.

THE SILENT VILLAGE.

BY EMILY D. THORPE.

A LITTLE way from the busy town,
Beyond the noise of men,
Whence, through waving branches looking down,
The burning crowd is seen;
And where all the surge of life's unrest
To whispered murmurs dies,
On the peaceful hill-side's quiet breast
A silent village lies.

The Summer wind, with the whispering leaves
And waving grasses plays,
And the Wint'ry blast through shivering trees
And lonely pathways raves,
And the storm, with great gray wings of gloom,
Unfelt, unheeded, comes,
And it stirs no sign and wakes no sound
Within these silent homes.

The tuneful bird pours its joyous note,
And sings its glad, sweet lay,
And the butterfly and hum-bee float
Through all the Summer day;
And the faint, low sound of busy life
Creeps on the evening air
From the town, with restless billows rife,
But still 't is silent there.

The blushing rose her sweet bloom unfolds,
The daisies gem the ground,
And the buttercup's bright crown of gold
Gleams o'er each grassy mound;
And the fragrant store of clover sweets
With violet perfume blends,
But the loveliness no glad voice greets,
Or the deep silence rends.

The restless feet and the merry shout
Of childhood there are still;
And the song of youth ne'er ringeth out
From these still, quiet fields,
And the busy hands on this life's stage,
Crossed on the peaceful breast,
And the tottering steps of hoary age,
— All there in silence rest.

The marble slab and the turfy mound
Point where they 're peaceful laid,
And the gleaming shaft and moss-grown stone
Mark the same lowly bed,
For the rich and poor, there side by side,
In narrow mansions sleep,
And no dream of care, or pomp, or pride,
Breaks on their silence deep.

A deep, dark spell, through all time which lasts,
Of mystery unknown,
From the King of Silence' shadow cast,
Over the place is thrown;
But a mightier power shall break the spell,
And these still forms shall wake,
When the trumpet of God's resounding peal
Shall on their silence break.

THE PROMPTER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

LAST night my heart was sad. The day had been
Oppressive with its burning heat, and weary,
From my close room I looked and longed for night,
Which came at last with visage dark and dreary.

The sweet blue heavens, hung thick with murky clouds,
Seemed like a mourner o'er the still earth bending.
And the low sobbings of the wandering wind
With fitful patterings of rain were blending.

Life took its hue from nature; and in vain
Backward I looked through labyrinths dim and
hoary,
For one brief hour of calm, unruffled peace;
One ray of bright, untarnished earthly glory.

Transient as morning mist! along my path,
Like frowning sentinels, cold head-stones gleaming,
Told where a little dust, a few crushed flowers,
Were shrined memorials of earth's proudest seeming.

The present! how I turned it o'er and o'er,
The shadows of a sick room round me lying,
Hopeless of health—life lingering on and on,
To be perhaps long, weary years in dying.

God's angel came at length, and each lone thought,
Oblivious alike of blight or blessing,
Sank down to rest like an o'erwearied child,
Infolded in the arms of soft caressing.

Dreams came and went: grim midnight held the hour
For ghostly revelry! awakened with sadness
I peered into its depths. High over all
One star its watch-fire kept of hope and gladness.

Then I remembered how in greatest need
The All-Father sees, and, pitying, sends an angel
To spread green mosses o'er our thorniest paths,
Or cheer our faint hearts with some blest evangel.

Prompted to better thoughts, my murmuring heart,
Shamed and rebuked, put by its faithless sorrow,
And gathered strength to drink life's cup to-day,
And trust Him for the ingredients of to-morrow.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY REV. M. J. CRAMER, A. M.

"IMAGINATION," says Lord Bacon, "I understand to be the representation of an individual thought." "The faculty of representation or imagination proper," says Sir William Hamilton—Logic, p. 425—"consists in the greater or less power of holding up an ideal object in the light of consciousness." Whatever its definition may be, it is certain that it is a distinct faculty of the mind, and as such exerts a great influence upon the character and life of man. It may not only determine, to a great extent, his joys and sorrows, but may also enlighten or confuse his understanding, purify or pollute his heart, and accelerate or retard his activity. It may either vividly represent to him his high and glorious destiny, or remove it from his vision. It may lead him into temptation, or arm him against it; it may fire him for virtue or vice, and render his life happy or miserable. It may become the source of errors, "both when it is too languid and when it is too vigorous. In the former case, the object is represented obscurely and indistinctly; in the latter, the ideal representation affords the illusive appearance of a sensible presentation." (Sir W. Hamilton's Logic, p. 426.) Hence arises the necessity of knowing how to regulate and govern it. This knowledge will contribute largely toward the harmonious development of the intellectual faculties, the formation of an evenly-balanced character, and the happiness of the present life. We may be permitted to suggest a few hints relative to its government.

I. *The imagination should not be weakened or suppressed for the sake of benefiting the other faculties of the mind.* It is said that nature has produced nothing which it does not need. This is true of the imagination. In the development of man nature is greatly assisted by the imagination. It acts an important part in his history. So long as it does not step out of its proper relation to the other faculties of the mind, it gloriously beams forth the dignity and nobility of man; it can not be dispensed with in any really great human act; it is a type of God's omniscience and omnipresence.

The imagination furnishes the intellect with most of its materials for forming ideas and judgments. True, the imagination derives most if not all images from the external world through the senses, yet much of what is presented to the senses would be lost, if it had not the power of holding up in the light of con-

sciousness the very image of the things after they had been removed from them. Nor is our intuitive knowledge of such a nature that the intellect may expend its activity upon it without the aid of the imagination. A description is merely an outline of an object; the imagination must aid us in apprehending and filling it up in order to give it a resemblance to reality. It leads the intellect from thought to thought, and from this train of associated thought it forms enchanting combinations. Sometimes in its playful freaks lie hidden the germs of great discoveries.

Persons of refined sensibilities are invested with additional charms by a well-regulated imagination. It reveals to them the glories of an inner world, which beam forth in their countenances and effuse themselves like a mighty stream through all their actions.

Again: by the imagination we hold fast the high aim and destiny of life; by it we discover the means necessary for attaining to that aim. To it belongs, in a great measure, that enthusiasm with which we must be filled in order to undertake the great and the difficult, to brave dangers and despise what prejudiced and narrow minds regard as great and noble.

If those higher things which lie beyond the boundary of the visible world, but to which the mind believingly and longingly turns, and which the will grasps as a stronghold in the storms of life, shall have a significance at all, the imagination must present them in symbols and invest them with a resemblance to reality. If our ideas are to influence our actions, they must be dressed in the pleasing garment of fancy. And what are the works of art but the productions of fancy—the perfect realization of the ideals of the imagination? Nor should we forget that the imagination measurably widens the narrow and contracted views of life, comforts the distressed, enlightens the unenlightened, sweetens the bitter cup of sorrow and disappointment.

II. *We should, therefore, take care that we enrich our imagination with none but true, beautiful, and good images.* The imagination can not give what it has not received; and yet much is required of it. The materials collected by it through the senses are not yet thought, but thought is formed therefrom. Therefore a rich, lively fancy is a necessary condition to wealth of thought. Men with an empty imagination are as incapable of receiving instruction as of producing great thoughts. A rich fancy may frequently occasion a conflict of ideas, from which proceed great truths, successful plans, and glorious results. The richer our

imagination is, the better it may indemnify us against the poverty of the world, and the more easily we may find in ourselves what we seek in vain elsewhere.

The images with which we enrich our imagination *should be true to nature*. Fancy may occasionally enhance their beauty, but only when their nature and reality have first been perfectly secured by the senses. From the true, the beautiful is produced; but the true must first enter our minds undimmed, before the imagination can reproduce it in its truthfulness and beauty. In the acquisition of knowledge it is indispensably necessary that the imagination should represent the true nature and form of things. Hence neither predilection nor prejudice should be allowed to dispose the imagination to magnify or diminish their real nature.

In perfect harmony, however, with the fidelity to nature of each image is the endeavor to enrich the imagination *with noble, good, and pleasing images*. For much of our happiness or misery depends upon the particular character and the relative kind and intensity of our imagination. "It is much less what we actually are, and what we actually possess, than what we imagine ourselves to be and to have, that is decisive of our existence and fortune." As an illustration of this remark we may adduce the example of the Roman patrician Apicius, who is said to have committed suicide when his fortune was reduced to about five hundred thousand dollars. The Roman epicure imagined that he could not subsist on what, to men in general, would seem more than affluence.

"Imagination, by the attractive and repulsive pictures with which, according to our habits and associations, it fills the frame of our life, lends to reality a magical charm, or despoils it of all its pleasantness. The imaginary happy and the imaginary miserable are common in the world, but their happiness and misery are not the less real; every thing depends on the mode in which they feel and estimate their condition. Fear, hope, the recollection of past pleasures, the torments of absence and of desire, the secret and almost resistless tendency of the mind toward certain objects, are the effects of association and imagination. At a distance things seem to us radiant with celestial beauty, or in the lurid aspect of deformity. Of a truth, in either case we are equally wrong. When the event which we dread, or which we desire, takes place, when we obtain, or when there is forced upon us, an object environed with a thousand hopes or with a thousand fears, we soon discover that we have expected too much or too little; we thought it by anticipation infinite in

good or evil, and we find it in reality not only finite but contracted. 'With the exception,' says Rousseau, 'of the self-existent Being, there is nothing beautiful, but that which is not.' In the crisis whether of enjoyment or suffering, happiness is not so much happiness, nor misery so much misery, as we had anticipated. In the past, thanks to a beneficent Creator, our joys reappear as purer and more brilliant than they had been actually experienced; and sorrow loses not only its bitterness, but is changed even into a source of pleasing recollections." (See Sir W. Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, p. 459.) Hence the saying of Cicero is true, "*Suavis laborum est præteritorum memoria*," while the words of Virgil and of the sacred penman are a consolation in present affliction, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," "all things work together for good," . . . "chastening . . . afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Hence, the imagination filled with pleasant, noble, and good pictures, can not fail to produce a serene and cheerful frame of life. Therefore, too, those to whom the education of the young is intrusted should endeavor to enrich the imagination of their pupils with true, pleasing, and noble pictures. The youthful mind is susceptible of receiving impressions either of the true, the beautiful, and the good, or of the evil and the erroneous. Dark pictures or evil impressions are seldom eradicated from the youthful mind. A gloomy fancy poisons the fountain of the inner life, corrupts the thoughts and passions, and determines to a great extent the future destiny of the young. Hence the necessity of carefully guarding their imagination.

But here it should be remembered that it is one thing *to enrich the imagination*, and another thing *to enrich the memory*. The imagination seizes an object in its natural living reality, and interweaves the picture thereof with its own innermost life; memory, on the other hand, receives and retains it in its cold, shadowy outline. A rich fancy produces new arrangements, forms, and combinations of the pictures of objects furnished to it by the senses, while a strong memory conserves or retains only the outlines and forms of these objects. He who simply conserves in his memory the perceptions of the senses, may indeed enrich his stock of knowledge without thereby growing mentally stronger. The imagination may be enriched by an independent and varied study of the world. This should be done, not so much with a desire of merely enriching our stock of knowledge, but with all the intensity of the mind, for the purpose of forming new

arrangements and combinations. But we must remember that the enrichment of the imagination is only a means to higher ends, and should not interfere with the attainment of these ends. It must not be allowed to obstruct mental activity, nor the formation of an evenly-balanced character. It should rather serve as a valuable aid to these processes. Neither the understanding nor the heart can draw much advantage from a rich fancy, if in its enrichment other faculties of the mind have been neglected.

III. *Next to the enrichment of the imagination, our attention is drawn to the manner of its activity.* This is of the utmost importance for the culture and development of man's mind and character. Here we have to consider particularly its *excitability and flexibility, its vivacity and fire, its power and boldness.* *Excitability and flexibility* are nearly related to each other. The imagination is *excitable*, when it is easily incited to activity; it is *flexible*, when it quickly enters upon and perseveringly continues the incited activity. The excitable imagination immediately forms a picture of whatever is perceived by the mind, and holds it up in the light of consciousness; while the flexible imagination passes rapidly from one picture to another, forms continually new combinations, and can with difficulty only be led back to the object of thought.

An excitable and flexible imagination is certainly of great advantage to its possessor. The talent to comprehend an object in its various relations; quickly to pronounce a correct judgment; in embarrassments to find immediately the proper means for rectification; intelligibly to communicate knowledge to others, and the capacity to receive instruction from others; to assemble and put together with quickness ideas, in which can be found resemblance and congruity, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure, called wit—all this depends upon an excitable and flexible imagination. But whenever its excitability and flexibility transcend their proper limits, it becomes injurious to the mind. It prevents fixedness of attention, diverts it from one object to another, and renders the mind incapable of investigation and research. All mental efforts will be characterized by superficiality; little or nothing great will ever be accomplished nor firmness of character secured.

An excitable and flexible imagination can not be acquired. It is the gift of nature. But whenever it is too strong in these particulars, it may be weakened. It is of great importance to do this in order to establish a manly character. And nothing is more conducive to the accomplishment of this end than awakening a

lively interest in, and pursuing with earnestness whatever course of study we may have chosen. We must take care not to give way to mental idleness, which fancy finds so agreeable, but properly use the power of will that we possess over our thoughts. Let that power energize our mental activity and control our imagination. It will thus be brought to submit to the dictates of reason without losing the advantage of its moderate and healthful exercise.

A vivacious imagination represents ideal objects in their definite individuality and relation; a fiery, in grand outlines and striking proportions. The former represents them with intuitive clearness, the latter in single but striking and important traits. The former tarries in silent contemplation with them; the latter rushes rapturously from one object to another. The fiery imagination is a distinctive characteristic of man; the vivacious, of woman. For the projection of grand plans, the comprehension of great ideas, and the formation of sublime resolutions a fiery imagination is necessary. Here reason should not despise its preparations, nor attempt to do without its assistance. What the flexible imagination is to the ordinary activity of the mind, the fiery is to its creative energy. Little depends upon the degree of its incalcescence—more upon its living, energetic, thoughtful activity and rapid but thorough progress. In this sense the vivacious imagination must rise to the fiery in order to reach the genius or inspiration of genuine art. Even in philosophical investigation the indications of a fiery fancy may become useful by giving it a higher flight, or leading it into unknown regions of thought. But care is to be taken that the fiery fancy does neither dispossess reason of its right to pronounce judgment, nor utter mystic sentences for solid truth.

Generally a fiery fancy is not without danger to the intellectual and moral character of its possessor. It may prevent calm reflection, or be satisfied with superficiality, where profound knowledge is both possible and necessary. It may substitute the mere glitter for the substance of things. It may throw its possessor from the even frame of life into the wild storms of human passion, and relentlessly goad him on from misfortune and disgrace to ruin and destruction. By one tremendous effort, soon flagged, it may exhaust its strength. It may soar to dangerous heights or throw itself into the wildest excesses. The fiery imagination may be kindled either by the temperament, or by one of the passions, or by a great idea. In the first instance it acts more uniformly and

possesses the power of self-restraint; in the second, it falls back upon the passion and goads it on beyond control; and in the third, it throws its possessor into a momentary transport of delight, and leads him to form grand but often chimerical plans, the execution of which becomes almost impossible. Hence the intrinsic worth of that idea is to be sought, in order to guard against error and bring it into harmony with the grand purpose of life.

A fiery fancy is never to be guarded with greater watchfulness than during the period of youth. Here its fire blazes the strongest and receives the most dangerous nourishment; here it often spreads with wonderful rapidity, laying waste the fairest garden of hope and virtue. The noblest and tenderest feelings are often consumed by the fire of a wild fancy. The study of such sciences which demand the attention of reason; the reading of such books that lead to reflection; the habit of thoroughly investigating and proving all things; the careful culture of the moral faculties, and a careful preparation for the fulfillment of life's mission—these are the surest means of preventing such disastrous consequences—means, the application of which is often required, even in later years, to check a too strong imagination and establish a solid and evenly-balanced character.

A strong imagination needs little assistance from without. Having, indeed, derived its material and first incitement to activity from the senses or from experience, it forms its own world and moves firmly and freely in it. Once cut loose from the senses or experience, it soars, and lives, and acts above them, and infuses its life and strength into its grand and wonderful creations; while a weak imagination must ever recur to the senses for material, and yet accomplish little or nothing. Men of strong imagination are able to grasp and consider, from all sides, great ideas, and apply them to the grand purpose of life. A strong imagination is necessary to aid reason whenever important changes in the existing state of affairs are to be effected or great reforms inaugurated. But at the same time the other faculties of the mind should be equally well developed. Without this, a strong imagination leads to empty speculations or fantastic dreams. Woe to that man whose bodily and mental enervation, superinduced by excessive luxury, has produced an unnatural strength of the imagination! It is deficient of genuine life, and will, after a few spasmodic efforts, soon become torpid.

The imagination becomes bold when in its strength it transcends every limit set by the reality of things. It scorns the narrow rule

by which the senses or experience furnish it with materials for its activity. It recognizes only those laws that arise from the highest power of man and from the idea of the infinite. Although reason is unable to follow its bold flights, because more or less fettered by the senses, yet it in turn exercises constantly a tutorship over it. It delights continually to revel in the idea of the infinite, although conscious of its inability to grasp it.

A bold imagination may either lacerate the heart through a gloomy disposition, or elevate the spirit by means of a cheerful frame of mind. To the artist, when regulated and inspired by his own genius, it is of great service in forming grand and beautiful combinations. It becomes disorderly and destructive when it is the pliant tool of low and corrupt passions. Under their control it revels in regions either of voluptuous pleasures or of horrible woes. It not only contemns the law of experience—that is, the law by which knowledge ordinarily is acquired—but also the cultivation of the intellect. Through its influence true faith degenerates into superstition, and zeal into fanaticism. In every department of life it causes disorder and ruin. It robs the soul of its strength, the mind of its symmetry, the character of its firmness, and eventually brings about a general wreck of man.

IV. *Lastly, we may be permitted to mark a few rules for the government of the imagination.*

1. *We should take care not to allow the imagination to exercise too great an influence over the affairs of life.* It should be kept under the strict control both of reason and virtue. Guided by reason it may invest the actual state of affairs with an ideal beauty sufficient to awaken a lively interest in their management. But nevertheless we should view the world, with its wants, just as it is, and not as it appears in the decorations of a brilliant fancy. We must not allow the materials that constitute the actual economy of the world to rise up to fancy's sight in fictitious forms, which it can not disenchant into plain reality; but we must go about with sober, rational inspection, and ascertain the true nature and value of all things around us. We must examine with careful minuteness the real condition of affairs, and not be content with ignorance of it, because environed with something more delicious than such knowledge in the paradise which imagination creates. There every thing is beautiful and noble as could be desired to form the residence of an angel. "If a tenth part of the felicities that have been enjoyed, the great

actions that have been performed, the beneficent institutions that have been established, and the beautiful objects that have been seen in that happy region, could have been imparted into this terrestrial place—what a delightful thing it would have been to awake each morning to see such a world once more!”

Once in the habit of being guided by the imagination rather than by reason, we shall sooner or later wake up to sad disappointments and bitter experiences. Neither our own condition nor that of the world will thereby be improved. But, on the other hand, we shall see the pillars of our support and contentment gradually crumbling from beneath us, leaving us an easy prey to incurable melancholy and utter hopelessness. Hence reason and imagination should coöperate and balance each other in the affairs of life, and improvement and success will be secured.

2. *In the regions of thought and reflection also the imagination should sustain only a co-ordinate if not subordinate relation.* It is the business of the intellect to discover and elaborate truth, so as to become a part of the furniture of the mind. It is the business of the imagination to arrange, combine, and reproduce in true pictures what the intellect furnishes. If in the process of thought we allow the imagination to be supreme, instead of clear conceptions we shall have only indistinct images, confused impressions, and dim outlines of things. We then believe we *understand* them, while we have only crude notions concerning them; we imagine that we are *thinking*, while we are only dreaming. Clear conceptions alone lead to genuine wisdom and consequent right action. The evidence that we possess true wisdom and knowledge is the power to analyze and communicate it to others. Whatever has been thoroughly studied can be intelligibly communicated. To say, “I feel how or what a thing is, but I can not describe it,” is generally an evidence that one is given to reveries.

3. *We should carefully avoid reverie, or castle-building.* This is a kind of waking dream, and does not differ from dreaming except by the consciousness which accompanies it. “In this state the mind abandons itself, without a choice of subject, without control over the mental train, to the involuntary associations of the imagination. The mind is thus properly occupied without being properly active; it is active, at least without effort. Young persons, women, the old, the unemployed, and the idle, are all disposed to reverie. There is a pleasure attached to its illusions which renders it as seductive as it is dangerous. The mind, by in-

dulgence in this dissipation, becomes enervated; it acquires the habit of a pleasing idleness, loses its activity, and at length even the power and the desire of action.” (Sir W. Hamilton.)

4. *Not less carefully should we avoid every one-sided tendency of the imagination.* If we allow our fancy to follow some particular train of thought—to which it is so easily inclined—to the exclusion of all others, the harmony of the intellectual faculties becomes disturbed and the clearness of the understanding dimmed. All other intellectual pursuits are rejected; the mind recurs constantly to the favorite idea and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever it is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish. The symmetrical development of the mind requires fancy to collect and assist reason to elaborate whatever of the true, the beautiful, and the good the various departments of life may furnish.

5. *Finally, the imagination should be strictly kept pure from whatever is immoral and polluting.* No impure picture or thought should ever be allowed to make the least impression upon the fancy. Let it never dally with sin in any of its fascinating forms. Sin is not so sweet as fancy represents it. Bitter anguish, woe, and ruin are its inevitable consequence. Whoever desires to preserve a pure heart must carefully watch the workings of his imagination and quickly suppress what conscience condemns. Only the pure in heart shall see God.

WEALTH.

EXCESSIVE wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out, but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation; who looks upon his fellow-creatures, not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he to be their lord; as if they were made for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but trust me, he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in a fortune, a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that; and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint and weary pilgrim.

"AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

BY AVANHELLE L. HOLMES.

"We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light."

IT had been raining all day. The heavy clouds covered the face of the weeping sky, as we have seen a mourning veil drawn closely over a pale, hushed, tearful face to hide its darkness and gloom from the gaze of the world. All day long the murmur of the rain-drops on the shingles had crept like a sweet undersong into our hearts, and more than once as some voice had broken out in that pretty song—"The rain on the roof," we had echoed the lines:

"Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart."

But now just as the day was dying, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, the clouds suddenly parted and the sunlight broke through, soft and tremulous at first, as if afraid to trust itself amid so much gloom, then clear, strong, and full, it grew brighter, and deepened, and widened into a glorious flood of radiance that lighted up all the hills and forests and made the whole earth beautiful.

The rain-drops glittered like gems on the leaves and flowers, the tendrils of the vines looked as if strung with pearls, and the landscape seemed radiant with light and beauty. The clouds, lately so gloomy and dark, were tipped with gold and flecked with crimson, and far in the east lifting its arch against them was a rainbow.

I opened the window, and, leaning out, broke a spray from a bush of white roses that grew beneath it, and held it up a moment all gleaming with pearly drops, then laid it gently in the lap of our sweet guest, dear Mary Bayne, as she sat in the great easy chair with her pale face resting against the cushions, and her brown eyes gazing away through the window at the glory of the sunset.

"What are you dreaming of now, Mary?" I asked as I made my offering.

"I'm not dreaming, Kate; I am thinking of that sweet promise—'At evening-time it shall be light.' This day has been dark and clouded as many a life is, and now at evening it is light

as the evening of many a life is. O, Kate, I love that hymn beginning—

'We journey through a vale of tears.'

She paused a moment, then sang it softly through with a fervor and pathos that nearly melted my cold heart. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she sang the last verse. She looked as if she had caught a gleam of the light that is veiled to mortal eyes. She spoke to me fervently:

"O, Kate, that hymn has comforted me so many, many times when life has seemed all cloudy and dark to me!"

"Have you been in the shadow, Mary?" I asked surprised, for I did not know her past history, and she was always so serene and peaceful that I, thoughtless and careless as I was, never dreamed that she had suffered. A shade crept over her face and the sweet lips grew so hard with pain that I wished that I had not asked the question. But she answered calmly soon:

"Yes, dear Kate, and may God grant that they may not be so dark to you as they have been to me! I have known many sorrows, Kate, and have lived to see all my nearest and dearest friends laid in the tomb."

"O, Mary, and you so young!"

"Yes, dear; shall I tell you about it? I feel like talking of the past this evening, and may be some time if you have trials like mine it will strengthen you to know who my Helper is."

"Tell me, Mary dear," I answered softly, as I sat down on a low seat beside her and laid my head in her lap.

A beam of parting sunlight crept in and lay on my cheek. I felt it there, but it was not that which touched my heart. A tear fell upon my face and Mary's white hand rested tremblingly on my hair.

"Dear Kate," she said, hugging me close to her heart, "you remind me so often of my only sister—my darling, idolized sister."

Her voice faltered and grew husky and choked, but in a few minutes she controlled it and went on.

"She was younger than I, and after our parents died she was my dearest care. She had the same dark, wavy hair, the same clear, hazel eyes, the same merry smile and happy manners and disposition that you have, dear, and she used to come and nestle at my feet in this way, and lay her head in my lap while she told me all her plans for the future. O, I loved her so! I watched the unfolding of her sweet womanhood, watched her when she first dreamed of

love, and watched her when she died of a broken heart."

"Tell me about her, Mary," I said, and thought of the cloud that seemed threatening me, and wondered if I should die of a broken heart.

"It is a short, sad, sad story. She loved and her love was trifled with. The man who sought and won it cast it aside after a time and left her only a darkened life. But she inherited my mother's frail constitution, and the hereditary disease of her family, consumption, and when this blow fell on her, she drooped and faded, and her young life seemed wholly crushed. She lingered a few months, growing dearer and lovelier to the last, and one evening, just such a one as this, she begged to be drawn to the window to see the sun set. The light rested like a glory upon her fair, pale brow, and just as the last rays were trembling across the hills she closed her eyes, murmured softly, 'I see the other shore, and it is not far across—the boat is waiting—good-by!' and went away to be with the angels."

She paused a little time and our tears fell together for that sweet, wasted life. Then she went on again.

"After that we three, my two brothers and I, lived on together in the old home. They were older than I, and loved me dearly. I think that they feared that they would lose me too, and so they guarded me tenderly, and spared no pains to make me happy and contented. But all their tenderness could not have comforted me if I had not known of a surer comfort, that which is found in the love of God. I had long before learned to look to my Heavenly Father for all things, and in this sorrow I knew where to go. O, Kate, it was sweet to feel that I had only to reach out my hand amid the darkness of that hour and my Father was ready to lead me safely on, and his promises told me that it should not always be dark.

"But soon another drop was added to my cup of woe. My eldest brother, who had never been strong, contracted a cold by exposure, and in one short year after my sister died we laid him beside her, the victim of our hereditary disease. It was terrible, terrible, this new sorrow, for I had so leaned on him, had so depended on him, that it seemed as if one of the stays of my life was gone. But Fred was left to me, and God was left to me, and I still had something to live for. That was five years ago.

"Four years ago I learned to love. O, it was sweet to feel that even here on this sad earth there was yet a gleam of joy for me; and for a few months I cherished my love-dream as

a miser might his gold. But there was war in the land, and the man whom I loved was true to his country and her flag. And my brother, too, my only living brother said to me, 'Mary, dear, if you could spare me I would not stand here idle in this hour of my country's need.' I saw how his heart was throbbing with noble patriotism, and I went away to my chamber, creeping along like a stricken thing, only saying to him, 'Wait a little.' I went to my Father with it and gave all my care to him, and when I grew stronger and braver I went down to my brother and gave him to his country and to God.

"And they went away together—the man whom I loved next to God and my country, and the young brother who was all I had. They went away and I never saw them again, never! True, they brought my brother home from the hospital, where his young life went out, but they brought him in his coffin, and when they carried him over the threshold of the home that he had left desolate, I was not conscious of the loss that I had sustained, for the sight of the hearse that brought his remains from the cars scared the life from my bosom, and I was insensible to grief. So they took him away and laid him beside the others whom I had lost, and I lay at the brink of the river of death for many days, yet did not cross.

"When I came back to a consciousness of grief they told me how he had died, and then they told me another tale of a battle-field and an unmarked grave that held some one's darling, and I knew whose it was. Life was very dark to me after that for many months, but the power of the love of God upheld me and I did not sink. I felt that the parting would not be long.

"It will not be long now till I shall be at home, and O, Kate, as the short day of my life closes down, I can truly say that 'it is light.' You have grown very dear to me since I have been among you. I came here to pay a last visit to the mother of him whom I loved, and I have made many dear friends among strangers, whom I hope to know in the better land. And you, Kate, dear Kate, so like my angel sister, I love you dearly! Will you meet me beyond the river? Shall the friendship begun here below become stronger and dearer up there? Promise me, Kate, that you will seek the favor of God and learn to trust him before the shadows come."

"O, Mary," I sobbed, all melted down, "I will try to be good!"

"Thank God, Kate!"

"But, Mary dear, you must not talk of dy-

ing; you are so young to die. You will get well and be happy yet, I hope."

"No, Kate, I shall never be well here. I grow weaker day by day, and I know that I am getting very near home. There are five graves on the hill-side and one in the far South, and well I know that very soon the seventh will be made. But I'm not afraid to die; it is only going to sleep, and I shall awake in heaven."

She ceased speaking, and we sat very still for many minutes, and then I arose to light the lamps, and left her sitting there singing softly to herself—

"When tempest-clouds are dark on high
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly from the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease."

She left us in a few days to return to her distant home, and soon I received a letter from her. It was full of trust and peace, and read thus:

"*My Dear Friend*,—You can not know how calm and happy I am in these my last days. It is beautiful to feel that I am getting so near home. I know that I shall soon be at rest, and that I shall see and know the friends who are waiting for me in heaven. I think often of our talk that evening after the rain, and of the promise that you gave me then. God help you to keep it, Kate; for you know not what life may bring to you, and even if the morning and the noon be bright, the shadows may settle down darkly at even if you have not the light that comes from God to make it bright. But O, Kate, if you have that light, it matters not how dark the day may be, there will be light at even.

"I am growing weaker daily and am now unable to leave my couch, but I am proving the truth of those beautiful lines,

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

"These may be the last lines that you will ever receive from my pen. If so, you will know that I am safe with my Father, where there is no sorrow, neither any sighing, but where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes.

"As a token of my remembrance I send you Jennie's picture and a lock of her hair. Lay them beside mine, and when you look at them remember her who loved you. You will see that the hair is like yours, and that the eyes too resemble your own. Ah! I pray that you may not be like her in suffering. You are just as old as she was when she died. God grant you a longer and a happier life.

"I can write no more, for I am too weak. When this reaches you I may be at home with all my loved ones. Give one tear to my memory and try to meet me over the river. Strive to work for God—to live so that the world shall be better for your having lived in it. May God bless you with the choicest blessings that Heaven can bestow! May all the joys that I once hoped would be mine be yours! But O, above all, may you feel in the evening of life that the love and presence of God can make it light, is the prayer of MARY BAYNE."

I wept many tears over this letter, and I vowed that, God helping me, I would meet her in heaven. A few days afterward I heard of her death. The mother of him whom she had loved was with her in that dying hour, and she told me how beautiful a scene it was.

She said that just at sunset Mary awoke from a deep sleep, and seeing that the sun was sinking she smiled and begged that they would sing her favorite hymn. They did so, and as the last line died away—"At eve it shall be light"—she clasped her hands and murmured, "Yes, it is light! it is light! but O, the light to be yet revealed! That will outshine it all. I'm almost home. I see the light in the window!"

She lay very still for a few moments with her eyes closed, then opening them and fixing them on some glorious scene she exclaimed, "The light! the light! I'm home!" and sinking back on her pillow closed her eyes and slept in Jesus.

They buried her in the graveyard beside the loved ones who slept there, and placed on her tombstone the simple inscription, "At evening-time it was light," and left her there at rest.

Since then I have learned to walk in the light, and I hope to meet her in the home to which I now have a title. I have had trials since then, and the shadows have sometimes settled darkly about my path; but the blow which fell upon me did not crush me, for I turned to Him from whom cometh help and realized the blessedness of having a Father.

It is beautiful to love God while the sunshine lasts, but O, it is blessed to have his arm to lean on when the tempest comes! It is sweet to know that he gives us all our mercies, but O, it is bliss to know that when trial and sorrow come, when clouds gather, when all earthly help fails, he is a sure refuge, a safe retreat, an invincible tower of strength, where we may flee and be safe.

"Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled—
At eve it shall be light."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

ON the evening of the resurrection day, two disciples were journeying from Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus, situated somewhere in its immediate neighborhood. They were not of the twelve, and the name of only one of them is known to us. As they walked along the road, they conversed about the wondrous event which perplexed and distressed them. The death of Jesus as the Messiah was to them an inextricable riddle. It crossed all their previous beliefs, and seemed as a wall of adamant opposing all their hopes. His reported resurrection was if possible still more mysterious and irreconcilable with all that had been, or was ever likely to be. What did it mean? What was the truth about it? They knew not! All they knew was that nothing had happened according to their anticipations and hopes, although these were built apparently on the surest and most certain grounds. In the mean time they were going home utterly confused and cast down in spirit.

As they pursued their Sabbath journey, a stranger suddenly joined them and asked, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?" Then those simple men, amazed at the seeming ignorance of the stranger about matters with which the whole city was ringing, answered, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" And he, without declaring what he knew or did not know, but wishing to draw them out, the better to prepare their minds for what he had to impart, asked, "What things?" And they, thankful, I doubt not, to get out their hearts to any one who would hear their story, and thereby get some relief to their sorrow, told him concerning Jesus of Nazareth—how he was a prophet mighty in deed and in word before God and all the people—how the chief priests and the rulers of their own nation had delivered him to be condemned to death, and had crucified him—and how they themselves had up to that moment trusted that it was he who would redeem Israel. And now, strange to say, on this the third day after these things were done, certain women of their company had made them astonished, who had been early that morning at the sepulcher, and had not found his body, but said they had seen a vision of angels who declared that he was alive! nay, more, some of the company had gone to the sepulcher and had found it empty, even as the women had said.

Such was their simple story. And was it indeed all over with Jesus and Christianity? Was that living One extinguished? Had he reared false hopes which were never to be fulfilled, and kindled a love in human bosoms which was to be like an earthly affection only, a thing of memory till its object was met in another and purer world? Was all this marvelous history of the last three years—this history of wonders done before the living God and living men—a phantasm only, a delusion, a dream, ended amid wounds, and blood, and death on the hill of skulls, and of corruption in the rich man's tomb? O for light! but whence shall it arise?

On the first evening of Adam's life with what wonder must he have beheld the sun, which had filled the world with beauty and glory, suddenly sink in the west leaving thick darkness, which concealed all Eden from his eye? What were his thoughts and perplexities during that first midnight in human history? Whatever they were, they were all ended by the same heavenly luminary rising again, as a bridegroom from his couch of gold and curtains of every gorgeous hue, to pursue his course along the fields of the azure sky. Thus rose the great Son of Righteousness, the mighty Bridegroom of the Church, from the grave, bringing life and light from the most unexpected quarter, to his benighted and desponding people. "Blessed are they who wait for the Lord as those who watch for the morning!" This blessedness was experienced by the disciples; for it soon appeared that the mysterious Stranger was not ignorant of the things which had taken place in Jerusalem. Suddenly turning to his fellow-travelers, he uttered those strange words: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to have entered into his glory?" And then he appealed to those Old Testament Scriptures which we now possess, and opened them up to men who, as pious Jews, knew their letters at least, if they did not as yet understand their deeper teaching; and he showed how Moses, and the Psalms, and the prophets, by word, and type, and symbol, all spoke of Christ—all gave one testimony that he must suffer the very things which puzzled them—that he must have entered into his glory by the grave. Hence their very difficulties in believing Jesus to be the Messiah were turned into arguments in favor of it; the very things at which they stumbled, were just those things which ought to have happened if Jesus was what he announced himself to have been. Their hearts began to burn and glow with new hope and joy, as his words, like the very

breath of heaven, fanned the flame. Can it be that the death, burial, and resurrection of their beloved Jesus of Nazareth, were heaven's own signs of the Messiah for whom they and the nation had longed? O, glad thought! it seems too good to be true. Their hearts burn, but their lips are silent. One thing only they feel, an attachment to this stranger, a longing to know more about him, to hear more of his new truth from his lips, to have their doubts forever dispelled, and their faith confirmed in all they wished to be true.

And now they have reached their destination. The stranger made as if he would pass on; for he will again test their faith, and prepare them to receive the fullness of the blessing. Ah! they can not part from him; they must see more of him. He has been an unspeakable comfort to them in their sorrow, and so they constrain him, saying, "*Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*" Be our guest, share the hospitalities of our lowly home. "And he went in to tarry with them." The simple meal is spread, and all meet around the table. The stranger takes bread as if he were the head of the house, and "blessing it, he brake it, and gave it to them." The sign is thus given that the Living Bread is there—that it is not dead—that it has been offered for the life of the world, and "that whosoever eats of it shall never die." In the midst of this light of truth thus brought to their remembrance, Jesus revealed himself and vanished from their sight.

MY THREE HOMES.

BY MRS. L. B. CURTIS.

FAR away amid the mountains, stands a cottage small
and brown,
Where the sunlight loves to linger on the roof with
moss o'ergrown;
Where the shadows fall so gently, and the twilight gath-
ers deep,
Folding cottage, stream, and mountain in a calm and
holy sleep.
O, I love the pleasant visions that in mem'ry come to me,
For I've treasured up a picture of each hill, and rock,
and tree;
And to-night the sound of voices falls upon my ear
again,
And I catch the distant music of some old, familiar
strain.
But 't is strange! no childish laughter 'mid the old
woods echoes now,
While my mother's step is feeble, and deep lines are on
her brow.
And the dark-brown locks I parted from my father's
brow of yore,

Have grown thin from many Winters, and are thickly
silvered o'er.

Ah, how light and shade are blending in the picture, as
I gaze

Backward down life's changing vista to the scenes of
early days!

But a long, wide way divides us, and long years I know
may come,

Ere life's journey brings my footsteps to the dear old
childhood's home.

Where the grand old prairies widen, and the wild flow-
ers open fair,

There is many a home of beauty, and my own is nestling
there;

It is not the home of childhood, not a semblance can I
trace

Of the mountain, rock, or wild-wood, near the old fa-
miliar place.

But my life has grown more gladsome and a deeper joy
I've known,

Since another tie is added, and my heart is not alone.

There's new beauty in the landscape, softer music in the
breeze,

For the brightness of affection helps the soul to garner
these.

And now my blue-eyed baby like a bud of promise rare
Wakes new beauty in life's garden where before 't was
passing fair;

And I love to think the sunshine lighting up her golden
head,

Is an emblem of the brightness that shall on her path
be shed.

As I sit amid my treasures, and recall the buried years,
Giving now a smile of gladness, bathing oft some scene
in tears—

How my heart in fondness lingers where such blessed
mem'ries come,

Round the fireside and the altar, where I knelt so oft
at home!

O, I love to trace the record I have kept in mem'ry
long,

And to scan the treasured pictures that in all her cham-
bers throng.

Yet they tell me all is fading—friends my heart holds
dear to-day,

May, to-morrow, glide in silence to those dim old halls
away.

Ah, we've no abiding city, we are seeking one to come,
Where a house by hands not builded is our everlasting
home;

Where no night of sorrow darkens, and no eye is dim
with tears,

For a glory and a gladness marks the bright, unchang-
ing years.

There, when all life's scenes are o'er, may the circle
loved below,

In the olden home of childhood, and the home so pre-
cious now,

With unbroken links be gathered where no bitter part-
ings come,

And our earthly ties be strengthened in that brighter,
better home.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.

BY MARTHA D. HARRIS.

NO subject of history is more fruitful of romance, more diversified by alternate success and defeat, more noted for daring and perilous adventure, than the early settlements of America. Spain, by right of discovery, claimed the New World, and sent out more than one expedition to it. Bands of men devoted to their Jesuit faith, unscrupulous what means they took to conquer the country, brave and sagacious in the warfare in which they were continually engaged, but utterly devoid of principle—seeking gold more than the establishing of their king's authority, and the conversion of the Indians—they were not the ones to form permanent and growing settlements on the new continent. They were wanderers, pursuing, amid dangers at whose recital the heart sickens, an Eldorado of fancy.

France, too, sent her colonists; adventurers like those of Spain, and of but little better quality—Huguenots seeking to escape persecution, but lacking the steady purpose and calm devotion, which a half century later made the Puritans successful; impoverished or restless nobles, piratical seamen, men whose patrimony was the sword; mixed, disorderly bands. The history of the attempts of the two countries to colonize and conquer the New World, of their warfare with the Indians, their fiercer struggles with the perils of the wilderness—heat, starvation, and sickness—and, withal, the collisions between the two nations, form a chapter dark with crime and bloodshed. Yet no theme has more absorbing interest; and seeing how little has been done in this field, we give a cordial welcome to Mr. Parkman's volume, "Pioneers of France in the New World."

In the Introduction the writer says that he has, he thinks, "exhausted the existing material on every subject treated." He has done far more than this. Only those who know what the labor of a historian, searching for truth among the forgotten, incomplete, and sometimes unreliable records of a past age, and from these rough materials bringing a perfect and beautiful whole, is, can appreciate Mr. Parkman's work. The disadvantages of his position were great. In his own words, "During the past eighteen years the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it, at best, within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. A condition of sight, arising from kindred causes, has also retarded

the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for more than five minutes, and often not at all." Laboring under these difficulties, Mr. Parkman has produced a valuable and deeply-interesting history of the early French explorations and settlements in America.

The true historian, in relating the story of this, or indeed of any time, must tell more than the bare events. He must investigate motives; must know the manners and customs, the social and political intrigues of the age; the character of the leaders, and those led. He must, in a manner, identify himself with the persons described. For this Mr. Parkman is well fitted. A wide traveler, he has crossed the Rocky Mountains by the war-path of the Indians, penetrated beyond the bounds of civilization on the northern coast, and, with only the path of the savage to guide him, has entered wildernesses yet untouched by man. He has lived, in part, with the Indians, has studied their character and ways, and, knowing them thoroughly, views them, not in the sickly light of romance, but with the calmness of a cultured and Christian man. He knows, too, the secrets of forest life, and, as in the part of history he has chosen we are led directly away from courts and civilization into unknown wildernesses, by this knowledge, his pages are rendered doubly interesting. His diction is elevated and impressive, and he has the power of concentrating into brief and brilliant sentences facts it has taken no little time to learn. In nothing does he rely upon his fancy. His most brilliant descriptions are copied from nature; his most dramatic situations are a transcript of the real. Around the bare and horrible record of murder, treachery, and suffering, he has thrown the interest of romance. His heroes seem almost living; the scenes described are present to the eye, and the skeleton of fact, in his hands, becomes endued with life.

Mingled with the adventures of the French and Spanish are descriptions of the country through which they passed; descriptions which, in reading, seem more like the pictures of fancy than reality. The wilderness is no strange ground to his feet. Its wonders of tree and flower, its silvery rivers, its broad savannas, its tropical wealth of verdure, are all known to him; and, to a philosopher, vivid and terrible is the contrast between these beautiful, virgin solitudes and the men who came to them. In the heat of Summer one might shiver over his description of a Canadian Winter; in the cold of December have pictures of tropical warmth and beauty by opening to the story

of adventure in Florida. And this power of description, this ability of taking into his historical picture the splendors of nature; this seeing not men, merely, but the things that surround them; the wan moon hanging over the still river up which go the voyagers; the cool woods opened to receive their hot feet; the glory of sunrise and sunset, we hold one of Mr. Parkman's excellencies. It brings before us the place and time, and renders the scene much more real.

It would be impossible—and perhaps, also, unnecessary—to give any abstract of this book. So mixed in their character are the events of which it treats, so slight the things on which the destiny of the colonies seem to turn, that it would be hard to give any clear and brief analysis of them. Yet of one or two of the characters we can speak; a few of these brilliant historical pictures can be mentioned.

In the Introduction Mr. Parkman briefly contrasts the progress of France and England in the New World. "The growth of New England was a result of the aggregate efforts of a busy multitude, each in his narrow circle toiling for himself to gather competence or wealth. The expansion of New France was the achievement of a giant ambition, striving to grasp a continent." "New France was all head;" "New England a body without a head." He then briefly gives the history of the first Spanish adventurers in the New World: Ponce de Leon, Garay, Vasquez de Ayllon, Narvaez, De Soto, and Canello. The expeditions very nearly repeat the same story. A voyage and landing made with much pomp and the highest hopes, a march into the wilderness, great suffering, in most cases the death of the leaders, and the bones of half the company left bleaching in the unknown land; the return to Europe of the broken and despairing remnant. In spite of the Pope's grant of America to Spain; in spite of her attempts to occupy it, the French were destined first to found colonies in Florida.

In the middle of the sixteenth century France was full of a "discordant and struggling vitality." Ruled by Catherine de Medicis, a woman unrivaled in duplicity; with nobles, priests, and bishops, seeking only their own advancement and pleasure; the dukes of Guise heading the Catholic party, Conde and Navarre leaning toward the new religion, and the queen standing between the two; amid all this the reformation was slowly progressing, and fagot and torture were powerless to put it down. Among its leaders, the firmest, truest man of Catherine's court, was Gaspar de Coligny, and it was through him that the first Huguenot settle-

ments in America were made. Three expeditions were sent out. The first was under the command of Villegagnon, a man of wonderful intellect and bravery, but vain, ambitious, and lacking in judgment. Leaning partly to the Reform, he yet belonged to the priestly order. A Jesuit with Jesuits, a Huguenot with Huguenots, he dilated to the king on the glory of conquering the fair land, and converting its heathen inhabitants, and to Coligny pictured an asylum for the reformers in the New World. In the name of the king two vessels were prepared. The emigrants were principally Huguenots, but there were not a few ambitious noblemen and piratical sailors. In November, 1555, they entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro, then called Ganabara, built a fort, and established a colony. Reinforcements came, and, for a time, all went well. Then Villegagnon became involved with the Huguenot ministers in discussions on points of doctrine. Finally he renounced the new religion to adopt one of his own make, drove the ministers from the island, and soon after sailed back to Europe. Left to itself, the little colony struggled on for a time; but before the end of 1558 it was attacked by the Portuguese and destroyed.

Another expedition followed in 1562, commanded by a seaman of tact and experience named Jean Ribaut. They entered the St. John's River, and, delighted with the aspect of the country, built a fort there. Ribaut sailed back to France, leaving there some thirty men. The colony were attacked by famine, and its members resolved to return to their native land. With great labor they built a small brigantine, placed on it their supply of provisions, and sailed. They were becalmed, and so nearly starved that they killed and ate one of their number; and, when within sight of France, were captured by an English vessel and carried to Elizabeth.

Two years later a third expedition—started as before by Coligny—was sent. The command was given to Rene de Laudonniere. They sailed, as the other party had, to the St. John, and five miles up the river built a fort called, in honor of their king, Fort Caroline. Two of the ships sailed back to France, a third remained. Then came revolt; the rude, mixed materials of which the colony was composed could not readily be reduced to submission. Plots against Laudonniere's life were formed; and in the track of revolt came famine. The Indians once friends were now enemies, and refused to furnish them supplies. The garrison was half starved, when, in August, relief came in the ships of Sir John Hawkins, the father

of the English slave-trade. The colonists had already resolved to return to France, and he offered them one of his ships for the voyage. Laudonniere accepted, and paid for it with the cannon of the fort. The generous slaver also supplied them with provisions for the passage. While, having prepared to depart, the colonists were waiting for fair winds, another squadron approached. It was Jean Ribaut, bringing with him reinforcements and provisions. The new colonists were landed, tents were pitched, and the borders of the St. John were crowded with busy life. And just when all seemed most prosperous came the greatest blow of all—the collision between French and Spanish, Huguenot and Catholic.

The leader of the Spanish expedition, which founded St. Augustine and destroyed Fort Caroline, was Menendez. His early life had been wild; his tastes were for an adventurous career, and the New World seemed the appropriate field for his talents and ambition. A devout Catholic, he considered the destruction of the Huguenots and conversion of the Indians a pious duty. In 1592, with eleven ships in his command, he sailed for Florida. His commission from the king made him Adelantado, with sole dominion over the country he should conquer. The expedition was at his own cost, and it was expected that the settlement of the Huguenots on the St. John would be destroyed.

Off the coast of Florida he encountered Ribaut's fleet, but no battle taking place, he sailed farther south, and founded St. Augustine. From here he marched with five hundred men to attack Fort Caroline. It was unprotected, for Ribaut had sailed away with his fleet, hoping to meet and conquer the enemy on the sea. At the time no assault was expected, Laudonniere was sick, and no guards were placed round the fort. The way was clear for the Spaniards, and the gray dawn of the 19th of September saw, at Fort Caroline, a most horrible massacre. The surprised and defenseless garrison begged in vain for mercy; Menendez spared none, and on the trees beneath which he had slaughtered his victims he placed an inscription, saying that he killed them, "not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics." A few—Laudonniere among the number—escaped to the woods, and finding their way to shore were picked up by a vessel belonging to the fleet, and after a hard voyage reached Europe.

The massacre of Fort Caroline, however, was not the only deed of blood performed by Menendez. The ships of Ribaut, tossed about in a tempest of remarkable fury, were, at length, cast upon shore, and the crews, companies of

sick and starving men, started for Fort Caroline, of whose fate they were ignorant. One of the parties, numbering between one and two hundred, having encamped on shore, Menendez marched against them. By fair promises he induced them to surrender themselves to him. Their arms were taken away, their hands tied, they were marched into the woods and murdered. The next day the Indians came to Menendez, saying that a larger party were encamped where the other had been. As before, the Spaniard ambushed his men, and met the French courteously. As before, by promises of safe treatment, he enticed them into his power. Then the butchery of the day before was repeated. To this party belonged Ribaut.

Such were the details of this horrible massacre; "a picture dark and lurid in its coloring." Menendez sent a full account to Philip of Spain. "Say to him," was the king's answer, "that he has done well."

When the massacre became known in France, the friends and relatives of the victims sent to Charles IX a petition for redress; but the weak king gave no answer to the Huguenot cry for vengeance. To the energy of a private gentleman, Dominique de Gourgues, the avenging of Fort Caroline was due. By the sale of his ancient inheritance he raised money sufficient to equip three small vessels. Keeping his real purpose from his followers he sailed; then, when off the coast of Cuba, revealed his plans, and by his fiery eloquence persuaded his men to make the attempt. He sailed up the St. Mary's, and finding the Indians hostile to the Spaniards, joined a large body of them to his force. With great difficulty they struggled through the swamp, and succeeded in surprising the garrison. Then Fort Caroline was avenged. The few who escaped the blows of the Indians and the swords of the French were hung on the trees beneath which Menendez had slain his victims; and over them the inscription was burnt into a tablet of pine, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Gourgues's mission was accomplished, and having destroyed the fort he sailed back to France. His vengeance, however, was not complete. Menendez, instigator and leader of the massacre, was spared—spared to rise higher in the favor of the Spanish court, and at the age of fifty-five to die quietly, crowned with honors, and soothed by the consolations of the religion whose opponents he had murdered.

With the account of Gourgues's vengeance the first part of Mr. Parkman's volume closes. It is a problem for the believer in Providence to

solve, of what possible good these early struggles were; what result all this blood and suffering brought to the New World. All we can say is, that it was but a repetition on the new continent of the struggle then going on in the old.

Failures as these first settlements were, it, perhaps, becomes us to inquire the reasons why they did not succeed. The Huguenots came to the New World seeking an Eldorado of hope. The enchantment of mystery which hung over the unknown land was one of its chief attractions. They were gold-seekers. They sought a home in the New World not for refuge alone, but for its supposed wealth of treasure; and there is no more terrible illustration of the truth of Christ's saying, "Ye can not serve both God and mammon," than their failure. Their companies were mixed; of persons utterly devoted to the reformed faith, there were few. A part of their force had been taken from prisons, and were little disposed to submit to authority. There were no tillers of the soil, and so starvation and revolt continually assailed them.

A half century later the Puritans came. The dreams of fancy were over now. They came not for wealth or honor, but for a home. They fled from persecution, and, in their eyes, the perils of the wilderness, the wars with savage tribes, the sickness and starvation, were better than the ignominy that awaited them in Europe. They came, not to the sunny slopes of Florida, but to the ice-crusts rocks of Plymouth; but their faith was too firm to be shaken by storm and trial. But no high faith sustained the Huguenots in their lonely home. They had expected ease and plenty; they found danger and death. The blue line of the sea, the tropical woods, the rude savages, of all these they tired easily, and, unlike the Puritans, who, in every disaster, still clung to New England, the haven of their hopes was France. Had there been among the Huguenots the stern martyr-spirit which inspired the settlers of New England; had there been their singleness of purpose, their entire devotion to one cause, they might have succeeded. Yet even for the Puritans France was destined to be the pioneer. In the words of our author, "Long before the ice-crusts pines of Plymouth had listened to the rugged psalmody of the Puritans, the solitudes of Western New York and the shadowy wilderness of Lake Huron were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier, and the sandaled foot of the Franciscan friar." The impress of ideas upon our institutions was reserved for later immigrants and for other peoples.

CROSSES.

BY FELICIA M. ROSS.

BELOVED, bind your sandals to your feet;
For, lo! your pathway lieth thro' the dark;
No more from banks of daisies, white and sweet,
You chase the gleeful lark.
Pluck off the fuchsias from your breast, unthread
From raven braids their petals' scentless red,
And plait among them passion flowers instead,
The emblems of His passion and ascension—
Your peans to inspire,
Till, like a fragile lyre
Swept by some great chord, at its utmost tension,
In rapture you expire.

Ah! linger not, dear heart; look back no more
Upon the fields with amber flowers sprout;
Let pink-lipped shells lie moaning on the shore,
From naids' caverns rent
By storm-lashed waters; let the sunbeams throw
Their golden ingots through the birches low;
Let thyme, uncropt, in sloping meadows grow,
For life to you is full of deeper meaning;
Some mortal faints with grief,
Some tried heart needs relief—
God's harvest-field is ready for the gleaner,
O, haste, and bind your sheaf!

I would not have you listen lovers' lays,
Nor were it well to fling the arid noons
Of mortal love upon your peaceful days;
They brighten poet's runes,
But drain the springs of life with fervid beat;
No more to honeyed words your pulses beat,
No longer on your lips love's wine is sweet,
With witching reveries your young life flushing—
Gone is that Summer-time,
The trees are white with rime,
And all those heights Aurora's wing is brushing
Are yet to climb.

O! yes, 't were easier to fold a palm
Beneath a bloodless cheek, to lie so still
Below the myrtles, in some church-yard calm,
That you might hear the thrill
Of any bird that carols to its mate.
But, love, He wills that you shall work and wait—
Sometime to stand uncrowned without the gate—
To muffled echoes of its hymns to listen;
One moment death will blight
Your poor life's murky light;
The next heaven's thrones and palaces will glisten
Before your spirit's sight.

Fear not, for there is One doth hold your hand;
Grieve not, His love is yet more strong than death.
More sweet than life; alone you do not stand,
He hears your lightest breath!
Ascend the trackless cliffs that round you close,
And dip your bleeding feet in cooling snows;
Behind them glows the dawn's unfolding rose—
Not far from thence life's portals lie asunder,
Across whose threshold brought,
When to His image wrought,
You will not pause to question, or to wonder
That joy was dearly bought!

THE POWER OF PARDON.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

THERE be those who allege that the doctrine of pardon and of supreme dependence upon God, by locating the main work above us, and assuring us that, "whatever may be the turpitude of our conduct, we may at any time at once secure complete immunity from the consequences of the same," is calculated to indispose men to act for themselves, and, by leaving Christian believers only passive recipients of salvation, instead of energetic doers, working it out, to turn redemption into a temptation to idleness. Now, whatever color of plausibility such an objection may have taken from extravagant and one-sided representations, the view as it opens from the New Testament offers no practical room for the charge, while the best philosophy, all the dictates of experience take sides, manifestly, with Revelation. Let any heart *really feel* that a great *sacrifice of love* has been undergone for it, and must it not, by a mighty necessity, give back the service of love in return; let it *really feel* that, for love's sake, and mercy's sake, much has been forgiven it, and will not a sense of gratitude and obligation bind that heart in affection and loyalty to the one thus forgiving? To maintain the opposite is, we insist, the worst libel human nature ever suffered yet. On the contrary, human nature, as it appears to us, is presented on its most attractive side when it is found to be striving for generous achievements quite as effectually out of the grateful sense of what has been done for it, as out of the more ambitious and Pharisaic hope of doing every thing for itself. There is, assuredly, no nobler order of souls than those who know how, without servility or sloth, to owe their best wealth to a hand above them, who feel that they first touch the top of their manhood when humbly accepting of unmerited favor at the hands of offended mercy.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is — again. What *can* we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been *forgiven*." "FORGIVEN!" said the colonel. "Yes." After the colonel had reflected for a

few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment; the tears started from his eyes; he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant, and the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

Thus who can not see that just in proportion to the joy of being set free from the frightful phantom of the old terror of judgment will be the joyous, spontaneous, free activity of the soul in accordance with all the higher laws of its being.

The following well-authenticated incident is worthy of permanent and conspicuous record as a striking and beautiful illustration of the power of pardon:

Julia Peters was born of respectable parents, and was carefully tended in her early years. Her mother was a prudent, religious-minded woman, but she died when Julia was but twelve years old. The father soon after took to drinking and gambling, and spent all the property he possessed. His daughter was thus brought into the midst of profligate associates, at an age when impulses are strong and the principles unformed. She led a vicious life for several years, and during a fit of intoxication married a worthless, dissipated fellow. When she was eighteen years old, she was imprisoned for the long term of fourteen years, for perjury. Naturally energetic, active, intelligent, the limitations of a prison had a worse effect upon her than they would have had on a more stolid temperament. In the course of a year or two her mind began to sink under the pressure, and finally exhibited signs of melancholy insanity. Soon after, becoming completely deranged, she was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomington. Here, as she had been also while yet confined at the prison, she was visited by a good Samaritan, who was extremely desirous of bettering her condition, and, if possible, of working her reformation. Finding her in a temporary fit of rationality, and in a communicative mood, he entered into conversation with her. Her manners were quiet and easy, and

she appeared exceedingly glad to see him. While indulging with him and others in a walk through the grounds at the institution, the remark was made by one of the party, "How very pleasant!" Sighing deeply, she replied, "It is a pleasant place to those who can leave it. But chains are chains, though made of gold, and mine grow heavier every day."

As already intimated, her temperament was one that peculiarly required freedom, and in consequence, it constantly fretted and chafed under restraint. Her benevolent friend continued to visit her. Upon a certain occasion they were once more walking around the grounds already referred to, in his company. She opened her mind to him, told him frankly the whole history of her previous life, and wept bitterly over the retrospect of her erroneous course. It seemed a great relief to her to have some one to whom she could open her overburdened heart. She was occasionally incoherent, but the fresh air invigorated her, and the quiet talk soothed her perturbed feelings. At parting she said, "I thank you. I thought I had n't a friend in the world." Her bodily and mental health continued to improve, and in the course of five or six months her doctor allowed her to accompany her kind old friend to his city home, and spend a day and a night at his house. This change of scene was found so beneficial that the visit was repeated a few weeks after. Before Winter set in she was so far restored that she spent several days in his family, and conducted with the greatest propriety. He soon after applied to the governor for a pardon, which was readily granted.

Proceeding now to the asylum to bear to his convict-friend this joyful message, he engaged her in conversation first upon indifferent subjects for a few minutes, lest by too suddenly breaking this good news he should excite the poor creature unduly. So said he, "Julia, how would you like to go to the city again and spend a fortnight with us?" "Indeed, I would be delighted to do so," replied she. "Well, you shall go—and," added he, "perhaps you will stay longer than two weeks." At last he said, "Perhaps you will not have to return here at all." She sprang up instantly, and looking in his face with intense anxiety, she exclaimed, "Am I pardoned? Am I pardoned?" On being assured that she was, and that he had come to bring her home, she fell back into her seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Well might her faithful benefactor, in describing this interview in a letter to a friend, say that it was the most interesting scene he ever witnessed. "I had seen this

young and comely woman, who was endowed with more than common good sense, driven to the depths of despair by the intensity of her sufferings. I had seen her a raving maniac. Now I saw her sitting and clothed in her right mind. I had sympathized deeply with her sufferings, and now I partook largely of her joy."

And yet we are told that the only effect of pardon upon a sinner can be to offer a premium on licentiousness, to virtually pledge immunity from the past consequences of crime, or at best operate as a standing temptation to idleness. We are informed that, in reference to the woman referred to, the fond remembrance, ever-abiding consciousness, and profoundly-grateful sense of what had been done, suffered, and felt for her, served as a never-failing tower of strength on her behalf, after that she had once again started in her career of virtue. Now, who shall say that the same principle may not also inhere in a *religious* system?—that Christ, by becoming to us the *pity* and the *pardon* of the Father, may not serve, only on a higher plane, as a corresponding spring to excellence—a power to rouse the soul to earnest, heroic endeavor?

The annals of the society known as Friends, or Quakers, furnish one remarkable instance of the power of the forgiving spirit to overcome and break down a wicked, sin-enslaved heart.

William Savery was a tanner by trade, and remarked by all who knew him as a man who walked humbly with his God. One night a quantity of hides were taken from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom we will call John Smith. The next week the good people of that community were amused by the following unique advertisement in the columns of the country paper: "Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere desire to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep this whole transaction a secret, and would gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to obtain peace of mind."

This singular advertisement, as already intimated, attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith with a back load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up he said, "I have brought these hides back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, Mr. Smith, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied. "Then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me all about how this thing happened; and we will see what can be done for thee." Meanwhile, as soon as they were gone out, his wife set about preparing some hot coffee, and placing some pie and meat on the table; so that when they returned she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would do thee good." Smith turned his back toward her but did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace for a moment he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole any thing and I feel very bad about it; I don't know how it is; I'm sure I did n't think once I should ever come to this. But I took to drinking and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving; you have sent them many a meal. God bless you! Yet I stole the hides from you, and meant to sell them the first chance I got. But I tell you the truth, when I say it was the first time I was ever a thief." "Let it be the last, my friend," replied good William Savery. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power fully to redeem the past. Promise me you will not drink any intoxicating drink for one year, and I will employ thee at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But sit by and eat a bit now; drink some hot coffee, etc., perhaps it may keep thee from craving any thing stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first, but keep up a brave heart; yes, for the sake of the wife, John, and the little children at home, keep up a brave heart, and thou wilt soon be all right."

The poor fellow sat down and tried to eat something, but in vain. He experienced a very uncomfortable choking sensation in the throat. Again he tried, but it was of no use. He must break down. And so after one or two ineffectual attempts to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. What, now, like this benevolent, merciful treatment could have thus knocked this poor, debased man's heart all to pieces, and made a sober, honest, faithful man of him all the rest of his days?

We submit, therefore, whether the facts of experience, and our knowledge of the constitution of the human mind, do not amply attest what is assumed by the Gospel: that there is

no spring to individual excellence; no power so calculated to warm and rouse the soul to earnest effort and heroic endeavor—to unspeakably strengthen goodness, encourage feeble resolution, redouble zeal, enliven our flagging hopes, bless and adorn the world with all the various and peaceable fruits of daily righteousness, like the feeling of the pure presence and personal intercession of the Divine Master; like the ineffable condescension of that tender, benign Redeemer, who left the glory on high, with a promise of pardon in his hand, for the bitterness of Gethsemane and the anguish of the cross.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." 2 KINGS IV, 26.

HERE we have a beautiful and instructive specimen of a mother's submission to God under a most afflictive dispensation. All the circumstances connected with the birth and death of this child were remarkable. Elisha, who resided at Carmel, in visiting the schools of the prophets at Bethel, having to pass through the town of Shunem, at the foot of Mount Tabor, was observed by a worthy woman, who, convinced that he was a holy man of God, said to her husband, "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." Elisha, in return for her kindness, offered to speak for her to Jehoram, the king, with whom he had some influence. She, perfectly contented with what she had, and where she lived, wanted no accession of wealth, honor, or grandeur. The prophet, as she had no children, prayed to God that she might have a son; and his prayer was answered. When the child was four or five years old, and in the harvest-field, he was taken ill, perhaps affected by a sun-stroke—was carried home, laid on his mother's knees, and at noon died. She ordered an ass to be saddled, and rode to Carmel. Elisha, on seeing her afar off, sent Gehazi, his servant, to meet her, and to ask, "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." But though she gave this remarkable answer, she showed evidence

Of her DISTRESS. She was "vexed" in spirit; grieved, pained. She had lost her child. One-half of the human race die early, so that the death of an infant is no uncommon occurrence.

Still it is an unlooked-for event. When we see a bud we expect it will expand into the flower. So the mother expects the bud she has carefully watched to open into bloom, beauty, and vigor; she cherishes enlarged expectations concerning it; perhaps saying to her husband, This shall comfort us in our work and toil of our hands. But how often is her expectation doomed to disappointment, and she heard exclaiming, "It is all over now, my child, my lovely child is dead—gone!" Only those who have been bereft can understand the sorrows of that mother's heart. Neighbors and others think it a matter of small importance, as the sainted Adam Clarke once said to the writer, who had lost a lovely babe, "It is easy to bury other people's children;" but not so with the mother, who brought the child into life at the risk of her own. She finds occasion of intensest anguish, where others see little cause for regret. Hers is grief with which a stranger does not intermeddle. You may tell her she ought to check her sorrow and close up the channels of her grief. You might as well advise her to withhold her smiles and caresses from a living child as repress her tears over one smitten by death. She replies,

"He talks to me that never had a son,
Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me,
And so I've reason to be fond of grief."

How deep must have been the anguish of Hetty, one of Wesley's talented sisters, when she wrote these exquisite lines on her dying child:

"Tender, softest infant mild;
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient luster, beauteous clay,
Smiling wonder of a day.
Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own."

A mother is not forbidden to mourn when her darling babe is snatched from her embrace by the cold hand of Death. Her tender compassion is taken for granted throughout the Bible. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" "They shall mourn as one that mourneth for an only son, and shall be in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for a first born." "Rachel weepeth for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not." This is perfectly natural; a principle implanted by God for important purposes. To yield to its due influence is not to degrade, but to en-

noble character. Religion does not destroy natural feelings, but moderates, refines, exalts them. A mother may feel keenly and weep bitterly and yet be resigned. The gracious designs of God might not be accomplished unless she felt. Distress for the child's death is intended to be beneficial to the mother. Sorrow is better than laughter, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. Such a bereavement presses the mind to take refuge in God. When the prop is removed, trust is placed in him, and tenderer sympathy is felt for other mothers in like circumstances.

The remembrance of her child's *sufferings* may increase the mother's sorrow. What must this mother's feelings have been as she held her boy on her knees? And after he was gone, would she not think of his piteous cry, "My head, my head?"—of his imploring eyes, outstretched hands, quivering lips, heaving breath, and convulsive groan? Would not these return like arrows to her own bosom?

The loss of her child's *company* is a source of sorrow to the mother. His innocent prattle—this little boy had begun to talk—his fascinating smiles, expressive looks, advancing stature, opening intellect, amiable disposition, and engaging conduct, are all peculiarly pleasing to the mother; so when he dies there is a blank in the house; his place is desolate.

The child's death cuts off the mother's *expectations*. How natural to encourage hope that he will reward us for our pains, will share in our joys and sorrows, accompany us in our journey, assist us to bear the burdens of life, comfort us in our declining years, and honorably represent us when we are no more seen on earth. But my child is dead, wrapped in a shroud, screwed up in a coffin, laid in the silent grave, is an inhabitant of another world. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. Now observe

Her *SUBMISSION*—her confidence. She said, "It is well." Remarkable language under such heavy affliction. She had strong faith in God, and bowed to his authority; either believing that Elisha would raise her child, or that it was safe in heaven. She certainly would not have thought that her child was consigned to hopeless perdition. By faith in a gracious Providence she considered the dispensation neither unkind, unjust, nor unwise, and hence said, "It is well." To assuage the sorrow, strengthen the confidence, and cherish the comfort of the bereaved mother, I would remind her

That it is God who has taken the child. As creator, preserver, benefactor, and redeemer, he had an unquestionable right to do it, abso-

lutely, unchangeably, the child belonged to him, and was only lent to you. And now that he has recalled the child you should hear his voice, "Be still, and know that I am God;" like Aaron, "Hold your peace;" like Eli say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good;" and David, "I was dumb because thou didst it;" or like Job, when he was bereaved of all his children in one day, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Your child was born to die. You knew he was mortal, and that sooner or later you must part. Born in sin, the seeds of mortality were born with him, and he was under the sentence of death the moment he began to live. Had he been spared awhile it would only have been on sufferance. In his removal God was guided by infinite wisdom and righteousness.

Your child has answered the end of his existence on earth. All God's works praise him, from the elephant to the insect. So do little children, whether they live a year, a week, or a day. Short as was the stay of your babe, he was sent for some important purpose, and that purpose he fulfilled. His short-lived existence was not a blank, for God does nothing in vain. Living and dying your little one displayed the perfections and providence of God; illustrated his wisdom, power, and goodness; and his righteousness and faithfulness in letting the sentence of mortality take its course, and thus to teach you many salutary lessons. The death of an infant has often preached more powerfully to parents than all the sermons they had heard. In its little shroud it has taught "the wages of sin is death," and the effects have been seen in the future lives of both father and mother.

Your child is removed from all the troubles of this life. Had he lived, disease might have marred his comeliness and destroyed his vigor; accident might have mutilated his form, disabled him for labor, made him a burden to you and to himself, or he might have turned out dissolute and brought down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. You are now assured that he will never be a curse to society, nor disgrace his family, nor again be racked with pain; and that you will no more agonize over sufferings you can not soothe, nor hear groans you can not hush, nor behold with helpless grief the relentless messenger, Death, slowly but surely approaching to bear away the object of your tenderest pity and most ardent love. All this would be true were there no hereafter; but let me show

That all who die in infancy go to glory. Infants have no knowledge of the Divine law,

and so can not transgress it; hence can not be the object of its penalties. It is just to permit them to suffer for a short time here, and then reward them with eternal blessedness; but not to suffer here, and then in hell. But God is a God of love, and must, therefore, desire the happiness of all. Love seeks its object, pities its misery, and delights in its felicity, and can not consign infants to perdition. Provision must be made for their salvation, if his kind mercies are over all his works. On no principle of justice, or mercy can infants be punished. They are not capable of future punishment. They could feel no remorse on account of sin; would not grieve for having despised authority and slighted mercy, for having trampled on the blood of Christ or done despite to the Holy Spirit; for they have not been guilty of such offenses. On them the second death would have no power. We appeal to Scripture. To Abraham it was said, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed." Children are represented as being in the covenant. Christ gave himself a ransom for all. Children are included. As they have not rejected the Savior, they must be saved. The following beautiful epitaph was placed on the tomb of four children:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!

Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:

Say, are they lost or saved?

If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;

If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.

Reason, ah, how depraved!

Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;

They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died."

Now look at Christ's conduct. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He took them up in his arms and blessed them. He declared, "It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish." And again, "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones;" and assigns this reason, "for these angels," or disembodied spirits, "do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The point, then, is settled—all children that have died are in heaven. Your child is there. Dry up thy tears, O Rachel, and turn thy mourning into praise. The little blossom that withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted to a better soil, where, under a brighter sun and watered with perennial streams, it shall bear immortal fruit; and will you mourn that the heavenly Gardener, who knew its delicacy, placed it where storms can never blight?

Your child is better provided for in heaven. You were anxious that he should be well in-

struck: he will grow more in wisdom in one hour there, than he could here in many years. That he should be neatly *clothed*: there he is arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. Suitably *fed*: he eats of the tree of life. That he should escape the company of the *impious*: there shall in no wise enter therein any thing that defileth, or that maketh a lie. That he should enjoy *good society*: he there mingles with saints and angels. That he should be usefully *employed*: he serves God day and night in his temple. That he should be *secure*: no enemy can enter there. Then, mother, lift your eyes to heaven and say, My child is there. Heaven is all the richer for your child; its anthems all the sweeter, louder, for your child. Delightful thought! and you will always have a child there. Years may have passed since he died; but you have still a living, lovely babe in heaven. He is perhaps this moment looking down on you and saying, O, mother, come up hither. Seek the full preparation, and you shall soon clasp him in the arms of affection: meet to part no more.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

KNEELING at his frequent prayers,
And invoking all the saints
To preserve him from all snares—
And to list his sad complaints—
A monk of old;
Conscious of his many sins,
Many thoughts from God apart;
Seeking for the faith that wins
Hope of heaven to contrite hearts,
And peace untold.

Reading of the temple's light,
Of its length and breadth of stone,
And its golden altar bright,
And whose marvelous glory shone
On Solomon;
Calling Israel's tribes to prayer,
With confession of their guilt,
And their offerings, bringing there
All the lambs, whose blood there spilt
Might sins atone.

Sudden as electric shock
Thrilled the pulses of the man;
Though a hewer once of rock,
He conceived a wondrous plan
Of labor vast.

Dreamed he of the work at night,
Prayed for blessings all the day;
Sought the holy Church's light—
Light to lead him in the way
Of life at last.

Nourished by the brotherhood—
Anxious something to have wrought,
Which by coming ages viewed
Should be linked with them in thought—
He planned the pile.
Stone by stone the crypt was laid,
And the lengthened arches rose;
Weary time the arches staid,
Chis'ling gargoyles for the close
In richest style.

Hundreds labored day by day;
Hundreds toiled on year by year,
Craving scarce of earthly pay,
Only that the service here
Their souls might save.
Sculpture rare and altars grand,
Aisles where fell the crimsoned light;
Ceilings by groined arches spanned,
Echoing sound and holding sight
In raptured gaze.

Nameless maidens plied the steel,
Till the marble shone in grace,
Giving up their youth with zeal,
Trusting that the block's fair face
Might win on high.
Patiently the walls were reared,
Tower, and dome, and spire sublime;
White grew many a workman's beard,
Holding long the plummet line,
Then ceased—to die.

Time, nor war, nor chance have dared
Humble yet that temple's pride—
Sacredly its beauty spared.
Desolations far and wide—
Yet stood alone.
Gorgeously it glitters still,
World-wide is its lofty fame,
Grandly sweet its organ swell;
Monument for that lost name,
John, of Cologne.

THE RIVER'S LESSON.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

SOMETIMES, when evening shadows creep
Over the river, and bridge, and hill,
Round the trees in the vale below
Twining the fog-wreaths white and chill,
I wish that my life, wherever it be,
Under the willow or under the palm,
Might be like the river's in shade and sun,
Ever be tranquil, and brave, and calm.

Like the same proud river, bearing well
Heavy burdens on heart and arm:
Still having the will and the power to find
In sorrow a beauty, in toil a charm,
And see it, when barriers cross its way,
All the more cheerily singing along,
Till it makes for itself a way to the sea,
Gladdened at least by the light of song.

THE CEMETERY PERE LACHAISE.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

A CEMETERY could hardly be more appropriately named—a city of the dead—than that of Père Lachaise, at Paris. Its flowers, and shrubbery, and graveled walks remind one well of the public gardens prepared for the benefit of the rich and poor among the living who throng the streets of to-day. It has its close-crowded quarter for the poor, where not only the abodes are pressed one against another, but where many families and parts of families are shut in by the same walls and covered by the same roof. It has its quarter for the Jews, distinct from the main city, as they always are, even when in the midst. It has its narrow, winding, unpaved alleys, with their common edifices. It has its broader paved streets, along which are its marble palaces, whose doors open upon the street, and the passer-by only wonders to see them closed on a Summer-day, and that the inmates are not seated upon the steps while the children play around them in the open air. It has its broad lime-tree-bordered avenues, which answer well to boulevards. It has its parish chapel in the center, with its altars and crucifixes, ever open, inviting the passing pilgrim to devotion. One might almost think it a city of commerce, from the quantity of wreaths and bouquets of fresh flowers, of *immortelles*, and of every-colored beads; from the strings of pearls, and pictures on porcelain that hang about the doors or under the little roofs made for their preservation.

And yet Père Lachaise is like all other cities of the dead, a deserted city—many arrivals, no departures, yet ever deserted. No sound of revelry or music, no rolling of machinery, no clouds of smoke rising above its silent walls. Its fine outward appearance, however, is not the chief attraction of Père Lachaise to the stranger who visits Paris. It is not so much the monuments of every size, shape, and richness, from the simple slab to small chapel-like edifices, to towers and pyramids, as much as it is the names inscribed upon them—names that have been echoed in all quarters of the globe, of poets, philosophers, warriors, and statesmen. It has long been and is the burying-place of rank and fortune. A French writer says, "Every one who was rich, powerful, or celebrated here below, is borne by preference to Père Lachaise. At every step one sees an illustrious tomb. The glories of the Empire, the illustrious ones of the Restoration, and the celebrities of the government of Louis Philippe,

have found their last rest here. It would require many pages to note even the names of the distinguished." From the popularity of this burying-ground, it may well be inferred that the ashes of those who have not been able to pay the five or six hundred or a thousand francs for their little space, as a perpetual possession, are early and often disturbed to make place for the frequent and never-ceasing arrivals. The permission to occupy a place undisturbed for the short space of five years is bought from the Government at an expense of over fifty francs—which fact shows how rapidly the changes must take place.

As for the poor, who are buried in ditches—*fosses communes*—forty or fifty in the same one, there is no assurance as to how long they may rest unmoved. Considering the demands, the cemetery is not large, and yet three or four hours are barely sufficient to pass through the principal streets, where almost every tomb, either by its beauty, peculiarities, name, or inscription, attracts a few moments of attention. The name of the cemetery itself, which is quite peculiar, was taken from that of the father-confessor of Louis XIV, a Jesuit who, at that time, possessed a villa occupying the highest summit, where the chapel now stands.

In passing to the cemetery one can but be struck with the quantity and frequency of the shops containing merchandise pertaining to tombs—marble shops, flower shops, shops of wreaths of *immortelles* and of beads; shops filled with porcelain plates with designs of Biblical scenes, and of all kinds of religious imagery; almost every door a shop, and almost every shop containing some of the above merchandise. Yet it is probably no unprofitable trade, for the universal custom of taking some memento to the tomb visited, brings all these articles into active demand.

In passing by the tombs one almost wearies at the sight of so many stiff, monotonous, bright-yellow wreaths in all stages of decay and brownness—often to the number of twenty or thirty.

The little chapel-like edifices over the vaults become, as it were, a place of devotion for the immediate friends. In almost all of them one may see—the upper part of the door being of open work—a chair or two made in the style of the chairs for kneeling in the churches. Back against the wall is a Christ on the cross, or more frequently a Virgin Mary with the babe in her arms. Some other small images, two candles, the never-failing attendants of the altar, and several vases for flowers occupy a shelf beneath. Not in one was a Bible observed.

To attempt to describe monuments would be idle among such quantities of tombs where all are, in some degree, remarkable. And often those of persons whose name and fame have spread the farthest and are known the best in other parts of the earth are more modest in pretensions than those of some who have been heroes for an hour only, or without other name than prince or other fame than fortune. But abandoning that idea, it may not be out of place to designate a few that attracted our attention in particular on account of the history attaching to them.

First, it was not a little surprising to find that the tallest monument in Père Lachaise, standing on an elevation which overlooks Paris, was erected by a man to himself some time before his death. His main distinction was his having been minister or ambassador to some foreign country. The monument is a clumsy cone, one hundred feet high, resembling much a huge sugar loaf, and cost one hundred thousand francs.

The monuments to remarkable generals, of which France boasts so many, are scattered every-where throughout the ground—some, columns with victories inscribed upon them, some statues or busts of the warrior himself, and some magnificent equestrian statues, with pedestals bearing reliefs of remarkable battles. A simple monument erected to the father of Victor Hugo bears this inscription: "Thirty years of war spared him, fourteen years of peace killed him."

From here a few minutes' walk brought us to another that, from its peculiar design, evidently expressed some tragical or touching history. By the side of the heavy marble wall stood the marble statue of a woman, of life size, wholly covered with white drapery, and with one arm raised and extended as if searching for the portal of the tomb. We know not how exact to history it may be, but a bystander asserted that it was the family vault of one who, being a republican, was arrested and imprisoned for some act against the present Government; that during his imprisonment his wife was very ill and dying, and that he requested the privilege of paying her a visit and was refused. The sculptor, to whom the adorning of the tomb was intrusted, seized the idea of representing the wife, in spirit-form, as coming to release her husband from prison.

The family vault next to this, to the left, was open and attended by several laborers. Looking down the street we saw a very richly-adorned hearse and procession approaching. Before the open vault it halted, two priests and

a few men wearing symbols of mourning alighted, the rich coffin was taken from the hearse, borne to the vault, let down, in what seemed to me a horrible fashion—head first—the head touching the bottom while the foot rested upon the margin. The priests murmured over a few words which no one could hear, a workman shoveled up a small handful of earth, which the priest sprinkled with holy water and cast upon the coffin, after which the gentlemen in attendance and a few peasant women who had hurried to the scene, took the brush, each one, and sprinkled it likewise. The attendants ascended the coaches, which whirled away, but were not out of sight before another procession, if it could be called such, passed by. It consisted of a hack-like hearse, with the driver seated in front, and one old, bowed woman, not less than sixty years of age, following after on foot, and with only a simple muslin cap on her head. It was a sight demanding a sympathy to which the first could not be compared.

Another tomb, calculated to draw upon the sympathies, was that of a French count, who, having among the first cast in his lot with that of Napoleon after his return from the Isle of Elba, had afterward found it necessary to flee the country, and was on the point of embarking for America. But venturing to pay his wife and child, at Paris, a farewell visit, he was arrested and shot.

The most magnificent and, perhaps, costliest monument of Père Lachaise is that of a princess, but one of no special renown. But the loftiest or most magnificent monument may not be the one attracting the greatest number of visitors or securing the most marks of remembrance and respect. Not very distant from the gate, at one side, and in the deep shadow of trees and bushes, is a tomb and monument which perhaps turns more steps out of the main highway, receives more mementos from those who are neither relatives nor descendants, than any other in this much-visited inclosure.

It is that of Abailard and Heloise. Although both had finished their eventful lives before the middle of 1100, their tomb, long preserved in the Abbey of Paraclet and elsewhere, till the year 1817, when it was placed in Père Lachaise, to-day is never without its wreaths of flowers and mementos of respect. Whether they are bestowed by the admirers of the philosopher or by unhappy lovers it matters not, they are there. The tomb with the reliefs of the two above, which Abailard had had made and placed in the Abbey before his death, rests here under a baldachin in Gothic style, formed of the ruins of another old abbey. On the front, at either

corner, are their medallions. History, verse, and a carefully-preserved monument seem to conspire to give a more than common immortality to Abailard and Heloise.

The frequent meeting of the names of earlier and later history, as we wander through these silent paths, produces many a weird sensation. We feel strangely but in some way acquainted with those whose names we may have become more or less familiar with in print. We seem to have come more fully into their presence and under their immediate influence. The mind is occupied with the events and the actors of many successive ages—some so near that the noise of the strife and battle still come to us in faint echoes, while some are so distant that their dim and lengthening shadows have almost lost their boundaries in the cloud of uncertainties which surround them.

Finally, we leave *Pere Lachaise* wiser and more familiar with what we have read, and with an awakened desire to become more fully acquainted with histories only hinted at on tomb-stones.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NELLIE WOOD stood by the open window of her kitchen, looking out with a listless, discontented expression upon a dull, breathless morning in the dog-days. A thick fog hung like a pall over the whole country, and made the nearest houses nearly invisible. There had been several smart thunder-showers during the night, and Nellie, who was much afraid of the lightning, had slept very little. It was her habit to go to bed if a shower came over during the day, but in the night she always got up, lighted a lamp, and then betook herself to the dark rooms so as to watch the progress of the clouds from the windows.

It was washing-day, but the fog and the gloom gave little promise of drying clothing. "O, dear!" sighed Nellie, "how is any one to know any thing about the weather with this damp fog shutting one in from all creation? I don't see what the dog-days were ever made for. But I must get breakfast all the same, I suppose."

It was no easy task to start a fire in the stove. The chimney refused, in disgust, to draw till better air was provided; and down through the stove-pipe came great clouds of smoke.

"This is interesting," said Nellie. "Well, if I strangle to death in this smoke, I shall not have to die any other way."

When at last the chimney was persuaded to behave itself, and a clear fire shone in the stove, Nellie found that the "buck-wheats" which had been set to rise overnight, had, in some nocturnal spasm of excitement, took on an acid disposition which was nearly as powerful as hartshorn when tested by the smell.

"And Robert detests soda," said the discouraged little housekeeper. "Well, it can't be helped now. Hark! There is Bobby, crying to be taken up. Lie still, darling. Let mamma see to the breakfast."

But Bobby was not going to lie still. He had had a nice long sleep undisturbed by cares or thunder, and he had awakened greatly refreshed, ready to commence life anew. He was a bright, good-tempered little fellow, not yet two years old, with all the winning charms of babyhood, but with a capacity for mischief which seemed unlimited. In fact, he was both the comfort and torment of his mother's existence.

"What an easy life Mrs. Wood leads!" said the neighbors. "Such a comfortable home! Such a good husband! And only one child to look after!"

Yet there were tiny wrinkles already observable upon the fair face of the young wife, and a settled expression of care was fast crowding out the dimples which used in her girlhood to break out so merrily upon her cheeks.

On this dull, sultry morning, when the breakfast was at last ready, and the roguish baby was seated in his own high chair at the table, and his father came smilingly in from his early work in the garden to enjoy the snug comfort of the morning meal, it required the strongest effort of which the young wife was capable to dismiss for the time the perplexities of the day, and to wear the cheerful aspect which made home homelike. It was harder yet to maintain an appearance of content when the baby's fat fingers found their way into the maple sirup only for a moment left within his reach, and from thence came dripping with sweetness to be laid on the clean frock in which he had just been dressed. And her patience quite gave way at the upsetting of her husband's coffee-cup into the butter-plate, and over the snowy cloth.

"Now, Robert, how could you?"

"I didn't think he could reach so far. What a sly rogue he is!"

"He's a naughty boy. Always up to some mischief. I think that those people who deny the doctrine of innate depravity had better come here and stay an hour or so. Their opinions would soon come up to the orthodox standard. I shall have a tolerably large washing

to do if he keeps on," said Nellie, beginning despondently to untie the little fellow's frock. Bobby innocently put up his rosy mouth for a kiss, which his mother was too vexed to accord. Instead, she gave him a light shaking.

"See, Nellie," said her husband soothingly, "he does n't mean any thing wrong. Cheer up; you'll come out all right at the end of the day."

"I only wish you had to take care of him one day."

"I wish so too. If you could do my work I would change with you with pleasure."

"I wonder you can say that when you know how many things I have to attend to."

"You do a great deal of needless work. I suppose one-half of this great washing is made up of Bobby's ruffles and tucks which are of no earthly use."

"You do n't know any thing about it."

Robert shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. In his heart he thought her rather unreasonably inclined to magnify her trials. But Nellie was already repenting of her pettish replies to him.

"Forgive me, Robert," she said penitently, "I am worried, and tired, and—and cross."

"I know you feel discouraged," he answered kindly, "and I often wish I could make things easier for you. I see no way to do it unless the prices go down or my salary goes up. We only just keep out of debt as it is."

"Never mind," said Nellie, speaking cheerfully as she noticed the cloud on her husband's face, "it is a great blessing to be able to keep out of debt. We ought to be willing to rough it a little. Then we are both well, and so is the baby, bless him. Do n't let him pull down those vases or the lamp."

The words were scarcely uttered before the lamp came down with a crash, breaking upon the best hearth-rug, and distributing its contents liberally abroad. Is there a good housewife who does not know the ability of kerosene to "spread itself?"

Mr. Wood sat the baby down and took himself off in dismayed silence, meditating all the while to the store upon the strange power of little things.

Nellie, left alone with Bobby in the midst of his handiwork, sat down and laughed hysterically. The laugh cheered her and brought back her courage. One-half the difficulties of life are overcome when one can heartily laugh at them.

The bright sun began to peep through the gloom out of doors, and a refreshing breeze sprang up. The beneficial effects of the thun-

der-showers began to be apparent. The baby submitted graciously to be tied in his chair beside a table filled with playthings, and Nellie soon brought the room back to its wonted order and neatness. But, at noon, when Robert came home he found her just ready to succumb to a new batch of difficulties, which, like those of the morning, were conjured up by the baby.

"O, Robert! just look at him! It is n't five minutes since I took him dripping out of the cistern, and now he is wallowing in that pan of ashes. Such a little pig!" said Nellie, as she lifted him with one hand from the ashes and began at once to undress him with the other. "Do n't laugh at him, Robert, he has been dressed three times to-day. I have a great mind to whip him and put him to bed."

"Let me take him. He is such a busy little fellow. Are n't you, Bobby? Energetic, like mamma. What a business man he will make! What a mercy that he was not drowned in the cistern! We should n't have any little cherry lips to kiss, or any little fat arms to hug us, if Bobby were drowned."

Much of this speech to the baby was meant to cheer the baby's mamma, who unconsciously loved the roguish fellow the more for the countless risks he ran, and the numberless deliverances that he experienced.

Mr. Wood was, like most husbands, a little particular in regard to his meals. Not so much as to the edibles provided as to the having them in readiness when he appeared punctually at the appointed time. This was not always possible. The domestic machinery, which has as many wheels within wheels as Ezekiel's vision, would sometimes be behind time. Then would appear straightway one of those golden opportunities to impart wisdom which very few men neglect to improve.

"A great many of your troubles, Nellie," Mr. Wood would wisely argue, "grow out of your lack of system. Just accustom yourself to do certain things at certain hours, and you will find leisure enough for all that is needful. Half the world live in a slipshod, hap-hazard sort of a way, fretting and worrying along, just for the want of a little order and method. Now, I measure off my work into regular portions of time, and when the time is up the work is done."

"But supposing your work had to be done with Bobby hanging on your knee and snatching at your pen, or, just as you were in the middle of some intricate calculation, managing to overset the inkstand upon your papers and clothes."

"I should not allow him to touch the ink."

"Then he would touch something else with no better results, I can tell you."

"My mother," Robert's unfailing authority, "used to teach *her* boys to let things alone."

"Your mother's boys were human, I suppose, and therefore active and mischievous. I am sure that Bobby inherits *his* talent from one of your mother's boys."

"Ah, well! we will not discuss that point. Is dinner ready?"

Most of their discussions ended in this way, and Nellie, in counting over the little things which made up her sum of miseries, always gave a prominent place in the list to her husband's low estimate of her troubles.

"One can bear great trials," she said to him at the close of a most wearisome Saturday, "but the little aggravations wear one out. They exhaust soul, body, and spirit."

"Little things bring very pleasant results sometimes," said Robert. "As, for instance, when Caroline Manners was attracted by Johnny Trask's peculiar voice. The whole family have been raised from abject poverty through her influence."

"Yes, I know. I suppose there was a providence in that. But think of that little torpedo that frightened Mr. Abbott's horse. Such a tiny bit of mischief. You remember the despair of poor Mrs. Abbott when her husband was brought in dead. She never smiled afterward. And now her little Grace and Clara are orphans. There was no pleasant result there, Robert."

"But it was a providence as really as the other case. God rules, Nellie."

"I suppose he does, though it does seem sometimes as if he did n't. Think of the beautiful city of Portland so nearly destroyed by a fire-cracker. What are you smiling at?"

"I was thinking of the result of a little obstinacy on the part of old Daniel Day. He lives in that square yellow house down by Hedge's Lane."

"Yes, I know the house. But what has he done?"

"He has had a bad abscess on his side all Summer. It has been growing worse instead of better, and yesterday he went down to Dr. Nye's office and showed it to him. The doctor gave him a preparation of lead to apply to it, and also some medicine for his blood. Somehow he got them mixed up in his mind, and when he got home he insisted that the lead was to be taken internally. His wife is usually wise enough not to dispute his opinions, knowing from experience that there is no surer way to confirm them, but in this case her alarm

got the better of her discretion, and she earnestly begged him to see the doctor again before using the remedies. No, he would do no such thing. Did she think he was such a simpleton as not to know what the doctor said? He believed that he understood the English language when it was spoken correctly. She entreated him with tears to wait—just to wait while she ran down to the doctor's office. Not he. To cut short her expostulations, and at the same time show his independence of female wisdom, he immediately portioned out a part of the lead and swallowed it."

"Why, Robert! And is he alive?"

"Yes. Dr. Nye was sent for in great haste, and the prompt use of a stomach pump brought up the most of the poison. Dr. Nye says that not one man in a hundred could have lived through such an experiment. But he will be sick in earnest for a time. All for a *little* obstinacy, Nellie."

"A good deal of obstinacy, I should say. Poor Mrs. Day! It seems almost a pity, thinking of her, that he had not been left to enjoy the full effect of his medicine."

"It would only have given her a great trial to bear in the place of little ones."

"Perhaps. I have often noticed her in Church. She looks very frail, and with such a great family of noisy boys, I should think she would be quite discouraged."

"Yet her unvarying cheerfulness is remarked by all. She is a Christian, Nellie."

Nellie was silent. She, too, was a professed Christian. Her thoughts rapidly ran over the almost numberless mercies of her lot, and she wondered how a few little ills could so shut them out from view. Contrasted with the known trials of Mrs. Day they seemed very insignificant. Indeed, they were in a fair way to vanish from sight altogether. She had nearly convinced herself of what was really true, that she was one of the most fortunate women in the world, when she happened to think of one of her greatest blessings; namely, the baby. She had quite forgotten him in the interest of the conversation.

Baby had taken advantage of her momentary forgetfulness to gratify a wish which had been growing upon him for months, and when Nellie turned to ascertain the meaning of his unusual stillness, she found him sitting in the middle of a box of charcoal, turning over its contents with the greatest interest and delight.

"O dear, dear suz!" exclaimed Nellie in dismay. "As if I were not tired enough before! He has been as naughty as possible all day, but he saved this stroke of business for Satur-

day evening to finish up the week. I've no doubt he did it on purpose. Do n't look so reproachful, Robert. Of course, I know that you are thinking I should not have left the coal-box in this room. And you are classing this among the little things that should be borne patiently. But if you were as tired as I am, it would not seem a trifle to wash that child all over, and add another suit of soiled clothes to the washing."

He said nothing till her task was accomplished and the little fellow had gone to sleep in his pretty crib; but when they stood together admiring the silken curly eyelashes that just touched the rosy bloom of the baby's cheek, he said kindly, "If you could accustom yourself to expect these little vexations you might avoid many of them, and it would be easier to meet those that are unavoidable."

"Robert, I begin every day with a resolution to do exactly what you have recommended. You see how much good it does. I expect," she added smiling, "that I shall die a martyr to little things."

For nearly a fortnight after this conversation Nellie's housekeeping duties and labors seemed to be accomplished with unaccustomed ease and smoothness. Bobby behaved beautifully for him, and did not average more than half a dozen "scrapes" in a day. Robert praised Nellie every evening for the forethought and skill which managed so pleasantly, and the little matron's happy appreciation of her own abilities grew stronger every hour. Then there came a time when it seemed as if all the fortnight's difficulties, from which she had escaped, had returned and crowded themselves into one day. Nellie combated them all bravely for a while, but when the suddenly-ambitious pudding contrived to get out of the dish in which it was baking and spread itself to every corner of the oven, and Bobby's best tucked frock, airing too near the stove, was burnt in several places, and the liquor in which the cabbage was being cooked boiled over on the stove and filled the house with its peculiar odor, and Bobby burnt his fingers in a vain attempt to understand the situation, she lost both courage and patience.

"Talk about little things!" she said to her husband when he came in to dinner. "I should rather manage Grant's army than to regulate this little kitchen."

"I suppose nothing remains a trifle that has power enough to steal our patience and good-humor; for then our happiness seems to depend on it. Let me help you to some pudding. It is very good in spite of its mishaps."

Nellie's face began to brighten. "Do you know what a nice little cook you are?" he went on. "I often wish some of the other clerks could look forward to such prime dinners. There's Johnson; he told me the most laughable thing to-day. You know that his landlady, Mrs. Bond, is not overnice about her housekeeping. Johnson has a rather delicate stomach at the best; but he had got along bravely with the knowledge that the dishes and babies were washed in the same bowl, and that the table-napkins often served the older children for pocket-handkerchiefs. All of the boarders like Rhode Island johnny-cakes for breakfast. Mrs. Bond bakes them in little rounds about as large as a saucer. Those that happen to be left in the morning come on at dinner-time for cold bread. They always have a variety of vegetables, and so no one objects to the cakes, though they are not improved by the cooling and hardening."

"I should think not," said Nellie, decidedly.

"Well, to-day Johnson had to go home before the usual dinner hour, and he found the youngest children playing with the cold cakes, whirling and rolling them on the floor as if they were wooden wheels."

"O, Robert!"

Nellie burst into a loud laugh, and every trace of care vanished from her features. Her husband smiled contentedly as he observed it.

"It is sport for us, but Johnson could not see its ludicrous aspect. He managed to pass through the room when Mrs. Bond was setting the table, and he saw her collect the johnny-cakes from the corners into which they had rolled, and dust them with her apron before placing them on the table. Think of that, Nellie."

"Ugh! What a mess! Of course he will not stay there."

"He can not afford to give up his situation at the store, and there is no other boarding-place near. He will have to learn to endure *little things*."

"Well, I am very sure I could never bear *his trials*."

"No, we are only fitted to grapple with our own. Do you remember how foolish we thought Caddy Hamilton because she made herself so unhappy over a personal slight; because that silly Delia Bent, who has not brains enough to stock an onion seed, chose to cut her in the street rather than acknowledge to her fashionable cousin her acquaintance with a poor girl; and little Caddy went sighing about the house as if every body was dead, and she was attending the funeral? It occasioned her first distrust

ends, and so far was a misfortune. "A trifling affair," you called it, Nellie, "was not a little thing to her."

If we were rich," said Nellie meditatively, "I should contrive to steer clear of little bother-

doubted. Rich people generally get a double portion. There is Simon Hatch; he is rich, and he became so by attending to little things, such as the saving of pins, matches, and pennies. But no one ever supposes that he has any happiness in the possession of his wealth. Do you suppose that when he counts up the sum total of his yearly gains that there is any true joy mingled with his gratified greed for gold? Much of it has come from little meannesses and, if there are such things, little sins. Exorbitant rents for miserable tenements in which Christ's poor must live or be houseless; unlawful interest on money deposits; contributions to the Church which, in comparison to the 'widow's mite,' are not worth receiving into the Lord's treasury; the grudging of necessary expenses; each of these things help to make up his yearly account of debt and credit in the books above; and poor Simon can not help knowing just how the account stands."

"I see, Robert, that it is the little things that make up our lives. I add stitches to stitches to make up a frock for Bobby. Well, the great rivers are made of drops. It is God's way. Now, Robert, I am just going to turn over a new leaf. Nothing shall fret me again, because I know that even my tiny tribulations are parts of some glorious whole. I have found out that trials are to be borne, not shaken off. So I shall be patient, like poor Mrs. Day. Ah! you may look as incredulous as you please, but you will see."

Robert smiled but he said nothing, for happening to turn his head he saw the baby sitting contentedly on the floor under the table, busily employed in overhauling Nellie's work-basket. Needles, pins, and tangled skeins of bright silk, were strewed around, and a quantity of spool cotton was in a snarl about the table legs.

"O, you naughty little torment!" screamed Nellie, springing to the rescue of her goods. "You are the very worst—" meeting Robert's eye she stopped and colored rosily.

"It is one of the little things, Nellie."

"I know it. What is the use of trying?"

"Do n't be discouraged. Perhaps the trouble is that we too often attempt such reforms in our own strength. Patience is a heavenly grace. I need it quite as much as you do. Let us seek it together, and together ask for help from on high."

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"As an initiatory step, Robert, suppose you help me to pick up these needles and to straighten this sewing silk."

I do n't know whether either Robert or Nellie ever became patient enough to bear the little crosses of life cheerfully. But I do know that the grace of God is sufficient for every condition in life.

THE SICK CHILD.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

DEAR little eyes, with their fringed lids

Lifted so heavily, piteously,
Would I could see in their depths once more
The flash and sparkle of childhood's glee!

Dear little lips, that have known no guile,
Innocent, beautiful, fever red,
Would ye were ringing again with mirth
As in the days that so soon have fled!

Dear little gentle and pensive face,
Wasted, and sunken, and shadowed now;
The high brow white with an unknown light,
Would thou wert rosy with health's warm glow!

Dear little patient and suffering child,
Pleading for pity with dying eyes!
O! it is cruel and hard to stand
Powerless to aid while a loved one dies.

Art thou departing, my precious dove?
Dearest and tenderest lamb of the fold;
Thoughtful and wise as a woman now,
Beautiful darling, but five years old.

Father in heaven, thy will is mine,
With thee my darling were safe and blest;
But, O! that thy wisdom and love could see
That now to restore her to life were best!

A PRAYER.

BY JEAN.

FROM day to day
Thy way
Teach me, O Lord!
From night to night
Thy light
Impart, O Lord!

FROM hour to hour
Thy power
Bestow, O Lord!
From year to year
Thy fear
Award, O Lord!

FROM life to death
Bequeath
Thy grace, O Lord!
Through countless days
Thy praise
Teach me, O Lord!

THE TEMPLE OF KEDARNATH.

BY REV. J. M. THORNTON.

AMONG the many shrines to which devout Hindoos make pilgrimages, are two named Kedarnath and Badrinath, which are situated far up among the Himalayas near the snowy peaks, from which issue some of the larger streams which unite to form the sacred Ganges. The journey to these shrines, under the most favorable circumstances, is one of great difficulty, and the pilgrim who performs it can add little to his works of merit by further wanderings. Only two other shrines in India are adjudged equal to these in sanctity, and no pilgrim ever thinks his work complete till he has climbed the mountains and bowed in adoration before the idols which mark the spot where Shiva once plunged into the mountain, or where Krishna stood with rigid limbs and swollen veins, subsisting on air alone for a hundred years. Multitudes from all parts of India flock to the temples every year, and it is probable that similar multitudes have been preceding them for nearly twenty centuries. A celebrated Hindoo reformer named Sankarya, who flourished a thousand years ago, found the Temple of Kedarnath in a neglected state, and after rebuilding it ended his life there. Even in that olden time the shrine seems to have been as old as the existing literature of the people.

It chanced to be my lot to live near the road which the pilgrims follow on their way to these shrines, and I have recently spent some weeks among them, trying to see if a favorable field for missionary labor can be found among men who are supposed to be enduring hardships and braving dangers for the sole purpose of securing salvation. I went among them somewhat like a pilgrim myself, traveling on foot as they did, resting with them by the wayside, walking with them on the journey, talking with them by their little fires at night, and, in short, mingling with them as much as possible at all times. A very narrow road had been cut along the mountain-sides, but on such mountains no road can be made even moderately level for any great distance, and to persons unaccustomed to such traveling, walking soon becomes exceedingly fatiguing. I had been on the road six days, when I reached a small hamlet near the crest of a mountain, about thirteen miles from Kedarnath, where I halted for the night, determining to push on to the temple the following day. The garret of a deserted native house furnished me a shelter for the night, and

wearied as I was with the journey, I slept soundly, and awoke the next morning feeling much refreshed and better prepared for the rough march of the day.

The sun was just rising over the eastern mountains when I gained the crest above the hamlet where I had slept. The scene which opened before me as I stood on the mountain summit was grand beyond description. I was eight thousand feet above the sea, and could glance back over the receding mountains at the dense haze which overhung the distant plains, like a vast sea, far below me. On either side snowy peaks were rising far above me, showing that I was already within the region of constant Winter. Northward the great white mountains rose in silent majesty nearly three miles above the little hillock on which I was standing. I wish it were in my power to give the reader even a faint idea of the impressive grandeur of that long range of glittering peaks. If an aeronaut, floating along a mile above the Alleghanies, were to be suddenly confronted by a range of snow-clad mountains rising into the deep-blue sky nearly three miles above his balloon, he would have spread out before him simply the picture on which I gazed that morning. It seemed as if I had scaled the outer wall of our little earth, and stood looking at the confines of a new world far above our clouds and storms. Winter, silent but relentless, reigned up there. No flowers or trees intruded upon his realm. The sunshine, it is true, was there, and flooded all the frozen heights with streams of glory, but not a pulsation of warmth in all the ages had ever responded to its wooings. Those glittering crests of snow are so high above this vulgar world that the sun which summons forth the flowers, and robes the forest, and fructifies the fields, shines for them in vain. It is so with many hearts. Just as a human heart is isolated in an atmosphere above the common level of our vulgar humanity, does it lose its warmth and generous impulses, till, in the region of tranquil selfishness, it freezes, and no sunshine, not even that from above our world, can ever touch a tender spot or call forth a tender emotion from it. To know what this better sunshine can do for our hearts, we must get down where human hearts are, for there is the place where God will cause it to shine in its fullness.

Our road led us down the mountain into a valley a mile or more below the summit over which we had first passed, and then wound around the mountain-sides among large moss-grown trees, which afforded a most grateful shade from the sun, which always shines with

a peculiar intensity in the pure atmosphere of those mountain heights. I met many pilgrims returning from the shrine, and stopped twice to preach to them, but was somewhat surprised to find them less disposed to listen to me than when I had talked to them on their way up. I had been told by many, and, indeed, had myself expected that the returning pilgrims, who had seen the folly and deception of the temple service, would be much more ready to receive the truth, than those who had yet to learn that the stories by which they had been beguiled from their homes and led into those mountain solitudes, were the mere fabrications of crafty priests, but I found it quite the contrary. They frankly admitted that they had seen nothing except idols, and had received nothing except, in a few cases, a little boiled rice; but they claimed that the reward was in store for them; that salvation was secured for the next world, and many ills which would have befallen them here were warded off for all time to come. Right or wrong, they had staked every thing on that pilgrimage; had spent their money, endured hardships, braved dangers, and submitted to great sacrifices, and now when it was all over, it seemed hard indeed to be told that it was all for naught; and when they were told of a salvation which was a *free gift*, which might be obtained by simply asking, but never bought with all earth's treasures, nor earned by painful works of merit, they were "offended" at it, and chose rather to cling to their delusion and go trusting in it to their graves. How easily is man led into error! And by what slow and halting steps is he led to embrace the simplest truths! And yet even in these times, after the experience of so many ages, some of the first intellects of our world are firmly persuaded that man's inner nature is an infallible guide, which, if left to itself, will lead him into all truth! It may seem so in a philosopher's study, but surely such teaching sounds like incoherent nonsense in the midst of these deluded multitudes.

Leaving the valley, we climbed another mountain some distance, passed along its side, and again descended to the river, where we found a small village situated near two sacred fountains, one of icy-cold water, and the other hot as an Iceland geyser. Of course Hindoo superstition could not pass these by, and accordingly a shrine had been erected, and the passing pilgrims bathed in stone tanks, which had been provided near each of the fountains. One man appealed to me with great confidence, and asked how it was, if their gods were nothing, that they could boil water under ground!

I replied that such hot fountains flowed in my country, too, but that there were no gods there to keep them boiling, and hence I had no reason to believe that the gods had any thing to do with the boiling water before us. This was a puzzle to the poor man, but I am not sure that he believed me. He could not appreciate a fastidious virtue which would not sacrifice truth for the sake of an argument, and he probably thought that I had taken the most natural as well as easy course to get out of an awkward dilemma.

We were now six miles from the temple, but as no comfortable shelter could be found above, I resolved to leave my luggage at the village and return to spend the night there. My coolies and native cook accordingly secured a garret for the night, and then went on ahead, while I followed more leisurely, being already very tired, and having twelve more miles to walk before nightfall. A short distance above the village I came upon an immense snow-bank, which had drifted into a ravine and was now rapidly melting away. As I stood looking at it a mountaineer came up and kindly proffered a little information about it. "That is *snow*, Sahib; it falls from the clouds like rain when the weather is very cold, and when it becomes warm it all melts away!" I told him that I had sometimes seen snow before, but never quite so deep as that.

The road grew worse and worse as I climbed higher, and more than once I feared that I should not be able to reach the temple. In many places rough stone steps had been built up the steep mountain-side, like a long stairway, and I soon found it exceedingly fatiguing to ascend them. It makes my very bones ache again when I think of those long flights of rough steps over which I dragged my weary feet like heavy balls of lead. Once or twice, too, I felt an uncomfortable nervousness in passing along a tottering wall about two feet in width, the fall of which would have precipitated me on the rocks a thousand feet below. In one place poles had been inserted in crevices in the perpendicular rocks, and over these two loose planks served as a bridge above a frightful precipice. Not long before leaving home for India, I chanced to speak at a Sunday school anniversary in Ohio, and while talking to the children tried to describe these mountains, "rising up like great walls till they pierced the clouds." A good minister was present who loved the truth, and the next day I learned that he had expressed a wish "to hear that missionary tell how he managed to *get up on the mountains*, if they were so high and steep

as he represented." I can not tell how often I thought of that good man that day, and how earnestly I wished that I had him with me, that I might show him how I managed to climb the mountains. One mile of that day's travel would have given him a higher appreciation of missionary veracity than he had ever dreamed of before.

The surpassing grandeur of the scenery, keeping my mind in a constant state of excitement, did much to keep me from yielding to the constant temptation to stop and give up the journey. For twelve miles the river below me was one long sheet of milk-white foam. Above me the mountains towered higher and higher, while the sky was so blue that it seemed as if a new curtain had been hung up over our world. At every turn of the road I met snowy cascades, which came leaping and laughing down over the rocks from mountain heights a thousand feet above me. One of these was a stream of considerable size, which rushed down a narrow channel among the rocks, leaped over a precipice, dashed itself into spray on a rock a hundred feet below, fell in clouds of snowy mist on other rocks three hundred feet further down, and then gathering its scattered forces together again, rushed roaring down into the river a thousand feet below. The melting snows above fed the stream which sparkled everywhere, and turn where I would I was met by pictures of rarest beauty.

After climbing three miles I stopped at a temporary hamlet by the roadside for refreshments. My cook had gone on ahead, and when I arrived he had a plentiful supply of biscuit and a pot of tea ready for me. I was hungry, and thirsty, and exceedingly fatigued, and never was I more grateful for a cup of tea than when I threw myself down on a native blanket and took up a biscuit and the cup which the cook handed me. The tea soon disappeared, as did a second cup, and a third, and a fourth. "Shall I fill up the tea-pot again?" asked the cook with a puzzled expression. I ordered more hot water, and drank my fifth and sixth cups, and yet it seemed to me that I had drunk scarcely any thing. I was pouring out my seventh cup when it occurred to me that there was such a thing as prudence in the world, and that I had probably passed its bounds. I ate my last biscuit, but still felt hungry and thirsty. In short, I began to find that I was getting too high up in the world for personal comfort. Every few minutes a strange, smothering sensation would come over me, as if I had been holding my breath, and I was reminded that the atmosphere was growing rare. My head began to

ache with a dull, throbbing pain, and my heart began to thump heavily.

A mountaineer volunteered to go with me the rest of the way, but all the coolies except one gave it up and returned to the village below. The road now ceased to be a road, and was indeed hardly a pathway. Instead of stone steps, we had simply large, rough stones thrown together, over which we could scramble better than on the slippery ground. Immense snow-banks filled all the ravines, and, of course, blocked up our way, but the pilgrims had worn little paths in the melting snow, which I found far preferable to the rough stones over which we had come. The rushing torrents of water had worn channels like arched caverns under the snow, and often as I walked along I could hear the roar of the torrent beneath my feet. The snow was everywhere melting rapidly—it was the middle of May—and beautiful wild flowers were following it closely, some of them laughing at its retreat within a few feet of the icy mass itself. The trees were bare, and on some of them the buds had not yet commenced to swell. We crept on up, and came into a region where trees and flowers disappeared. The few shrubs which made up the vegetation were still locked in Winter's sleep. The snow, however, was still melting, and everywhere around us and beneath our feet the swollen torrents were rushing down to the river.

At last we came in sight of the temple, standing at the head of the valley, about a mile distant. The whole of the intervening distance was covered with snow, in some places not less than fifty feet deep, while the temple itself was so deeply imbedded in the snow that I did not notice a score of stone huts by which it was surrounded, till within a few rods of the place. I found the priests and all the pilgrims who chanced to be there collected to receive me. The temple has a large revenue, and supports no less than three hundred and sixty priests, but only twenty of these were present at the time of my visit. The building is of stone, about fifty feet long by twenty-five wide, with a tower forty or forty-five feet high. It is one of the finest Hindoo temples I have seen, but I had expected that a shrine so celebrated would have had a building of more imposing proportions. It is dedicated to Shiva, and has a large, neatly-carved stone ox lying in front to represent the animal on which that old brute is said to have traveled. A number of stone idols adorn different parts of the temple, among them two of the most noted of Vishnu's incarnations. Such is the accommodating nature of this polytheism, that the most noted temple of one

particular god can furnish images for the votaries of half a dozen others.

I walked around the temple hoping to get a peep inside, but the doors had been closed before my arrival, and the priests declined opening them. I then took a seat on the stone platform beside Shiva's ox, and preached to a considerable crowd who sat on the steps of the temple in front of me. I know not that it is right for a preacher to feel gratified with his own sermons, but right or wrong there are times when I do it. I can not see why a minister of the blessed Gospel may not rejoice over his work as well as any one else; nor do I think it an infallible mark of humility for him to be always talking in a disparaging tone of his own sermons. If Charles Francis Adams congratulates himself that he is the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, he does not thereby say that he is the *ablest* man who ever filled that post; and surely I may in all humility feel an intense satisfaction in thinking that I have stood up before immortal men and delivered a message from the King of kings. I shall ever think with grateful joy of the time when I preached Jesus and the resurrection at that old temple. It was two miles and a half above the sea, and the mountain before me rose up a mile and a half above my seat. The sun, glowing in that pure sky like a furnace of molten gold, was just sinking behind the snowy heights. Before me sat priest and pilgrim, deceiver and deceived. It seemed to me that the long procession of men and women, who, for a thousand years, had been marching up to that temple was passing before me, and from that shrine I saw them pass on and enter the eternal world. A thousand years! A thousand years in which pilgrim throngs, like those around me, march straight on to the temple and the tomb! I felt my spirit stirred within me, and preached as I had seldom preached in India before. My heart and eyes overflowed as I told them of a risen Savior who had *power to save*.

It has been said that there is a grief which craves tears as a luxury, but often longs for them in vain. I was reminded of this when thinking of the strange, refreshing, hopeful feeling which those tears brought to me, and I was almost startled when I chanced to think that I had never shed a tear before in the presence of a heathen congregation. I have heard tender-hearted men preach stirring sermons to these people, but I do not think I ever saw one moved to tears, unless when native Christians formed his congregation. No wonder that missionaries sometimes long for the refreshing

means of grace, which they have been wont to enjoy in their native land.

The gloomy shadows of the mountains reminded me that I must hasten my return, for I was six miles from a place of shelter. I talked very plainly to the priests, but no one seemed to resent it, and I hoped to prevail on them to accept some books and tracts, but in this I was disappointed. Their boys, however, had no scruples, and before I left I heard one of them reading a scathing exposure of Hindooism on the steps of the temple.

As I turned away I met a poor, barefooted, half-naked woman, bending with fatigue and shivering with cold, dragging herself along toward the shrine. I stepped aside into the snow to let her pass, and as I watched the poor creature totter by, I think I knew what it was to *hate* this accursed idolatry.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.*

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

EACH earthly hope grown dark
But shows some distant light
By which to guide our trembling bark
Across the stormy night.
Each friendship slipped aside
But lifts our standard higher,
To one whose strength can stem the tide
Or brave the scorching fire.
Each disappointed love
Which darkens all our way,
But draws the soul to One above
Whose love can not decay!
Each beautiful belief,
Broken, and crushed, and gone,
Works out of its extremest grief
Some vision of the dawn.
Each snow-clouded sky
Brings dreams of heavenly light,
And lifts the longing spirit high
To where there is no night.
Each messenger of death
That meets us on the way
But makes us long to breathe a breath
That is not cased in clay.
Each tendril of the soul
Is reaching vainly forth—
The rains may fall, the rivers roll,
Its prop is not of earth.
O Father! in the dark
Which shadows all my way,
Still ever let me see a spark
From thy unclouded day!

* "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death; but an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the Infinite Love of God."—*George Fox's Journal*.

A GLIMPSE INTO A LIFE.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

TENNYSON.

AT first it was a dream of pleasure—only pleasure. It reverted to no sad yesterday, it looked forward to no uncertain to-morrow, and yet that dream of life was imperfect through its very completeness. The dreamer rejoiced, not as do souls that struggle up through great griefs that have fallen upon them like holy benedictions; he knew nothing of that deliverance from peril, or long-continued anxiety which is the source of the highest enjoyment—

"Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys."

Sad experiences followed by a glad relief had never taught him

"That every cloud that spreads above
And vaileth love, itself is love."

He had no visions of earnest, striving, and patient waiting, but in his dreams he was always the recipient of unearned blessings. "Ego" was the center of his social system.

As an ancient astronomer advanced the theory that the sun revolved round the earth, thereby giving warmth and light to a body at rest, so did the dreamer conceive of a life of inactivity, full of warmth and sunshine. His dreams were as flattering, though not as prophetic, as those of Joseph of old; all things "bowed in obedience" to him. Yet through the smooth paths of his imagination he was led to trackless wastes, and the fervid, abiding sunlight grew oppressive, till, with "the tired Dervise," he was ready to exclaim:

"Wearily flaggeth my soul in the desert,
Wearily, wearily.

Sand, ever sand, not the gleam of a fountain;
Sun, ever sun, not a shade from the mountain;
Wave after wave flows the sea of the desert,
Drearly, drearily."

Next the dreamer became an observer of men, not a striver among them. He began to live, but, to speak paradoxically, he began to live outside of his own life; that is, he studied not his own wants, or duties, or capacities, but, styling himself a student of men, measured the wants, duties, and capacities of others. He trusted in his own powers to comprehend and to discriminate; and, while stumbling along his own way, rebuked the wayward footsteps of his brethren. Like a soldier who, on the field

of battle, throws away his musket and then censures the bad shots of his neighbor, so, standing idle, did he condemn the work of more earnest men, and self pitying, did he call whatever ills befell himself "misfortunes;" whatever ills befell other men, he adjudged the befitting results of their own imprudent actions. To go down into the depths of other men's lives was as easy as the descent to Tartarus; but to come up out of the depths of his own nature, "that was labor, that was toil."

Heedless of the injunction, "Know thyself," he understood but imperfectly things outside of and beyond himself, and so went on the useless years of his life. He had sought knowledge, not wisdom.

"Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

This idle observer of men was at last a consort, dragged forth upon the battle-plains of life. He had evaded duty till evasion was no longer possible; he must now "bear arms" or die. A life-long conflict was before him. If his theories were worth any thing, he could reduce them to practice, for he was now in the full tide of action and must be strictly practical. He was humbled at the revelation of his own weakness; he found his own wisdom foolishness. He learned that there is no standpoint from which man can unerringly judge of his fellow-man. The balances of justice hang high as heaven itself.

He whose life had known no noble aims, could not at once bring his higher powers into subserviency to his will. He had brought no heart to his work, but his work gave heart to him. The struggle which he had never sought, he at length gloried in. Channing said, "I call that mind free which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies." So freedom came from self-knowledge. The vain dreamer—the idle observer became at last the earnest man who, in triumph or defeat, was alike courageous, and who through ennobling struggle had grown strong enough to "meet midway" life's many storms.

HE alone is a man, who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF PAUL AND BARBARA HECK.

A LEAF FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

BY MRS. FRANCES PALMER.

A FEW days since we were induced to visit, by special invitation, the pleasant town of Brockville, Canada West. Here we found ourselves within a few miles of where that honored mother in Israel, Barbara Heck, and her good husband, Paul Heck, lie buried side by side. With much pleasure we accepted the invitation of W. Sherwood, Esq., and Rev. Wm. H. Poole, to visit the venerated spot, about eight miles distant. Within a mile of the "Blue Church" graveyard resides George Heck, Esq., grandson of Barbara Heck. Himself and members of his interesting household are well worthy the name of their sainted grandsires, and their praise is in all the Canadian Wesleyan Churches, as among the more devoted and opulent. Here we dined, and saw some highly-prized relics of the worthy pair, particularly the Bible that the devoted Barbara had on her lap at the moment of her transit from earth to heaven. Says one, "When we pray we speak to God, but when we read the Holy Bible it is God speaking to us. Well, God was speaking to Barbara, the sainted mother of American Methodism, at the hour she passed away. And who can tell what were the hallowed communings of that eventful moment! Her grandson tells us that she was not particularly ill. She had for some time resided with her son Samuel, and had at the time accomplished her threescore and ten years. Himself and brother formed part of the family; but all were absent from the room at the time when death, as a smiling porter, came and unlocked the prison door that detained her below. The messenger that unloosed the silver cord came so gently that his coming might not at once have been observed, had not the good old well-worn Bible been seen slipping from her hand as her grandson entered the room. Says her biographer, Rev. Dr. Stevens, "Thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name will last with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure." The place from which she

"Took her last triumphant flight,
From Calvary to Zion's hight,"

was pointed out to us, being but a few minutes' walk from where her grandson now resides.

Her remains now repose in a graveyard about a mile distant from the place where she died. It is just such a place as one might choose as a last resting-place for the earthly tabernacle. It is on a verdant embankment overlooking the beautiful St. Lawrence River, whose rapid flow reminds the thoughtful beholder of life's ever-flowing stream, bearing its sons away. Assisted by Rev. Mr. Poole, we planted a beautiful rose-bush on the grave of the departed heroine. Some of the roses were in full bloom, and we left them untouched to shed perfume over the honored spot.

Our friend, the lawyer, through whose courtesy we were taken to the place, busied himself, while we were viewing the graves of the honored dead, in taking a sketch of the graves of Paul and Barbara, and other members of the Heck family. Being an adept in the art, he produced an admirable sketch. The remains of Mrs. Lawrence also lie entombed here. She was the widow of Philip Embury, of honored memory, who died at Ashgrove, Vermont. Two or three years after the death of Embury she was married to Mr. Lawrence, one of the little company that emigrated to this country with Paul and Barbara Heck, Embury, etc. Surely the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance; and by a thousand unlooked-for and nameless ways does the God of Providence make known his faithfulness.

LITERARY WOMEN.

BY JENNIE BRANKSTON.

I AM fairly wearied out with this incessant prating of the "lords of creation," on the duties and sphere of woman. They seem to take it for granted that every woman is born with a depraved and fatal tendency to wander from the paths that lead to the kitchen, and that she is only to be reclaimed by the call of duty sounded in her ears by their disinterested voice. They feel morally sure that wherever a woman is found guilty of reading a book, or—fearful enormity—of writing one, the roast joint of mutton will be burned, the pudding turn out heavy, and their precious shirt bosoms be limp, or scorched.

Ever since Eve stole the apple from the tree of knowledge, I believe all the post-Adamites have reckoned it a sin for her to take to learning. How elegantly they discourse of the broom and scrubbing-brush! and the plaintive melody of their kitchen lyrics is almost touching. Then the delightful insincerity with which they tell

a woman, in print, that she never looks more bewitching than with her sleeves rolled up at the pie-board, or in any one of the beautiful "household avocations." Why do they think it so positively necessary that a woman, to be a woman, should be always in the practice of domestic drudgery? There is a soil of cant about the whole thing that annoys me. The dread that woman should overstep her "sphere," that mysterious and still undefined circle which encompasses her, seems long to have been a source of agitation; and when here and there one departs from the refinements dear to all true womanly instincts, the fear seems to be that, the example once set, all who have courage will follow in the wake—that womankind need only precedent and tolerance to forsake one-half their old employments and customs, and make for themselves a new line of habit and life.

But it is not with an elaborate discussion of the prolific topic of "woman's sphere" that we would vex our own brains or those of our readers; we would utter only some of the thoughts that have arisen as we have read, again and again, articles in regard to literary women—which term includes lovers of books as well as lovers of the pen. The fear that seems to haunt the mind masculine, that the intellectual cultivation of woman is incompatible with the fulfillment of those sweet household duties that make her the fair dispensing spirit of harmony, beauty, and cheer of a home, seems to us at this day to betray a pitiable lack of observation, experience, or just appreciation.

That a woman will superintend her household with any less skill and grace because she has enriched her mind by familiarity with works of genius, and ripened her judgment by the study of grave authors, is merely ridiculous. That she should be a good housekeeper, a wise and careful mother, a skillful director of her domestics, and a willing participator in their labors, requires that she possess sound common-sense. Give her this and she will not be the less wise, careful, and skillful, though every room contain its library, and every corner its *escritoire*. Give her a character without this element, and though her whole life be spent in the practice of arts domestic, she will fail in producing that harmony of household life, that sweet charm of order and system that deepen and enrich the blessedness of home, that develop the full meaning of that sacred word.

In regard to a woman who writes, and publishes what she writes, the almost unanimous masculine conviction seems to be that she must be fit for nothing else; that, however sweet her poems, and piquant her sketches, her husband's

stockings must, of necessity, be undarned, and his dinners ill cooked, her own dress uncared for, and her children vagrant; or if, perchance, she remain unmarried, she must be repelling and unsocial, eschewing all the sweet graces of maidenhood. We doubt not there may be some women whose too exclusive devotion to one object in life has rendered them unfitted for the harmonious fulfillment of all its duties; but is not the same true of men in precisely the same degree? And where one such case can be brought to light, we can point to where the hand that guides the glowing pen is most skillful in its ministry to every need and every comfort of home—tender in its touch in the sick room, ready for every duty that calls.

We have been in homes where the sweet spirit of feminine genius has been the light and warmth of the household, where the pure aspiration and lofty ideal of thought and life have been felt by every soul within the charmed circle. The culminating point of all this wisdom seems to be, that "literary" women—and mark the half sneer with which it is often spoken—will never worthily and wisely fill the places of wives and mothers. We had thought that the many true and beautiful women, whose noble lives are a part of the literature they adorn, would have shamed from every thinking mind the "unworthy thought." And we do not yet believe there is one man of noble mind and true earnest heart—one of just manhood—who would choose that the wife or sister of his love should not be able to meet him with comprehending sympathy among the books and subjects that were dear to him; that would not joy in the quick intuitive perception of the thought-enriched mind; which could aid him in difficulty, or wisely comfort him in doubt or despondency.

While a true woman's heart is so dependant in its needs for love and tender sympathies, man needs not fear that her brain will drain its sweet springs or blight its bloom. Literary honors are all too cold a reward to atone for the loss of the lightest of household loves. On woman devolve all the tender ministrations of home; and she who can not combine literary achievement with the performance of these duties, will be happier to let the pen lie idle; and she who could fail in that love that makes the household blessed, should hardly attempt, it seems to us, to send forth harmonies into the great world home.

Let a woman make the cultivation of her intellect harmonious with her life, but let her neglect no opportunities to develop and enrich her mind. Let her believe that life will expand

and beautify before her with every year of her mental growth. And if sweet melodies, and brave, clear thoughts are in her brain, let her joy in their expression as simply and naturally as that in any utterance of her nature. Let her sing of her love, of her sorrow, as her heart prompts; and let the true, the pure, find ever in her utterance a voice. Let her breathe words of comfort to the sorrowing, of hope and courage to those who wait for the word of cheer. Let her send forth sweet thoughts for the little child, and merry words to brighten the fireside group. And, O! let the divine truths, that come to her spirit in hours of musing, or sadness, or deep experience, go forth to bless the needy heart as they have blest her own. And, since to woman seems to be intrusted all that most ennobles, refines, and purifies the world, let her strive to live up to the sweet ideal within her, and make the expression of her life more beautiful than that of her pen.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. MARRIET E. FRANCIS.

IT was a beautiful twilight; the western sky full of clouds, rosy and golden, piled and arched, with just the faintest somber tinge crowning the whole, enhancing the beauty of the radiant hues. The full moon glimmered through the eastern trees, and sent long waves and curves, tying up huge bouquets of pansies and lilies, and spreading out fan-like where the soft grass waved, and tossed, and bent downward, as if a thing of life, replete with joy at the flooding baptism. All this was in sight of Mrs. Edwards's open window, where she sat rocking backward and forward, with one hand upon her baby's crib, swaying it to the same motion, yet unheeding it, or aught except her own gloomy forebodings. For the first time in her married life her husband had been absent from home a week. It had been a trial from the first to have him go; and only his cheerful words, and the promise of daily letters, had won her consent; and now day after day had dragged on, and she had not received one line. Her imagination was very strong, and ruled her day and night; and the harassing picture of seeing him sink helpless before the buffeting waves, or lying stricken with fever among strangers, too delirious to give a clew to his home or friends, or waylaid and murdered, and his poor body hid where no kind hand could smooth the tangled locks and give it a decent burial, had taken from her appetite and rest, till she was weak as a child in reason.

"There, there, Mrs. Edwards, don't cry any more!" The words came sympathizingly, just as a motherly form came through the back door into the room, and paused with one hand on the weeping woman's shoulder.

"But, Mrs. Douglass, Lewis must be sick or killed. I did not get a word in to-day's mail, and it is a week."

"I know, Sarah said so, and I hurried up my work and came over, for I knew just how you would feel. But I do not think there is any thing wrong, there are so many causes for retention of letters. You are all worried out, and can only look on the dark side."

"I felt so sad before he started, and now I know it was almost a presentiment. You don't know."

"Yes, I do know; and when I look back over one worry and another that used to rob me of comfort, when it came out right after all, I always think how much happier we would be if we could trust God more, and feel that he rules, and does not willingly afflict his children. If we could only rest with the confidence that we do in our earthly fathers, and they, with the best intentions, often are weak in wisdom."

"But accident does come, and death sometimes."

"Yes, we must all die, and oftentimes a quick transition is a blessing. Think of a loved one going by lingering disease, painful days, and sleepless nights! But most of our worries are nothing but worries, all needless. We say in our prayers, "Father, thou art unerring in wisdom, take us and do with us as thou seest for our good;" and then we go right away and fret and trouble, as if the care and destiny of our loved ones and ourselves was in our own hands. There is a peace in religion that the world can neither give nor take away, but with too many of us it takes many years of lessons to attain to that perfect peace."

"But he has come near being hurt so many times, Mrs. Douglass—when the lightning prostrated him, and last Fall when he cut him so near an artery."

"And yet escaped uninjured. You make me think of my Willie, who seems to have equal fear of the dark and cows. He came in at dusk the other night, and finding no one at home, he ran into the street crying very loudly. The neighbors finding they could not pacify him, told him the direction I had taken, and when he overtook me his form was quivering with the sobs that had convulsed him. I tried to reason with him, when he said he was afraid of the dark, and told him that God could take care of him in the dark as well as in the light,

and he would not let any thing hurt him, and questioned if he did not believe this. His reply was, 'I do n't know, mother. What makes him let the cows run after me, then?' 'But, Willie, he did not let them hurt you,' was all the reply that I could think of at the moment. I do not suppose that there is hardly a day of our lives that we are not in some danger, more often hid than apparent. Perhaps I was not in any more peril when in the Mississippi River than sitting here. I do not know."

"And I have lived by you so many years, and you have never told me."

"Are you sure? I have related it till it seems stale to me. I was a young woman, and had been on a trip with my husband, who was captain of the boat, far into the Indian Territory; and we had returned to St. Louis, and were lying by over night. Almost all the passengers had left for the city the night before, and I was quietly sleeping in my berth, when the wild cry of 'fire! fire!' startled me like the shock of an earthquake. I sprang from the berth, and as my husband opened the door the forked flames rushed in and caught the curtains and bed, and shot out lurid flames along the wainscoted ceiling. Mr. Douglass and I rushed to the end of the boat ere he remembered his papers and all the wealth of his profitable trip, and he told me to stay just where I was till he returned, and he disappeared, to find papers, money, and room eaten up by the devouring flames. The roof of the boat had been newly pitched, and the fire ran along it with hissing breath, and shot up into the air; and, quivering in my night-clothes, I stood, what seemed hours, for the return of my husband. Two of the crew had unloosed a boat and waited near by, almost under me, begging and pleading for me to jump into their arms. I told them that I should fall into the water and be drowned, but they said if I waited I should be burned to death, and they would surely catch me; and with them and the roaring, hissing flames urging me on I gave a spring, and the cold waters closed over my form. As I came up to the surface, under the burning boat, I could hear the frantic cries of my husband urging all to help save his wife, and let every thing else perish; and some of the crew crying out, 'Keep calm, Captain, we will surely rescue her,' and then the waters closed over me again. The third time that I was sinking I was lifted by my hair out of the water, and I knew no more till I was reclining upon a pile of lead on the shore, and an Indian was bending over me, chafing my arms, under a blanket taken from his own shoulders, and

rubbing my face as tenderly as if with a mother's hand. He had been the first to spring ashore when the flames burst out, and he knew what the others did not, or had forgotten in their excitement, that I had fallen where there was an eddy that would carry me up stream; and while the rest were searching below the boat, he was looking up stream, watching the bubbles that rose above my form, and sprang in as I was sinking the last time, and saved me alive. We would have loaded him with presents, but he would accept nothing but some flame-colored leggins, and a sort of loose gown that was made of bright-red material, scrawled over with yellow flowers, which he would wear with the greatest pride when he came up to the Planter's Hotel to make me a daily visit.

"If the Indian had not been in the boat; if he had not known that the eddy would carry me up stream; if he had missed me, at the last moment, I should have been given, if at all, to my husband's arms a lifeless corpse; and who ordered all this, Mrs. Edwards?"

"God does not let even a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, but I forget so often;" and then, abruptly, after holding her breath to listen a moment, "Did you hear the gate open?"

"Yes, a gentleman and lady are coming up the walk. It is Hattie Sinclair, I am sure."

Miss Hattie was a very unceremonious young woman, and before Mrs. Edwards could rise to her feet to answer the bell, whose loud peal brought baby's eyes wide open, the door was thrust ajar, and with the exulting words, "Here are your letters, Mrs. Edwards; they were carried by this morning and brought back after mail-time by the express train;" two white missives were thrown into her lap. Mrs. Edwards cried and laughed hysterically as she read them to herself, and then exclaimed, "It is the strangest thing! Not a word has he heard from home since he left! He thinks my letters must have been burnt in the great fire that destroyed the depot east. He says the trains connected so closely that he had not a moment to post a letter till the second day night; and to think how I have worried!"

"Catch me fretting so over a husband," said pretty Miss Hattie, as she turned a roguish look upon her attendant, and took his arm to leave; but Mrs. Douglass only said, "Mrs. Edwards, you will never forget this lesson;" and the reply, "No, no, never!" came softly as the now happy mother knelt by her sleeping baby, ostensibly to kiss his soft fair cheek, but really to ask her Heavenly Father to forgive her for the sinful distrust.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE PLEASANT.

IT is a secret worth learning, to know how to be cheerful one's self, and how to make other people, and especially the home circle, happy. Some people seem to live in perpetual sunshine, and wherever they go, carry sunshine with them; others diffuse a kind of chilliness and gloom, and are always managing to say uncomfortable things. There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable on purpose. I can understand how a boy that never had been taught better, might carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to hrow them down at the feet of passers-by and see them bound; but I can not understand how an instructed and well-meaning person could do such a thing. And yet there are men that carry torpedoes all their life, and take pleasure in tossing them at people. "O," they say, "I have something now, and when I meet that man I will give it to him!" And they wait for the right company, and the right circumstances, and then they out with the most disagreeable things. And if they are remonstrated with, they say, "It is true," as if that was a justification of their conduct. If God should take all the things that are true of you, and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it, you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. And is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him, or give him pain? And yet how many there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he can not help himself! Well, you know just how the devil feels! Whenever he has done any thing wicked, and has made somebody very unhappy, and laughs, he feels just as, for the time being, you feel, when you have done a cruel thing, and somebody is hurt, and it does you good.

This bears on another point—that of saying pleasing things instead of disagreeable things. There is a person that never fails to say a pleasant thing when I meet him. If for the sake of saying a pleasant thing he ever said an untrue thing, I should be sorry; but I trust that all of us do things in one place or another that are sufficiently praiseworthy to justify their being pleasantly spoken of; and I would rather have a person take notice of my good points than of my bad, and speak of them. It makes me happier, and I feel better toward him, and toward every body else. I suppose you feel

good when you are praised, do you not? I suppose that, for the time being, you feel benevolent. But this saying of pleasant things is often inveighed against by persons who, not being alive to the duty of pleasing, and not having a natural desire to please, think that many of these little attentions which people bestow on each other are foolish. For instance, if, meeting you, I see any thing pleasant about you, and say, "You are looking well," they stand back and say, "Flattering him! telling him that he looks well! Suppose he is handsome, is that any reason he should be told of it?" Yes, if being told it adds to his happiness. If a person meets a friend and says, "That is a charming dress you have on," they say, "Why should you talk to her about her dress, and tell her that it is beautiful?" Because it will please her.

If a man has done any thing that is creditable; if he has written an article, or issued a poem, or made a speech, or effected a bargain, or built a house, or done any thing else that reflects credit upon him, is it best to praise him for that, or to find fault with him for something which he has done that is not so creditable? Is it best to encourage men by commending them for that part of their conduct which is commendable, or to discourage them by holding up to condemnation that part of their conduct which is faulty? I know that there is danger of going to extremes in this direction; and yet it is right for us to maintain a thousand courtesies that tend to give pleasure, and to avoid many rudenesses that tend to give pain. Choose things that will please men. Nutgalls are not the only things in the world. There are roses and honeysuckles. Wasps are not the only things in the world. There is honey as well.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and no where else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house, you would have thought that they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or any where else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get

home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

My friends, our kindness should begin at home. It should not stay there; but there it should begin, and there it should be nourished. And no where else should you be so considerate of politeness as in your own house, when there is no body there but your wife and children; for what has a man that is worth more to him than his wife and children?

I think that there are non-Christian families—families that do not profess to know the truth, or to follow Christ—that might well be models or examples to us in single things.

HEART RELIGION.

RELIGION is designed to be a life; not a speculative truth; not a truth discussed and agitated, but a truth lived upon, fed upon, turned into the daily nourishment of the soul. Carry out its design, then. Do not talk religion, but live religion. Say of religion, "I need it, not to settle mooted points with, or decide doubtful questions, but to make me wise, to console me in my troubles, to bring me off conqueror in my temptations." Resolve to become acquainted with religion on that side of it. We are not saying that controversy is unnecessary, or that faith as it is in Jesus does not need bulwarks; but we are saying these bulwarks are not what we need to make us happy, however much they may be needed to make us safe. Fortifications are necessary, it may be, to the security of a town; there must be pieces of artillery on the rampart, and persons skilled to fire them; but the fortifications supply neither food, nor comfort, nor delight; persons do not look for these things from them; they are not a substitute for provisions, nor for parks or pleasure grounds.

Be assured that religion has its resources, its parks, and pleasure grounds. Seek not always to hang about its bulwarks, but resolve to enter into its gardens, and to expatiate in its pleasant places. In other words, strive with might and main, despite all the unkindness and want of sympathy of men, all the opposition, to live, in the depths of your mind, a life of communion

with God—communion calm, sweet, and unbroken. You may fail many times a day, at first, to maintain that beautiful, delicate state of mind, which is not ruptured at once by passion, or self-indulgence; that state of mind of which the two main ingredients are faith in God and love to man. But heal the wound by the blood and grace of Christ, and try again. You shall make progress by little and little in God's school, sure and solid, even if slow. When you are really acquainted with the fluctuations of the spiritual life, when you endeavor to keep the needle of the heart true to the pole of Divine love, and find it oscillating beneath your daily experience of the rude rocking of the sea of this world, there shall be no need then of any inducement to the study of the Scriptures. The interest of all other works will wane and fade in comparison of theirs. They are a book for the heart, and the heart, when awake to the interests of religion, is attracted toward them by an irresistible magnetism. There shall be no need then to testify to you of wondrous things in God's law, for your eye will itself discern and live in the enjoyment of them.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

BY MRS. J. E. AKERS.

O, A mighty stream is Time's broad river,
Bearing frail barks on its current ever!

As onward they ride,

O'er its surging tide,

Backward they turn on its bosom never;

But ever onward with restless motion

Through Death's dark gulf to Eternity's ocean.

Some hang out their lights and greet voyagers cheery,
Some shut out God's sunshine and drift lone and dreary;

As a meteor's gleam

Some pass down the stream,

While others long tossed on the billows grow weary,

And sigh for a rest from the wild waves' commotion

On the dim distant isle of Eternity's ocean.

Sailing to-day past the island of sorrow,

Touching on joy's sunny shore to-morrow,

Now on care's rocky coast,

By adverse winds tost,

Till from hope, the sure anchor, we confidence borrow;

And trimming our sails with joyous emotion

We steer for the star on Eternity's ocean.

Bear us gently on, O mighty river,

Toward the bright home of the blest forever!

And when life's gales are past,

May we anchor at last

Where storm winds and tempests can enter, no never,

And tune our sweet harps to new strains of devotion

On the beautiful isle of Eternity's ocean.

The Children's Repository.

CANINE PSYCHOLOGY.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

BROWN FRED.

WHEN I came over to this jolly country, intent on hunting and fishing mainly, and resolved that, whereas I had wrought hard for the best half of a man's life, and done what good I could in it, although well sprinkled, I fear, with unwitting evil of all sorts, I would now take mine ease in mine inn, and with my brown dog Fred for a companion, enjoy thankfully the rest of my golden days. I pitched my first tent in the suburbs of Boston, within hearing of the multitudinous laughter of the earth's great bed-fellow, the sea, who was always tossing and rolling about on his fat sides as if he had the pleasantest and the jolliest dreams in the world, and exulted through all the pulses of his booming tides in the vast wild life which tumbled his waters into music.

For many months Fred and I had the happiest time of it which people who love sport, and find it in the achievements of the gun and the fishing-rod, could possibly enjoy. There was established between us a genuine understanding. He knew precisely the duties which were required of him, and the reward he was certain to get for their faithful discharge. He was not so much a servant as a friend; and no Christian soul ever studied more anxiously the will and the wishes of the person whom he desired to serve than this brave and loving fellow studied mine. I was very much attached to him, it is true, and of course he knew it, for love is intensely magnetic, and begets love, in noble hearts; and brown Fred was noble—the most unselfish of canine examples.

He was treated by me, in all respects, with the highest consideration, for I designed to educate him to the full extent of his faculty, and see what sort of a thing a dog's soul might become when it was brought up in the nurture of affection and good manners. Always he entered the house with me, if not exactly arm in arm, at all events heel to heel, and generally the tip end of his cold snout was thrust in between the closed fingers of my right hand. I had taught him, as my housekeeper was particularly clean—had the clean fever every day, indeed—to remove the dirt in foul weather from his nimble pedestrian digits—in other

words, to wipe his feet on entering the hall door; and it was very comical—especially to a stranger who beheld him go through the accomplishment for the first time—to see him how doggedly he insisted of the last speck that it should vanish from his paws. I began by rubbing them clean upon the mat myself, and kept up this discipline every day for a fortnight—talking to him the while, and letting him see how I also cleansed my own boots—telling him that I required nothing of him in this particular which I did not impose upon myself; and that as he was a gentleman who lived in a decent house, and not in a common kennel like ordinary dogs of no degree, I should expect him to conform in all things to the habits of a gentleman. I am sure he fully comprehended the drift if not the words of my discourse, for he soon learned the pretty trick; and often, after I had deposited my rod in its sacred corner, or hung up my gun in its place, and was comfortably reclining on my chair, feet up and book in hand, Fred would ensconce himself upon the hearth-rug, and begin licking his hands and paws till they were as clean and bright as my lady's after a bath.

He was a universal favorite, and made friends with every one who came to the house, except beggars or ill-dressed, shuffling men. He knew a roguish gait, and the footstep afar off of a bad man.

You must know that I tried to give that dog a conscience—and sure I am that he had a bigger moral nature than a good many men whom I have known. Fred always did as he was bidden to do. If I told him that I had left my gloves at home and wanted them, he would go back, no matter how far the distance might be, and fetch them from the hall table, where they were always placed when I entered the house after a walk. Once, I had been out fishing in a boat all day, and it was nearly dark when I landed, and pulled the boat up on the shore. A misty twilight hung over the darkening river, and all the valley scenery was getting indistinct, mysterious, and artistic—suggesting a great deal, that is to say: over head the pale white stars were mustering for their lonely watch in the heavens, and all the air was alive with the croaking of frogs, and a thousand inarticulate voices; while far and near the wondrous fire-bugs—those couriers of the night genii, and friends of the fairies—burst around me in sudden jets of splendor, and then shut up as if one glimpse of their glory were enough for any mortal to see at once.

That was the landscape in which, as a foreground, my boat, myself, and brown Fred were

sent, you must understand; for Fred was with me, you may be sure; and after I had unloaded the boat, and got all my fishing-tackle and fishing baskets ashore, I flung as many things as I could carry over my shoulder, and taking the rest in my hands, started off for home. I had proceeded for about a mile when I missed a flagon basket which contained my "book for the day," and my writing materials. I was too tired to return for it—if I could help it—and bethought me that probably I might make Fred understand what I wanted. So I set down the "traps," and showing him a similar basket to that which I had lost, told him that he must go back and seek it; and bring it to his master. The intelligent old fellow looked at me so knowingly out of his large brown eyes as I explained to him that most probably he would find it in the boat, and not on the shore, that I felt certain he would return with it. I then affectionately stroked his glossy head, and bade him be off on his errand. In a moment he was gone, and I watched his rapid course till the darkness swallowed him up. Then I sat down on the grass and confidently awaited his return. He was soon back, and sure enough with the basket in his mouth, which he presently deposited at my feet, and then sprang up to my face to give me one of his dog's kisses. Was n't I delighted with the grand old fellow? and did n't I cover him with caresses? and did n't he get a "tee-total pill"—which, according to the "Birmingham blacksmith," is "beefsteak a yard long"—for his dinner that day on his arrival home? You may be sure that all these things befell him; and a very jolly dog he must have felt himself to be, as he lay down that night on the hearth-rug at his master's feet, in the cozy little study which overlooked the flower-garden.

I told you that I did my best to educate him. I gave him to understand that he was a gentleman, and that pains had been taken to teach him manners—that he must never quarrel with any other dog, nor fight unless he was right down obliged to do so in self-defense. He was a very high-spirited animal—very ambitious and proud, and would not allow any other dog to excel him in any feat, gymnastic or otherwise. I am quite sure that he understood all the lessons and admonitions which I gave him; and I am also sure that he had the faculty of conquering the bad passions of other dogs who came to molest him, by moral power. I have often seen, when driving or walking through a strange village, whole troops of dogs rush at him as if they would tear him to pieces. At such times he would quietly wait till they came up to him, when a mysterious

course of smelling went on all round among these dogs. They would smell Fred, and Fred would smell them. Then something else happened, which was the action of peace and friendship, and if reciprocated by the other dog or dogs, there was an end of all warlike feeling. If not reciprocated, then up went Fred's bristles, and after radiating from his eyes a mysterious moral influence, (Reader, I am certain about that, for 't is a fact,) he would walk off in a most dignified manner, and leave the baffled hounds to their wonder at this thing which the dog Fred had done. He was a true lover of his race. I never saw a dog so fond of other dogs; and if they were at all respectable he would "cotton" with them, and be their friend. But he knew an evil, mean dog, just as a generous boy knows an evil, mean boy when he sees him on the streets. All such he warned peremptorily off. Neither would he take the slightest notice of a barking, insolent cur. Many such have run out at him on the streets—bullied him—and tried his patience in all ways, but it was no use. He would not condescend to notice them at all. Once, however, a little dirty wretch, presuming upon his good-nature, flew at, and bit the noble fellow on the lip. This was something too much. Dog flesh and blood could not stand that—and I do n't think a man's could—so, in one moment, Fred caught him by the scuff of the neck, gave him one great shake, and flung him howling into the gutter—an example to all the dogs on that street.

I had taught him many little tricks, which were often amusing enough to the boys and girls who used to be very fond of coming to see the "squire," his books, pictures, and cabinet of curiosities. He would catch a cracker without fail when placed upon the tip of his nose—and he did this by throwing it up a foot high, and snapping at it as it fell. Then for a cracker as reward he would roll over three times, and laugh! You do n't believe that, do you? Physiologists and naturalists tell us that no animal can laugh but the biped man. Well, I do n't mean that he made his diaphragm shake, and had to hold both his sides with his paws when he did that feat, but he laughed for all that, when told to do so. I have seen many a man make a poorer attempt to laugh than Fred made. His nose, mouth, and face did absolutely resolve themselves into wrinkles, while his eyes had a most droll expression in them when he was performing this marvel. It was a laugh which has made me laugh a hundred times—and what is more, he seemed to know that he was laughing.

He knew pretty much all I said to him. I have talked to him for five and ten minutes at a time—praising, blaming, or admonishing him. If he marked a bird—which happened sometimes at the beginning of the season when he was very keen and excited—I have so shamed him by pointing to the bird that he looked as if he would sink into the very earth. He was a retriever, not a “bird dog” as they call setters and pointers hereabouts. And it was beautiful to see him fetch, the moment the ramrod was driven home after reloading. Sometimes it was a snipe, and it had fallen into the reeds, or the water. Then came in his useful nose, which never lost his master a single bird. Now and then, in the duck season, while waiting for the quarry between two lakes, or on the river side, he would lie down in fearful excitement, trembling all over like a reed—and it would happen that a duck would get winged or otherwise wounded sometimes, and fall into the water, where it would make vigorous efforts to get into the bushes and skulk, and die—poor thing! But Fred never gave up the chase. I have seen him follow a winged bird from dive to dive for half an hour—and once he was so near his game when it dived that he dived after it and caught it, and brought it ashore.

When I had my tent in the Chelsea Marshes near Boston, there was a man who attended to the railroad that crossed the river, who had a wooden shanty hard by, and a large water spaniel, about the best water dog I have ever seen. Morning after morning, during that very hot Summer, I used to take Fred down to this shanty, and the railway man would show us what exploits his dog would perform. It almost seemed as if he were amphibious, so extraordinary was his love for the water. He was literally at home in it for hours every day. He taught Fred to dive—to go down into the shallows of the sea ponds, and fetch up pebbles, and pieces of silver. Not that he was willing to become the brown dog's instructor—on the contrary, he always growled and barked, and would have fought Fred whenever he saw him repeat his tricks. Both dogs were of the same color, and both were ambitious. When the railway man sent his dog after a stone into the water away went both dogs—for Fred would follow, no matter where. He was a noble swimmer—but he had a trick of keeping his “hinder ends” quite passive when he swam, and appeared to use only his forefeet. And yet he swam very rapidly, and was hard to beat.

To show what emulation will do for a dog as well as a boy, or man, I will tell you a very strange thing that happened at this very Chelsea

Creek. A very high bridge ran over it to —, and one day a Frenchman came along with a celebrated French poodle which he was training for a wager. It was low tide, and this made the distance between the bridge and the water very much greater than it was at high tide. I met the man who owned the poodle on the bridge, and he told me what he was after. To my astonishment he took from a bag a large cork ball painted white; and showing this to the dog, he threw it into the creek below. In a moment the poodle plunged in after it, and to my utter horror Fred, who had been very much excited by the presence of this clever French dog and his previous performances, immediately followed him. My heart sunk within me, for I really believed the plunge from such a height of so large a dog would cut him to pieces. But judge of my astonishment when I saw the noble fellow emerge from the deep, and with a yelping tongue and fiery eye, breast the waters bravely, following every-where the smart poodle, and doing all that he did in the swimming line!

But I must close my long talk, boys. I meant to have told you what strange things happened to Fred and me, when, once upon a time, with an old Indian and a half-breed for companions, we made a twelve months' tour in the far west of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, after the earth mounds which are pictured all over the hills and prairies of those mighty States. But I have no time now. Fred is still alive and well, although he is now getting a little deaf, and a little gray like his master. He has a very beautiful home in which to spend his last days—a more beautiful spot, indeed, I think I never saw. And he deserves to be thus quartered in his old age. A little while ago Dame Prue came to see us, and was very sick. Fred, who lives in the house, was very much touched thereat, and went about from room to room as silently as a ghost. Once, when I was sick, he sat by my bedside all the while; and every now and then he would lift his paws upon the bedside, and lean over to ask me how I felt; and often he would lick my face when he thought I was asleep. If I wanted help, I used to send him down to say so, when he was sure to return with the right person. He was once stolen, and I lost him for three weeks. One morning in the snow time, I heard a scratch at the front door—and behold it was my dear old dog, dirty from long and weary travel, very lean and haggard looking, with a rope round his neck, which he had evidently gnawed in two and so gained his liberty. That was a meeting, I tell you! When I am in the

city if he loses me he goes to my usual haunts, and if he does not find me, he starts for the horse cars, and hunts through them all. If then he be unsuccessful, the conductor will ask him to lie down under the seat; and when he arrives at my street end he stops, and calls out, "Fred! Franklin-street!" and the old dog gets out like any other passenger who has paid his fare, and toddles off home.

BLESS HIM IN THE MORNING.

BY ISABELLA MILLER.

WHEN the dark of night is past,
And morn's radiant gleam is cast
Crimson o'er the eastern sky;
Where the sun is mounting high,
And all nature hymns her praise,
Let us, too, our matins raise,
All the lighter feelings scorning,
Kneel and bless Him in the morning!

Bless Him for the watch he kept
While night's shadows round us crept!
Bless Him for a morn so fair,
Flowers sweet, and perfumed air!
Bless Him for the calm sunshine,
For His glorious light divine,
For all joys our lives adorning,
Kindly bless Him in the morning!

Bless Him for the gift of hope.
Shining all along life's slope,
Beautifying all the world
With its diamond dew impearled
In life's rarest, rosiest flowers;
Time-piece glad of golden hours,
For its sweet expectant warning,
Gladly bless Him in the morning!

Sweet Dispenser of our food,
Bounteous Giver of all good;
He who lights the torch of morn
With its blazing beauties born;
He who plumes the warbler's wing
Kindly plants the flowers of Spring;
With all sweets the world adorning,
Let us bless Him in the morning!

BIRDIE.

BY EMILY RUNTINGTON MILLER.

MERRY little birdie!
All the Summer day
Dancing on the carpet,
Singing at her play;
Busy little fingers,
Restless little feet,
Tongue that never ceases
From its questions sweet.

Tired little birdie!
When the day is done,
Weary of her frolic,
Weary of her fun;
Blue eyes full of shadows,
White lids dropping down;
Mouth too grave for smiling,
Brow too calm to frown.

Quiet little birdie!
In her night-gown white,
Holding up her red lips
With a sweet, "good-night!"
Whispers, "Now I lay me"—
"Tender Shepherd keep"—
Ere the prayer is ended
Birdie's fast asleep.

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.

"JOHNNY," said a farmer to his little boy,
"it is time for you to go to the pasture
and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey; so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him. Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle out; and one fine cow in trying to crowd over stumbled, and fell down, with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter, "you found the bars half down, and the cow lying there."

"No, I can't say that," said Johnny, "for it would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone, and hurried her so that she fell and broke a leg."

"No, no," said Johnny, "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell my father the truth. I was in a hurry, and frightened the poor creature, and so she fell and broke her leg."

So, having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him; and he went straight to his father, and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do?

He laid his hand on Johnny's head, and said, "My dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than that my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

AFFECTION.—How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal caresses, of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, of fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations.

Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearings under the hands of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

Two causes, in our Anglo-Saxon nature, prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life—the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly long to tell so-and-so how I admired her, the other day," said Mrs. X. "Then why in the world did n't you tell her?" "O, it would seem like flattery, you know!" Now, what is flattery? Flattery is *insincere* praise, given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance of a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him. And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them, all the time, the impression of utter indifference.

Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children, by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns, with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when an open expression of a father's love would be worth more than a church or sermon to a boy; and his father can not utter it—will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, outspoken persons—the German and the French—has a habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against and struggle for outward expression.

We can educate ourselves out of it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not to love, but to be loving; not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves

say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips; do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do, and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love; the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts of the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.—*H. B. Stowe.*

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to do without that which you do not really need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

HOME INFLUENCE.—"As the mother, so the daughter." Kind parent, have you ever thought of this? And have you endeavored to conduct the affairs of your family circle accordingly, so that the good influence of the home circle might be brought to bear on the social interests of your youthful family growing up around you? These are momentous questions to the parent of the present generation, when there is so much wickedness in the world. Let us, in this humble way, strive to advise Christian parents, with a view to the bringing up and nurture of their offspring with which God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, has blessed them.

Every day should be commenced and closed with family devotion—the reading of the Scripture and the offering up of a prayer—and on this service every one of the family should be required to attend; for, unless you make it open and free to all—members of your immediate household and domestics—you throw away that influence which, once lost, can never be regained. Never think of sitting down to your meals with your family without returning thanks to the Giver of every bounty for the gifts spread before you. This, too, goes

hand in hand with family devotions, and will soon show its influence in after years, if not now.

Make your homes pleasant for your children at all times, and, especially, when at that age when they are molding their characters for their future life. How many young men have been ruined for life in this way! and when asked the reason, invariably reply, "My home has no attractions for me. My father beats me, and my mother is always finding fault and scolding me. I would rather spend my time in the street among my fellows, than be the butt and jeer of my parents, from whom I should receive nothing but kindness." And there are many young men, also, on the downward road to ruin, whose career is to be attributed to the evil influences and unattractiveness of the family circle. Remember, you are rearing immortal souls, and just as you faithfully act your part in the family, and train up your children in the way they should go, so will you receive your reward for the part thus performed. The training of children rightly is a work not only for all time, but for all eternity. So think of it and so act.

May God give all parents grace to act well their part toward the young intrusted to their care, so that the good seed sown in youth may spring up and bring forth good fruit in man and womanhood!

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his ease and refinement, and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of, any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power or rank or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule or sarcasm or abuse—as he never indulges in habits or tricks or inclinations which may be offensive to others. He feels, as a mere member of society, that he has no right to trespass upon others, to wound or annoy them. And he feels, as a Christian, that they are his brothers—that, as his brothers, they are children, like himself, of God—members, like himself, of Christ—heirs, like himself, of the kingdom of heaven.—*Quarterly Review.*

WITTY AND WISE.

A SIMILE.—The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard at Beaufort-House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day."

RELIGION UNDER DIFFICULTY.—A contributor to the "Drawer" of Harper's Monthly tells a story of a certain deacon, who was one of the best of men, but by nature very irascible: A cow was so exceedingly disorderly as the deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very undeaconish in their character. At this moment the good deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying, "Why, deacon, can it be? Are you swearing?" "Well, parson," replied the deacon, "I did n't think of any one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow!"

AN IRISH BULL.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two—at the first, at least—knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: "No, sir, never. I defy you! I defy you! *You could not do it.*"

AN IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCE.—A pleasant anecdote is related of Robert Stephenson. In a professional talk with Brunel, the latter expressed great dissatisfaction with the treatment received from his contractors. Stephenson answering that Brunel suspected people too much, the latter engineer replied, "I suspect all men to be rogues till I find them to be honest men." "For my part," returned Stephenson, "I take all men to be honest till I find them to be rogues." "Ah, then we never shall agree," quoth Brunel. "Never," said Stephenson.

ABOUT BONNETS.—A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore, had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain.

"O, no," replied he, "ladies who have brains do n't wear them."

Scripture Study.

BIBLE INSPIRATION.—The pulpit and the religious press teem, more and more, with statements and publications of the most incoherent and contradictory character. Religious freedom is carried to the extent of being transformed into the freedom of being irreligious, and the flat denial of truths unquestionably taught in the Bible, for instance, the essential importance of the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ—1 Cor. xv, 13-18—is passed over as a legitimate application of independent interpretation. Now, whatever may be the discrepancies of opinion, we are not entitled to suppose that men who profess to make the Bible the rule of their faith and the fountain of their salvation, are in reality so little conversant with its contents as unknowingly to stumble against its most elementary principles. But then, if all possess a similar knowledge of the same documents, the cause of the wide difference in interpretation must exist in some external circumstance. This is found, *first*, in the different views taken of the Bible itself; and, *second*, in the principles adopted in reference to its interpretation. On the first of these points I submit, that for myself and my colleagues, the Bible is a book inspired by the Holy Spirit, and not only, as many weak doctors would have it, a book containing the revelation of God, but mixed up with an alloy of many things which come not from God, and from the infirmity, ignorance, and prejudice of men. I insist upon the necessity of taking the words of the Bible in connection with the ideas expressed, as proceeding equally from God, who has not left it for any mortal man to state Divine truths according to his human conception of them, but who first prepared his "holy men" for their work, and then "moved" them by the "Holy Ghost," that they might speak and write. With regard in the understanding and expounding of Scripture, I remark, that many undertake to expound who are not aware that they do not themselves understand, because they are not endowed with the Spirit promised to those who belong to God's redeemed family. The same Spirit whose indwelling, to a measure, was necessary for the prophets and apostles to write the holy books of Scripture, is necessary, in another measure, for every Christian to understand those deep things of God. He who has not received that Spirit may understand all matters of human reasoning or science, but he can not, by any possibility, understand the heavenly wisdom of Christ. It is, then, only natural to find them flying off into all kinds of unchristian errors, when the Spirit of Christ is not their teacher; and far from being shaken in our faith by their unfounded assertions, we should feel the more strongly our privilege, as being "children of God," to be "led by the Spirit of God." Far from being carried away, we should be strengthened in our profession, to remain steadfast unto the end.—*Prof. De La Harpe, Geneva.*

THE GREAT SACRIFICE FOR MAN.—Corrupt and wicked as men may be, it is impossible for them not

to honor, not to love, not to adore the sacrifice of self for the sake of others. No matter how humiliating, how ignominious, how shameful the circumstances that attend a grand moral sacrifice, these temporal considerations at last fall away before the gaze, and we see nothing left but the moral beauty of the sacrifice. And so it is preëminently in the crucifixion of Jesus. Nothing at the time may have seemed more improbable than that the story of the man who was condemned, and mocked, and crucified amid the contempt of a nation, should be destined to touch the profoundest feelings of our nature in savage and in civilized lands alike. But experience shows it does have this marvelous power. The name of other sufferers affects us tenderly. The story of Socrates will always have this charm for the reflective reader of history, that it exhibits the triumph of virtue amid unmerited condemnation; the story of Paul has an attraction for us far more absorbing, as we read of his cruel sufferings and death. Never does the apostle appear grander in our eyes than when he kneeled to the sword of the headsman amid the shouts and execrations of the Roman amphitheater. But the story of Jesus has an infinitely higher charm, an infinitely more engaging pathos. At this moment there are millions of bosoms in the world that beat quicker at the thought of that name, hearts that melt at the memory of one whom they never saw, who lived and suffered for them centuries ago. How his words have come true, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me!" How remote from probability the saying, how far from the anticipations of men, as they saw him lifted up indeed upon the cross of shame! The man who would, at that moment, have announced the wondrous future of this sufferer, might easily have been regarded as insane. Yet the presence of that memory has smoothed more dying beds, has comforted more riven hearts, has sustained more afflicted souls, has nerved more persecuted spirits, and inspired more undying aspirations after good, than all other associations the whole universe can present. Dear is the love of friends, sweet is the bond of sympathy, that binds kindred soul to soul, delightful the consolations of philosophy; but O, how infinitely more dear, more sweet, more delightful the love, the sympathy, the consolations of the Crucified! This is the moving theme of the Gospel—the Cross, the *Cross*, the *Cross* of Christ, no longer the shame, but now the transcendent glory of the Church.—*Prof. Williams.*

LITTLE THINGS IN RELIGIOUS LIFE.—Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the rivers great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little

sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words or tones; little be-

nevolences or forbearances, or tenderness, little self-denials, self-restraints, and self-thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day; these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes you green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. He who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Science, M. Serres communicated a paper on the *Clytodon Clavipes*, an enormous antediluvian quadruped of the armadillo genus, but of the size of an elephant. Hitherto no complete skeleton of this wonderful animal has been found. Owen, Lund, Nodot, Huxley, and Burmeister had only had incomplete fragments at their disposal; but M. Serres has at length succeeded in reconstructing its skeleton, which will very shortly be exposed to public view at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy at the Garden of Plants. The total length of the creature is three hundred and thirty meters, or nearly eleven feet; its height from the ground to the top of the crests which support its bony armor, is four feet. The head, which had only been till now described on the evidence of mere fragments belonging to different individuals, is entire; its vertical diameter is equal to its transversal one; namely, about 15½ inches.

FRENCH PRIESTS.—In France there are 78,584 priests, and 108,119 minor ecclesiastics, 86 archbishops, 8,517 cures, and 189 vicars-general belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. Of this clerical army only 65,000 are paid by Government, the remainder being supported by the Church. The sum thus supplied amounts annually to 218,092,690*f*. The religious communities are divided into three classes—educational, hospitable, and contemplative. Of the latter there are 12,141 who remain in a perpetual state of prayer and meditation. There are 1,085 Jesuits, of whom 232 meditate and pray.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will grow up a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and responsible being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations, and are all misshapen in some part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthi-

ness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

QUEENS SHALL BE THY NURSING MOTHERS.—The following is a beautiful example of Scripture fulfillment: "At the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the venerable Rev. Mr. Ellis, in giving an account of his visit to Madagascar, said that in the drafts sent from England of a proposed treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar, there occurred these remarkable words: "Queen Victoria asks as a matter of personal favor to herself that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecutions of the Christians." In the treaty that was signed a month before he came over there occurred these words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of Christians in Madagascar."

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH.—A French artist, M. Bazin, has been experimenting lately, with the design of obtaining photographs of sunken vessels, so that in attempting to raise the same positive knowledge can be had of their relative positions. To accomplish this M. Bazin descends to the necessary depth in a strong sheet-iron box, which he calls his "photographic chamber." Thick glass windows afford every facility for making the necessary preliminary observations, and the picture is taken by the aid of a strong electrical light.

An unpleasant feature of the apparatus, and one which would not recommend it to pleasure seekers, is that the operator is absolutely hermetically sealed, for no means are provided for supplying air, the chamber being constructed of a proper size to contain the quantity required during the ten or twelve minutes occupied in obtaining a negative.

A ROMISH MIRACLE.—A singular discovery has just been made in Milan. In one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time

immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution, it wept copiously. It had happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue. What was the surprise of the workmen to find that it contained a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base! The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks.

A LAKE WITH A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM.—Ottawa Lake, in Whiteford, Monroe county, Mich., is about

two miles long, half a mile wide, and about forty feet deep when full in the deepest part. It discharges a large amount of water in the Spring through its outlet, which forms the north branch of the Ottawa Creek at Sylvania. This lake has been nearly dry three or four times within the last thirty years. At such times a whirlpool is seen in the center, into which cakes of ice and other floating articles are drawn and disappear; and, if you are near this whirlpool, you will hear the roar of the waterfall. In the Winter of 1862-63 the ice over where the whirlpool is when the water is low, was broken, and the cakes of it thrown on the other ice by air escaping from below, and then the lake settled about five inches in twelve hours.

Library Notices.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By Nathaniel Holmes. 12mo. Pp. 601. \$2.25. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The design of the author and the character of this work are sufficiently indicated by the following extract from his preface: "An article appeared in Putnam's Magazine for January, 1856—afterward known to have been written by Delia Bacon—in which some general considerations were set forth with much eloquence and ability, why William Shakspeare could not have written the plays which have been attributed to him; and the opinion was also pretty distinctly intimated, that Lord Bacon was the real author of them, or, at least, that he had had some hand in the work; but no proofs were then adduced. Being much struck with this idea, and for my own satisfaction, I began to look for the evidence on which such a proposition might rest; and finding it very considerable, and indeed quite amazing, I had thrown my notes into some form before the publication of Miss Bacon's work in 1857. Her book not appearing to have satisfied the critical world of the truth of her theory, much more than the 'Letter to Lord Ellesmere,' by Mr. William Henry Smith, I have thought it worth while to give them the results of my studies also, which have been considerably extended since that date; and if enough be not found herein to settle the question on impregnable grounds, it may at least tend to exculpate them from any supposition of mental aberration in so far as they have ascribed this authorship to Francis Bacon. But I do not at all agree with her opinion that any other person had a hand in the work; on the contrary, I will endeavor to show that the whole genuine canon of Shakspeare was written by this one and the same author." Whatever may be thought of the author's argument, the book will be found a very interesting one, casting a great deal of light on Shakspeare and his plays, and also on Lord Bacon as philosopher and poet.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," etc. Illustrated by the author. 12mo. Pp. 381. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Browne is the author of several very inter-

esting books concerning countries, men, and things, and in the present volume loses none of his sprightly ease and dashing earnestness. It is a very lively and entertaining description of a tour through various parts of Europe, chiefly in Germany, and of a flying visit to Algeria. He dashes off his impressions *currente calamo*, and says of himself, "I have here given my experiences of life and character, warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night, picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat."

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN. By Edwin P. Whipple. 12mo. Pp. 324. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Mr. Whipple has long since made his mark as an essayist and lecturer; the volume before us is in his own special line, and presents the lecture expanded and expurgated into the essay. The subjects are well chosen, the treatment is able, and the style excellent. The first and second essays, "Character" and "Eccentric Character," the fifth, "The American Mind," and the twelfth, "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution," we have read with special interest. We wish the author had taken time to rewrite the essay on the American Mind, as it was written before the rebellion. The light of recent events, as he himself says, makes his essay look antiquated. His estimate of Washington is one of the best we have ever read. Besides the essays mentioned there are others—The English Mind, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Agassiz, etc.

A YANKEE IN CANADA, WITH ANTISLAVERY AND REFORM PAPERS. By Henry D. Thoreau, "Author of a Week on the Concord and Merrimack," "Cape Cod," etc. 12mo. Pp. 286. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—In six chapters the author describes, in his entertaining style, a trip to Canada. Few writers could tell it better than Thoreau. But the best part of the book is the Antislavery and Reform Papers. Among these we name as rich and racy—Slavery in Massachusetts, Civil Disobedience, Thomas Carlyle and his Works, Life Without Principle, Wendell Phillips, and John Brown.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These poems are presented in the beautiful "blue and gold" style which has become characteristic of the poetic issues of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. From the brief memoir which precedes the poems we gather the following facts: Mr. Hervey was born in Paisely, in 1802. He was educated in the first instance at a private school, afterward at the Manchester Free Grammar School, and subsequently at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first poetic effort of importance was the poem entitled, "Australia," which was commenced as a prize poem. But his muse having lured him considerably beyond the limits to which collegiate poets are ordinarily restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to his original object. "It contains passages which, for vigor, melody, and curious felicity of diction, have seldom been distanced by modern writers of the heroic couplet." The "Convict Ship" first made its appearance in the "Literary Souvenir" in 1825, and in after years many charming lyrics were published from time to time in that periodical, the "Amulet" and "Friendship's Offering." Many of his poems display an intimate acquaintance with the best models, and are graceful, melodious, and intelligible. For upward of twenty years Mr. Hervey was an extensive contributor of critical essays to the "Art Journal" and the "Athenæum," and for eight years was the editor of the latter journal. He died in February, 1859.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH: A Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D. 16mo. Pp. 240. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—These discourses were delivered before the students of the University of Michigan, in the College Chapel, on Sabbath afternoons, and are published at the request of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University. The author has not thought it advisable to change their form or matter, and they therefore reach the public with the freshness, ease, and popular cast given to them for the purpose of interesting an audience. They constitute a plain, practical, direct, and faithful exposition of the ten commandments.

THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN: A Portraiture of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; with Sketches of British Anti-slavery Reform. By Z. A. Mudge, Author of "Lady Huntingdon Portrayed." Four Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 268. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was one of the co-laborers of Wilberforce in bringing about the extinction of slavery in British dominions. It is the life of an indefatigable and successful philanthropist, accomplishing through irrepressible zeal a great reform in behalf of poor laborers, and prison-convicts, and a glorious emancipation for hundreds of thousands of slaves. It is an admirable book for the young, for whom it is mainly written.

A PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT OF THE DEBATES AND ADDRESSES, together with the Essays and Resolutions of the New England Methodist Centenary Convention, held in Boston, June, 1866. 8vo. Pp. 239. \$1.25.

Boston: B. B. Russell & Co.—The mere announcement of this interesting work we think sufficient to commend it to every Methodist family. It may be well to state that the book contains the essays, discussions, and all the proceedings—including the valuable statistical matters in full presented by Rev. D. Dorchester—of the New England Convention. No Methodist library is complete without this book. The publishers have issued a few more copies than are wanted for subscribers. The work is not stereotyped. When the present edition is exhausted there will be no more to be had; so persons who have not subscribed, wishing for a copy, should secure it at once, by addressing the publishers.

STATISTICAL HISTORY OF THE FIRST CENTURY OF AMERICAN METHODISM: with a Summary of the Origin and Present Operations of other Denominations. By Rev. C. C. Goss. 16mo. Pp. 188. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a most valuable little book. Its object is to present, in a condensed form, the statistics and important events connected with the origin, growth, and legislation of Methodism in the United States during its first century. It is not a history, but a manual or hand-book of the Church, in which events are arranged in chronological order, and statistical items of the past and present are gathered together for easy reference. It is an epitome of Methodism for the past hundred years. It ought to be in every Methodist library.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE TRINITY, AND OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST: As against the various forms of Modern Unitarianism. By Hiram Mattison, D. D., Author of the "Immortality of the Soul," "Resurrection of the Body," etc. 16mo. Pp. 162. 60 cts. New York: Carlton & Porter.—This is the ninth edition of a work that has had a steady sale for years, and is regarded by many as the ablest and most useful book the author has ever written. Dr. Mattison is a clear reasoner and an easy writer. The reissuing of a brief, concise, and clear a defense of the doctrine of the Trinity can not fail to be timely and beneficial.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Complete edition. \$1.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The publishers style this the "Diamond Tennyson," and certainly it is a happy and appropriate title; and the idea of issuing the poems of the "Laureate" in this neat and convenient form is an excellent one. It may be regarded as a model of beauty, compactness, and cheapness in book-making. It comprises the entire poems of Tennyson, issued in a new form, and at a price which will place it within the reach of all.

APPLETON'S HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL THE SOUTHERN TOUR. By Edward H. Hall. 12mo. Pp. 142. Double Columns. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This book contains an ample supply of all kinds of information which the traveler could desire in making a tour through any or all of the Southern States. It has descriptive sketches of the cities, towns, battle-fields, mountains, rivers, lakes, hunting and fishing grounds, Summer resorts, and all scenes and objects of importance and interest. It is supplied with maps of the

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